

BEVERIE IN KEILWORTH CASTLE.

Thy lordly pomp, O Cannon Hall, is gone! Thy walls the storms of ages have defied...

Thou shadowy pile on thy deserted towers A thousand solitary years look down!

A thousand summers sprinkled fragrant flowers Around the ghastly halls of gray renown!

Miscellaneous.

Written for the Herald.

SHADOW AND LIGHT; OR, ADELE MIDDLETON.

BY JENNIE CARROLL.

In one of the most picturesque villages of New England, lived Mrs. Middleton and her daughter Adele—a young lady of eighteen summers.

Dr. Middleton had given his daughter an excellent education; she was by nature endowed with rare talents, but the village was small and being already supplied with a school, as teaching was out of the question, although she might have gone to the city of A—situated nine miles from the village, where she could have obtained a situation in a school; but she could not leave her mother, and the thought of asking her to leave the little cottage home—so much endeared to her—was not to be entertained.

Adele had a lover; a gallant young sea captain, but he had gone on a long voyage, and she had heard nothing of him for fourteen months; others gave him up for dead, but the trusting heart of Adele still hoped. In the meantime she had other suitors, but her love for young Captain Wayne, remained unchanged.

"Amang the train," was a source of great annoyance to Adele. He had long viewed her with covetous eye, but as long as Captain Wayne remained at home, he made no advances towards her; now since she had not heard from him, she was fairly persecuted by the attentions of old Hugh Waldon. He was very wealthy and about thirty years Adele's senior.

"I feel happy, dear mother, in knowing that I have only performed my duty regarding it, and that I am at last free from the disgusting declarations of love, coming from that old man."

"I have, dear mother; you know the law allows us something out of the sale, with that, I thought we would move into the city, and take lodging at a private, respectable boarding house, then I will give lessons in music or French."

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1864.

NO. 6.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

your head, to liquidate debts, contracted by your extravagant father!" "Do not dare say, to mention my father's name in tones of disrespect," exclaimed she, starting to her feet. "I will not hear it!"

"Is this, then, your final decision?" said the old man, stung by her words. "It is," was the calm, firm answer of Adele.

"I am not quite ready to go yet, Miss Adele," said he, determining to proceed further with his cruel impudence, "and as you are so soon to become a beggar, you had better take care how you entertain your superiors."

"I will go, and save you the further disgrace of bringing physical force into requisition; and remember, hereafter when I meet you in your beggarly condition, do not look for the slightest favor, or even a look of recognition from me."

"My dear daughter, I have only learned submission by passing through fiery trials. Indeed, at your age, I was even more impulsive than you are, for I think you have stood your ground with a firm brave heart."

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The most competent of the bar were selected and the investigation went on briskly. In the meantime old Hugh Waldon was brooding in moody silence in his splendid but ill-gotten magnificence. He had grown morose and sulky since the final rejection of Adele, and their removal from B. He was troubled by a guilty conscience; he had robbed the orphan and the orphan's God would not let the deed pass unavenged.

Accordingly on Monday, our friends took an early start for their new home, which after a drive of three hours, they reached. It was a neat little place—their boarding house—situated in a pleasant portion of the city.

"I had loved Adele Middleton from the first hour they met, but he had never told his love to her, and now he feared she might think he had her wealth for his object. His noble, generous spirit shrank from the thought; he knew not how to proceed, and he heartily wished she were portionless as himself. He grew pale and sad, yet to all anxious inquiries he firmly protested that he was 'quite well.'"

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"To Europe!" she repeated with downcast eyes, "is not this sudden?" "Yes it is rather sudden, but I am growing thinner, pale, and I will seek to restore my health in a foreign land."

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Waldon, of mourning for him as dead, and her love for Harvey, his death and the present condition of affairs. "Is it possible, dear Adele, that you never received any of my letters? I wrote for one year, by every mail, and failing to receive answers, nearly drove me distracted, for while I was shipwrecked, twice a prisoner, among the savages, for almost two years, and there I amassed unbounded wealth, in precious stones of which the natives know not the value. I sold a greater portion of them in England, but reserved a string of pure water diamonds for you, should I ever meet you."

"I have thought Mr. Waldon intercepted your letters?" "The reason!" "Hush! hush! interrupted Adele, smiling in spite of herself." "I will forget it all, darling, if you will only tell me I am not too late to claim my bride?" "Not too late, Frank," and—but reader this is enough.

There was a brilliant wedding in the neighborhood six months afterwards, which was highly sanctioned by Harvey Bradford's family, his two sisters acting bridesmaids.

Adele has been a happy wife for three years. A little boy prattling "mamma" is at her knee. She calls him "Harvey Bradford," and strange to relate—her husband is not one bit jealous.

A Discomfited Planter. Mr. B—'s slaves all skeddaddled last autumn, and came up to the city. After some time, and by a prudent expenditure among certain officers, most of them were returned to his plantation. One boy, however, was wanting. He was a valuable hand, because he was a carpenter, and young and tough. After searching all over the city for him in vain, he at last discovered that he had enlisted in one of the colored regiments, and was then in quarters at the Touro Buildings.

Mr. B— then tried to send a message to the Colonel; but it was impossible. One negro would pretend to take it, and come back saying the Colonel would be at leisure in a few moments. After waiting a half-hour, another negro came down stairs with the message that the Colonel was engaged and could not see anybody. Poor Mr. B— pocketed the insult, saw he could make no headway, and went off cursing all negro regiments.

How to Detect Small-Pox.—A writer in the Electric Journal gives the following directions as to the detection of small-pox in its early stages: "Variola, or small-pox besides being a contagious eruptive fever is one of the most loathsome of infectious diseases that is known in the long catalogue of afflictions peculiar to the human family. It is admitted by most or all authors that small-pox is inaugurated by the chills, succeeded by febrile reaction, much like remittent fever, nausea, thirst, &c. In a few hours the head becomes affected with perhaps stupor or drowsiness, or a wakeful and restless feeling. Both these and other symptoms belong to several febrile diseases. In from two to twenty-four hours the eruption appears, giving partial relief to the patient. The attention of the physician is now called to this eruption, and it is expected that he will at once detect it. He looks at his patient, but if he is a wise man he guards his tongue; for, if the eruptions be sparse or scattered it may be a case of chicken pox; again, if the eruptions be thickly set, with scarlet appearance he hesitates, because it may be measles. Here the doctor is in a tight place, because all the old ladies and everybody else are on tip-toe, ready to see from the 'wash to come,' if he says small-pox."

"Now we offer this secret to the profession—so soon as the eruptions appear, and by pressure with the point of the finger may be distinctly felt the small hard substance, precisely as if a small, fine shot had been placed under the outside of the skin. This peculiar appearance belongs to no other eruptive disease. We have applied the term secret here; for, whilst it is and has been known to a few physicians, it is not mentioned in any of the standard authorities; nor does the writer claim the credit of the discovery. After this all works upon practice will add this unerring diagnostic symptom."

The Nashville Union has the following: Scenes on the road between Dixie and the United States. Traveller, having bought a piece of old bacon and corn bread, asks—"How much do I owe you for my snack?" "Old woman in specks—"Twenty-five cents in greenbacks; 50 cents in State money; \$2 in Confederates." Traveller paid in greenbacks.

The Cincinnati Gazette says: Andrew Jackson Donelson, who ran for Vice President on the American ticket in 1855, is in trouble, having said that he would not trust Jeff. Davis farther than a blind mule could kick. He was arraigned for this, but let off; and when he returned home, he found that his rebel friends had stolen all his corn and bacon. He is very bitter in his denunciation of Confederates. In her early days, Mrs. Rogers, the actress, was asked by Lord North, "what was a cure for love." "Your lordship," said she, "is the best. I know in the world."