

Selected Poetry.

Pray What do they Do at the Springs.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

Pray what do they do at the springs,
So they rest, and they rest, and they rest,
But to answer it fully my dear
Were rather a serious task.
And yet in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking bird sings;
I'll venture a bit of a song,
To tell what they do at the springs.

Imprints, my darling they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
The odor exceedingly queer,
But the fluid is mingled you know
With wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,
And that's what they do at the springs.

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast or dine,
The latter precisely at three—
The former from seven till nine.
Ye gods what a rustic and rash,
When the eloquent dinner bell rings,
So they eat, and they eat, and they eat,
And that's what they do at the springs.

Then they stroll in the beautiful walks
Or stroll in the shade of the trees,
When many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze,
And hands commingled with hands
Regardless of conjugal rings,
So they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,
And that's what they do at the springs.

The drawing rooms now are ablaze
And music is shrieking and ranting,
Terpsichore covers the hour,
And fashion is never so gay.
An arm round a tapering waist
How closely and fondly it clings,
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,
And that's what they do at the springs.

In short as it goes in the world,
They eat, they drink, and they sleep,
They talk, they laugh, and they weep,
They sigh, they laugh, and they weep,
They read, they ride, and they dance,
With other unimportant things,
Any they pray, and they pray, and they pray,
And that's what they do at the springs.

Miscellaneous.

THE YOUNG BARON OF LIEBERACH.

A great many years ago—some hundreds, for aught I know—there lived a proud and puissant baron, named Rodolph von Lieberach, in whom a great many of the virtues, and all the vices, of his race seemed combined.

His life was passed in his castle, in a sort of semi-barbarous retirement, except when foreign wars called him abroad; and the sudden change from the bustle of the field then made him sombre and gloomy for many weeks at a time.

In his youth he had spent much time abroad, and had for three years served in the armies of the Greek emperor, at Constantinople, in whose service he had won much honor, but little reward.

While in the capital of the Eastern empire he had seen and loved the fair daughter of a certain Greek noble attached to the court, and when he proffered her his hand, her father and the emperor compelled her to accept it, because they feared to offend the rude Frank warrior, though she loved him not. But, alas, what a change for her!

About a mile from the city, a luxurious villa stood on a rising ground overlooking the Bosphorus. Spacious gardens stretched from the house to the shore, perfumed by the surrounding orange groves, and shaded by the citron and olive trees which overhung the calm water, as if longing to kiss it. A fountain played in the centre, and arbors at every turn invited to ease and retirement, while the nightingales sang all day long in the branches overhead.

The most rare and flowers of Europe and of Asia grew side by side, and in every sight and sound there were music and beauty. The interior of the house was in keeping with the garden. Gorgeous tapestry—couches radiant with gilding, and covered with the richest silks which Venetian enterprise brought from the mysterious East—busts of the ancient philosophers of Greece, and of the early martyrs of Christianity—piles of manuscripts richly illuminated, and written by cunning hands—small marble fountains to cool the hot winds from the desert—verandahs in which the inmates might sit at eventide to inhale the refreshing breezes from the water, and hear the barking of the dogs, the laughter of children, and the song of lovers from the farther shore—met the eye on every side.

Here the youth of Agatha Kale was passed. She was the only child of her father, and he was a widower. She had been carefully educated by an old priest, who had retained a large library of the ancient philosophy mingled with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Plato and Pythagoras had shared his attention with Paul and the early fathers. He had not fallen into any of the extravagancies or corruptions which time and foreign influence had mixed up in the bosom of the church. He had too much of the fine sentiment of the beautiful to let one gross thought pass between him and the objects of his love and adoration; but he had in him too much of the pride of philosophy to become a missionary or a martyr. He was a priest because it gave him opportunities of indulging his love of literary research, without coming in contact with any of the common cares and passions of life; but he had little of the ardor of devotion which reigned amongst the common people. He was in fact born out of his time, and spent many an hour in bitter regrets that it had not fallen to his lot to mingle in the solemn groups who a thousand years before had santed in abstraction amidst the groves of the Academy. He undertook the task of Agatha's education with joy; it gave him an opportunity of moulding a human being after his own thoughts, and aspirations, and regrets in a mind to which everything was new.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1863.

NO. 28.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

ed head, the lofty forehead, the straight nose, the thin delicate lips, the energy in the lines of the mouth, the smouldering fire in the soft light of the dark eye, bridged over by brows black as ebony, the swan-like throat intersected by veins "like streams through fields of snow," the graceful, wavy outline of the figure, which had never known an hour of constraint, and the soft, white roundness of the arms, were all Greek. The priest Demetrius took care the intellect stood the time when she reached her fifteenth year until her marriage, the old man tottered into the garden two or three hours before sunset; and, sitting in the arbor, with a volume of the Republic, or the Phædo open before him, they talked over the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, the sweet solemn piety of Cimon, the patriotism of Epaminondas, and examined the fabrics of speculation which had in later years been built upon the Gospel, until the sun sank into the blue waves of the Ægean, and with his last rays turned the waters of the Hellespont into gold. During the last year they were together, their conversations assumed unconsciously a tone of sadness. Dire calamities were hanging over them. The Turks had come down from their mountains, fiery and fanatical, and threatened to beleaguere the imperial city, and extirpate the Christian faith. Strange rumours were abroad. The emperor held councils by night, and from these Agatha's father returned anxious and thoughtful. What if their dreams and happiness should end under the scimitar of the barbarian, their faith in their own doctrines be ridiculed to torture and violence, and their names added to the long list of martyrs and confessors! From this time their conversations, as well as their thoughts, turned more upon themselves—upon the discipline of their own hearts—more upon their feelings and less upon opinions and doctrines. They were often sad and fearful, but often far, hopeful and courageous. The old priest had not lived so long a life, with great thoughts and great examples constantly before him, without being able to rise to the level of the heaviest misfortune or calamity; and his precepts availed so well, that at length, amidst the wars, rumors of wars, fears, and misgivings which agitated all hearts in the great city, the only spot where calmness reigned was the summer-house of the senator's garden.

Thus matters stood, when the sorrowful morning arrived on which she was arrayed in bridal dress, and stood before the altar to be united for life to the Latin knight. Demetrius married them. His snow-beard seemed to quiver on his chest, and his voice faltered as he pronounced the church's blessing on their heads. His farewell was calm and solemn. On that evening the bride and bridegroom were rowed on board the galley in the harbor, and Agatha, standing on the deck, saw the palaces and spires of Constantinople, and the vine-clad hills above it, slowly fade from her view forever.

When the honeymoon was over, her life in her husband's castle became weary enough. He was not a man after her heart; their tastes were not congenial. The summer brought pleasant walks in the woods, and rambles along the banks of the neighboring stream, but neither summer nor winter brought back the sunny skies and loved friends amongst whom her youth had been passed. They had one son, born the second year after their marriage; and when he was but three years old his father died suddenly.

Time wore on. Agatha was becoming an old woman, and Hugo her son a young man. He had reached his nineteenth year; was skilled in martial exercises of the Germans, and well taught in all the lore of the Greeks, generous to a fault, lord of his love as in his hate, fiery and proud. She died before he had attained his majority. When she was on her death-bed she called him to her side, and gave him a box, containing a small phial, informing him that it was the gift of a certain Jewish rabbi, whom she had once succored when pursued by a mob, and who, on giving it, had told her that if the liquid it contained were drunk by her, or those nearest and dearest to her, when in their greatest earthly need or peril, a way of deliverance would be speedily pointed out to them. With a romantic trust in the marvellous which was quite in unison with the enthusiasm of her character, she had preserved it carefully, and never having been placed in such a position herself as in her opinion to call for its use, she bequeathed it as a legacy to him whom she most loved, and in whose path most snares and dangers were likely to lie. In some petty wars which followed he was driven from his ancestral domains, and placed under the ban of the empire for taking part with the nobles of an adjacent town.

After undergoing various toils and anxieties and passing through sundry "hairbreadth escapes," he arrived in Paris, and for awhile, with characteristic thoughtlessness, abandoned himself to all the dissipation of that metropolis, which was then, as now, the gayest and most frivolous on earth. But his funds were soon exhausted. Those who at first smiled upon him, in deference to his birth and his romantic career, began to look on him coldly, or avoid him, and he was at last driven to cast about for some course of life that would afford him the means of subsistence. He was one evening musing mournfully in his lodgings upon his position and prospects, when he bothought and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of centuries, threw their broad branches across the path, and streaked it with shadow. A refreshing breeze sighed gently through the leaves, and played amongst his hair, and at a little distance a brook ran parallel with his course, and, though hidden from his view, murmured gently and musically in his ear. In the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more than earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note. A grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere.—And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with water-fowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if the could never grow tired of wandering here.

He walked on thus the greater part of a day, but to his astonishment he at last began to perceive that he was making no progress. The lake seemed still as far away as ever, the same trees grew by his side, the same birds murmured in his ear, and the same birds sang overhead. Little by little he found all those features of the scenery which had at first given him so much pleasure begin to pall upon his senses. The perfume seemed to sicken and enervate him; the voice of the birds sounded heavy and dull. He longed wearily for a mountain side, with a clear prospect, a refreshing breeze, and where at least he would find the fruits of his labor in making some progress on his way, and meeting some change of scene. Pondering over the time he had lost, and the strange position in which he found himself, he sat down upon a mossy stone by the way-side. Absorbed in reverie, a voice whispered in his ear, clear as a trumpet, but he knew not from whence it came. The tone seemed to be his own, but he had not opened his lips. In a ecstatic accents, but mournfully, reprovingly, and persuasively, it seemed to say:

"Thou art treading in a perilous path. Delights are on either side of thee, but danger and destruction are ever in front. Turn boldly to the right; pass through the wood, follow the road that leads up yon hill, and at the top thou shalt find rest and peace."

Rising in obedience to a sudden impulse, he pushed boldly forward in the direction which had been indicated to him. He soon found himself in the highway. Great numbers of men were travelling along the same road. Some were strong, vigorous, and hardy—a flush of hope, courage, and ardor in their cheeks and their eyes ever looking upwards.—Others seemed faint and weary, as if they were unused to the work, and tottering feebly seemed ever prone to lie down and rest, and think no more of ascending.—And, alas! at every step were the prostrate forms of those who had fallen and perished with the smile of expectation on their lips, and many vigor in every limb. Some appeared to have sunk only after a long struggle and had left heavy footprints in the dust; and their features had scarcely yet lost the glow of the combat, and settled into the dead composure of everlasting rest. But others seemed to have fallen almost without an effort—terrible wrecks, like

"Ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility."

These last formed by far the greater number. Hugo pressed inwardly to be preserved from such a fate, and now that he travelled in company, and that the eyes of many were upon him, he determined to strike them by the fiery impetuosity of his onward march. But the ascent was steep and rugged, the sun shone fiercely upon his head, and upon turning round to look for sympathy he saw no look of pity for his faltering steps, and received no offer of aid. All were intent upon themselves. Worn and disheartened, he at last sat down by the wayside, and leaning his head upon his hand, wept bitterly.

While in this predicament, those with whom he started upon his journey passed on, leaving him behind alone. He abandoned himself to despair; a black curtain seemed to hang between him and the future, shutting out all hope of rest and peace. He raised his head, half-mechanically, and glanced vaguely along the road he had traversed. A figure appeared in the distance approaching rapidly; a little nearer, and Hugo's attention was riveted upon it. It was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic in appearance, and bearing in his face every mark of great internal strength. A broad and open forehead, on which thought had ploughed some furrows, was half covered by luxuriant hair, which waved carelessly in the fitful breeze that now and then blew up the valley. There was fire in his dark eyes, subdued by many a year of meditation and watching; in the thin nostrils and firmly-set mouth there were traces of energy which had gathered fresh strength with every roll of time, and now seemed to hurl defiance at the world and at fortune. His figure was such as the sculptor would love to copy. There were united all that collection of excellencies in each part which are said never to have been seen together save in the statues of the ancient artist

position and prospects, when he bothought and coming to the conclusion that he could never be in greater straits than he was then, he drank of its contents. He instantly fell into a deep sleep. He was walking, along a broad avenue bounded on each side by lawns of surpassing verdure. The gnarled oaks, green with the moss of centuries, threw their broad branches across the path, and streaked it with shadow. A refreshing breeze sighed gently through the leaves, and played amongst his hair, and at a little distance a brook ran parallel with his course, and, though hidden from his view, murmured gently and musically in his ear. In the trees overhead birds of the rarest plumage sang in strains of more than earthly melody, without a single pause, and it seemed to his enraptured senses as if there was hope and courage in every note. A grateful perfume seemed to pervade the atmosphere.—And far away in the long vista a bright lake appeared dancing in the sunshine, with water-fowl of snowy whiteness gliding gently and gracefully over its surface. He was enchanted. His blood coursed swiftly through his veins; his heart throbbed with rapturous excitement. It seemed as if the could never grow tired of wandering here.

He walked on thus the greater part of a day, but to his astonishment he at last began to perceive that he was making no progress. The lake seemed still as far away as ever, the same trees grew by his side, the same birds murmured in his ear, and the same birds sang overhead. Little by little he found all those features of the scenery which had at first given him so much pleasure begin to pall upon his senses. The perfume seemed to sicken and enervate him; the voice of the birds sounded heavy and dull. He longed wearily for a mountain side, with a clear prospect, a refreshing breeze, and where at least he would find the fruits of his labor in making some progress on his way, and meeting some change of scene. Pondering over the time he had lost, and the strange position in which he found himself, he sat down upon a mossy stone by the way-side. Absorbed in reverie, a voice whispered in his ear, clear as a trumpet, but he knew not from whence it came. The tone seemed to be his own, but he had not opened his lips. In a ecstatic accents, but mournfully, reprovingly, and persuasively, it seemed to say:

"Thou art treading in a perilous path. Delights are on either side of thee, but danger and destruction are ever in front. Turn boldly to the right; pass through the wood, follow the road that leads up yon hill, and at the top thou shalt find rest and peace."

Rising in obedience to a sudden impulse, he pushed boldly forward in the direction which had been indicated to him. He soon found himself in the highway. Great numbers of men were travelling along the same road. Some were strong, vigorous, and hardy—a flush of hope, courage, and ardor in their cheeks and their eyes ever looking upwards.—Others seemed faint and weary, as if they were unused to the work, and tottering feebly seemed ever prone to lie down and rest, and think no more of ascending.—And, alas! at every step were the prostrate forms of those who had fallen and perished with the smile of expectation on their lips, and many vigor in every limb. Some appeared to have sunk only after a long struggle and had left heavy footprints in the dust; and their features had scarcely yet lost the glow of the combat, and settled into the dead composure of everlasting rest. But others seemed to have fallen almost without an effort—terrible wrecks, like

the sinewy limbs, the broad shoulders and expansive chest, that seemed able to fling off the heaviest load of grief that ever fell on mortal man, with one imposing heave. There was no sign of faltering in that rapid stride and firm tread which seemed to chain the ground they measured for their own, and no backward shrinking in the lofty glances that were ever fixed on the hill top, save when he looked hastily and half carelessly aside, as if to measure his progress. Onward and upward he came, and at last stood for a moment silent and thoughtful before Hugo. At length he passed over, and laid his hand on his shoulder:

"Young man, thou art weary and worn," said he; "but knowest thou not that delay is death? He who lingers here, goes backward." "Leave me, I pray thee," said Hugo, "and continue thy way, friend. I can go no further."

"Nay, I will not leave thee; I have been as thou art, and have overcome my weakness; I have gained all my present strength from striving, from hope, from joy, from the power to persevere farther; by daring I have found my hopes fulfilled. Come on with me; I will teach thee to do as I have done, and then thou shalt become such as I am. On the summit of yonder hill, will I meet thee, and with God, who have, since the world began, battled for truth and justice and humanity, and died for them, await our coming. It needs no brilliant exploit to qualify thee for admission to communion with them. They heed not time or fatigue, but thy courage, thy aspirations, and thine arts. All that thou dost do well; march right onward, and let not this dread weariness any longer detain thee. Shed no more tears on the barren wayside; keep them for the sorrows and weakness of others, and they shall make the ground beneath thy feet blossom as the rose. Arise, and let us go; when thou art weary let thy courage avail thee. If thou hast none, thou art not worthy of the goal to which thou art going."

And Hugo awoke, and beheld it was a dream.

Fifty years afterwards an old man died in Paris, a priest of great reputation. The poor wept in crowds outside the door, and followed him sorrowfully to his grave. The learned said a star was gone from the constellation of genius and intellect, and even the reformers, who declaimed against the Roman clergy, extolled his virtues, his piety, faith, hope, and charity, and said, "Would that all were like him!"

Newspaper Patronage.

This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance, he goes home and reads it with the greatest interest. In his own mind he has no advertisement, asks the price and pays, for it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man says please put my name on your list of subscribers; and he goes off with as much as he can get. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the editor—don't like the politics—too Whiggish, or too something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his paper. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man (bless you, it does us good to see such a man) comes and says the year for which I paid is about to expire, and I want to pay for another. He does, and returns.

Reader! isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when honest men get the reward due to their honesty, which, say you, of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that the newspaper patronage of the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.

"From day to day, from lively to severe." Some malicious wretch thus parodies one of Shakespeare's grandest efforts—"All the world's a stage," etc.

A mighty, jolly, and enormous bouncer; And all the men and women, mostly liars, They have their "white lies," and their "blacker whoppers."

And one man in a day tells many crams, According to his notion. There's the school-boy, Who's 's he sick when he has played old hooky, Then there's the lover, sighing like the bellows, Then comes the soldier, who kills men and eats 'em, As he would lions. And then the fashionable hooky, Reading the papers in her rocking chair, Then comes the broker, shoving notes and charging, Like a mad trooper. Then the grocery-man, Who lives by selling roasted corn, coffee, Sand for sugar, slates for coal, and camphene For candle-brandy. Then the brigadier, Who, knowing nothing of the art of war, Leads men to slaughter, just to give him practice.

To these succeeds the oyster-cellar critic, Who awakes Miss Tompkins sings like Madame Grief, Jenny Lind, and Guaraballa.—The whole four nightingales rolled up in one; But soon the lie's found out, and he is left. Says vines, says oysters, kids and opera tickets.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
We'll rally from the hill side we'll gather from the plains,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, hurrah boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
Waile we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of One Hundred Thousand
And more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll all the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Concuss.—The Union forever, etc.
We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And altho' he may be poor he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Concuss.—The Union forever, etc.
So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Concuss.—The Union forever, etc.

A Most Graphic Account of the Great Battle.

[Correspondence of the New York World.]
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
July 3—7 1/2 P. M.
The sun of Antietam is not more memorable than that which is just flinging its dying rays over the field of this the third day of successful battle. The victory won by General Meade is now so decisive that no one in this army pretends to question the rout and demoralization of the Rebel army under General Lee.—The battles on Wednesday and yesterday were sufficiently terrible, but in that which has raged to-day the fighting force, not only by our troops, but by those of Lee's army, will rank in heroism, in perseverance, and in savage energy with that of Waterloo.

The position of Lee at the close of last evening was such that he was forced to try to reduce all his energies into one grand desperate and centralized attempt to break through our army.

His divisions were so much cut up as to render a pitched battle from wing to wing one of awful hazard. The dilemma was a terrible one, and that the Rebel commander fully appreciated all its risks is evinced by the desperation of his onset to-day. Friday morning found our army reinforced. The reserves or the Sixth Corps General Sedwick, and the Twelfth, Gen. Stocum, had arrived and taken up strong positions. At the last hour our troops were ranged in line along the Emmetsburg turnpike and the Taneytown road. The engagement began by an assault of our troops upon some rifle pits on the extreme right, which were left in the possession of the enemy last evening. Their fire was returned by the Rebels, and the fighting immediately became general.

Until nearly noon the battle raged without intermission, but with no loss to us, when we finally obtained possession of the rifle-pits—the Rebel force which had previously held them retreating.—The firing then slackened, but at one o'clock was renewed at different points along the line with a fierceness premonitory of the terrible engagement that ensued. Several charges were made by the Rebels and feints, their troops falling back after the first rush in every part of the field, except that held by their forces under Gen. Ewell, who was seen to concentrate the infantry and artillery together, and who soon opened a murderous fire of cannon on our left centre.

Then the engagement began in earnest. The firing became a continuous roar; battery after battery was discharged with a swiftness amazing; yell on yell from the Rebels succeeded each gust of shot and shell, until the valley—overhung with smoke, from whence those horrible sounds issued seemed alive with demons. It appeared at times as though not a foot of air was free from the hail of missiles that tore over and through our ranks, thinned but not shaken. Our men stood the shock with a courage sublime—an endurance so wonderful as to dim even the heroic record of the band that fell upon the rocks of Journey. These papers—into which this deadly fire was mainly directed was the Second, the position being commanded by Gen. Hayes.

The artillery fire continued without intermission for three hours, when suddenly having been forced under cover of their own guns, the Rebel troops were hurled against our lines by their officers in masses the very trend of whose feet shook the declivity up which they came, with cries that might have caused less dauntless troops than those who awaited the onset to break with terror. Not a man in the Federal ranks flinched from his position. Not an eye turned to the right or left in search of security. Not a hand trembled as the long array of our heroes grasped their muskets at a charge, and waited the order to fire. On and up came the enemy, hooting, crowding, showing their very teeth in the venom of their rage until within thirty yards of our cannon.

As the turbulent mass of gray uniform, of flashing bayonets and gleaming eyes, lifted itself in a last leap forward almost to the very mouths of our guns, a volley of shot, shell, shrapnel and bullets went crashing through it, as it was a soylie. Its overwhelming onward rush was in the next instant turned to the hesitating leap forward of a few soldiers more dare devil than the rest, the wild bounding upwards of more than a few mortally wounded heroes, and the succeeding backward surge of the disjointed remnant, which culminated in a scamp down

the slope that was in some instances retarded by the pursuing bullets of our men.

The carnage of this assault amongst the Rebels was so fearful that even Federal soldiers who rested on their arms triumphant, after the foe had retreated beyond their fire, as they cast their eyes downward upon the panorama of deaths and wounds illuminated by the sun that shova upon the slope before them, were seen to shudder and turn sickening away.

Then the Third and Fifth Corps joined in the fight. As the Rebels rallied for an instant and attempted to make a stand, they were met by such combined volleys as threatened to reduce their columns to fragments. The panic which ensued is unparalleled in any battle in which the Army of the Potomac has ever been engaged.

The enemy quailed like ewes before a storm. Their main line again recoiled, and numbers reeled by the horror and tumult, fell upon their knees, upon their breasts, upon their faces, shrieking and lifting up clasped hands in token of surrender and appeal for mercy. (General Dick Garnett's brigade surrendered almost entire, but Garnett himself, by the aid of two of his men succeeded, though wounded, in making his escape. Longstreet, who led the reinforcements which enabled the Rebels to make their second brief stand, was wounded. The musketry firing slowly ceased, and the discharge of artillery continued for a brief period, but even these reverberations finally died away.

General Meade was not deceived in anticipating another onslaught. Lee's columns were collected and reformed with magical haste. Within an hour what seemed to be his whole force was again assembled directly in our front, where the contest once more opened. The assault this time was made with a fury even surpassing that of the first. It would seem as if the entire Rebel army had resolved itself into a gigantic Foulton Hope, and bore in its collective bosom the consciousness that the effort now made was the last and the only one that could be made toward retrieving the fortunes of that army, or preventing the inevitable disgrace which hovered over it.

It is said by Rebel prisoners taken in the latter part of the engagement that this charge was led by Lee in person.—The prestige of his name and presence could certainly not have added to its power or enthusiasm. Yet the cool and gallant phalanx which, secure in its position and confident in its leader, waited with a silence only broken by the occasional roar of artillery the approach of the foe, and viewed it as calmly and met it as unflinching as before. Back, as easily as a girl hurls the shuttlecock, did the soldiers of our gallant army hurl into chaotic retreat the hosts that came on and on, over the stones and ditches, over the bodies of fallen comrades, piling its dead in heaps and making the soil over which it trod ghastly and alive with struggling wounded.

The firm array of Union soldiers which, previously remaining stationary, now bent forward to a charge, and became a pursuing Nemesis to the hordes that in great numbers were retreating westward through the streets of Gettysburg, and beyond, as the brave troops of Reynolds' corps went through the eastward on the previous day but one.

The victory was secure. It was a victory won not without sad dening losses—sadder in their comparative extent, perhaps, than those which have chilled the nation's heart so often before to-day. Of our actual disasters in killed and wounded it is now impossible to make a just estimate. The same is true of the Rebels, though it is positively known from the appearance of the field, from the acknowledgment of Rebel prisoners themselves, that it is far greater than our own.

The number of prisoners taken by us was between 10,000 and 12,000. The Rebel Gen. Arnold was killed. Among our wounded were Generals Gibbon and Webb, slightly. General Caldwell, Hancock, Doubleday, seriously, and many minor officers. The enemy's list of disabled is known to include an equal number of officers of high rank. As I write our cavalry are out on the flanks of the retreating foe, harassing him with great success. A reconnaissance has this instant returned from the front to ascertain the position of Lee's army which is believed to have begun preparations for its final retreat.

NOT A TRUE FRIEND.

Mr. Haley moved into a small village not long ago. He is a gentleman of possessing appearance, of rare intelligence as the slight intercourse he has already had with the people of the village has shown. He was, on his arrival a stranger to all in the village except one—Mr. Pitkin. This gentleman and Mr. Haley had been schoolmates, as he said, and a firm friendship had existed between them since their school days. Though they had been separated, a correspondence had been kept up between them, and they had occasionally met. Mr. Haley had decided now to settle in the village, because it was Mr. Pitkin's place of residence; for the pleasure he thought a renewal of their former friendship would afford.

Some weeks after Mr. Haley had become settled, Mr. Pitkin happened in one evening, where several of the village people were collected at a neighbor's. In the course of conversation, some one mentioned Mr. Haley, the new comer; for, in a little village, everybody knows everybody and all about everybody's business, and—sometimes a little more—

Some one expressed warm commendation of him as to his pleasing manners and intelligence, and thought they were very fortunate in having gained such a neighbor. Some of the young ladies praised his fine looks, and thought he would be such an acquisition to picnics and sleigh rides.

Mr. Pitkin assented to all these praises; said he was a man of remarkable intelligence, a man of pleasing manners—when he chose to be!

"He is a friend of yours—an intimate one, I believe," some one said addressing Mr. Pitkin.

"Oh yes," he assented, "we have been like brothers from boyhood. I know him well. He is a fine man, an estimable man, an agreeable man, but for one thing—though I have no trouble with him myself on that score—I know how to manage him. You can never feel any freedom in conversation with him on account of one infirmity."

"What is it?" from two or three young ladies, in surprise and curiosity.

"Do tell!" from one or two older ones, which expression was not so much an entreaty to relate as it might seem, taken literally, but an exclamation of astonishment.

"Well," said Mr. Pitkin, with apparent reluctance, "the infirmity to which I allude is one of temper. He is so irascible, so much under the influence of his temper, that intercourse with him is rather a risky piece of business; at least, with those with whom he is familiar.—You have to handle him as carefully as you would loaded fire-arms—as be cautious of causes of offence as you would of sparks in a powder magazine, for he will some times fire up unexpectedly, upon the slightest opposition."

"Do tell!" the old ladies ejaculated again; some of the younger ones—"What a pity!—I wouldn't have thought it."

"His true, 'tis pity—'tis true," sighed Mr. Pitkin—"Anger is madness with my friend, for under its influence he will say and do things which he would not in a sober state of mind, and for which he is sorry when the fit is off, noble and generous man that he is at heart; but he has estranged his best friends by this infirmity, which grows out of a strong love of approbation. He cannot bear the slightest shade of disapproval; in a word, vanity is at the bottom of the matter—a very harmless thing, generally, except when it becomes so inordinate, as in his case."

"Mr. Pitkin says he is a true friend of Haley," said Jane Ashley, after he had gone—"I must say, his ideas of friendship fall far below my standard."

"Yours," said her cousin, James Allen, "is no doubt drawn from some die-away novel, where a friend wants to run into all sorts of unnecessary scrapes, and perhaps strangle himself to prove the undying fervor of his friendship."

"No, my notions of friendship are founded upon common principles of justice and the golden rule—'do to others,' &c."

Let us try them by these. You will admit that a friend should have some care for the happiness, success in life, and reputation of him for whom he professes friendship. If he does not further them in these, he should at least throw no obstacles in the way of his attaining them. This best friend let his neighbors into the secret that Mr. Haley is a very passionate man; that he had, by not being able to restrain his passions, estranged his best friends. This was news to them, and lowered him in their estimation. Why not have waited and let them find it out? It would have seemed much more like true friendship.

He also gave them a hint where to look for foibles and weaknesses, that might possibly have escaped observation for a long time; perhaps they might never have been discovered.

A friend should conceal the weakness of a friend, or at least not expose them. What would you think of a friend who should tell a burglar where to find an unguarded door or window in a friend's house which he might enter, and take his purse? (I won't repeat the quotation "Who steals my purse steals trash," yet probably had Mr. Haley been consulted in the matter, and could he have had his choice, he would much have preferred that this very questionable friend of his should have told a thief where to find his purse, rather than