CARLISLE HERALD

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A. K. RHEEM, Proprietor.
Wm. M. PORTER, Editor.

$1 50 per annum in advance
$2 00 if not paid in advance

VOL. LXI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1861 NO. 8.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 5 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establisment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Selected Poetry.

AN EJECTMENT CASE.

BY AMATEUR.

A LAWYER sat in his easy chair,
Searching his books of law,
Preparing his case with earnest care,
That none could find a flaw.

The court-house bell, with its solemn cheer,
Rang through the heavy air;
And suitors oppressed by hope and fear,
Went seeking justice there.

The clients looked at their lawyer, then,
Scanning his "brief" and brow;
While he who argues for other men,
Was trembling for them now.

The clients, too, were all trembling here,
In short but keen suspense;
For although the cause was just and clear,
The law was sold of sense.

It mingled in with its statutes long,
Adverse decisions too;
And thus while the OTHER SIDE was strong,
THIS ONE was only true.

But the lawyer starts with hurried pace,
His green bag by his side,
To the court-room, where his perilled case,
Stands ready to be tried.

The judges look'd with an earnest care,
Down the list of cases:
While all the jurors atten-ding there,
Lengthened out their faces

"HALL and WARN?" "Are the parties ready?"
"The trial may proceed,"
Said plaintiff's lawyer, very steady,
And then began to read.

The clerk arose and he call'd aloud,
Twelve jurors, near and far,
And they, all emerging from the crowd,
Took seats within the Bar.

Now, this jury had been drawn and sworn
A month or so before,
And all had viewed, one beautiful morn,
The ground which caused the war.

This battle-field, the LOCUS IN QUO,
A sorry strip, indeed,
Is a tangled hedge, where bushes grow,
And lizzards only feed.

The line fence peeped out here and anon,
The land was two feet wide;
But critics say it was only one,
And ten feet long beside.

Two dollars some say, and others ten,
The land was worth to man;
And yet the suit was between these men,
About this precious span!

But suitors roused to a bitter hate,
Suffer no deflectment;
And thus it was, both early and late,
In this vile Ejectment.

The Plaintiff HALL, with an honest pride,
Considered himself right:
While Defendent WARN, in truth, relied
Upon the law and might.

So that both were right and both were wrong,
One in fact, one in law;
And each considering himself strong,
Of course no danger saw.

Two lawyers there were on either side;
Four learned and able men;
And forty witnesses testified,
About this worthless fen.

Four days and nights the trial progressed;
The jurymen were tried;
The attendants, too, became depressed,
And then the case expired.

The jury came in with ready haste,
Their verdict to declare;
The Court with refined and chastened taste,
Polled every juror there.

Each answered to his respective name,
As quietly he sat,
The verdict sealed; and each suitor's claim
Depending now on that.

The foreman rose in his solemn way,
Handing his attendant
The paper which reads, the Judges say,
"Verdict for Defendant."

A silent pause and the clerk proclaims
The verdict from the stand,
And ending thus, all the misty claims,
Of Plaintiff to the land.

Five hundred dollars were all the costs,
The parties had to pay;
But attorneys, too, are worse than frosts,
When clients lose the day.

Yet to those who win, 'tis pleasure still,
Their agents' fees to swell;
And lawyers who lose against their will,
Deserve their pay as well.

The money, 'tis said, flowed freely out,
Each party paying up,
And now each will sup the same about,
From disappointment's cup

The lawyers look to the Supreme Court—
The clients to the dimes;
The former is like the last resort—
The latter like the "Times."

The parties went home to cogitate;
Both cursed the foggy fen;
And profited by their bitter fate,
They both are better men.

The Court House now in its marble pride,
No longer charms them there;
And both have agreed to lay aside
Their contest and be square.

A banker was made the repository, lately, of $1,000, to await the issue of a $500 bet that the secession flag would wave triumphantly over St. Louis by the 31st of October.

THE reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

If you do good, forget It; if evil, remember and repent of it.

VAYLE VENTNOR, PRIVATE.

The music wandered off from Flowtow to nearer home, playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in bold breezy bursts. The large, long hall was filled with the sweet sharp shocks of the cymbals, the bright blowing of the bugles, and the great drum beats rolling through.

People left their thoughts flow forth to meet the music, as suited them best, out upon the piazzas, in the parlors, or in the large, long hall.

Walking up and down the latter, a girl voice went singing the first line,

"Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light?"

then ceasing, beating her palms together in time with the striking cymbals, she says,

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" lingering in a pretty drawl upon the "lovely."

The gentleman walking beside her looked down, smiling mischief, as he replied.

"Very lovely, Carlotta, sing it again."

"Nonsense! I dont mean my singing. Ah, but you know that I don't!" looking up laughing into his laughing face.

He bent lower, and more meaningly returned,

"But I mean the singing. I like it better than the band."

"No, no, don't talk so, but listen—ah, it is divine! divine! better than any music in the world. I don't wonder, listening to it, that soldiers realize all the excitement and not the danger when they march to the battle-field to such inspiring strains. Raymond, how did you feel when the men were dropping round you at Manassas?"

"Oh, as most men feel: after the first shock and dread passes the nerves grew steady. Thus easily we get careless of human lives."

"Ah, no, I don't think it is that; I think the soul rises to the occasion. But will you go again?"

"If I can get a commission, yes; if not, no."

"Why will you not go if you do not get a commission?"

"Well, I don't like the associations generally as private. It's too hard work, and if I risk my life I want to choose the way."

"Yes, I see," she answered, absently, as if she did not half see.

"You would be glad to have me go, Carlotta? bending again, with eager interest She knew what he meant, and a little color of crimson fused into the faint pink cheek, and she unfurled her fan with a quick, nervous slide, as she replied:

"I would be glad for every man to go that can, specially those without wives and children."

"They that have mothers; you forget that," he said, with an irritated, jeering sort of a laugh.

But she was very serious, almost solemn, as she returned,

"Yes, that is very true; I didn't forget. My brother went, you know; and he goes again, with our mother's consent."

"I know." That was all he said, but it was said in softer accents, under conviction.

Then in a moment more he began.

"And the tie of a lover, Carlotta."—A little tinkling clash, and the pretty pearl fan lay broken upon the floor, making grievous interruption. Swinging it to and fro, it had swung far out, and fell at a gentleman's feet who was sitting on one of the side couches. He brought it to her, and received a little airy "Thank you," and a smile of which her companion looked envious.

"I wonder who he is?" she exclaimed, watching the "gentleman," as he returned down the hall. "I've noticed him sitting there all the evening."

"*Have* you?" with satiric emphasis, to which she paid no attention, but went on heedlessly:

"Yes; and did you see what an air he has—how loftily he carries his head?—Military, too, do you notice? He must be a new arrival."

"Very likely," was the reply, crossly enough now, and snapping two or three more sticks of the fan he had taken from her. Whereupon such a cunning little smile went flashing whiter pearls than he held into view, and a pair of merry brown eyes dropped their curtains for modesty's sake.

The gentleman who had been the innocent cause of all this, from his place on one of the side couches, observed the pantomine of the conversation with an odd smile curling his heavy moustach. It was evident that he understood.

On the next morning Miss Carlotta Delevan—in other words, Miss Charlotte, the sweet Spanish rendering being the work of her Cuban nurse—might have been seen, somewhere after breakfast, when the halls are mostly vacant, running her little finger down the list of arrivals, as she leaned over the office-desk.

There were Smiths, and Smythes, and aristocratic Howards, and Vans, and the Parisian De', but only one military Captain Jones; and following this, making it more noticeable from the sharp contrast of euphony, was one name, the last, Vayle Ventnor.

"Vayle Ventnor!" She ran it over in her mind. The oddest name in the world. But she had found what she sought: her military hero of the lofty carriage was Captain Jones. So, satisfied, she went sauntering out upon the piazza and met the military hero, Captain Jones, sauntering too. She dropped her pretty head in pretty remembrance, and received a most graceful 'reverence' in return; then with gentlemanly courtesy he turned off from his walk leaving her alone.

So she sauntered slowly thinking,—"There's something fine about that man—not so handsome though as Raymond Mays; horrid name too, Jones! Heigh ho!' yawning, "I wish I had the morning's paper. Ah! there comes Raymond; I'll ask him." Raymond, nodding and smiling at her greeting, "is that the paper you have? Yes? Thank you!" nodding again and dropping into a chair to unfold and look it over, talking meanwhile to Raymond, who seated himself near.

Looking down a list of soldiers, what should she come upon but those two names again. First, among the officers, "Jeremiah Jones, Captain;" then, lower down, "Vayle Ventnor, Private." This Captain Jones, how he haunted her. Jeremiah Jones, think of that! She thought, and laughed outright, a little tinkle of merriment.

"What is it so funny, Carlotta? I couldn't find anything funny there. You get all the sunshine of life. What is it?" bending over.

But Carlotta choose not to tell; so she put a little slim hand between his eyes and the paper, saying, with merry malice, "Curious?"

"No; only interested in what interests you. I want to catch your sunny way. Can't you teach me how?"

"Yes, demurly, "I'll teach you to catch it," rolling the paper into a ball, and tossing it lightly to him.

He caught the paper and the fun too, tossing it back again softly. And to and fro they kept it going a moment, until, in a backward bend of her head, all laughing and flushed and breeze ruffled as the head was, she received a glance of admiration from a bearded face looking down from an upper window upon their laughing play. It was sheer admiration, nothing less, for the girl herself in her bright momentary abandon. As she met it her color rose naturally; she dropped her eyes to raise them again furtively, but the gazer had withdrawn.

Captain Jones again. It was very funny.

And then there rushed over her mind—"*Captain Jeremiah Jones!*" and another little peal of laughter tinkled forth.

"What does possess you, la Carlotta, this morning?" young Mays questioned smilingly.

She drew a long face and answered.

"Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, Raymond!" And flinging down the paper, she ran away, tinkling forth her laugh again to her hearer's utter mystification.

She ran up the stairs, along the halls and passages, laughing still for the very drollery of the whole thing—laughing, and saying over gleefully, "Captain Jeremiah Jones," when Captain Jeremiah Jones, in a sudden turn around a corner, nearly ran her down. Off came the plumed hat, and pardon was asked very humbly, with "I hope I havn't hurt you; it was very awkward of me, but your step was so light, and mine so heavy" She leaned against the wall, not hurt, but so startled that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She *was* hurt, then, he thought, and very gravely and respectfully he approached to offer some assistance, when she regained herself, and, explaining, sped away. Bursting into her room, the persistent oddity of the affair overcame her again, and she flung herself in another peal of laughter upon the bed. Her mother looked up in amaze, asking Raymond's question: "What does possess you, Carlotta?" With a little silver shout she answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, mamma;" and as soon as she was able to speak further she gave "mamma" a history of her adventures with the above gentleman. "Mamma" took the sunshine of life like her daughter; so there were a pair of laughters when she had ended.

The unconscious cause of all this, standing at the office lighting a cigar, heard the merriment, and, recognizing one voice, wondered what it was about.

After dinner a servant handed her a card; "Ward Wyman." She ran down gleefully, for Ward Wyman was an old friend, and there she found him in close conversation with Capt. Jeremiah Jones, who was for turning away as the lady approached, but staid at the peremptory command of Mr. Wyman, and the words, "I want you two to know each other. Carlotta, this is my friend Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor, Miss Charlotte Delevan." The gentleman bowed lowly, "was very happy, etc.;" but Carlotta was too amazed to say a word, and all the while trying in vain to control the merriment that dimpled round her mouth.—Through her mind went running, "Captain Jeremiah Jones"

That night when Mays, Raymond Mays, came up to their hotel she had to tell him the whole story: it was too funny to keep. How he laughed! "Why, you little goose, can't you tell an officer's dress from a private's?"

"No, indeed, how should I?" she answered.

"Ventnor? Ventnor?' he repeated. 'War'—to Wyman, who was just passing—"who is this fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"This Ventnor?"

Ward Wyman twinkled with suppressed amusement.

"This fellow, Mays, is the son of Richmond Ventnor, whose house you visited with me, in Paris, five years ago."

"The dickens it is! What in the world is his son serving merely as a private for?"

"You must ask him."

"Why his income must be a small fortune, and his associations and family advantages such that he might have almost any post. What does he mean?"

Thus, in surprise, Raymond Mays ran on, unconscious that he was adding still more interest to the quondam Captain in the mind of Carlotta.

He saw his mistake by-and by, when the band struck up "Die Schonbrunner" and passing by, Vayle Ventnor, encouraged by the cordial smile that greeted him from la Carlotte, approached and asked her, "Would she honor him with two or three turns?" adding, apologetically, "that he was scarcely a fit cavalier for a lady in his rough soldier's costume."—But Carlotta, thought differently, and said something very pretty and patriotic to him as she accepted the invitation. The fact was, Carlotta was wild with curiosity to know how such a Fortune favorite came to be in his position, as "Vayle Ventnor, Private;" and so she determined to follow up the acquaintance till she had satisfied her Eve-like propensity. It wasn't a pleasant waltz to one person there.—Raymond Mays stood chewing the end of bitter reflection. Poor Mays! he thought he was dying for Carlotta Delevan; and perhaps he was, but it would be an easy death—because Mays never took any thing hardly, not even the small-pox, which once visited him, leaving one white mark on the side of his handsome nose.

It wasn't pleasant to see Ventnor's splendid sliding ease of step as he whirled past with Carlotta. If he had made a bungle of it he could have forgiven him, but that perfect movement defied criticism. After the waltz the two strolled out upon the piazza, and here suddenly the gentleman reeled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the slight little arm that was linked within his. He sat down, and presently explained.

"I have been ill, Miss Delevan, and the change of air after the exercise made my head spin."

"Oh, you are off on furlough, getting well?" she asked with some satisfaction.

"Exactly," he replied, not a little amused at her direct simplicity. "Off on furlough, getting well—that is just it, Miss Delevan."

She colored a little—had she been too curious? But his manner was very frank and kind, so her mind eased itself, and the talked flowed so readily that she found it was eleven o'clock before she knew it. Rising to go in, she said to him:

"Come to our private parlor, Mr. Ventnor, and let me present you to my mother: she will be glad to make you comfortable if you are an invalid, and to ask you about the army for our Will's sake."

He thanked her brightly. He liked the cordial freedom of her invitation, and told her how glad he would be to come.

So it came to pass that morning after morning "Vayle Ventnor, Private," might be seen half-sitting, half reclining, upon Mrs. Delevan's own particular lounge in her own particular private parlor. On one of these mornings Carlotta was enlightened.

It began in this way: She had picked up an old paper, and her eye fell upon the two names again in the roll-call—"Vayle Ventnor, Private," and "Jeremiah Jones, Captain."

She laughed out with the gleeful memory—then told him the whole story; but the telling is too *naive* to lose.

To his question, "What is it so funny, Miss Delevan?" she replied,

"Why, you must know that when you first arrived, the day after you picked up my fan, you remember, I thought you were Captain Jeremiah Jones"

"You thought—how should you think that?"

"Well, you see, when you restored my fan that night I remarked to Raymond Mays, as you went back to your seat, that you were military. The next morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals, I came upon the two names—'Captain Jones and Vayle Ventnor;' and I supposed of course, that you were the officer, as I had no knowledge of military prefix, and I remembered your costume as belonging to some regiment. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, trying not to smile at her straight simplicity

"But who in the world *is* 'Captain Jones—Captain Jeremiah Jones?'" she suddenly asked. "I haven't thought of the real Captain actually since I discovered my mistake—how funny!"

"He returned the next day after his arrival—you probably didn't see him.—He is the Captain of my company—a good fellow, and an excellent officer. But let me ask another question: How did you know his name to be Jeremiah?"

"Why, I saw it in a paper—like this," and she handed the one she held to him—then followed other little reminiscences—the meeting on the stairs, etc., till at last Carlotta asked a plump question, coloring pretily all the time.

"I want to know how *you* came to be serving as 'Private'—will you tell me?"

"Why *me* so especially?"

"Because Ward says you are rich and aristocratic. Richmond Ventnor's son."

He laughed.

"Yes, it is very true. I am rich and aristocratic, as the saying goes, and Richmond Ventnor's son; but what has that to do with it?" he concluded, determining to draw her out. She made her eyes very round at this; and then repeated the usual objections—the usual reasons why rich and influential men shouldn't serve as "privates"—Raymond Mays's objections and reason.

He heard her through, then his whole face changed, as he turned it toward her, and his light laughing words of a moment since changed to perfect seriousness as he answered:

"Miss Delevan, when the news reached me of my country's peril I was in Paris at my father's house. A steamer sailed on the next day for America. I made my preparations and sailed in it.—My life had been a student's life: I knew nothing whatever of military drill; but I was able and strong, from being a good gymnast—so I set myself to learn my new trade by enlisting as a private at once."

"But you have been serving three months—surely you have some experience now?" she interposed.

"It hasn't made a good soldier of me yet, at all events. I have much to learn before I shall think myself fitted to command in any degree. In the meantime, the country calls for a larger army, and because I am unfitted for an officer, shall I wait at such a time for a commission?"

"But you would not have to wait, with your connections in the military and political world," she said; not half seeing yet his modesty—his manliness.

"No, I would not have to wait, it is very true," he exclaimed with some sarcasm. "Miss Delevan," sitting upright now, and fighting with scorn, "I am sick and ashamed of the shallow advantages of position—of the miserable presuming expectations that grow out of it. It is continually putting men in the wrong place, and building up gigantic errors—such errors as we are to-day striving to amend. It humiliates me to think that to my position in the world do I owe perhaps any advancement, instead of to my own strength and powers as a man. I long sometimes to throw off these 'circumstances,' and for a time to meet the world face to face, and on its own terms. But pardon me for boring you with my theories;" and he sank back upon the lounge again in silence.

So Carlotta was enlightened.

As she sat there in the silence she pondered what she had heard. This did not sound like Raymond Mays; yet Raymond Mays was a brave fellow, and a manly one. She had never heard any one talk like this before; but it struck an answering chord in her own nature. Of course she liked him better for it. He thought she didn't understand—that he bored her with his earnestness on what he supposed would be a vague theory to her: for he looked upon her as only a sweeter specimen of the young lady genus, that bloomed in fashionable society.

By-and-by she said, in a dreamy, absent manner, as she sat, with her cheek leaning in her hand; "I wish you would talk in this way to Raymond Mays."

"Why to Raymond Mays?" he questioned, in surprise.

"Oh," still dreamily thoughtfully, "he is waiting for a commission. He says he don't like the associations of a private's life—that it is too hard labor and too generalizing; that if he is going to risk his life, he means to do it in a manner that is most agreeable to him," etc.

"Personal ambition! that is it; it stands in the way of the whole thing.—Every man for himself, instead of a grand unit in thousands of men. But you are anxious for Mr. Mays to go?" and he here looked at her rather curiously.

"I am anxious for all men to go who can," as I told him.

"As you told him? But pardon me."

"I have nothing to pardon in that.—But why do you ask it?"

"I was surprised."

"Surprised? Now I am curious. What is there surprising in that?"

"Miss Delevan, I wish you would let me ask you a plump question."

"I will."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Mays?"

"Engaged to Raymond Mays? No. What put such a thought in your mind?"

"I can hardly tell but I somehow received the impression."

"And that is why you were surprised that I told him I was anxious for all men to go! Mr. Ventnor, I have never talked very earnestly upon any earnest topic with you, not because I have doubted your earnestness, but because I have met so few persons who feel just as I do upon many things that I am shy of speaking. But after your avowal a moment since, I know you will understand me when I say that were I engaged to Mr. Mays, I could not wish him to stay behind at this issue, even awaiting a commission," she concluded, smiling. He looked at her with a new expression. This was fine and he told her so.

"I don't know," she went on, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think perhaps it is because I have not been tried in that peculiar manner. Women whose husbands and lovers have gone, and to whom I have expressed this, say I am unwomanly, or that it is because I have never loved."

"It is because you are unselfish!" he exclaimed, with energy. "That is the mistake half the women make. They rarely discern between selfishness and unselfishness, where the heart is concerned. And you Miss Delevan, are the first woman I ever met who could."

The honest admiration with which he regarded her at this point was unmistakable. It pleased her, of course, and she expressed it by saying, simply, "I am so glad you think so."

He gave a quick look into her face:—Such a mixture of frankness and reserve; he could not make her out. Musing, he presently said,

"Carlotta!" Then, recollecting, "Pardon me; Miss Delevan—"

She waved her hand at him deprecatingly, and interrupted with, "No, no; call me Carlotta. I like people—I—to call me Carlotta."

What was she about to say? I like people—I—like to call me Carlotta? He wished he knew.

"But say on," she resumed, "what you were going to say to Carlotta."

"Oh, just a fact which may sound like mere compliment, but which I assure you is not, that before to-day I thought you something sweeter than most young ladies; but now you stand to me as a type of what woman should be."

"Oh that is a great deal to say; but I think you mean it as you assert."

"Yes, I mean it, Carlotta, and more—go on as you have to me; talk out such sentiments. Be brave and honest and true to whatever convictions you may have, however unpopular they may be.—Will you?"

He was very earnest—not gallant as Raymond Mays would have been—but in hearty earnest for the truth's sake.

"I will try," she answered. Then she thought, "He called me Carlotta—how sweetly he says it! He is certainly very fine, and handsomer than Raymond Mays!"

"Alas for Raymond Mays!" Two or three more days went by, and the band played, and the carriages rolled, and people took life gayly in sound of the great surging sea at this thoroughfare of fashion. In this time "Vayle Ventnor, Private," became better acquainted with la Carlotta. From the text of that morning they had gone on into the deeper waters of existence—had talked finer and freer, and thus discovered much more of each other.

In the mean time Raymond Mays, handsome fellow!—much handsomer he it known than Vayle Ventnor—mean time he chafed and fretted inwardly at this ripening acquaintance, and outwardly conducted himself in a most disdainful manner toward the former gentleman.

"The girl's head is turned with his wealth and position!" he blustered one night to Ward Wyman.

"No, no, Mays, be generous; I don't think that of Carlotta; besides, you don't know Ventnor—you won't know him; that's it. There was never a finer fellow in the world."

Mays sneered and turned away.

It happened that very night that he was present at a club-room, and heard a conversation between Ventnor and another, wherein Ventnor gave his reasons and opinions pretty much as he had done before Carlotta Delevan.

Still Mays sneered and scoffed.

The conversation wandering off, a lieutenant of the regular army suddenly said,

"Here is Mays now who is waiting, and with better reason than most. Mays was in the Crimea, you know."

"No I didn't know."

"Yes, he was in Europe at the time, and joined the allied forces out of sheer blood-thirstness, I believe. Isn't it so Mays? Here, come out of your corner, and tell us all about it."

Mays "came out," saying there was nothing to tell, modestly and a little crossly.

But Ventnor was so interested, so genial and frank, there was no resisting; so Mays told them "all about it" that he knew.

"Berge says you was the best drilled soldier of all the volunteers, Mays," the Lieutenant went on, "that you had at one time the temporary command of a company."

"Why, I should think it was easy enough then for you to get a commission," one said.

Mays shrugged his shoulders, and retorted, "Bah! I haven't influential friends in the right department, you know."

Vayle Ventor blazed forth in the same indignation protest that he had brought forward upon another occasion, and when he had ended there was a determined look about his firm set mouth that told of a purpose

When Raymond Mays left the club room that night it was actually with a friendly nod to Ventnor's cordial "Good night!"

A few days more and the furlough would have expired. "Vayle Ventnor, Private," was a sound, hearty man again. There was no excuse now for delay, though the band played Die Schonbrunner in such melting, memorizing strains, and the Star Spangled Banner rolled through the halls.

Whistling the latter lustily to get the former out of his head, he was rushing up the stairs and round a corner—that fatal corner—when swirl! came a silk gown and its owner. He opened his arms in a flash—into them he took silk gown and all—all the pretty, pretty wearer.

He gathered her up with a little exulting laugh, and sat her down inside the private parlor; but not until he had said, "Charlotta be *my* Charlotta, you little darling!" and she had promised that she would.

"So you are engaged, Chrlotta?" Raymond Mays remarked, a short time after this.

"Yes I am engaged, Raymond."

"Well, I give my congratulations. Charlotta, look here" He handed her an open letter. She read—an appointment to a Captaincy in the—th Regiment.

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" She exclaimed.

"How came it?"

"It came by Vayle Ventnor, Private, though he does not know my knowledge of his influence."

Then he told her of their conversation at the club-room, and how directly after that he received this appointment, through Govenor ——and Colonel——, who were both near relatives of Vayle Ventnor. "And now, Carlotta, I have offered you my congratulations, I am going to him for the same purpose, and to thank him. He deserves his happiness, for he is a good fellow: but I wish he never had come here after all, Carlotta."

"Then you would never have got your commission," she answered, slily.

"But," bending down, "shouldn't I have got Carlotta?"

"Oh no, no; we were both too old acquaintances, Raymond You'll like somebody else much better than you ever did me."

He stoutly denied this possibility; but all the time he was adjusting his spelted sash with infinite satisfaction, and Carlotta said unto herself, "I'll risk his heart while it beats under that uniform."

He held out his hand, "Good-bye, Carlotta; I sail to night." He tried hard to look miserable, but all in vain.

"Good by!"

Then suddently, in a quiet flash of feeling, he bent nearer. The "good by" was a kiss. She laughed.

"How dare you, Raymond?"

"For old acquaintance sake, and because next time I see you you will be Mrs. Vayle Ventnor—*Private*."

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

Doing guard duty on one of these clear, frosty nights, is what I call a "big thing." Standing before a huge fire, whose glimmering rays shoot into the dense pine forest which surrounds you, as if they, too had partaken of the spirit of vigilance, and were searching for some hidden foe, one's mind naturally is affected, and every shadow and every tree has an association which awakens the soldier to a full appreciation of his sentinel duties. But such a night as last night—dark, dreary, wet, and disagreeable in the extreme—has an entirely different effect, and we clustered around the fire, piled high with *Secesh* rails, which at times seemed to exert its best light and most genial rays to spread humor and life among those who stood smoking around it Then, as if exasperated at the failure, it would splutter and crack, contending furiously with every drop of rain, and hiss out a strong reproof at the element which was making the sentinals so uncomfortable. But the guard must be vigilantly maintained through the night, and we dare not sleep; for you must know, Mr. Editor, that sleep courts the soldier's eyelids as sweetly under the dropping rain as it does in his tent, if perchance he has a gum blanket for a bed, and his knapsack for a pillow.

I proposed a song, but the only music that could be raised, was made by a little corporal who doled out, in a most melancholy style.

"Some days *must* be dark and dreary."

This seemed to be the only song that the corporal knew, and the only one of the kind which we wanted to hear. Under these auspices, I proposed a story, and the sergeant of the guard, an old Mexican soldier, "up and told" the following story, which I quote, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

Seated in my tent one evening, just before the battle of the city of Mexico, the captain came to me with, "Corporal, I have been requested to send a trusty non-commissioned officer to the general council to-night as a messenger. Will you go?" I replied in the affirmative, thanking the captain for his confidence. Our company was, at that time, detached from its regiment, and was doing special duty at General Scott's headquarters. In discharge of that duty, I had made a point of being specially attentive, and had thereby gained the confidence of our captain, and once or twice was commended by old "Fuss and Feathers" himself. I brushed up my old clothes, and brightened my shoes and brass plates in the neatest manner possible that evening, and presented myself to Adjutant General for instructions. I found that the council about to meet for the consideration of General Scott's plans for taking the city, was to be composed of all the colonels in the division, and that my duty would be to go errands and attend to bringing charts, paper, or whatever might be required.

Well, the council met, and I was at my post. It was the finest body of military men I had ever seen together, and when they assembled around that table, and the old general stood towering high above the rest, I could not help but admire him more than ever. After the customary salutation and organization, they sat down in regard to rank, beginning with General Wool, and succeeding each other in seats, as seniority of rank gave them privilege. It was no time for delay, and the General spoke rapidly and with earnestness, occasionally referring to some one on the right or left for information or corroboration. Thus carefully and explicitly were the movements and marches, the sallies, and sorties, the whole plan developed, so that all seemed to understand. But presently a plan was discovered, something was wrong, and I saw by the perplexed look of those around the table that a very serious mistake had been made, but from what cause, my knowledge of military affairs did not enable me to judge. A dispute arose between some colonel and the engineer in chief, in regard to the position and strength of some battery, and the topography of the surrounding country. The colonel said that frequent reconnoisances of the ground, from the fact of his being encamped near the place in question, led him, even in direct opposition to the chart of the engineer, to protest against its truthfulness, and he would urge upon the general to make himself sure of the condition of affairs before he fully completed his plan. But this would not do; it was necessary that very important and vigorous movements should take place upon that very section of the defence, and without a correct knowledge of the place no action could be carried on with safety or certainty. It seemed in fact, to be a main point, at which positive success would have to fall to the American forces. Finally, the colonel said that there was a young lieutenant in his regiment who had a correct chart of the defences, and a map of the demesne thereto adjacent. The engineer-in-chief sneeringly said, "*Very well*, sir, you had better send for *your* authority, and let us see this map." The general nodded his approval, and the colonel gave me the name and address of the lieutenant.—The encampment was not very far away, and I mounted my horse and rode off in haste to the regimental headquarters, and found the very man I was in search of in the colonel's tent, with draughting paper on a table before him, and sketches of the city and its surroundings scattered everywhere. I handed him the note, which he read and hastily tore up, asking me if I could wait until he colud borrow a horse? I told him I could, but had not long to wait for he came back in a few moments, and carefully wrapping up his surveys, he placed them in a long tin case, and, mounting, prepared to follow me. On the way he conversed with so much earnestness, and in such a mild, interesting manner, that I felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to my usual practice when on horseback. He informed me that he was a graduate of West Point, and that he had there fallen so much in love with the of science geometry that he had made it an almost constant study, and that now he found it very interesting, in the interval of duty, to make sketches and surveys of the city.

When we arrived at the general's quarters again, the lieutenant was introduced, and, at his colonel's request, produced his charts. The party were astonished at their finish and fine execution, and when, after examination, they were found to be perfectly correct, General Scott came forward, and grasping the young lieutenant by the hand, personally complimented him on his skill, and thanked him for his efficiency. The chief engineer, some what chagrined at this display of learning on the part of his young rival, sneeringly said:

"General, perhaps this young man has some plan by which this part of the defences may be attacked." Upon inquiry, it was found that he had a plan, which was produced with some degree of reluctance and laid before the assembly. It was read and criticised, and corrected, and finally, to make a long story short, adopted with some amendments by the council. This displeased the engineer, who seemed to think that the lieutenant, though but a very few years his junior, had no right to display so much knowledge of a science which did not belong to his branch of the service:

"I need not tell you," continued the corporal, "that, in the taking of Mexico a few days after, the plan offered by this lieutenant was of signal service, and that he was brevated soon afterwards."

Here the story ended, and the sergeant relapsed into his "pipe and silence." We all looked for a while into the fire, when one of the sentinels asked him what the name of this young lieutenant was. He slowly puffed the smoke from his mouth, and answered:

"I believe it was George—GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN."

"And who was that engineer?"

"I believe his name was George, too—GEORGE T. BEAUREGARD."

And we all smoked and looked into the fire until the sentinel called out—

"Grand rounds! Turn out the guard!"

BARNUM'S LAST STORY.

Barnum is always ready with a good story.—His "latest" is the following, which is told of Ellis Howe, Jr., who has been very active in fitting out regiments for the war.

Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way, and taken so great an interest in military affairs that he has but little time to attend to anything else.

One day a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon that gentleman with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church.

"A new church," replied Howe; "ah a new church. I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can think of nothing else."

The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a "red." At last he asked the deacon what the church was to be called.

"The Church of St. Peter, Sir," was the reply. "Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe; "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to *Salt Petre*."

A POST OFFICE RETURN.—The following is a verbatim copy of the certificate attached to the return of a postmaster in Shawnee county, Missouri. It would hardly be proper to give the name of the office. This may be some disciple of Artemas Ward. If so, the pupil has beaten the master. Artemas might as well shut up shop:

"I hear by certify that the four going A Counte is as near Rite as i no how to make it it thare is any mistake it is not Dun a Purpers."

WHY is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling for the Union.