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| When this Cruel War is Over. <br> Dearest love, do you rumember, <br> When wo last a id meet <br> How you told mo that you lored me, <br> Kneenng at my fect? Oh! how proud you stiond before me, <br> In your suit of blut <br> When you powed to me and countiy, <br> Eror to he true <br> Weeping sad and lonely, <br> Hopes and lears how valn-yat [praying <br> lraying that we may mete figain, <br> Whon the simmer limese is simhing, <br> Sharufalle ahome: <br> oft $\ln$ dren then and <br> Woother lying <br> Che the hatle plain. <br> Callinge hut is of clythe, <br> Werpingestide. <br> If ambid the dian of battif <br> Sobly you should fall, <br> Far away from those who lova you, <br> None to hear you call; <br> Wha whisper words of comfiort <br> Who would sowthe your pain <br> Erer in my bract atries <br> Weppine sall, <br> but your country calle, you darling <br> Angels chere your way, <br>  <br> Nobly fotrlise for diod amd freedom, <br> Let all antions seo <br> Fw we luse our stary latumer <br> Weqpinas nat and burdy <br> W. |
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VOL. 63.
CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1863
TERMS:-- $\$ 1,50$ in Advance, or $\$ 2$ within the yea

|  | HOW to enlist a company. <br> Annng the 'many methods which were tried to indluce ment to entist during the Re volutionary War, the following furnishes a monstration of the fight ing qualities of the |  | Th; ;tranger very?r adily fell into his views and the two walked aray together. Bu When thiny reached the door-over which wa written "Gerald, Gerald \& Co. "- We change round for a street by which be might esconpe but there not being one, the pleaded a pro- |
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|  |  |  | bound for a street by whick he might escapebut there not being one, he pleaded a proviously forgotien appointment. Mr. Gerald turned round and snid, planting himeeff before the path he was starting on, " Jules Dorival, I must apeak with you |
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| mied at her |  |  |  |
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| - ha, it I cuula ha |  |  |  |
| dhe save hiss she the |  |  |  |
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| aria was |  | lemning over the rescel's sid hrowithy hersidf awny; |  |
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| She started it th |  | White perpto look carelessly on <br> Thurat in teare the wamett maty bo |  |
|  |  |  | the duped clerk: "my name's not Dorival "Your name is Jules Durival, late of the |
|  |  | Am! untorlinuls mis it is wathing at only the toll thes sut, | Frantiord Bank. Hace you not nu viry shaped mole below the left ear? Thero it is, said Gernld, raising the hair nt the wonder |
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|  |  |  | The stern untluching manner of hi* er, the sud lenness of thic oharge, and the |
|  |  | The bruk of Messss ieralu, cierald \& Co., | Iy conscieace were too unch; and after at ble altempt on stammer out a denial, the was lerripted by Mr. Gerald's taking up a b |
|  |  |  | lecrupt hy Mr. Cuerall's thking' |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  <br>  | justice will appear." <br> Jules Durival admaitod nill, aud |
|  |  |  |  <br> were more than the atperised number) the |
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## and oow for the cer meeta agnili, Could he buat have



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strove to forget tho starp spmsmos of pin thin



 "I hink four draught was to hare bee
taken ateleven, sirt" und she glanced at he
written directions.
 recognize him at the same instant-there
was a slight start, but teither ppoke,
Fate had brought Ulem together once


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