TERMS OF PUBLICATION

For every additional insertion, Advertisements containing more than one squa-\$1 per square for three insertions. Estate Notices.

Auditors

Professional cards without paper,
Mercantile advertisements per annum
Local notices, 10 cts p-r line.

JOB PRINTING .- Our Job Printing Office is the argest and most complete establishment in the Coun y. Four good Presses, and a general variety of insterial suited for plain and Fancy work of every

hind unaffes us to do Job Printing at the shorte notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons n want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Bocal Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT. President—Abraham Lincolm,
Vice President—Hanning Hamlin,
Secretary of State—Wm. H. Seward,
Ecorotary of Interior—Mro. P. Usher,
Secretary of Treasury—Wm. H. Fessenden,
Secretary of May—Edwin M. Stanton,
Becrotary of Nay—Gipton Veller,
Post Master General—Montonment Blair,
Attenne, Janual—Ewine Base,
Attenne, Janual—Ewine Base,
Attenne, Janual—Ewine Base, Post Master Goueral—Montonent Blair, Attorney General—Edward Bares, Shief Justice of the United States—Roger B Tanes

STATE GOVERNMENT. Governor—Andrew G. Cletin,
Socretary of State—Eli Sliffer,
Survoyor Géneral—James C. Babs,
Auditor General—Isaac Slenker,
Attorney General—WM. M. MEREDITI.
Adjutant General—A L. RUSSIL,
State Treasurer—HENRY D. Moone.

____0___

COUNTY OFFICERS President Judge-Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges-Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hon Mugh Stuart.
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary—Samuel Shireman.
Clerk and Recorder—Ephraim Cornman,
Register—Geo W. North. Register—Geo W. North.

Migh Shorill—J. Thompson Rippey.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith
County Commissioners—Michael Kast, John M.
197, Mitchell McClellan,
Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jall—Dr. W. W. Dalo.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS. Ohiof Burgoss—Andrew B. Ziogler.
Assistant Burgoss—Jobort Allison.
Town Council—East Ward—J. D. Rhineheart,
Johün P. Bivler, J. W. D. Gilfelen, George Wetzel
West Ward—Geo. L. Murray, Thos. Paxton, A. Catheart, Jno. B. Parker, Jno. D. Georgas, President, of
Council, A. Catheart, Clork, Jos. W. Ogilby.

High Constable Samuel Sipe. Ward Constable,
Andrew Martin.
Assessor- John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno.
Mall. Geo. S. Beetem.

Andrew Marry John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno. Mell, Geo. S. Beetem.
Auditor—Robert D. Cameron.
Tax Collector—Alfred Rhinebeart. Ward Collector—East Ward, Chas. A. Smith. Work Ward, Tueo.
Cornman, Street Commissioner, Worley B. Matthews,
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsior, David Smith.
Abrm. Debutf, Michael Holcomb.
Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Mack, James Spangler.

CHURCHES.

Pirst Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hander over and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

over and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

8t. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Contre Square. Rev. J C Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock. P. M.

8t. Baglish Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jarob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 60'clock. P. M.

9t. German Reformed Church. Louther, between Hancover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Bervices at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge) Rev. S. L. Howman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. K. Churcha 11 o'clock A. M., and 3½ P. M.

Oburch of God. South West corner of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor.

8t. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East at. Rev

Pastor. Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock P. M.

12 M. When changes in the above are necessary the proper passons are requested to notify us. we. When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural
Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev. William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages. Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Profe sor of Mathemat John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages.

Hon. James H. Griham, LL. D., Professor of Law.
Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. B., Principal of th urammar school.

John Hood, Assistant in the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS. James Jamilton, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. Cornman, C. P. Humerich, R. C. Woodward, Jason W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger, Meet on the lat Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M., at

.....

CORPORATIONS. Gynlishe Derosit Bank.—President, R. M. Henderson, W. M. Bestom Cash. J. P. Hassler and C. B. Pfahler Tellers, W. M. Pfahler Clerk., Jno. Underwood Messenger. Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. C. Woodward, Skiles Woodburn, Moses Bricker, John Zug, W. W. Dale, John D. Gorgas, Joseph J. Logan,

Jnö. Stuart, Jr.

Finst National Bank.—President, Samuel Hepburn
Ca. hier. Jos. C. Hoffer, Teller, Abner C. Brindle, Messenger, Jesse Brown. Wm. Kor, John Dunlap, Rich'd
Woods, John C. Dunlap, Issae Brenneman, John S.

Stercett, Sam'l. Hepburn, Directors. Sterrett, Sam'I. Hepburn, Directors.

CUMDERLAND VALLET RAILROAD COMPANY.—President,
Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward
M. Biddle: Superintendent, O. N. Luli. Passenger
trains three times a day. Carliale Accommo ation,
Esatward, ledves Carlisle 5.55 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 5.20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10.10 A, M.
and 2.32, P. M. Wostward at 9.27, A. M., and 2.55 P.
M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY .- President, Lemnel Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, R. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John on, F. Gardner, and John Campbell

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every St. John's Lodge No. 280 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs day of each month, at Marion Hall.
Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday
evening, at Trout's building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.— House in Louther, between Pittand Hanover. The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Badford, between Main and Pom-The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.
The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

RATES OF POSTAGE. Postage on all lotters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents prepaid.
Postage on the HERALD within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per annum. To any part of the United States, 26 cents Postage on all transient papers, 2 cents per ounce. Advertised letters to be charged with cost of advertising.

5,000 YARDS

Good Dark Calico Just Received AT GREENFIELD & SHEAFER'S, East Main Street, South Side.

2d Door, 2d Door.

AT THE PARIS MANTILLA EM-PORIUM, No. 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. MANTILLAS and CLOAKS. Also, SPRING and SUMMER GARMENTS, of our

J. W. PROCTOR & Co.. The Paris Mantilla Emporium, 920 CHESTNUT Street. PHILADELPHIA.

United States 5 percent 10-40 Loan. We are prepared to furnish the 10-40 United States Loan authorized by the case March 30, 1002 st. March 30, 1002 st. March 30, 1000, \$5,000, and \$10,000.

The interest on the \$60, and \$100, Bonds is payable annually and all other denominations semi-annually in coin. The Bonds will bear date March let, 1864 and are redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after 10 years and payable 40 years from date in coin with interest at 5 percent per annum.

W. M. BERTEM, Cashion.

When he was a same with

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1864.

never again say, "I have done enough."

Poetry of Mackeral Fishing.

fly which they had chased in shore.

hourse in their pinions"-

gull's shoulders, but not to kill

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

Moedicul. THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

VOL. 64.

[The following ballad is from the pen of Bishop Burges, of Maine, and was contributed by him to the book publisher and sold at the late Saultary Pair in Baltimore, under the sauction of the State Fair Association of the women of Maryland.]

You asked me, little one, why I bowed, Though never I passed the man before Recause my heart was full and proud When I saw the old blue cost he were The blue great-coat, the sky blue coat, The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose, What chief he followed, what badge he Enough that in the front of foes His country's blue great-coat he wore The blue great coat, &c.

Perhaps he was born in a forest but. To want or wealth my eyes were shut, I only marked the coat he wore, The blue great coat, &c.

It mattered not much if he drew his line From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore For surely he was a brother of mine, Who for my sake the war-coat wore! The blue great-coat, &c. He might have no skill to read or write,

Or he might be rich in learned lore;

But I knew he could make his mark in figl And nobler gown no scholar wore Than the blue great-coat, &c It may be he could plunder and prowl, And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and sw But I would not guess a spot so foul

On the honored coat he bravely worm; The blue great-coat, &c. He had worn it long, and borne it far; And perhaps on the red Virginian shore. From midnight chill till the morning star

That worn great-cost the sentry wore; The blue great-coat, &c. When hardy Butler reined his steed Through the streets of proud, proud Balt Perhaps behind him, at his need,

Marched he who yonder blue coat wore The blue great-coat, &c. Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks, When Rappahannock ran dark with gore Perhaps on the mountain side with Banks In the burning sun no more he wore

The blue great coat, &c. Perhans in the swamps was a bed for his form, From the seven days' battling and marching Or with Kearney and Pope' mid the steely storm

The blue great-coat, &c. Or when right over, as Jackson dashed, That collar or cape some bullet tore: Or when far shead Antietam flashed He flung to the ground the cost that he work

The blue great-coat, &c.

As the night closed in, that coat he wore

Or stood at Gottysburg, where the graves Rang deep to Howard's cannon toar: Or saw with Grant the unchained waves Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore; The blue great-coat, &c.

That garb of honor tells enough, Though I its story guess no more; The heart it covers is made of such stuff, That cost is mail which that soldier wore;

He may hang it up when peace shall come, And the moths may find it behind the door But his childsen will point when they hear o

drum,
To the proud old coat their farther wore; The blue great-coat, &c. And so, my child, will you and I. For whose fair home their blood they pour Still bow the head, as one goes by Who wears the coat that soldier wore;

From Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine.

The old blue coat the soldier wore.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL. Five Scenes in the Life of its Last Lady.

The blue great coat, the sky blue coat,

(CONTINUED.) SCENE III

Lady Ana sits in the window of her great drawing-room on an April evening. Six years and half another lie between her and that September night, and Lady Ana is now but five and twenty, and this is the evening of her birthday. The lines her face takes in repose make

her look older than her years; they are those of habitual weariness-her expression is one of subjection to fate rather than of submission; the expression of a slave rather than of a servant. Yet there is a something over all the face that redeems it from sullenness. In the droop of the soft-fringed lids over the beautiful eyes there is a pathetic mournfulness. But at times they rise suddenly and let fly forth strange glances of passionate remorse and despair, of impassioned appeal, that are as glimpses of a soul wellnigh "crazed with waste life and unavailing days" in the present, with wild and hopelessness of the future.

This April evening Lady, Ana's face she looks upon.

It is the time of year when Witchhampton Hall is fairest, the desolation of winter being clothed with beauty, but the place not yet choked up with the too rank luxuriance of summer vegetaand too near the house, are only just faintly smiling into spring verdure; the ter myriads of leafy wings above starry beds of primroses and hazy mists of hya-

cinth's. Glory of glories-though its most gollen glory is now beginning to fade—far to a dearer voice as her hand was taken dreary waste of years—old, and with all off, beyond the Pine Avenue and the wood, in the open expanse of the valley, is spread the field of the cloth-of-gold (a countless host of daffodils), changing sheen in each changing light, each breeze

seeming to ripple up some deeper depth

Lady Ana watches the fading off of the last sunlight as the sun sinks behind | der to shoulder with its squalid misery. the wooded hill. She is listening to the The change is bewildering. Your singspring-beauty of the world-sitting lonely and lovely, and looking down upon such loveliness. Strange wonderings. wander through her soul. She feels loving face. vaguely as if Love spoke to her from all "You see I am just as free here as the

moments as if the great Love, loving the | things-to sing or keep silent-and this world with spring, included her in its evening the singing mood was on me." loving-not only included her, singled | She sat down where she had sat before her out. Then suddenly she thinks, she began to sing. A faint flush had Where then was this love when a blight slowly crept over her face. was suffered to fall on all my life? How | "You have quite lately seen my sister had I sinned so much beyond others that | and Sir Lionel?' she asked, as she pointon me fell such black and hateful sorrow? | ed out a seat to him with the unconsciis strength-strong to omnipotence; what

ness cry out in vain?-that He turned suffered the wicked to triumph?" She had been ungoverned and ungovcrnable, and gloried in freedom, had rejected counsel, had been wild and reckless. But in that fatal, final, and false recklessness which had ruined her, she had been actuated by something better than more wilfulness-there had been a wild generosity of motive. She had

meant, being false to herself, to be true to those she loved. Was there need she should be so sternly taught that truth cannot come out of falsehood-that evil must not be done that good may come? If this is to be the lesson of her life, the hardest text of it is yet to be learned.

"Is it then," murmured Lady Ana "that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and that ruin falls on those who would set their will above His, or who dare to think they can help out His will?"

Is Lady Ana most of a heathen, a Jewess, or a Christian? As yet her inward life is a strange medley. As she thinks of the past, her hands involuntarily clench themselves in hate, and her features grow haggard, fierce even to ugliness. All the fair serenity passes from her face, for she no longer looks on what is fair and calm, but within on what is foul and tur-

"Why such foul thoughts on so fair an evening?" she cried, rising suddenly, She walked to and fro in the room, seeking to escape them. This great room has somewhat of a gaunt and hungry look; so large, so bare-no books, no music, no flowers, no feminine odds and ends of ornament and furniture. As re gards essentials, it is much as it has always been through all the years of the lives of the two orphan and desolate girls who had grown up at the Hall. But somehow, since Emma had gone away, it had always seemed to Lady Ana quite

different. Lady Ana returns to the window, opens one of the casements, and, leaning out into the coloured twilight, listens to the singing of full-throated birds; and, as she listens, her heart grows over-full, her throat fills, her eyes fill-great tears go splashing down on to the stones beneath. Suddenly she clears her eyes dashing the tears from them, breathes forth the anguish from her throat, and fills it full of music. Emulous of the birds perhaps, she, leaning forth into the holy evening, breaks into a wild, rich flood of passion-fed, untutored song' that goes ringing down the valley, filling it from hill to hill. What she sung was a wild old Welsh melody to which her heart set words, and her voice rang out so crystal clear that it hardly sounded like mortal singing of mortal melody, but rather like some spirit-singing, beginning you knew not when, coming from you knew not where, no more likely to end at one time than another. It might have had for a text the plaint of sad Is-

"Lasciolla quiva gravida e soletta." [rregular and wild, it echoing played with some such words as these:---For thee, oh never more, is this world fair? hear my sentence shricked out by the wind, to:n the black pines that mock my dull despair Vever more!' Never more! Ah, God, so young and no warmth left for me in sun and shine! he goblet broken as I lipped the wine.

And I left desolate, desert, undone!' Something after such fashion sang Laevil memories of the past, with the blank | dy Ana, leaning her fair head on the stone-work of the casement, looking forth with white fair face and bright disordmirrors somewhat of the spirit of what ered hair over darkening wood and valley, holdingher small hands folded upon

her breast. After a time her singing lost its fulltoned wildness, and became more of a of an appeal, and the Sehnsucht nach

When, by and by, at some little noise ers to be happy, good and pure !" copses all about are just beginning to flut in the room, she turned, still singing, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes that had not been far from her thoughts-her

unconscious beart-thoughts. and held a moment. .

"I stood below at the avenue-gate in such power to suffer! I am not old in the black shadow, and listened till a vague, superstitious fear trembled through old." me, and I almost doubted if it were the and mire of a crowded city, and was shoul-

of your enchanted valley." She smiled sweetly into the gravely-

that Infinite Love which alone can From morning till evening, from the be- said; "the moon is up. It is a lonely she rose up, drove the burning blood back | pining by the way side and in hospitals, the distance of 200 miles,

pour out beauty thus, without measure ginning of the week's end, I am alone. valley, and then up the hill and down from her face, stood before him white and suffering pain and anguish beyond the and without stint. She feels for a few I am quiet and free to please myself in all | the long lane where the owls hoot?"

If He is love-loving as a father; if He ously queenly manner she had sometimes. with a heart-paining blow." "I stayed with them a few days, leavhad I done that He let my orphan weak- ing them only last evening. I am heavi ly charged with loving messages; they His face aside, withheld His arm, and have not forgotten what day this is. Let you!" Her eyes, filling with tears, were go." She ended with a heart-broken pas me add my earnest wishes that your life may be blessed and crowned with all that Infinite Love holds to be best for you-"

"Thank you-oh, I thank you," she breathed out-looked as if she would have said more, but paused. "They are you -for I love you." well?" she asked abruptly.

"Well-and happy as few people know how to be.' "Thank God I" said Lady Ana, softly,

and a sweet peacefulness overspread her face. "Have you ever seen a woman as lovely as my Emma?" she asked. "I have seen one woman who at times looks as lovely, but not always."

"Do you mean me?" asked Lady Ana, the hot blook mantling over her face. "Yes," he answered, with a grave

She remained silent and thoughtful, grew very pale, and shuddered. Presently she said-and there was the softest witchery of sweet unconscious appeal in her poor face-"I might, perhaps, have been as lovely if, when I was as young, I had been as much loved. Yet him I think not even then, for she was always good; from the very earliest I can remember the gentlest sweet creature always."

"You are cold," he said, noticing how again she shuddered, and he rose to shut the window. He stood some moments looking out, then he asked, "Have I your permission to pass an hour or two with you, Lady Ana? There is much I want | to say to you."

She shrank into herself and grew paler as she answered that she should be very pleased

She had light brought, the fire made up, the tea prepared. And she, wholly inconscious of conventional usages, served ling how this fair girl had gained her character remained to her, though her

life was now altered. Lady Ana's guest had never before been her guest, save for the brief quarhad looked down into hers with growing her sister. interest and pity; often, too, had she heard him spoken of with love and venheard her spoken of with a loving pathos serting himself? of compassion. He was a near friend and distant relative of Sir Lionel's, and now he was the rector, just a year ago appointed, of the little grey church looking into the river. He thought he knew all the story of Lady Ana's life-know ing how she, as well as the gentle Emma, had loved Sir Lionel.

The hours went by, strangely swift and sweet to Lady Ana. She sat a little in the shadow, and the full blaze of the wood-fire, which paled the light of the faint-burning lamp, fell on the face of her guest, whose eyes, wonderfully calm in

their brilliance, often sought hers. He spoke to her as no one in her life had ever spoken to her, with such a mingling of tender deference and authority; and at his words there opened out before her vistas of new life that should no more be waste and aimless. But when he ceased to speak, the memory of the past rushed back, and all the high hope he had awakened died out again as that tide of bitterness surged up and filled her

could have listened to you sometimes, murmuring plaint, loss of a lament than | then I might now indeed be like Emma, as lovely and as happy-fit for such a and then there followed a to and fro of tion. The trees, which grow too thick der Miebe' which was its soul was not beautiful life as you fancy I might lead; passionate talk. By-and by Lady Ana,

"When you were young," ha echoed with a smile. "I am not old now, I know," she said. "Oh, how I sometimes wish I were old. Her voice died away, and she listened that there might not lie before me such a my senses dulled, that I should not have

years, but my heart, somehow, is very He listened with a smile so tenderly earthly singing of a mortal maiden. A incredulous, she did not wish that he her for ever. Old nurse had met him his crutches if you would make the ex-square inch. few hours since I was treading the mud should believe her. He had a face, she outside the house, to make sure of speak- change? Or would you say "that is not thought, that somehowseemed all loveto love all it looked upon with all itself; not with eyes only, or with eyes and entered the room. ing was just the crowning enchantment | mouth, but with every line and light and shadow; withal, it was a face unmistak- Ana left the window to crouch, literally on bloody fields to-day, marching up to

> love. He rose presently.

"Your lonely valley is indeed lonely .--Foften think of its loneliness. In the winter-at the time of those terrible storms-I used sometimes to be driven to upon his face; she looked into it, and leave my fireside and come out here, just even then wondered at its beauty. He come back to you in bitter reproachto walk round your house and see if all raised her hand to his lips, and did not have you done as much as I? looked as usual. Once or twice I was im- release it. She spoke firstpelled to do this at night, and then the wild isolation of your position smote me are too noble to know scorn. May God

more eloquent than her poor words.
"Not good at all," he answered quick-

ly, "for I could not help it! It was for my ease. I am fast learning, Lady Ana, to be uneasy always when I am not near "You-love-me!" she faltered.

"Is it so strange? Having seen your sweet, fair face shining below me, starbright, in my little dusky church sooften? Having heard your sweet, fair name so often named with love by lips I love? Is of conscience and the chill of ice doubt, it so str nge that I have learned to love and she cried. "Nurse has been false! she you, and that I long to give you a life less has not told you all. Leave me, leave me, desolate and waste than this you lead now? Is this strange, my sweet lady?"

"Is it strange?-'my sweet, fair name. Ah, heaven! you cannot think how strange! | cy, she had told me all. My soul is full strange as music from heaven heard by of pity and of love, and I will not leave one in bell."

anuch into the dusk as might be, and with again. The fair present was so fair, life her hands hiding her burning face. His was so sweet, love so good, she hardly words had awakened feelings that had had a faculty left that could believe in the been but lightly sleeping: her heart rose dark past as other than a hateful, hideous up and cried out within herthat she loved | dream.

"It is so-strange as it may scom to you, it is so! Has your heart any love to sleepless in her white bed, watching the give me? Will you trust your loneliness | moonlight move along the ink-black floor, to my love, your liberty to my law? Will shaking with the fear of her new happiyou be my wife?"

for me! Tempted tempted, tempted-" Of the devil-and love is of God, and hrings strength to resist the temptations passed into that in which the old nurse of the devil: It brought her strength; she took her hands from before her poor, quivering face; she looked up into his face, and said, in a voice that strove to be firm-

"I thank you from my heart. her guests, loving to serve, and showing you, from my heart. It is my love for that she did so. He suffered this, touched to the core of his heart with her soft womanly simple grace, and much marvel | marry you-I must not marry any one. There is something stands between. I character for wild recklessness-for her am not what you think me." Again she cowered into the darkness, and again she hid her burning face.

What did he think? Why, that the exquisite delicacy of her maiden modesty ter of an hour of an occasional call: but made her thus morbidly reproach herself often she had looked up into his face that she had loved Sir Lionel with unrewith calm, unflinching attention, often he quited love-Sir Lionel who had loved "At least," she answered to his further

pleadings, "leave me now, and let me eration by those she loved; often had he have time to think." Was the devil as-He answered, "I will take that time to

hope," and having kissed her hand, he left her. An hour later, old nurse found her darling weeping, passionately, convulsively. She had thrown herself upon the

floor, and laid her fairhead where his feet had been. The old woman, not without suspicion of what had passed, raised the poor girl,

and strove to calm her. "Oh, nurse, I love him, and I would so fain be happy," she sobbed. "But I may not, I dare not. As a little child longs for its mother, and stretches its arms towards her, and on her bosom knows rest, so I long for his love, and stretch towards it, and in his bosom could know rest. But I may not-I dare not." "May not! dare not! Who says so, amb of mine?" she cried, with passion-

ate pride. "I say so, nurse. I blot his life with She said, "If, ten years ego, when I for a wife a woman whose shame may at poured out like water, and his life was laid

any moment be in all mouths." "Hush, hush, hush !"cried the nurso, but, as it is, it is not I who can help oth- | wearied out, rested her head on her nurse's shoulder and murmured—

"It shall be then, asyou way. He will loving him. Remembering that he has loved me, I will try to grow good." Next day, at the same twilight hour,

Lady Ana stood in her drawing room, waiting for one last look, waiting to see him whom she loved go away-leaving ing to him before he saw her lady. A step across the hall-his step-he

when he came close, when he spoke, when done enough.

calm: the holy might of her love gave power of words to describe, that would her power so tacitly to honour the unlong be neglected but for the Sanitary

TERMS:--\$2,00 in Advance, or \$2,50 within the year.

tarnished purity of her soul and will. "You leave me, but not in soorn; you

in heaven bless you for ever and ever for "You came out here in storms and at having loved me, for your gentleness in night to watch over me! How good of leaving me. And now, for pity's sake, sion of appeal shrilling her voice, and would have sunk down upon the ground. But he took her in his arms and pressed her head against his breast, and made her understand how he meant that it

should be with her for all her future-

his arms her shelter, her resting-place his breast. For a few moments she yielded utterly, and knew nothing but his love and her delicious rest. But soon came the sting leave me! this can never be! Leave me while I have any strength to bid you go.'

"She swore that, as she hoped for mer-This she murmured, cowering back as She let her head droop against his breast

Yet when she had been alone some hours-when she had lain some hours ness-suddenly that horror of doubt a-"Wife," she whispered to herself. "His | gain stood up and would be heard, chillwife-happiness, love-love, happiness- | ing all her blood with its suggestions. She rose and moved, herself like a fair over the mob below, till some fat herring moonbeam along the moonlit room, and gull, full gorged with mackerel, flaps laz-

She bent over the woman tillshe waken-

ed her, then she said-"Nurse, did you tell him all? My talons, which can strike the life out of a drel Scott. I love sake, dear nurse, be true! Did you tell mere at a single stroke, are fast in the did not bundle up and come along, now

"All! as I hope for mercy at my end. I'm an old woman, and can't last long : as I hope for mercy, I told him all." Lady Ana, after kissing the old woman,

went back to her white bed. The old nurse turned in hers and groaned-"Now God forgive me, and have ledge where her young are barking for mercy upon my poor miserable soul! But if the devil have me or no, no great mathappy.

Then she pulled the bed clothes up

over eyes and ears, and slept again. It was not till Lady Ana was married 'safe and fast" that the old nurse confessed to her how little of her story her huss forth, ad infinitum. band knew. She then accompanied this confession by entreaties to Lady Ana, for her husband's sake, and as she valued his

happiness, not to speak now. Done Enough.

Done enough! So said one, says the Editor of the Pittston Gazette, who was asked to contribute to the aid of the Great Central Fair at Philadelphia. Done enough! Oh, think of the mother who is weeping over the list of "Killed in the Wilderness," and say while looking upon her pale face, that you, who have given of the surplus means you have accumulated under the protection of the flag her

boy fell to protect, have done enough. Done Enough !- Look into that hospital on the field—a low tent crowded with wounded and dying-brave men are there breathing out their lives in messages for their loved ones at home and thanks to God for sending them the agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

Done Enough! Gen. Wadsworth, one of the wealthiest men of the Empire mine!-he, of all men-he whose life is | State, abandoned ease, luxury and wealth, so pure, so good-he of all men, to have to fight for his country. His money was on the battle field. Say besides his sacrifice that you have "done enough" if you

Done Enough! Hospitals are filling up! Every train brings its hundreds to northern cities. Husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, are lingering and dying there .come to-morrow-you will tell him; af- They call for all the delicacies so grateter-I shall see him no more-but oh, I | ful to the sick and wounded. They ask answer them "We have done enough!"

> cupy it was left at Gettysburg. Have you done as much as he? Another walks on crutches. Would you save all that enough, take all I have but let me have my limbs sound and whole !" Ask him if he thinks you have "done enough."

Like a wild thing driven to bay, Lady | Done Enough! Thousands are panting ably manly, full of power—the power of crouch, hiding her face with her hands, the deadly cannon's mouth, to save your in the darkest corner of the room. But country and you. Ask them if you have

How Slavery Debauches its Victims We append a telling description of one of the evils of slavery as given by a soldier of the 104th Pennsylvania. Whoever can read it, knowing that it is only one of thousands that can be written, and still defend and seek the preservation of the "institution," is lost as well to the dictates of reason, as to those of humanity. The soldier saw whereof he writes. as well as all who were with him, and details his impressions in a style of simple and touching earnestness. After some introductory remarks he continues:

"About four miles north of the Pamunkey river we were met by a delegation of Uncle Tom's hardy black fellows, who wanted to emigrate to the Yankee land of and Christian Commissions. Ask these promise. They said they represented one The last fair light of evening was full sick and wounded heroes if you have done hundred and fifty slaves, the property of enough. Will not the scorching answer Mr. Anderson Scott, who owned these cultivated fields for miles. They wanted to get their children carried in our trans-Reader, when you think you have done portation wagons to White House Landenough, think but a moment of what ing, from which place they had been asthe brave men are doing, and you will sured Uncle Sam would take them North. Our wagons being full we could accommodate but few. However, anything was preferable to being a slave: so they Cliffs overhead, ribbed and scarred, four determined to come along any way. About hundred feet in beight, over which peepa mile further we came to the mansion of ed many a gallant deer! Stacks of rock this rich slave lord, Mr. Scott. A broad island at their feet, as large as great menavenue, lined with broadspreading magof war with all sails set, ribboned with yellow, black and red, pierced with vast nolias in full bloom, led up to the house, which was the usual style of southern planarches, through which shone the infinite tation houses. On one side of his house, gleam of the Atlantic; mackerel in tens and in the rear, stood a very neat and tidy of thousands, breaking water an acre at little slave hut. Everything was clean time, with a soft roar, as out of the about. The little yard neatly trimmed water flashed before them millions of shiand swept, the door step scrubbed to an ng splinters-some water beads sparkling astonishing degree of whiteness; everyin the sun, some "brett"- the herringthing, in fact, denoting the careful and skillful housekeeper.

In among them the boats slide, with "Around the door were three women three lines out, and each taken ere the and about half a dozen children, from the bait was two oars' length from the boat; wee baby to the young girl of 15 or 16. while overhead and all around was a Ba-Two of the women were about a shade bel of wings and voices which confused lighter than the quadroon, while all the the eye and oar-alike of mere and shearchildren were white. The third woman water, black-blacks and herring-gull, was apparently pure white; her eyes hackletand cormorant-diving, gobbling, were blue, her hair was brown and straight; screaming, cackling, laughing, fighting her features were entirely American--and overhead two or three stately gannothing to denote a particle of negro blood. nets, too proud to mingle with the com-In her arms she had a beautiful boy, mon herb, sailed round a hundred feet in about four years old, with fair hair and air, in search of a vacant spot, and then blue eyes-This woman was crying bitter-Fell from the sky, like a god while the wind rattled ly when we rode up. Thinking that she and rushed under the water, throwing up was a member of the family, we tried to a perpendicular jet of spray, exactly as console her by assuring her that Yankoes does a cannon ball. And over all nearmade war upon men, and not upon woest the roof of cloudless blue, sailed out men. Can you imagine how shocked we from her eyric in the white cliff, the great were when we were told that this white hen peregrine, the queen of all the shore. woman, and child were slaves, and that Slowly the falcon slides round and round, the degraded mother was weeping for shame and degradation! Lieut. Wren, quartermaster of the 61st New York, was ily away to digest. In a moment the so excited that he bolted into the house, great falcon's wings are closed over her and his sword rattled and his spurs jingback. With one long, silent rush, she led with his impetuosity as he strode ahas reached him, and those terrible hind long the halls in search of the old scoun-

shame, and, since, my sin? For pity's | mallard's brain, and drop him into the | "I asked one of the women why she that she had a chance, with the rest.-After a moment's flapping and scream- She said she had an idiotic son in the ing, adversity gives him wit, and neces house, who was sick, and they could not sity invention. Down drops a mackerel, go without him. I asked this woman it' shame'ully disgorged, and down after it she was the daughter of the owner of drops the falcon, and catching the fish in the plantation. She said she was! Wc mid-air, bears it off in triumph to the went into the hut, and upon a clean bed there sat this poor idiot boy, white as I their dinner. And so goes on the great am, with brown hair. About this time hungry world, as it has gone since the Mr. Scott came in, the lord and owner ter if my lying mak s the sweet lamb first Lingula or Orthis gaped in pre-silu- of all these white people, whiter than rian sens, some hundred millions of years himself. He is an old, shrivelled-up, ago, and as much more as Sir Charles Lynigger faced, crooked backed, little speciell has need of-conjugating the verbmen of Southern chivalry-aristocratic "to cat." I cat thee; he cats me; they as a king and Virginia born by Gawd. out him; otherwise they cat them; and so I asked the mother of this boy if Mr. Scott was his father. You should have seen her blush as she answered 'Yes.'-The incestuous old beast! This idiot son-the child of his own daughterfather and grandfather to his own chil-

Philosophical Facts. Sound travels at the rate of 1,155 feet persecond in the air; 4,960 in water. 11.-000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 dren!" in glass, and from 4,636, to 17,000 in

wood. Mcicury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible United States General Hospital, Annapoclouds ever exist does not exceed ten lis. The model American soldier is pa-Air is about 816 times lighter than

water. 2,168 lbs. An ordinary siz.d man, sup-

space it did before.

duce the same effect. During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

creases in bulk 1800 times. Dead Sea contains 45 lbs. of salt.

falls at the Equator is 96 inches.

known substances.

Hail stones sometimes fall with a velocfeet in a second. The greatest artificial cold ever pro-

duced is 91 degrees l'abrenheit. Electricity moves with a greater velooity than light, which traverses 200,000 kept the war going too long; is willing to miles of space in a second of time. Thunder can be heard at the distance

do his duty any way, and hopes, when of 30 miles. this beauty upon which she alone looks birds, and I suppose I am almost as wild. "You will have a lovely walk," she she felt his nearness and heard his voice, Done Enough! Other thousands are Lightning can be seen by reflections at the war is over, to see Jeff. Davis and the copperheads go to destruction together.

"The Model American Soldier." The following amusing description of the American soldier as he is, is taken from the Crutch, a sheet published at the

tient and enduring; likes camp life: is

good-natured and jolly, and makes fun for his comrades; is always ready for The pressure of the atmosphere upon any duty; does all the cooking for his every square foot of the earth amounts to tent-mates and himself; washes a shirt occasionally for tent-mate; has his knapposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sack always ready to start at a moment's sustains the enormous pressure of 40, 149 notice; spends all day Sunday cleaning his gun; can eat raw pork on a march; Heat ratifies air to such an extent that | don't drink much water on a march, don't it may be made to occupy 5500 times the consider it healthy; sleeps with his boots and cap on; carries his pockets full of The violence of the expansion of water ammunition; has his tent up and supper when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a cooked just ten minutes after a halt; globe of copper of such thickness as to knows where to find plenty of rail fences; require a force of 28,000 pounds to pro- always has plenty of atraw to sleep on; don't have a high opinion of officers; wouldn't do anything for the Colonel if 'twas to save his life; thinks the Major Water, when coverted into steam, in ought to have something to do to prevent him from getting lazy; thinks his Cap-One hundred pounds of water of the tain a first-rate fellow, and helps to put up his tent; won't stand any nonsense The mean annual depth of rain that from the Lieutenant; don't like battles better than anybody else, but is ready to Assuming the temperature of the inte- | do his duty; tries to take care of his love him, nurse, I love him-I will go on to give of your abundance. Will you rior of the earth increases uniformly as health; has re-enlisted, and intends to see we descend at the rate of one degree in the thing through, sends home all his Done Enough! Here comes a man with 46 feet, at the depth of 60 miles it will pay; intends to buy land and settle down one empty sleeve. The arm that did oo. amount to 480,000 degrees of Fahrenheit when the war is over; considers it fool--a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all ish to get drunk; never spends money at the sutlers; belps the new recruit strap The explosive force of closely confined on his knapsack; advises him to eat much remains to you, restore his limbs and take gun-powder is six and a half tons to the grease, wants him to take care of his health; never gets angry except when talking about rebels; swears a little then: ity of 112 feet in a second, and rain at 84 | can't help il; is willing to sacrifice his life to put down the rebellion; believes Abe Lincoln an honest man; will vote for him or any other man that will put down this rebellion; thinks army contractors and officers with big salaries have