

OLD FRIENDS.

All gone but you and I, old friend! All gone but you and I!

Not suddenly they went away, But slowly, one by one;

Close and closer every year The narrowing circle drew;

And all that cheerful band, But I remain and you.

And thinking of my youth, old friend! And all that life-long year;

My half-numb'd heart almost overflows In a burst of woman tears.

For all that life of the warm, old friend! Soem strangely changed seem then;

The woman's face were more fair, And heartier were the mood.

The seasons are all altered, too— Less genial—may, quite cold;

Why, summer scarce is warmer now Than winter was of old.

And thinking of the past, old friend! And thinking of the past,

A noisish wish springs in my heart That I should not be last!

But that you, old and trusted friend! Should stand by my death-bed,

Reverse the lot look from my eyes, And close them when I'm dead.

Yes, clasp again my hand, old friend! But turn not so away;

Let's hope to wear each other out, And die upon one day!

ACROSS THE BORDER-A SONG.

THEY—WILKINSON AND HIS MEN.

Jeff Davis, he sat in the rebel divan, A thinking what wickedness now would plan;

Says he, "we must whip them 'ere Yanks pretty quick, Or some of our folks this war might get sick."

"So, you, you must march into Pennsylvania, And load up your wagons with oats and with hay,

Whit'ning their faces, and clean their teeth, And if they s'bout you, you give 'em a battle."

Then Lee started off, and he made a grand rally Amongst the rich farmers in Cumberland valley;

He thought he'd be able to batter Garfield, And Harriettburg reach within two or three miles.

At last he got ready in order to strike, But who should he meet on the Gettysburg plain,

But there were some veterans he left on Potomac, Where they give him a fight that slicked his stomach.

Now Gettysburg was taken on that very same day, And likewise Fort Hudson soon had to give way,

Jeff Davis he then thought the country 'round, To make his pile, viz., he took wonderful ground.

Then hurrah! for the stars, and hurrah! for the stripes, And down with Jeff Davis, concern his old trips;

For two Sabatages and no violation, Is pretty good work for a fortnight, says you.

Now all ye secessionists mind what I say, Now all ye advance into Pennsylvania;

For sure as you're born, (it can be shown), Seceshery by Yankess are some overthrown.

Miscellaneous.

Letter from the Gold Regions. BANNACK, IDAHO TERRITORY. July 4th, 1863.

THE NEW MINES. Dear Herald—Bannack has ceased to be the western terminus of the well-travelled road to the gold mines of Idaho Territory.

Other rich localities of Nature has been found seventy five miles beyond us, on the Stinking Water, a branch of the Madison fork.

About six weeks ago, four ragged, dirty, half-starved men, mounted on ponies, entered driving before them, three pack animals, made their appearance in our main street.

late in the afternoon. Every one knew they were returned prospectors, but who they were from was not known, and on their way long out—and whether they had "struck any thing," the question from the crowd, who immediately surrounded them, were unable to elicit.

When they did get ready to answer questions, they merely stated that they had found something "good enough for them" that they would return to their discovery in a few days, and any who wished might go back with them, but they would not say how far, or to what direction, the mines were.

In thirty six days, the discoverers, who had become much disappointed by their three months prospecting tour, were their rugged, and professional, and on their way back, accompanied by upwards four hundred men, in wagons, mounted, or on foot with bedding and provisions packed on their backs, called a halt, and refused to advance any further until the entire company had agreed in writing that they should have two claims of one hundred feet each, fronting on the stream and extending on either side from base to base of the hill. The distance from Bannack proved to be about two days journey with an ox team; though horsemen who since travelled it in one day.

Arriving upon the ground, the party found that the only water available for washing was a stream containing not more than a dozen good sized heads equal to about 250 inches of water, issuing under a six inch pressure, from a vessel.

All who had picks, shovels and all of need went to prospecting; and as usual the richest deposits were found not to be on or adjoining the discovery claims—The prospects ranged from five cents to three and four dollars to the pan.

The diggings have turned out to be richer and more extensive than at first supposed.—Nearly half of our population have gone over, and there are now as many men at the "New Mines" as at these. The claims are yielding from ten dollars to five hundred dollars a day to the hand. The richest claims are, of course, not the most plenty. Pat. Hayes is clearing over one hundred dollars a day.—This poor Irishman who has lived in the most abject poverty for years, has in a day become a rich man. Col. Wood & Co. are taking out from \$500 to \$300 a day. A few others are doing as well or nearly as well. Many have failed to secure claims, but are diligently prospecting the country round about, in hopes of finding other diggings. A regular express runs between Bannack and the "New Mines" carrying passengers and packages.

The deputy sheriff, Dillingham was shot to the ground determined to hang them, but on the way to the gallows, released and let them go.

W. C. R.

Hans, who is judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a legal tender. We accept his opinion—though we have no interest in the question.

Henry is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

The Carlisle Herald.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1863. VOL. 63. NO. 33.

TERMS—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year. A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

THE DRAFT IN Cumberland County.

The following is a list of the men drafted in Cumberland County, on Friday, August 14, 1863, to serve in the army of the United States for the period of three years, or during the War.

THIRTY-FIFTH SUB-DISTRICT. Shippenburg Borough and Southampton and Shippenburg Townships. No. enrolled, 400. No. drafted, 120.

Wm W Harper Henry Briggs Erasmus McKinney John Miller James Mahon George H Stuart

THIRTY-SIXTH SUB-DISTRICT. Hopewell, Mifflin and Newburg Boroughs. No. enrolled, 196. No. drafted, 59.

THIRTY-SEVENTH SUB-DISTRICT. Newville Borough and Newton Township. No. enrolled, 240. No. drafted, 74.

THIRTY-EIGHTH SUB-DISTRICT. West Pennsboro and Frankfort Townships. No. enrolled, 320. No. drafted, 95.

THIRTY-NINTH SUB-DISTRICT. Penn and Dickinson Townships. No. enrolled, 253. No. drafted, 76.

THIRTIETH SUB-DISTRICT. North Middleton and Middlesex Townships. No. enrolled, 211. No. drafted, 63.

THIRTY-FIRST SUB-DISTRICT. East Ward, Carlisle. No. enrolled, 209. No. drafted, 62.

THIRTY-SECOND SUB-DISTRICT. West Ward, Carlisle. No. enrolled, 188. No. drafted, 67.

THIRTY-THIRD SUB-DISTRICT. South Middleton Township. No. enrolled, 243. No. drafted, 78.

THIRTY-FOURTH SUB-DISTRICT. Silver Spring Township. No. enrolled, 207. No. drafted, 62.

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path; Captain—, the officer whose orderly I was, tried to make his horse leap it, but to his surprise the animal balked. While urging him on with voice and spur, one of his brother officers called out with a loud laugh, "Why, captain, your horse has only got three legs; how do you expect him to leap?" I rode up and sure enough, one of the horse's hind legs was shattered by a ball. We both dismounted—I to offer the captain my horse, from a particularly well aimed volley from one of the batteries plowed up the ground all around and among us. Saddles were vacated in a very great hurry, and with the cry of "every man for himself," there was a general scamper for the bushes and trees. I kept close to the captain and together we lay under a bush for a long time waiting for the fire to slacken. At length, getting impatient, the captain began to crawl through the bushes to the battery on our right. I had my misgivings about the direction we were taking, but, of course, said nothing. Soon, however, the captain stopped, and turning to me with an expression of mingled impatience and chagrin, blurted out, "Orderly, do you know where I'm going?" "No, sir," I replied, saluting, "I don't know, but I think you are going straight to the rebel lines." With an exclamation more vigorous than classic he turned in his tracks, and we began a careful reconnaissance in force towards the opposite battery, which were still belching away for dear life. After an indefinite scrambling and creeping, we gradually approached a battery from a little to one side, so as to be out of range of the guns. Halting unperceived at a safe distance, we tried anxiously to make out the color of the men's coats; but the darkness of the night and the smoke that hung around the pieces prevented our distinguishing whether they were grey or blue. Becoming impatient, my companion shouted out, "What battery is this?" It was an anxious moment and we waited eagerly for a response.

But "Right piece fire"—left piece fire! This was the only answer that reached us between the roar of the guns. We advanced a little nearer, and again the captain shouted, "What battery is this?" "Right piece fire!—left piece fire!" was again the only response we could catch. Rendered desperate the captain marched right up to within a few paces of the guns, strange to say unnoticed, and once more roared out, "What battery is this?" "Right piece fire!—left piece fire!" was again the only response we could catch. Rendered desperate the captain marched right up to within a few paces of the guns, strange to say unnoticed, and once more roared out, "What battery is this?" "Right piece fire!—left piece fire!" was again the only response we could catch. Rendered desperate the captain marched right up to within a few paces of the guns, strange to say unnoticed, and once more roared out, "What battery is this?" "Right piece fire!—left piece fire!" was again the only response we could catch.

What lessons are embodied in thy teachings! stern lessons, as we in our days of hope and happiness, could never think of encountering as we set sail under sunny skies, and our bark glided pleasantly over smooth waters; we did not dream of the clouds, the storm, the tempest, that came all too soon and awoke us from our fond security. Time, the great monitor of all hearts, teaches us the undeniable and sad truth, that change is written on all things; but the saddest is death. Oh how terrible is the woe of hearts and hopes, when the messenger resistless and unerring in his march, takes from our midst the brave and strong; prayers and tears are of no avail; life's lesson we must all learn, life's burdens we must bear.

Who has not seen some of their loved ones wrapped in the cold cements in the innumerable city of the dead? When we remembered that in our wandering through life's paths we should meet them no more, see their kindly beaming smile, hear their loved ones no more, have we not in anguish of soul, uttered the wail of a bleeding heart, let me die for in all this broad earth I have sought to live for; but we cannot die when we wish to most; we may weep at many a grave before we reach our own.

Who has not wept over broken hopes and severed ties? Who has not seen, one by one life's cherished dreams depart, its golden chalice turned to bitterness; or snatched rudely from our grasp the hope and trust of years? Oh, who cannot say, when all our hoarded hopes are crushed, our household goods are scattered and broken, I would not live any longer?

DUST TO DUST.—SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. Imperishable, dead, and turned to clay.—"I had a hole in the wind away, O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe, should patch a wall to expel the wind away." Dr. Keene, an English chemist, in a recent work on his favorite science, remarks—"So it is, that as we all sprang from protoplasm, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so, in like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of protoplasm to the dust whence they came. The hand that writes this sentence, may, to every brain that conceives the thought that the hand is marking down, was once earth such as we all trample on, and soon will be earth again, and, perhaps, even the writer's name has ceased to be mentioned by those with whom he holds familiar intercourse, will be transformed into the cypress of the cemetery, or the daisies of the country church-yard. Nay, also the matter of that eye which reads this saying, and of the brain that receives that saying, and is, perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of inorganic matter; and the time cannot be very distant ere some have to mourn over it, of dust to dust and ashes to ashes." The very term of affection was once water and a little rock-salt once more.

National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Gettysburg, August 8.—David Will, Esq., of this place, acting as agent for Gov. Curtin, has been for some time past engaged in arranging a general plan for a National Cemetery at Gettysburg, near the battle-field, and he has just returned from a consultation with Gov. Curtin and a number of agents of other States at Harrisburg, where the details have been concluded and the project really started. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will purchase the grounds, and make other arrangements by taking lots in the cemetery join in removal of the dead, and appropriately ornamenting the grounds. This plan will be carried out immediately.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE BY THE OLD UN. At a very early hour of a fine autumnal day, a very pretty young lady, expensively attired in a walking-dress of a fashion that passed for the latest Parisian, was daintily picking her way over one of the crossings of Broadway, anxious to preserve the immaculateness of the gaiter boots, and perhaps to display an ankle that might have served as a model to the curbstones. Just as she reached the opposite sidewalk, her foot slipped on the curbstone, moist with Croton, and she would have fallen had she not been caught by a young man, smartly attired, who happened to be passing at the time. A mutual recognition instantly took place. "Why, Mr. Bliffin, is that you?" exclaimed the young lady. "Nothing shorter, Jenny," answered the smart young man. "What a coincidence! I was just thinking of you when you tumbled into my arms."

"Perhaps you think I slipped on purpose, Mr. Impudence," retorted the young lady. "Nothing of the kind," said the smart young man. "But what brings you from Albany? Have you left your place, as I have mine?" "O, no, indeed," said the girl; Miss Jefferson is as kind to me as ever, and so is her good old daddy. Indeed, she has promised me a thousand dollars on the day of her marriage with young Popkins. "A thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Bliffin. "O, Jenny, how I adore you! When will you be mine?" "Just as soon as ever my young missis becomes Mrs. Popkins."