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JOBS PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the largest and most complete establishment in the city. We have four good presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and fancy work of every kind.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64.

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NO. 31.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS.—\$2.00 in Advance, or \$2.50 within the year.

Local Intelligence.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Vice President—HANNIBAL HAMMOND, Secretary of State—Wm. H. Seward.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—ANDREW G. CURTIS, Secretary of State—Wm. H. Seward, Auditor General—JAMES H. BARR.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—JOHN H. GRAMM, Associate Judge—JAMES H. BARR, Sheriff—SAMUEL SHREVE.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess—ANDREW B. ZIEGLER, Assistant Burgess—ROBERT ALLISON, Town Council—JAMES H. BARR.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, North-west angle of Centre Square, Rev. Chas. W. Wick, Pastor.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Religion, William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

James Hamilton, President, H. Weston, P. Galtier, E. Coram, C. P. Hamrick, R. L. Woodard, James W. Rhy, Treasurer.

CORPORATIONS.

CUMBERLAND BANK—President, R. M. Henderson, Wm. M. Weston, Cashier, J. P. Hamrick.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 107, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780—House in Lehigh, between Pitt and Hanover.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents per page.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Next door to the Hotel Office, July 1, 1864.

Medical.

THE HEART'S LONGINGS.

A sickness of the heart is a disease of the soul. It is a disease of the heart, which is the seat of the affections, and is a disease of the soul, which is the seat of the intellect.

Witch-hampton.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL.

FIVE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF ITS LAST LADY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Nothing can be more lonely than the situation of the Hall, and why a house of such size and substance had been built in such utter and absolute isolation it is hard to imagine.

SCENE I.

It was almost dark outside, but a great fire burning in the open hearth of the entrance-hall blazed out upon the darkness of the room standing wide.

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ly understand my lady. He'll never get strong and well. He's dying now, as you hold him, dying in your arms."

"You are mistaken; by the morning he will be strong and well."

"But the old doctor—it will be hard to—"

"I shall have him denied the house—he has done mischief enough."

"You may trust me," the nurse said.

"I will," returned the lady. "Go and dismiss that woman. Take my purse and pay her well. I charge myself with all the rest."

Left alone with the dying child, she kissed it, and strove to warm it, and cried, "O baby, I'd give my life for you; more and better than my life, if I had ought else to give, for her sake and for his."

"Nurse, he lies quiet still now, and looks easier," she said, when the nurse returned.

"My lady, he is dead," was the whispered answer, after a brief look. The nurse took the little corpse from the girl's arms.

After a few moments Lady Ana passed into the darkened chamber. Again she leaned over the pale mother.

"Baby looks calm and is in no pain now," she whispered. The face down upon which she gazed changed and brightened, faintly but perceptibly, though the eyes did not unclose, nor the lips move.

Lady Ana rained a shower of lightest and yet most passionate kisses upon lids, lips, and brow, and then left those rooms.

She went down to the servants' hall, where all the people of the house were gathered together in pale consternation, for the rumor had got about that mother and child were dying.

"The carriage immediately and the fastest horses," commanded Lady Ana. "I am going to fetch another nurse, hoping to save your young master. As you value your lady's life, let no one go near her rooms while I am away. Sleep may save her."

"All the house shall be still as death, my lady," the many voices answered together.

(At Sir Lionel's.)

"Nurse, must she die?" asked a haggard-looking fair girl, with a gesture and accent of despair, as she drew back from a bed over which she had been leaning, trying with most passionate tender words and caresses to elicit some sign of consciousness from one who lay there—a young mother, whose sweet, sad face was taking the marble fixedness of death.

"Her life hangs upon the child's. If it dies, she'll not rally. She's lain like that ever since she heard the doctor say that the baby couldn't live. Come with me and look at it, my lady, and you'll get your answer, I'm thinking."

The hired nurse led the way from the darkened room into one next it, into which a little more light was allowed to enter.

"It won't last the night through," she said, stooping to examine the few weeks old baby which lay in the arms of a bright-faced peasant woman. "To think it won't live, so much hanging on its life when there's a power of babies struggling up to strength who won't know their fathers, and whose mothers wouldn't know them, if they could help it, poor things! It's a queer world; no—it can't last the night through."

"It's not so bad as all that, I don't believe," said the woman who held it in her bosom. "It may perk up yet."

"Not it, though if it were your own now, Molly—"

"And if it dies my sister will die, you say, nurse?"

"I see no hope but that she will, my lady—so much she seems to love it; and she, as I told you, lying as she does now ever since that blundering doctor, had luck to him, spoke out in her hearing."

"So much she seems to love it," repeated Lady Ana, her eyes fixed upon the fading face.

"As mothers, most of all of them, do miss, my lady," said the peasant woman.

"Give the child to me, and you go, get your supper," said Lady Ana.

"No matter for my supper; and I'd rather not have the child moved, poor lamb! Ladies like you—no offence meant, my lady—betimes don't know how best to hold a baby."

"Give me the child and go," Lady Ana commanded, with an imperious frown.

"Do as my lady bids you—the baby's past knowing any difference now," said the nurse, to whom the woman's eyes appealed.

Very reluctantly the motherly creature relinquished her charge.

"Listen to me, nurse," said Lady Ana, below her breath, when the woman was gone. (She held the dying baby very tenderly, and tears were coursing down her white cheeks.) "Answer me quickly—there is no time to lose: Has this baby any marks by which its mother would know it from another?"

"None, my lady."

"The age—would she tell that a baby a week—about a week—older could be hers?"

"You think not; and for the rest, one baby is much like another, while they are so young—"

"Not to the mother, my lady."

"But my sister being so ill, as you say, and the room so dark—"

"That's true; she'd not suspect."

"Where is Sir Lionel?"

"As I told you, my lady; just before you came he had ridden off to the town to send a messenger to ride post for a London doctor."

"When do you expect him?"

"He can't be back till night upon dawn, and before the doctor can come all will be over."

"Nurse," said Lady Ana, speaking very low, "I may trust you to see a thing done for her good, and to say nothing."

"For her good—yes, my lady; but my lady, forswear it is only God above—what's for her good."

"Shall I see her die, to her husband's agony and mine, when I can help it? and how can you tell that God does not mean me to do the thing I am thinking of doing to save her? All I ask of you, woman, is silence, and send away the wet-nurse. You can say—yes, you can say that it is her milk that does not suit her. And if, afterwards, baby gets strong and well, who shall say it was not so?"

"Who indeed? But perhaps I had better not say that."

"I will not touch it."

(At Sir Lionel's.)

The new nurse whom Lady Ana had travelled through the night to fetch, was

(See Fourth Page.)