

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1864.

NO. 22.

A. K. REHEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.

BY virtue of a warrant from under the hand and seal of the Commissioners of Cumberland County, and to me directed the following tracts and lots of unseated lands, situated in Cumberland County, State of Pennsylvania, will be exposed to sale by public vendue, on MONDAY the 13th DAY OF JUNE, 1864, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, county aforesaid, and continued by adjournment from time to time, until they are all sold, or as much of each tract or lot, as will be sufficient to defray the arrears of the State, County, Road and School Taxes due thereon, on TUESDAY, HENRY S. RITTER, County Treasurer.

Table with columns: Owners, Taxes Due, No. Acres.

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DRY GOODS.

GREENFIELD & SHEPHERD. INVITE the attention of buyers to their new stock of Dry Goods.

DRESS GOODS.

Persons may rest on getting great bargains at the store of GREENFIELD & SHEPHERD.

DOMESTICS.

Persons desirous of examining our stock will please be particular, and inspect our Store in South Spring, S. E. Corner Market Square, Second Floor, opposite Miller's Clothing Store.

AYER'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

Poetical.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood, Upon the rocky shore; The waves were whirled courage, And hid with frenzied roar...

Miscellaneous.

WATKIN'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

How long I had lain thus, whether hours or minutes only, nursing these bitter thoughts, I cannot tell, when I was roused by a movement on the part of the American. He put down his pipe, leaped off the table, and, seizing a great log of wood, threw it on the fast decaying embers...

This thought was still lingering in my brain when the American laid down his pipe, stepped on to the floor, and, going to one corner of the room, brought thence some short pieces of cord, which had evidently been cut and laid ready for the purpose for which he now required them.

Miscellaneous.

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tightened his girdle round his waist, felt that his knife and tomahawk were ready to his hand in case of need; and then unbuckling the door, with a last soaring and trembling but a half suspicious glance at me, as though suspecting some treachery on my part, he opened the door and slipped noiselessly out into the gray dawn.

I could hardly believe in the reality of what I saw; the whole affair was so inconceivable, that, for some moments, I could regard it as nothing more than a wild vagary of my own overwrought brain. But when I saw the cords fall at my feet and felt that I was free, the sudden rush of happiness was more than I could bear, and I remember nothing more till I found myself lying on the carved chest again, with the landlord's friendly face bent over me while doing his best to bring back my scattered senses.

"But how did it happen, Mattison?" I said after a time. "I confess I can't understand it all. And that mysterious voice, which chilled me to the very marrow, can you explain what that was?" "Easily enough sir. The voice you heard was my voice." Seeing my stare of astonishment he went on, with a little laugh: "You see, sir, this is how it was. When I was a young fellow I was a servant to a well known conjuror and ventriloquist, and traveled up and down the country with him.

But hardly had he set about the operation, when both he and I were startled by hearing a low voice outside the door calling him softly by name—a ghostly, passionless voice, without inflection or modulation of tone.

It sounded so weird and unearthly in the gray stillness of early morning, that I for my own part, perfectly unable to account for it as I was, I could not help feeling strangely thrilled and moved; and for the American, he looked like a man stricken by some mortal terror, with great drops of sweat standing on his brow, afraid to stir, and equally afraid to disobey the ghostly summons.

He had not been long at his post before he reported that the American had just entered the stable, which stood a short distance from the house; a minute or two later, mounted on the bare back of my mare, and with nothing but a halter to guide her, Nettlesford galloped out of the yard, and flinging a parting yell at the house and its inmates, disappeared at a headlong pace down the white road.

We kept within doors all day, thinking that the departure of the American might be merely a ruse to draw us from our retreat. Toward nightfall a company of a dozen people, among them our landlord's wife and daughter, all came up together into our temporary prison with thankful hearts. The same evening, by the favor of a kindly farmer who undertook to drive me over, I found myself at Hawthorpe Hall.

Democratic wind-mills, Loco Foe blow-pipes, Copperhead sermons, Pharisees, wire-workers, etc. &c.

The Position of the Snake, or Pseudo-Democracy.

As for Mattison, he is now, thanks to the generosity of my then prosperous employer, the landlord of the Rose and Crown, the largest and best known inn within twenty miles of Hawthorpe.

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whipped Rebels, murderers, robbers, slaveholding Barbarians. No never. Again, "This is only a war, for the negroes" is another slang phrase, commonly used by the Pseudo or False Democracy. That it will be a benefit to the negro portion of our nation, we admit, and are proud that we are not such selfish beings, as to wish no good to any but ourselves. But bear in mind that the intention, and the result of a thing, are not always the same, the intention of our first war with Great Britain, was not to separate ourselves from her, but to establish the rule, that there should be no taxation without representation; but the result was the uniting of the colonies, and their independence of the so-called mother country, and all other countries; now the intention of the present war, was to maintain this unity of the Nation, and the result will be the abolition of slavery, making one of the grandest and sublimest results of war, every record on the pages of the world's History.

We too pray that God may hasten the day, when this "corru" war will cease, and yet aside from all its bloody tale of war, sorrow, suffering, and despair, there are things to be admired, war is not dreadful in all its aspects; we have not time to dwell upon the virtues of heroism and bravery, fame and earthly glory, the maintenance of great and noble principles, the sacrifices at home, the respect obtained of foreign nations; and the renovation of the nation; and last but not least, the breaking of fetters, and the freeing of minds and bodies. To the ear of the captive a sweeter music springs from the mouths of the rifle-cannon, than ever arose from the lips of a plantation mistress, and in the booming of the artillery of the North, he thinks he hears the voice of Jehovah, proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof.

We had also intended to operate on George B. McClellan, the "little Napoleon," but as we have already extended our remarks much further than we had anticipated, we will spare him for some future occasion, for he must certainly feel very sore, over the cut and thrust he received from the Sanitary Fair. Who has not marked the contrast between his and General Grant, in their "Union and Fathers Journeys," in their "Richmond," and our "American Napoleon's" "Grand Advance." Not a drum was heard, nor a bugle's note, not a single shout or cheer. But a thought of home and a trust in God, that God whom we all do fear. And steadily they marched, while the nation prayed for their victory.

We cannot close this article, without a reference to the "position" past, present, and future, of the Rebels and Traitors in arms against the Government; tongue, pen and pencil, language, and abilities, all fail to detect their situation; the article alone might be able to give us a faint idea, by presenting to our view, a Son of Heaven's blood, and its long unbroken coat of blacked bones, while it is o'er hung with murky clouds, and an eternal veil of darkness divides it from the outer world; while on its tempestuous bosom, there floats a dark suspicious craft, flaunting from its main-top the gory flag of treason, the Jeff Davis and his cohorts man the principal Bark. No star or compass have they to guide them, the moon withholds her light, all is an impenetrable gloom save a beacon fire that burns to the Northward, where, on a bold Promontory of the Sea, the flames are rising high and bright, the smoke of Negro bodies and axioms, whirl around this infernal fire, the demon dance in fiendish glee. The Seymour Wood & Co's band of traitor servants; thitherward the black craft is making, but as a storm is gathering on the horizon, the lightning flash from polished blades of steel, and wild thunder rattle, while ten thousand bolts of death, leap from the throats of artillery, on the Heights of Gettysburg; the beacon fires are suddenly quenched, and as the storm of vengeance breaks tenderly over the traitor craft, the quickly tacks about, and starts for the Bay of Dark Dispair, there to anchor in its rough and bitter waters, hard by the delta of the River of Widows tears, where a tempest of night ever blows, and the mourning winds is the wail of the dying, while ever and anon the orphaned and orphaning, and his cohorts man the principal Bark. 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