Kocal Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Abrahan Lincoln, Ytee President—Hannidal Hamili, Socretary of Stato—Wh. II. Seward, Secretary of Interior—Inc. P. Usher, Secretary of War—Enwir M. P. Fessenden, Secretary of War—Enwir M. Stanton, Recrotary of Navy-Gidson Welles, Post Master Goneral-Montonnert Blair, Attorney General-Envare Batts, Uhiof Justice of the United States-Roger B Tanet'

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—Andrew G. Ocarin,
Secretary of State—Ell Sliffer,
Surveyor General—James .. Barr,
Audtor General—Each Sliffer,
Attorney General—W. M. Merroith.
Adutant General—A L. Russell,
State Treasurer—Herry D. Moore,
Ohief Justic of the Supreme Court—Gro. W. Wood
ARD.

_____0____ COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge-Hon. James H. Graham. Associate Judges-Hon. Michael Cocklin, Ho President Judge—Hon. James II. Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hen.
Hugh Stuart.
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelon.
Prothonotary—Samuel Shireman.
Clork and Recorder—Ephraim Cornman,
Register—Goo W. North.
High Shoriff—J. Thompson Rippey.
County Treasurer—Henry.S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith.
County Commissioners—Michael Kast, John M.
Coy, Mitchell McClellan,
Superintendent of Poor Hopss—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Foor Houss—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Ohlef Burgess- Andrew B. Ziegler. Onter Burgoss—Andrew B. Megger.
Assistant Burgess—Robert Allison.
Town Council—East Ward—J. D. Rhineheart,
Joshua P. Bixler, J. W. D. Gillelen, George Wetzel
Wost Ward—Geo. L. Murray, Thos. Paxton, A. Cath
cart, Juo. B. Partier, Juo. D. Gorgas, President, o
Council, A. Catheart, Clork, Jos. W. Ogilby.
High Constable Samuel Sipe. Ward Constable,

High Constable Samuel Sipe. Ward Constable, Andrew Martin.
Assessor-John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno. Mell, Gno. S. Beetem.
Auditor-Robert D. Cameron.
Tax Collector-Alfred Rhinebeart. Ward Collectors-East Ward, Chas. A. Smith. West Ward, Toeo.
Cornman, Street Commissioner, Worley B. Matthows,
Justices of the Peace-A. L. Sponsler, David Smith
Abru. Dehuff, Michael Holcomb.
Lamp Lighters-Chas. B. Meck, James Spangler.

First Prosbytorian Church, Northwest angle of Contre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Serv ce every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and o'clock P. M. Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Han-over and Pomfret structs. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. J C Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock? P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Js. ob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ c'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church. Louther, between Han over and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ c'clock P. M.

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

Methodist E. Church (first charge). Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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

Church of God South West corner of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pasto.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near Eastst. Rev. Pastor. Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

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

11 o'clock P. M.

12 D. When changes in the above are necessary the precent paragons are requested to notify us. The clock results in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Preuser of Moral Science.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural clence and Curator of the Messum.
Rev. William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Oreck and German Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Profe sor of Mathematies.
John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and rench Languages.
Hon. James H. Graham, LL. D., Professor of Law.
Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. B. Principal of the

rammar School.

John Hood, Assistant in the Grammar School. BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

James damilton, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, B. Cornman, C. P. Humerich, R. C. Woodward, Jason W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M., at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

Cyrlists Deposit Bank.—President, R. M. Henderson, W. M. Heetem Cash. J. P. Hassler and C. B. Pfahler Tellers, W. M. Pfahler. Clerk, Jno. Underwood Messenger. Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. C. Woodward, Skilles Woodburn, Moses Bricker, John Zug, W. W. Dale, John B. Gorgas, Joseph J. Logan, Jno. Stuart, Jr.

Jnö. Stuart, jr.
Finst National Bank.—President, Samuel Hepburn
Cashler, Jos. C. Hoffer, Teller, Abner C. Brindle, Messenger, Josse Brown. Wm. Ker, John Duniap, litch'd
Woods, John C. Dunlap, Isaac Brenneman, John S.
Sterrett, Sam'l. Hepburn, Directors. Sterrett, Sam'l. Hepburn, Directors.
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Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward
M. Biddle: Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger
trains three times a day. Carlisio Accommodation,
Eastward, leaves Carlisio 5.55 A. M., arriving at Carlisio 5.20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10.10 A. M.
and 2.42, P. M. Westward at 9.27, A. M., and 2.55 P.
M.

M. Carlisle Gas and Water Company.—President, Lemuel Todd: Treasurer, A. L. Sponsier; Superintendent George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, R. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Sardner, and John Campbell.

SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 280 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs day of each month, at Marlon Hall.
Carlisle Lodge No. 91 t. 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. 13, 1802. House in Hadford, between Main and Fom 18, 1809. House in Estate from 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 letters of one half ounce weight or under, a cents pre-paid.

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5,000 YARDS Good Dark Calico Just Received AT

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER'S, Good Dark Prints, Better, "Extra, " East Main Street, South Side.

Extra, do., 25

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Historical Musiles at 20, 25, 30, 35, and 40 conts.

Unbleached, from 20 to 40 conts.

Summer Pants stuffs, at last year's prices, having purchased our stock of Summer Pants stuffs last Fall we can and will sell them from 10 to 15 cents a yard we can and will solve the can any house in town. Remember the place the property of the can any house in town. Remember the place of the can any house in town. Remember the place of the can and will be can any the can

AT THE PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM, No. 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. MANTILLAS and CLOAKS.

J. W. PROCTOR & Co., The Paris Mantilla Emporium.

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United States 5 percent 10-40 Loan. United States Loan authorized by the act of h 3d, 1864 either Registered or Coupon Ronds, as les may prefer in denominations of \$60, \$100, \$500, parties may prefer in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, and \$10,000. The interest on the \$50, and \$100, Bonds is payable The interest on the \$50, and \$100, boson-lanually annually and all other denominations semi-annually annually and will bear date March 1st, 1804 and in coin. The Bonds will bear date March 1st, 1804 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. HEBTEM, Cashies.

Carliele Deposit Bank, April 25th, 1804,

The Unitale Trevalu

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

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

Moetical.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.] The Heart of the War.

VOL. 64.

BY J. G. HOLLAND. Peace in the clover-scented air, And stars within the dome; And underneath, in dim repose, A plain, New England home. Within, a murmur of low tones And sighs from hearts oppressed Merging in prayer, at last, that beings

The balm of silent rest. I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,---The evening chores are done;
And you are weary with the house, And with the little one. And he is sleeping sweetly now, With all our pretty brood; So come and sit upon my knee,

Oh, Marty! I must tell you all The trouble in my heart, And you must do the best you can To take and bear your part. You've seen the shadow on my face, You've felt it day and night;

And it will do me good.

For it has filled our little home And banished all its light. I did not mean it should be so, And yet I might have known That hearts that live as close as ours Can never keep their own. But we are fallen on evil times.

And, do whate'er I may, My heart grows sad about the war. And sadder every day. I think about it when I work, And when I try to rest,

And never more than when your head Is pillowed on my breast; For then I see the camp-fires blaze And sleeping men around, Who turn their faces toward their homes, And dream upon the ground. I think about the dear, brave boys,

My mates in other years, Who pine for home and those they love, Till I am choked with tears. With shouts and tears they march away On glory's shining track, But, ah! how long, how long they stay! How few of them come back ! One sleeps beside the Tennesses,

And one beside the James, And one fought on a gallant ship And perished in its flames. And some, struck down by fell disease Are breathing out their life: And others, maimed by cruel wounds, Have left the deadly strife. Ah, Marty! Marty! only think Of all the boys have done

And suffered in this weary war! Brave heroes, every one ! Oh! often, often in the night, I hear their voices call : "Come on and help us! Is it right That we should bear it all !"

And when I kneel and try to pray, My thoughts are never free But cling to those who toil and fight And die for you and me. And when I pray for victory, It seems almost a sin To fold my hands and ask for what

Ada not cling to me and For it will break my beart ; I'm sure you'd rather have me die Than not to bear my part.
You think that some should stay at home To care for those away :

But still I'm helpless to decide If I should go or stay. For, Marty, all the soldiers love, And all are loved again;
And I am loved, and love, perhaps No more than other men.

I cannot tell-I do not know-Which way my duty lies, Or where the Lord would have me build My fire of sacrifice.

I feel-I know-I am not mean; And though I seem to boast, I'm sure that I would give my life To those who need it most. Perhaps the Spirit will reveal That which is fair and right; So. Marty, let us humbly kneel And pray to heaven for light.

Peace in the clover-scented air, And underneath, in dim repose A plain, New England home. Within, a widow in her weeds. From whom all joy is flown, Who kneels among her sleeping babes,

Mliscelluneons.

From Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine. WITCH-HAMPTON HALL.

Five Scenes in the Life of its Last Lady. (CONTINUED.)

SCENE IV.

The weather without is wet and wild; chill, though summer has hardly gone by. A great fire blazes in the hearth of the Hall drawing-room, and on either side sit Lady Ana and her sister, Sir Lionel's wife. They are both silently watching a boy who, stretched on a leopard-skin rug full in the ruddy blaze, is playing at being a wild beast, snarling, showing his pretty teeth, pretending to be a tiger who has fixed upon and is worry-

ing the leonard. When Lady Ana's eyes quit the boy it is to look towards the great window, outside which the trees are rocking in the tempest, black against a pale sky. When Sir Lionel's wife turns from him, it is to bend over relations alive, and so we grew up with only a lovely little baby-girl sleeping on her knees. Sir Lionel's wife is more beautiful very strange, and oh, how thankful I often as a matron even than she was as a girl.— | feel that we came to no harm! If I had not She is dark and lovely; dark, with that sort been so young and ignorant, and so used to of inwardly-alight clear darkness that one is tempted to call fairer than fair; lovely, with a gentle, unimpassioned, unimpassionable loveliness, that is in some holily mys-

insipidity. Lady Ana does not look beautiful or lovely just now; in the firelight her face shows haggard, almost flerce; she brings her black eyes back from the window to fix them a-

and frighten baby.

"Send baby away then-I must finish still." killing this beast," is his answer, and he goes on playing as before. Emma sighs, and watches him with a slight sadness, a gentle

Just then the coy looked up into his saidt did no leave you, dealest. How was it in the you was a first that you was a first on the you w

the gazing eyes; his lips, too thin for a and that man, her eyes flashed flercely. "He bear that look no longer. Suddenly his those evil times. He is at, my feet again: worthy to hold." proud, unchildlike face flushed crimson, and again I raise my hand: my whip is in it, and his eyes filled; he broke away from those I leave my mark-yes, I leave my mark." detaining hands, rushed towards his mother, hid himself behind her chair.

Lady Ana, with a smile that was no less remnants of that old hate. You are no lonried off both the children, but that young forgive, as we hope to be forgiven!" Lionel refused to go. He presently left off crying, and threw himself upon his rug—not | Lady Ana, and leant her cheek upon her sisface, which seemed to have for him some

fascination full of fear. "Can't you make him obey you, Emma? send him away," Lady Ana said by and by, shading her eyes with her hand as she spoke, but from under it still watching the boy. "Go to the nursery, Lionel, and play there. When papa comes home you shall come down again." The mother spoke softly and caressingly. The child paid no heed.

got up and went. obedient; you speak to him as if you were do-my first-born, whom I loved so much afraid of him. That is not the way to rule when he was a baby, that I nearly died of a boy like that," Lady Ana said, when the

door had closed. "I know," sighed Sir Lionel's wife-I am ty, for then he is quite unmanageable. I do not understand him. I cannot get at the good in him. I do not manage him well: I try so hard too-I am so afraid of not being a good mother to him. He is a noble-looking boy, but he is strangely incomprehensible. Ana," she continued, in her low, calm, monotonous, sweet voice, "do you see any likeness in my boy to any one you have ever known? There is a something that has puzzled me for years in his face-it has just now come to me who it is that he at times reminds me of. It is very strange! Do you

see any likeness in him to---? clear voice was so sharp that it started her sister. "The boy is like his father, it seems

to me. "Like his father? Dear Ana, how can ten my Lionel."

"I have not forgotten your Lionel, Emma, and still I think young Lionel is like his fa-"But, Ana, where can you find any re

semblance? I cannot conceive how---"I do find it-both father and mother." "You see no likeness, then, to any other

"I hold to what I have said: he is much like his father-there is some resemblance to his mother; beyond this I see nothing to remind me of any one."

"As to the likeness to the first, thank God that you can think so-as to the likeness to me, Lionel often says he is more like you .-I trust that this is a mere fancy of mine; I shall not mention it to Lionel-it might pain him for he always had a had opinion of the that seems. Perhaps you have almost forer ride now, Ana, do you? I used to think you could not live without it. What furious gallops you would have on the down up here and shudder, and fancy all kinds of horrors, when it grew dark and you did not come home. That happened so often the last few weeks I was at home here, before my mar-

riage, you seemed so wild and restless-it grieved me very much. I knew what it meant, darling Ana: it was your way of hiding from me what pain it was to lose me .-Wasn't it, love?"

"In part." "And in part something else that I think I know, too. What a wild, negected, lonely life we had when we were young! Till Lionel came back to England there was no more authority than dear old nurse. It was Lionel has told me what, perhaps, you knew all along-how our father deserted us nobody knows why, though some people said he was mad with jealousy, and believed that our dead mother had wronged him-how he went ful passion and hate. away and died suddenly, before he had made Lionel's father died, and our mother had no hate." faithful old nurse to look after us: it was look up to you, I should have been more for you; he always said that you were the tical way redeemed from any suspicion of more in danger, having so little fear-that

Lady Ana had risen and come close to her

sister. She bent over her and said-"As you love me, never talk to me again

ter; you who love so much cannot hate .-

Anas lace; she called nim wher; nessands would come down, and they not having drop that must have been at her knees, she presses her hands upon his was not so. I never loved him." She stood all my life, lie to you; speaking, I should standing upon the hillock the big pine pod the curtain! roster that crowed, after bein shoulders, and looked into his face. Freet orcet now and gazed into the fire; and as she kill you. There is no way in which I do not grows—from there he coulinto the great drawing-room. Sir Liond just drawn a chance to speak till the house was hidden tatoes, kicked them all out.

child's mouth, are at first still curled as they grovelled at my feet," she said, "and I-I dropped from her bosom. "Yes," she said, were while he imitated a tiger's snarl; but struck him! That was how we parted. Em- even the senseless paper knows that what after a while they began to quiver; he could ma, you have raised the devil, speaking of his hand has rested on my bosom is not

"Ana, sister Ana," Emma had now wound her sister in her arms. "Calm yourself, my in her ear; she looked slowly round, chill "Your boy is afraid of me, Emma," said poor darling. Let love drive out the last after chill running through her blood. than ugly, but which Emma did not see, for ger alone and defenceless. You can never can strike me now through one I love, and I just then the boy burst into a howl of angry more be driven to such self-defence. It is shall feel it it through one that makes honor distress, which he tried to stifle with his terrible to think you should ever have known dear and life sweet. But, oh God, merciful mother's gown. The baby woke, began to such need; but that can never be again .- God, you will hot suffer it! For his sakecry; nurse appeared, and would have car- You must forgive, my darling. We must all my husbands, who is in truth your servant,

"As we hope to be forgiven!" murmured to play again, but to watch his aunt Ana's ter's hair. So they stood, wound in each into most pasionate entreaty for any punishother's arms. Presently Lady Ana said, in ment that sie could bear alone. a strange, low voice-

"Would it grieve you much to lose that boy? You have the others, Harry and little Ana, and the lovely baby-girl. Surely you do not love that headstrong, unloving boy as you do the others?"

"If I do not, may God forgive me!" Emma, fervently. "But do not call him headstrong and unloving—he is not always | year, it is deadful for me to be alone." "Do as you are told—go directly," Ana com- as you have seen him to-day. Indeed, he is manded. The boy coloured rebelliously, but very good and generous sometimes. Oh, Ana, why do you say I do not love him as I They keep his birth-day just one week too "Emma, you will never make that child do the others? I trust I do-oh! I trust I late, as we how my pretty." fear that I should lose him. Surely, Ana, you have not forgotten that. And God spared him, and you think I do not love him? afraid of him-afraid of making him naugh- Oh, Ana, what have I done-what have you seen-that you should think so?" "Nothing."

"Something there must have been-something that I have done, or neglected to do. Fell me what, darling Ana; pray 'ell me!'' Just then there was a noise of waeels, a barking of dogs. The sisters started apart-Lady Ana to ring for lights and to order the him good.' ten to be served, Sir Lionel's wife to hasten to the Hall to meet her husband.

The great drawing-room was lighted up, window, when Sir Lionel entered it, Emma them. Agways, you did it for the best, and hanging fondly on his arm. In the middle jout of noight but love and kindness." "You can hardly expect me to have found of the room his hostess met him. The light out in one day what it has taken you years of a shaded lamp fell on the glorious crownto discover," interrupted Lady Ana, and her ed head and on the fair oval cheek: she welcomed him with a sweet bright smile, and as she stood before him thus, she was most softly béautiful. He looked into her face with a penetrating glance as he thanked her for his life i No harm done while he does not you think so? Surely, Ana, you have for- her welcome, calling her "my own dear know." gotten my Lionel, with his grand open sister." She met the glance with fearless brow, his tawny locks, his fearless eyes of gladness, and he stooped and kissed her. bright sea-grey. He is so little like that I | Then they both remembered what had passam always sorry now that we called him ed on the night when they had last metthere Lionel-little Harry is much more like his -that night on which Lady Ana had made father. Surely, dear sister, you have forgot- her passionate confession. But Sir Lionel the girl only dead, poor thing, who nursed thought more of their only meeting since,

"We have not met since that sad night when you came like an angel of light and mercy into my sad household, and, under God's blessing, saved me my dear ones."-She turned from him suddenly: he said no more about the past. "When may we hope to see your hus-

band?" he asked, by-and-bye. "Oh, very soon; perhaps to-morrow," she answered, radiantly. "Life is very weary when he is away. I grow wicked when he s away," she added, with a look at Emma. Kissing her sister, as she lingered in her room, before they parted for the night, Lady Ana said-

"You have often told me that you longed for the time to come when I would know and man I am thinking of. How long since all love your husband. The time is come; I dare love your husband now, Emma dear: now gotten what a splendid rider he was! Lionel that I so utterly, so absolutely, love my own. says our boy is a born horseman. You nev- | For the years to come we will be much together-at least I trust it may be so, sweet one."

"Was it true then, Ana? Oh, Ana, was there! I remember so well how I used to sit it true what I sometimes feared?" murmured

Sir Lionel's wife. "It was. I loved your Lionel even as you loved him. I do not mind your knowing this now. I am not ashamed of having loved him; though I am sorry-I would rather my husband had had all my love always." Over these words the gentle Lady Emma pondered when she was alone. She blessed her sister in her heart, and praised her as most noble, generous, and devoted-could hardly grieve over her past pain, knowing her so happy

"So happy!" Then came a momentary doubt of the completeness of this happinessone to control us or care for us, -no one with a painful recollection of fierce looks, wild words, such as was difficult to reconcile with tree, I though heard a rustling near me; very strange. Since I have been married, love and happiness. Sir Lionel's wife determined that never again would she trouble the peace of her sister's present happiness by raising that spectre of the past-the remembrance of wrong and insult, and of revenge-

"A little while, and she will forget it all," any provision for us beyond asking Lionel's she murmured; "she has not loved long yet. father not to lose sight of us altogother-and A little while, and she will forget how to

Lady Ana, alone in her own chamber, that same night writes a love-letter most passionately tender to her husband. Then she reads and re-reads his last letter, kisses it many times, lays it in her bosom, sits hold- ye. I tried, and peered and peered, ing it there, pressing it there, gazing into but I couldnake out his face, it was frightened for you about that man. As it the fire. Tears of love and happiness fill growing so de but to-night I went a it was, it was Lionel who taught me to fear and overfill her eyes and run unheeded down prowling about a same hour. I met him, her cheeks.

for you; he always said that you were the more in danger, having so little fear—that the timidity which instinctively shrank from danger was a woman's best armour, and that this you had not."

How very fair she looks—how tender, him finely—makin think you're dead."

Sweet, and young, while the happy untroubled love-dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the sweet, and young, while the happy untroubled love dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the sweet, and young, while the happy untroubled love dream lasts! But there comes a gradual change—trouble and fear steal over the sweet, and young we love my love she cried; "woo is me that you ever loved her chair and fain me! If, a few months ago, I had known gain on the boy.

Presently his mother softly chides him for the roughness of his play, the loudness of that past. As to that man, I hate him so, the roughness of his play, the loudness of that sometimes I hate to live, fearing that roughness of his play, the loudness of that he is still alive. Sometimes I hate all had never, never let you call the thing old sonses that did not her what her darling must suffer—I lavished all her the world, fearing that somewhere he is in it I am your own. Howdared I? How dared 19 If I had known one-half your goodness, cares upon her mistroll by-and-by re-Emma shrank away a little and turned I had not dared! I thought I could grow stored her : then she ligher to her bed rema shrank away a little and turned I had not dared: I thought I could grow she would have her lien there, while ter; you who love so much cannot hate.— false to you who are so true? For years I she sat by her to finish fory. fear and wonder clouding her sweet brow; Forgive me, darling; I did not know you had have borne my hellish secret, and not known 'Yes, I mocked him, as you shall We are prepared to furnish the 10-40 then she droops her eyes upon the face of her United States Loan authorized by the act of United States Loan authoriz baby-girl, and bends to touch that with her I do not understand. What wrong did he do have borne it for my own sake, and now I seen me; or if he had, off woman's like you? Did he make you love him, and then must bear on and on for ever-for yours, enough to another in a man's fancy; With this I'moved away, knowing he would Just then the boy looked up into his aunt did he leave you, dearest? How was it?" There is no way in which I do not wrong but I know his handsom

She wrung her hands together—the letter

"When you have learned to value honor and love life, then remember me." It was almost as if these words were spoker

"Yes, your time is come," she said. pure and undefiled-you will not suffer the triumph of the wicked."

She throwherself on her knees and broke "Did you call me, my lady?" asked the old nurse, rjused from her sleep by her mistress's sobs ind cries. She came in just as Lady Ana pse from her knees.

"No, nuse; but since you are here, stay with me. See, put this great shawl round you, and star with me a little-you will not be cold so, To-night, of all nights in the "To-night?"—oh, ay! To-night, just seven years 190, young master was born!-

"Nursel'what do the servants say about "Not much good-they call him an evilnatured child, and I've heard them say how that they en't understand that such a child still shricked right into his ear.

should belong to their master and mistress. But maybe he's only a bit high-spirited and oble boy t look at!" "It was an evil gift I gave my sister-an

"Perhap they may, my lamb. Don't you

fret for tlit. Touble must come into all lives; if they have trouble with this boy, and the crimson drapery drawn before the mayhap sme other trouble 'ull be spared "But it was wicked nurse! Oh, nurse! f vou had let me die before that boy was

bon! Itis terrible to live a life like mine, harling all I love and all who love me." " Nt raster, my lady; not your husband. my prety. Aren't you the joy and light of

"All lam done nurse. He has a false and wierkdevife, and we let him think he has a pure an true one! And who can tell nurse, how sot he may have to know?" "It's iss the likely he need ever know, young mater; aneshe never out of my sight after she ame into t. Trust me to guard your feet 23, my lamb! The eld woman who nard Lady Emma being dead too, and she rairing to me, just before she died. that shind never breathed a word to any

er thanhatyou had bribed that girl to give up herbaby that you might pass it off for the det child, and so save your sister." "Bithe man himself, nurse! Oh, nurse he'll ither forget nor yet forgive. His words, When you have learnt to value honour atto love life, remember me,' will not out of y head to-night. Oh, nurse! if only you h let me die; or, nurse, if you had

been le! Dear murse, you did it for the best, 'now." "Il, my lady; and I take it not kind that ykeep casting in my face now how I lied folou, holding my very soul cheap for you! nese words, keeping in your head as you saley do, is a sign, maybe, that he's soon to. I've heard of such death signs. Since y so set on truth, my lady, I have somethion my mind I had sooner tell .-Anyway's safer that you should know,

perhaps. "Abolim?" asked Lady Ana, at once turning te and sick.

"Aboum. Two eveniugs ago, just a dusk, sothing made me take a fancy (knowing t the mother was coming here, perhaps) to and see how the place looked where I puady Emma's baby. It was in the thick on wood, you mind, my pretty. I couldn't d the place at first, for the moss-stone I the mark on it is choked over with the deleaves that have fallen and

fallen these, years that it is since we set it there. Whi was stirring about among the leaves, ma tree that looked like the so down I sall pretended I had been looking for beeclets. I cracked some, and made a show eating the kernels, all the while listenibut not looking round. I heard nothinbre, and by-and-by I got up and moved a, but, after a bit, I doubled back, and thesaw a man groping about where I had sid the leaves, digging among

them with hinds." "Ah, heav" shuddered Lady Ana-"It was -- te is here-near me-oh God!

"Hush, hihush, my pretty! Hear the rest. The nothing much to fright and I mocked finely! I mocked him

Bitterly chiding if now for the mo-

the curtains to look upon the night---' bones!

"As luck would have it, or a merciful Providence---"

"Alas, nurse! not for me." "Put it as you will, only you were not there-not in the room, my lady. You were just gone up to your chamber. The children were all once down to bid Sir Lionel goodnight. I looked over that flend's shoulder, creeping up the back of the hillock-I got behind him, and stood nigher the top than he. Now fear he would hear me-for the wind made the noise of wind and the sea together shricking in the tree about our heads—so I looked over his shoulder, and saw what he saw. They were all there, as I said, and the firelight shining full on them. Sir Lionel had a boy and a girl climbing about him—his lady had the baby on her lap, and right in

Providence would have it, you not there,' chuckled the old woman. "Oh, nurse, go on," groaned her auditor "Is he near me still?"

"No no not be. But listen Cries I close into his ear. 'A fine sight, sir 'ain't it?' "Says he, turning upon me at once fierce and frightened, it seemed to me, 'Who the devil are you, you old hag?"

"Says I-'It wouldn't hurt you to keep a civiller tongue. I'm a poor old nurse-body for the village above there, with the breath this wild night.' For reason of the wind, I

"Answers he, quite civil-'A fine sight, s you say-and who may those people be? haughty—to harm in him. Anyway he's a And who does this grand place belong to?— I'm a stranger travelling this way by chance. Could I see the house, do you think, old evil gift! ad, oh! I fear it will bring her mother !- not to night, of course, but if I sorrow and trouble, nurse. But, nurse, sure- come again to-morrow.' (All the while I ly he will gow good; surely they will make knew by the look of him that he wouldn't dare come again in davlight.)

"Says I-'No, surely! and where's the manners of you to ask it? Can't you see as the family is here?"

"Then he And who are "the family ? Then I-Arent you a looking at them? the sister and another boy to be the heir if the elder should die; and there's the lady, mistress, and the last baby on her knees." "Then he-'Of course I can see all that as well as you, you old fool!" (only the compliment spoken as he thought I shoulnd't

hear); 'but what is the name of the fellow you call the master?" "Then I-I don't call any fellow master but the master; is called Sir Lionel. His other name is Wintenhouse, or something like that."

"Then he - How comes he to be the master? I mean, has the house been his long?" "Then I --- About seven year, I'm thinking. It some to him through his wife, I've devil is not all black, they say." heard, and was in her family. But I don't these parts.' living realize. Not that she suspected oth-"Then he - and I fancied be turned whiter

> number of the family then? I meant, he added, as if I didn't know the sense of his big words, 'are all the rest dead?' "Then I - So it seems." "Then he-Hadn't Sir Lionel's wife any

brother or sister ?" "Then I-' I've heard tell that there wa sister. But I'm not going to let out all I know of a good family to any stranger I neet. That's not what we poor old nursebodies call honor."

"Then he-slipping a bit of gold into my hand-'There was a sister you say-she is "Then I-If all's true they tell, it's no

oity, poor sinner!' "Then he -- You know more than another. fancy. You nursed her in her-in her last llness, perhaps?' (He didn't speak steady.) sorry that I ever struck him; I could almost "Then I- Last illness! poor soul! I was a short and sharp one-no time for nur

ing, and no need. "Then he, quite flerce and griping my arm— Tell me all you know, old woman!— grow ever heavier?" how and when she died, and if she killed her child "

"Then I, as flerce as he- Who said she had a child? you spy, you impostor, you! You are the villain, are you? You are the wretch of a murderer come back to see the graves of your victims! ' "Then he-'I, old idiot? Take care, or

graves you speak of?-not in the churchyard!' "Then I-"There's more bodies than lie in churchyard, as there's more murderers than come to the gallows!

"Then he, passionately-'She was not murdered!' "Then I-'You know that well enough; been you as done it, and none other! Sweet lamb! there wasn't another, man or devil, pockets their benefactions without thankful-

would have done it!' "Then he, in a rage-"Woman, speak! What did become of her and the child?? "Then I, making believe to be very cun-

ther and sister.' "Then he, quite pleasant-like, and without

ther? "Then I-'Not them as dies a natural death.' "Then he, as if talking to himself-Dead,

that beautiful wild creature! Dead, and by her own hand! I could be sorry if-if it were not for this.' He touched his forehead with a finger, but it was too dark for me to vocation. For the man who reads little, no see if there were any mark there. "Then I- Who said she killed herself?

-face well en- follow me. I was in mortal terror that you

from us by the trees, and we stood at tha "And did I not feel his nearness, and | gate where you thought he'd have been killcreep and shudder to the morrow of my ed the last night you saw him, when his horse ran away-as for sure he must have

> you'd go to bed that night? "Yes, yes, nurse. Go on." "Then he, as we stood by that gate-Thank you for your last words, old woman; her memory-something may be made of

been if the gate hadn't been set open for Sir

Lionel's carriage. You remember how you

made me go down with you to look before

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hat.' "He leant upon the gate, hindering me rom passing through, and seemed to think. watched him. Ah, if he'd stood by the

strength to push him in!" "Hush, hush, hush, nurse!" broke in La the midst, standing on the rug, was young master—and you not there!—as luck or our evil thoughts is mine; have pity." "Listen! hear what he said next, with a

> though she's dead.' "Villain as he is, that word dead seemed to hurt him-'Dead,' says he again, 'dead -and that blow?-it was only a girl's blow. Pshaw! I would forgive her, if I could afford it; but I cannot.'

"Then I + 'It's likely Sir Lionel will believe any story you may trump up against a well nigh blown out of me, and hill to climb | dead girl! a girl he and his wife almost wor- Richard Cobden is still as serviceable as evship, not knowing. "Then he - 'It's not likely, unless I have

> proof." "Then I - 'And there's no one body i the world but me can give it you.' "Then he (scowling at me close under my onnet(-'And you - you wait to know how nuch I am going to offer you".

"Then I- Maybe ay, maybe nay. I'n out poor, and I in old and past work, and vet love life like another. But I've my feelings, too, like another; and it's not for a lit tle I'd disturb that dead girl's rest. "Then he - For the present I'll disap-

(here he glanced round him as he had done There's the master and there's the young often before). 'If at some future period I master (just striking his sister), and there's want you, how shall I ask after you? what name do you go by?" "Then I - In the village up there they

point you. Just now I'm pressed for time

know me as Mother Grildes. I'll serve you you serve me, my fine gentleman." "Then he-Old hag! I understand you. Then he muttered again - ' Dead ! dead ! -Well, I'd rather let her dust rest in such peace and honor as it may - I will, if I'm not driven to extremes!' With a 'good-evening, old mother.' he moved away. But he came back and said- If you breathe a word anywhere about having seen me, I'll not forget

" My lamb, you've not much to fear from

you the next dark night we meet! !

"But, nurse, you forget. One question knoweverything. I haven't lived my lifein asked in either of the villages will show him how you have deceived him - and then his "Wouldn't be have questioned first rather

-'Is Sir Lionel's wife the only surviving than last, if he'd meant to question at all? He had a hunted, harried look. He'll not stop to question for fear his turn should come to answer. He's not much altered, and he was too well known in these parts. He'll not show by daylight. There was old Tamling, the blacksmith, at Witch-hampton, and Ned Bury, the carrier, up at Chine-dandon. both swore years ago, to serve him out, it ever they had the chance, and he knows it. He'll not stay anywhere in these parts, or show in them by daylight. He wholly believes you're dead, and 'ull be off far enough by this. He's one as makes any place he's stances I should prefer the tail hold.

known in too hot to hold him again in a hurry." "Nurse, dear nurse, no more of him. It makes my very soul sick. But, nurse, I am

-but, no, no, no." "To keep silence, on and on, forever-is that not the only punishment I can now bear alone? Is it not heavy, heavy-will it not

So grouned Lady Ana when old nurse, believing that at last her mistress slept, had gone back to her own bed, and left her on ice. alone.

POVERTY'S FALSE PRIDE .-- A religious ontemporary says, very justly: "The idea of 'respectable employment' is the rock upon which thousands split and shipwreck them-I'll insure your silence. Where are those selves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gain. The laborer, who is willing to turn his hands to anything, is as respectable as the clerk or dapper store-tender. Indeed the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle and beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard labor, knowing that if she had been it would have wearies his friends with his complaints because he can get nothing respectable to do,

lazy grumbler." Wise men and sensible women, when it is possible, wear woollen clothing, not only for them. ning-' Look at young master there. He's for underclothes, but for their outer garments. just the age, and he's no lamb like his bro- Light flannels are most conducive to health of any articles which gentlemen use for summer wear. Thin linen clothing worn in warm ooking where I pointed-'I see you are no weather is conducive of pulmonary consumpfool, I know you now, old friend; no hope tion, and many a lady, if she only knew it, of throwing me off the scent like that. Last sould attribute the cause of her illness to thin, night I had the pleasure of watching you as light dress and the exposure of her arms and you searched for something in the wood .- bosom. Lord Nelson would not go to sea What you did not find I did-a little grave, once because his men had been provided with a baby's. But where does she lie—the mo- flannel shirts six inches too short. He had longer enest substituted, and the result was, that while the rest of the fleet was deciminated by sickness, he did not lose a man.

ness, and goes on from day to day a useless

Farmers who make the most rapid improvement in husbandry, are likely to be those who read most on the subject of their matter what his vocation is, will be likely to think little, and act with reference to tradition received from former generations, or else in imitation of what is going on about him. There is always hope of a man who loves reading, study and reflection.

That must have been a very tough rooster that crowed, after being boiled two hours, and then, being put in a pot with poTHE SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

liave you heard the glad shout that is borne on the That starts from the mountains and swells to the

seas; The voice of the men that for liberty stand; The shout of a saved and purified land? In the hills of New Hampshire its chorus began ; To the far Eldorado its harmonies ran ; The shores of two oceans its cohoes prolong, O'er all the broad continent tossing the song. "To the Man of the People, the Man of the Hour! To whom was the labor, be granted the power! Our voice is for blucoin, the true and the tried; Let sore-heads and Copperheads both stand aside! "The way of the sore-head transgressor is hard-Mad, hungry and desperate corporal's guard;

"Of the Copperhead faction we won't say a word; A subject so dead should be carefully stirred, O'er the used-up cabal we'll forgivingly tread, And leave the dead t. sitors to bury their dead. "Hurrah, then, for Lincoln, the fearless and true! We'll stick by the captain that sticks by his crew, He'll not fail in a calm, who the tempest has braved And Lincoln shall rule o'er the land he has saved.

With their penulless Crossus, and stay-at-ho-Who lost all their light when they gave up their

THE OLDEST IRON SHIP. We find this statement in the London Engineer:-

"The Richard Cobden, said to be the oldest iron ship afloat, has entered the Brunswick graving dock, for the purpose of having her bottom cleaned and painted. She is now twenty years old, and has made twenty brink of the river with that evil face, and I successful voyages to the East Indies; notas nigh him as I stood then, ill it would have withstanding some rough usage, she has fared with him if he hadn't been able to never made a drop of water, and her plates swim. Old woman as I am, I'd have found are apparently as sound as ever. On one occasion she took an entire cargo of iron from London to the East; while on her first ly Ana. "Have pity on me: the sin of all voyage she ran aground and flattened her bottom to the extent of three inches on one side of the keel. She commands the highneer-'Sir Lionel was fond of his wife's sis- est freights in Bombay, and her owners are ter-is fond of his wife-the family honor so satisfied with her seaworthiness that they will be dear to him. He shall pay for it do not effect any insurance upon her. The cost of her repairs hitherto has been merely nominal. Messrs. Dalby & Co., the principal owners of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, gave the order for her construction twentyone years ago, to Messrs. J. Hodgson & Co., of Liverpool, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of iron as a shipbuilding material. The result is evident, and while the er, there are now no less than 76,000 tons of

iron shipping in Liverpool alone." MUSIC AT HOME. - No family car, afford to do without music. It is a luxury and an economy; an alleviator of sorrow, and a spring of enjoyment; a protection against vice, and an incitement to virtue. When rightly used, its effects, physical, intellectual and moral, are good, very good, and only

Make home attractive; music affords a means of doing this. Cultivate kindly feeling, love. Music will help in this work .-Keepout angry feeling. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Be economical. Pleasure, recreation, all must have, and no pleasure costs less in proportion to its worth than home music. Make your sons and daughters accomplished. What accomplishment is more valuable than music? Fit all your daughters to support themselves in the future, if need be. There has been no time in many years when any young lady having sufficient knowledge to teach music could not pleasantly earn a respectable support in that way. "But," some may say, "I have no ear for music, nor have any of my family." Probably not one of you ever tried it faithfully. Perhaps your sons had no natural

Music does, indeed, come more natural to most people than many other accomplishments that are next to universal; yet it does not come to all without much time spent in careful cultivation. The one best means of introducing music to a family, and ensuring its cultivation, is to procure a good musical instrument. It no one of your daughters or sons can play at all, yet if they have a good instrument at hand some of them will learn. In almost every family this will be the case. Buy an

"car" for reading, or your daughter no na-

tural hands for writing; and certainly un-

less they have learned these things, they

would never have been accomplished in them.

will be repaid many fold. A FU REMARKS BY JOSH BILLINGS: I have offen bin tole that the best is tu take a bull by the horns, but I think in many in-

I never kud see enny good in naming wooden gods mail and femail. Tha tell me femails are so scarce in the far west, that a grate menny marred wimmin are already engaged to there second and third husbands.

Josh says:

That John Brown has halted his march a fu days for refreshments. That most men would ruther say a smart thing than dew a good one. That backsliding is a big thin, g eshpeshsila

That there is two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that is twins. That yu kant judge a man by his religgun enny more than yu kan judge his shurt by

tha size ov the kollar and ristbands. That the devil is always prepared tew see kompany. That it iz treating a man like a dog to cut him oph short in hiz narrative.

That "ignorance is bliss," ignorance of sawin wood for instance. That menny will fale to be saved simply bekauze they haint got ennything tu saive That the virtues of woman are all her own

That dry pastor are the best for flocks-

flocks ov sheep. That men of genius are like eagles tha liv on what tha kill, while men ov talents are like crows tha liv on what has ben killed

but her frailties have been taut her.

That some people are fond ov bragging ov ancestors and their grate decent, when in fack their grate decent iz just what's the matter with them. That a woman kant keep a secret nor let

nybody else keep one. That 'a little larning is a dangerous thing. This iz as true as it is common: the littler the more dangersome. That it iz better tew fail in a noble enterprize than tew suckseed in a mean one,

That a grate menny folks have been 'edicated onh from their feet. That luv in a woman's harto is a good deal like a bird in a cage, open the door and the bird will fly out and never wants tew

came back again. That Sekertary Chase is evidently failing, the time of his last boat being 10-40. N. B.-He has fulled!

The exports from New York last cek, exclusive of specie, were \$8,236,012 The figures for the previous week were equally as large, thus making over sixteen millions for the fortnight. Imports, in the meantime, are small, and the latter promise to continue so for some time to co this rate we shall soon have gold coming back from Europe. Exchange is already at a point that renders shipments of coin unprofitable.

instrument and try the experiment: if it succeeds only to a very small extent, the cost