n want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing ine, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

### Bocal Information.

### U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Abraham Lincoln,
Vico President—Hannibal Hamlin,
Secretary of State—Wm. H. Skward,
Secretary of Interior—Jno. P. Ushish,
Secretary of Treasury—Wm. P. Freshnden,
Secretary of War—Howin M. Stanton, Secretary of Navy—Gideon Weller, Post Master Goneral—Montoonery Blair, Attorney Joneral—Eward Bares, Chief Justice of the United States—Roger B Taney

STATE GOVERNMENT. Governor—Andrew G. Certin,
Borrelary of State—Eli Sherr,
Burveyor General—Lares .. Barr,
Auditor General—Bare Shaken,
Attorney General—Wy. M. Merretta.
Adjutant General—A. L. Russell,
State Treasurer—Henry D. Moore,
Chief Justic of the Supreme Court—Geo. W. Wood
Ard

COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge-Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges-Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hen
Hugh Stuart
District Attorney-J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary-Samuel Shireman.
Clork and Recorder-Ephrain Cornman,
Registor-Goo W. North.

\_\_\_\_0\_\_\_

Register—Goo W. North.
High Shoriff—J. Thompson Rippey.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith
Coauty Commissioners—Michael Kast, John M
Coy, Mitchell McClellan,
Saporlulendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS

Chief Burgoss—Andrew R. Ziegler.
Assistant Burgoss—tohert Allison.
Town Council—East Ward—J. D. Rhineheart,
Joshus P. Bitler, J. W. D. Gillelen. George Weizel
West Ward—Jeo. L. Murray hos Paxton, A. Cath
eart, Jon. B. Purker, Jon. D. Olysas, President, o
Jouncil, A. Catheart, Clork, Jos. W. Ogliby,
High Constable Sainuel Sipe Ward Constable.
Andrew Martin. John Gutshall. Assistant Assessors, Jno

Aussen: John Gutshall, Assistant Assessors, Jno Meil, Geo. S. Beetens.
Au liter-Robert D. Cameron.
Tax. Johnston-Alfred Rhinehoart, Ward Collector-East Word, Ches. A. Smith. West Ward, T. eo Cornman, Street Commissioner, Worley B. Matthews Justices of the Perce-A. L. Spinsler, David Smith Abrai Ushuff, Michael Holcomb.
Lamp Lighters-Chas B. Meck, James Spangler. CHURCHES.

First Preshyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square Rev Conway P. Wing Pastor - Serv ces every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. o'clock P. M.
Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Han-aver and Pomfret streets - Rev. John C. Biss. Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Pervices commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church. (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angla of Cont's Square. Rev. J. C. Chec. Rector. Services at 11 o'clock. M., and 6 o'clock. P. M.
English Lutheran Church, Bodford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. J. toob. Fry. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock. A. M., and 6 o'clock. P. M.
German Reformed Church. Louther, betw en. Han over and Pitt stracts. Rev. Sannet Philips. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock. A. M., and 6 o'clock. P. M.
Mithodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Phomes H. Sherbock, Pastor Services at 11 o'clock. A. M., and 7 o'clock. P. M.
Mathodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. S. L. Mathodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor, fervices in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3/4 P. M. Church of dod. South West corner of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pasto. Services at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. st. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near Eastst. Rav Pastor. Services every other Sab-bath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P.M. German Lutherau Church. corner of Pomfret and Badford streets. Rev C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock P.M. o'clock P. M. 29\_When changes in the above are necessary the oper persons are requested to notify us.

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Rev. Horman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Pro-Rev. Horman M. Johnson, D. D., Fresident and Professor of Mural Science.
Williams C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev. William L. Baswell, A. M., Professor of the Oreok and Gorman Languages.
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Froderick Wates: Secretar and Treasurer, Edward
M. Biddle: Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenge
trains three times a dzy. Carliele Accommo ation.
Kestward, leaves Carliele 55 A. M., arriving at CarHeld's 20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10, 10 A. M. Hale' 5 20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10:10 A. W. and 2 42, P. M. Westward at 9:27, A. M., and 2:55 k

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uel Todd; Trasurer, A. L. Spon-ler; Superintendent George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Win. M. Beeten, R. M. Biddle, Honry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. oardner, and John Campbell.

## SOCIETIES

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of ever marion that on the 23d and 4th Tuesdays of every month

St. John's Lodge No. 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thurs
day of each month, at Marion Hall,
'arlish Lodge No. 91 L.O of O F. Meets Monday
every at trout's building

C RE COMPANIES.

1 for the pacy was organized in 1789— 1 for between Plüzud Hanover, ecan if Fire Company was instituted Feb 1 for it Badford, between Main and Pom Parcy 186 Abuse in Pointret, near Hanosec 185 - 1 May in Fourier, near Hanover 18 - 19 - 11 114 and Laider Company was institu-184 in 1850 - down in Pitt near Main.

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Carlisle Depcelt Bank, April 25th, 186

# The Carlisle Trevall

VOL. 64.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26. 1864.

### Moetical.

A Hymn for the National Fast. BY REV. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, M. A.

O God of Nations, God of Hosts, Chastised by thy Almighty hand. To day we mourn, through all our coasts
The guilt and shame of all our land!

11, A bove all nations blest and crowned, Enlightened, honored, prosperous, free, Thy law we've trampled to the ground; Thy gifts received, rejected thee !

In human pride and strength too strong, We've met the 'mbattled hosts of ili; Nor first confessed our sin and wrong, Nor owned thy stroke, nor done thy will

111.

IV. O God, we own our giant crime, The sin of Slavery, dire and dread ; For which thy wrath, in ancient time, Filled Egypt's land with first born dead!

O God, we own the lust of power, That bribes its upward way with gold; And buys the triumph of an hour With justice bartered, virtue sold

O God, we own the greed of gain; The blasting withering curse of rum; The luxury wrung from woe and pain; The tongue for Right and Mercy damb

VII. We own thy Holy Day profaned; Thy Sacred Name blasphemed and cursed; Our land with lust and outrage stained; The best in words-in works the worst!

VIII. Nor would we pause with guilt confessed, Help us to hate, abhor, forsake! So shall we prove thy chastening blest, And Thou, though bruising, wilt not break

U may we haste at once to give The rights Thyself to all hast given;

Then shall Thy sovereign grace torgive, And stay Thy plowshare o'er us driven. O God forgive! O God remove These plagues and judgments of Thy hand!

Send righteous victory, peace, and love, And reign Thyself through all our land From the Independent. TO THE GOD OF NATIONS.

BY THEODO LE TILTON. O Thou before whose throne we fall, Who hendest to the hended knee, Who spurnest none, who lovest all,-Shall yet the groaning nations call? O Thou by whom the lost are found,

Whose Cross, upraised, forever stands, When shall its shadow on the ground Spread East and West through all the lands Until it gird the world around? O Thou who makest kidgds ms Thine When shall Thy mighty arms outstretch

From Southern palm to Northern pine, To bind each human heart to each, And each to Thee as branch to viae O Thou who cleansest human sin. When shall Thy reign on earth begin?-

# Miscellaneons.

From Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine.

And let the Hing of Glory in.

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

(CONCLUDED.) SCENE V.

(Ten years later.) "I hate you all! I will bear it no longer -I will go away. You shall never, any of ou, hear of me again, unless it is in some ray that shall show you how I hate you." A tall slight boy, whose fine-featured face as now distorted by passion, stood with surely upon her physical condition. efiantly-folded arms in the great drawingroom window of Witch-hampton Hall, and

burled these words at Sir Lionel. Sir Lionel was pacing the room in grea and evident agitation. Lady Enema sat by the fireside, her youngest child on her knees. theothers gathered round her, aghast at their brother's insolent and violent conduct.

Sir Lionel approached the boy. "Come with me," he said. "You are not fit to remain in the same room with your

mother and sisters. "Let they go, then. I will not, till choose."

Sir Lionel drew nearer; his face white, but resolute: the boy uncrossed his sire to proclaim her sin, ay, upon the housearms, a gleam of -another moment, and tops. She would have done it had not love, there would have been a struggle for mas- her love for him, her husband, restrained tery. Just in time Lady Anastood between them. In a voice more sad than severe, but that showed not the slightest doubt that she | she had learned to be certain that the man would be obeyed, she told the boy to leave | who had so deeply wronged her was deadthe room immediately, and go to the library.

Emma sent the children all away, bidding them not go near their brother; then she who had once loved her, though in a wild event to her husband. Sir Lional had seat. and savage fashion, towards whom she had his hands. Emma folded her arm round heart cursed and hated. "Curses come home his neck, and murmured, "God comfort you, to roost;" she was taught the truth of the

What must we do with him?" "What will become of him God only mows," answered Sir Lionel. He tried to rouse himself from his deep dejection. Passing his arm round his wife, he added-"It would be strange if our lot had not some flaw in it; but it seems strange that this should be the flaw; and how to act for the puted brothers and sisters, like a wolf, in me as if I were loathsome to you. I have boy's good I cannot tell. I must in some way have failed and fallen far short of my

duty towards him." "You could not help it," said Emma. not love. Sometimes I think he feels this."

"Yet Ana, who has such influence over him, does not love him." "I do not know," Emma answered

thoughtfully. "I shall go now and find Ana's husband, and talk the matter over with him." "Perhaps if, when we leave, we could

while\_\_\_' "I have thought of that Emma But it loes not seem to me right that we should lay | Expiate her crime ! But then she would think, our burdens on others; we ought to learn to bear them ourselves. And Ana, ever since her fate, soul or body? If she only could have suffered and not pulled pain and punold nurse's death, has seemed so weak and ill ishment down on the head of the true; the that she is not fit to bear the shock of such cenes as that of to-day.

Meanwhile Lady Ana had softly turned the key upon young Lionel, and had then, with a feeble faltering step, gone up to her own room.

We have learned anything beyond the more of the locked herself in, and knelt by the rudiments, we know that we can only suffer

ing her eyes to the pale sky of the autumn and by those whom we love. afternoon, looked bloodless and haggard.

time has come! Now God be pitiful to him, that one day must fall from force of fate, and, I wouldn't have minded; but always to be my only beloved, my husband. Oh, my falling, would sever her from all that made | well treated, to have nothing to complain of, great one, my strong one, my true one, life dear, now hung over her head: since it to be mocked with the show of kindness by words-from which, since you spoke them, | nough to expel all falsehood from her life, | like that!" I have had no rest-'If you could love him, even against her will, seemed to be tearing fascination draws him towards you,-little | thus with her? she often questioned. For | your flerce eves said so. I liked you better you thought how those words would open a long years her love had strengthened her to then any of the others who seemed to love grave in my heart, which, after letting out | hold her secret, and to live a lie. Did she | me." a long-buried lie, which close again over all love less now? Was this why she felt that the joy and light and life of life. My love not even for his sake could she bear on long! love you - now I love you - you will not care might save him! The time is come when I er? Or was it that love being truth, and her for me any more." must try. Yet oh, a little longer, a little love having grown and strengthened in those longer; the years of your love, my husband, have been as days, and now the days of my life will be as years, so long and weary. A little longer-love me a little longer before I

lose your love for eyer. Yet why lose it?-Shall I not be less unworthy of your lovea little less unworthy? Ah, but he has not known me, and now he must. My husband, my husband, oh, how I love you! oh, how I pity-oh, how I would spare you! And God, He loves you more and better; He pities you, and He can spare you." In her agony she pushed open the case-

ment, leading out for air. She saw her husband below, walking up and down with Sir Lionel. At the noise of her window he looked up and was startled at her face. A moment, and she heard his step upon

the stair, and the his hand upon the lock. She opened the door to him : when he had closed it she threw herself upon his breast. herarmstlung wildly round his neck; straining herself against him, she wept as one who weeps very life away.

"My own dearest love, my darling one," ne murmured, making vain efforts to soothe weak to-day. But what is this sad trouble?" "I am ill, very ill and weak," she sobbed; 'and you-you are going from me."

der smile. "But if you are not better, I will not leave you for two hours. You have been shaken by the scene with that miserable boy. Lionel has been telling me. Calm yourself I will not leave till you are better." "I shall never be better till I am dead;" she cried. "And yet I am growing better -it is the growing better that kills me .-Kiss me, husband, hold me closer-love me

love me. One moment more. Now, leave me, dear love—I will grow calm. I shall grow so soonest left alone." She drew herself out of his arms, and supen his breast again crying,---

"My heart is breaking. Oh, husband, ou-never forget how I love you." "I shall not leave you to-morrow. Ana.

he said, in gravest, tenderest concern; "it is no duty that calls me. Indeed, poor child, I will not leave you."

"We will see," she said, "it is a long time till to-morrow. Who can tell what will happen? Now go down to poor Lionel. I will come down soon.'

But when he turned to obey her she called him back, and again she strained him in her arms as if, indeed, they were about to part for ever.

He left her reluctantly, greatly troubled as her state. A few months since, about the time her old nurse died, a change had come over Lady Ana-a nameless illness, a troube more of mind than of the body, but telling During the last ten years of her life, Lady Ana had been conscious that the dreadful ecret at her heart grew ever heavier. In those ten years-her husband, her one con-

stant companion, she working for and with him-her life had been struggling upwards towards a higher standard of truth and love. Now, since the old nurse died, she had borne her burden all alone-all things combined to make its weight intolerable. No living creature shared her knowledge of the truth of her boy's parentage: this isolation of hers had in it something which she felt to be frightful. The condemnation to perpetwas ual silence roused in her a wild, a mad de-

Not many days before her nurse had died, had died a violent and a miserable death .-Since that he was not for her so much the man who had foully wronged her as the my poor Lionel. What will become of him? homely saying. The weight of her own will let me, I will love you!" hate, the blight of her own curse, come back

ing her own burden. When she looked upon her son now-her whom the wolf-nature has been restrained but not subdued, among lambs-herson who, in his unmanly boyhood, seemed to scorn the the gentleness of her he called "mother," to simidly; "but towards him, it has seemed to writhe under and revolt against the calm an eager reading of her face. "You look ne, that we have both acted from duty, and justice of him he called father, while, as if by some fated fascination, he appeared drawn towards her he had been taught to name as aunt-it was with remorse rather than loathing, and with an awakening consciousness her crime of hate -was that a crime? Is there what did her crime matter-what mattered

pure, the good, the innocent-then-

Why, then, she would not, could not, have

window. Her face, as she knelt there, rais- in any deepand abiding manner for, through,

Nothing from without now threatened Lady "The time has come!" she mouned—"the Ana's tranquillity. No word of Damocles, -you who so believe in the saving pow | had been thus, the inward straining towards | all those meek hypocrites---I hate them!" er of love-little you thought how your truth that at times seemed all but strong e-Ana, your love might save him, for some that life up by the roots. Why was it now felt like that. When you hated me, and years, left now no room in her life for anything that was false?

> since all cried peace and oblivion, she knew no moment's peace or forgetfulness; she and laid her head down on the boy's shouldseemed to be tearing her heartshred by shred.

> ed to the harm of those she loved. Whe she had hated her innocent child, she had grudged it the good she did it, giving it such a father and mother; now she under- you looked as if you had not long to live, stood how, even to him, what she had done had been not good, but evil.

Young Lionel being home from schoolsent home disgraced-had come with the others on a visit to the Hall. To the very depths Lady Ana had felt her soul stirred with pity as she saw how the proud boy held he left hold of it. He bent over her deadhimself aloof, felt himself unloved and alone. Iv-white and sunken-looking face. her. "What is it? You are more ill, more | She had felt too, that to which no one else had been blind-her own power over him. Then those words her husband had spoken. that if she could love, she might save the

6 For two days, love, he said, with a ten-But her busband-he held her as a flawless gem, an unspotted pearl of truth, on and kissed her hands. Most jealously he whose pure candor the finest speek of the abstained from calling any one. falseness of the world would show out black and ugly. How could she so open his eyes consciousness or life, he stretched himself That is the change in me; and nov, how are as not to blind him to the beauty and joy\_of heside her, laying his face upon her hand. life for ever after ?

It was not now what she had hidden, so much as the fact that she had hidden it through those long years of his love, that which he should have tolearn and she totell. with sullen sorrow. In the minutes that elapsed between the looked into his face. Then suddely she fell time of her husband's leaving her and the Boy, why did not you call for help? Your time when she softly quitted her room, went aunt has fainted. How long since?" down the stairs, and paused at the door of don't you feel it breaking? Oh, how I love the library, into which she had locked the did not choose that any one should come. I -how I love you! Remember how I love boy, Lady Ana suffered, God only can tell did what I couldhow much. Pausing to try and realise such suffering, with what gratitude the sick heart was kneeling at her side, Lady Ana roused turns to the remembrance of the finiteness of human power, the limit and boundedness neck, raising herself to lean against him. that so safely hem usin, limiting and bounding the power of one poor heart to suffer.

The dusk seemed already to have gathered in the corners of the dark old room when Lady Ana entered the library. She paused, looked round, and thought the room was empty; one of the Windows stood open. Young Lionel was light and agile; a spring from that window, a branch of the great beech clutched, a swing to the ground was easy enough. Lady Ana, in her wild girlhood, had often thus escaped when shut in there by aurse for some childish naughtiness Who shall say what passion leapt up and fought in that poor woman's half-distracted mind, as the idea flashed across it that if the boy had escaped, were gone as he had threatened, speech would not avail for him, and silence might still for all be best? She was

not long left in doubt. She heard a stifled sob; there, on the ground, his face hidden in his hands, lay the young creature whom all thought too hardened in sullen evil-mindedness to shed a cear. Lady Ana went to where he lay. Kneeling down beside him, she laid a trembling

hand upon his shoulder, and softly, fearfully breathed out, "My son!" and at the breathing of those words something consciously awoke within her-and-she-loved him. Softly as those words were spoken, they sounded in her ear as the crash of doom. Young Lionel raised himself to lean upon

startled wonder, and said-"Why do you call me that? I wish I were your son! If you were my mother, every thing would be different." She sank upon the floor beside him, tremb

ling so that she could not even kneel. "Why do you come to me and speak to hate me worse than they do."

"I do not hate you," she said. "If you "If I will letyou! You know, you know," upon her, blighting her own love, burden- he cried, "that I want you to love me; but you won't, you can't. Sometimes I see you look as if you were trying, and then-then son whom she had planted as a thorn to fes- the look comes that shows me how you hate

felt that, and I can't forget it !" "My poor boy! learn to forget it now, and

let me love you." "You are sorry for me?" he asked, after sorry about something. Is it about me?" "We all are serry for you; nobody hates

you: it is your morbid fancy." "Are you sorry for me, Lask? 'They all are;' oh, of course. I know what that that by love paid the son, by loss and means: they are all sorry for me, just as pain suffered for him, she might expiate her they are sorry if a worm is trodded upon or crime of hate towards the father. Expiate a snail crushed. 'They do not hate me'oh, I know what that means too, quite well: leave him behind under their charge for a anything in the teaching of Him we profess to they are so good, so Christian, they cannot follow, that offers the slightest justification of hate! But-are you sorry for me? you are hate imman or women under extremest wrong? not sorry about every trifle; are you sorry this erring woman had suffered, did suffer. for mo? You can hate; are you sure, you

don't hate me?" "I am more sorry for you than I can tell or you can think, my poor boy. I do not there. hate you; I love you."

"Now, aunt Ana," cried the boy, "what is the meaning of this? Why are you so difsuffered in any adequate way. Love is the ferent to me to-day? Why have you never one lesson we have to learn in life. When come to me and been kind to me before?. If the sternest loathing; and yet, through all, we have learned anything beyond the mere | you had, I should have been different. "But you have had love, Lionel."

"If they had loved me and used me ill, or | the consciousness of her suffering spread if they had hated me out and out, honestly, like a charitable mantle.

Oh, Lionel, I implore you, do not feel But I do feel like that, and you have

"Then, if I love you," she said, "when I

#I will!" he cried. "Try me-love me aunt Ana! I will obey you like a slave, I will follow you like a dog-love me, aunt However this might be, the fact was, that Ara. Let me live with you always." Now, God help me," she murmured, learnt to dread sleep and her own fevered er. Her sentence had gone forth; all was

dreams. The inward impulse, to be wholly irrevocable now. Had she not felt this betrue to him she loved, contradicted by the fore? Who knows? Even on the way to love that feared the truth for what it loved, execution a ray of hope will sometimes play about the path of the condemned, and make All good she gained, all knowledge, all ex- it seem less unlikely that some sign in the perience, weighted the lie she bore. All heavens or convulsion of the earth shall althings worked together to show her the evil ter the face of the world, than that beneath of the thing she had done, and how it turn- an unregarding heaven all shall go on to-

wards the appointed doom. "Are you ill?" the boy asked, when she did-not speak or stir. "I heard them say say - every one?" and I did not mean to live after you."

Her head slipped from his shoulder as h moved to try and see her face; she moaned a little, then lay quite still upon the ground. He spoke to her; she did not answer; he took her hand up, and it fell powerless when "Dcad!" he cried, and for a moment hi

oung life seemed to stand still. Then he sprang to his feet. Taught tenderuess by fear or other emotion, he brought to listen. a pillow and put beneath her head; he got water and sprinkled over her face, he chafed

When he found that she gave no sign o Lady Ana's husband had been seeking her anxiously; presently he came into the room.

"Are you here, love?"

At his entrance, young Lionel looked up, seemed to her the more dreadful part of that but did not rise. "She's here," he said, "Good heavens! what does this mean

"Not long. I didn't call help, because I Atthe sound of voices, just as her husband

herself. She put an arm around the boy's "Poor boy! I have been ill. I frightened you. Poor boy-how white you look!" she said. Then to her husband -- "He has been very good to me, husband." Turning again to young Lionel, she kissed him, and murnured-"Go away now, my boy, and leave me alone with my husdand; I have something to tell him. Go to your own room till come to you, and remember that I love

"But you will be ill again - you will die -vou will leave me, and not speak to me igain."

"It won't be so," she answered, "Go He rose. As he stood proudly erect, gaz ng down upon her, a wonderful softness was over all his fine flerce face. Her husband looked at him with wonder. At the door he turned, again gazed at her a long, strange caze, which she met with eyes of love - yet not a-mother's love for a child, so much as a martyr's love for the cause for which she

The door closed; she mouned and dropped for bead into her hands. Her Kusband, with soothing words and tenderest caresses, strove to raise her from

the ground. "S;and up," she said, writhing herself free from his arms. "My lord, my judge, my king, whom I dare no more call husband, stand up, and do not touch me. Stand up his elbows; he looked her in the face with and leave me here. Stand up and judge

Then in broken sentences, passionately self-repreachful, abjectly humble for all a pre-eminently good man. It seemed as if the pent-up penitence of years burst forth, and she felt her shame, her guilt, her falsehood, overwhelmingly-she made her confession. When she had ended-when, strugme like that?" he continued. "Why do you, gling up on to her feeble knees, she had ed himself at the table, leaning his head upon not been blameless, and whom she had in her come to me and look at me like that? You raised her strained starting eyes and her ed to exhaustion all his anargy. He was, clenched clasped hands to him a moment | looked on from without, a sad life-so much she fell forward on her face, feeling for his endeavour, so little schievement (as the

feet with her failing arms. Her husband! When he first began to gather the sense of her wild words, he stiff-

ened himself into incredulity. ter in the flesh of those she loved, who seem- me-worse than the others do, a hundred have been enough to have raised suspicion, within him the flame of a spiritual life, ed to live among the gentle flock of his re- times. Aunt Ana, I have felt you look at rushed across his consciousness. Then he though often burning low, was yet never exgrow black and void.

He was stunned. Without losing physical power (though he had staggered back a little from the spot where he had stood when her first words rooted him to the ground, he was still erect), he appeared to lose mental correciousness. After a while, over this black death-dark-

ess came flashes as from the flames of hell. Must be now loathe what he had so loved? Must be hold as polluted both the mind and body which he had thought so pure? Then came a vast pity that sickened his

must suffer. It was the bitterness of death to see her lying there—to know that she merited to be

Not yet could he raise her! not yet could

such high estate! He loathed the sin of her long deceit with he never doubted but that he loved her still ever should love her still. By degrees has in the world.

"I have not! you know I have not .- more and more separated the sinner from the Thy do you lie?" he asked passionately. | sin, and over the consciousness of her sin

He lived a lifetime, past, present, and future, while she lay there motionless; awaiting her sentence. How long she was left to lie there she never knew; it could not have been long, for the room had seemed dusky when she had first entered it, and when all was over it was not yet quite dark.

She had not fainted again; with all the power left her she strove to keep her senses alight to read her sentence. "Ana!" At that low sound she stirred a

little, lifted her face, and looked up towards his, drawing herself a little farther from him as she did so. She tasted her punishment, reading the changed lines of his beloved face, hearing

said---"How must my love have failed and fallen short, not teaching you to trust me!" As he spoke he tried to raise her; but she. resisting him, answered-

"It is not so; you are wholly blameless you are wholly spotless, and all the fault is

"Not all. Your old nurse-she deceived you as well as me that she had told all. God forgive her! For the years after you kept silence for my sake, and now it is for the sake of others that at last you speak. All are dead who could have told me-all, you

"All-every one. Very few need know. You will tell Emma and Sir Lionel, and they, Heaven bless them! will try to comfort you. I will take my boy and go with him where you shall think best. Always nore my husband; and you—you will try and forget me. And oh, God comfort you! God comfort you!" She broke into a passion of heart-wasting weeping, creeping a little nearer to fold her hands around his feet. But when he spoke she stilled herself

"Forget you, Ana?" he said. "I have loved you long enough for love to have his way up through the Legislature, House, worked into the very fibres of my 'ife. I have loved you, not knowing-now I know. you changed from the being I have loved? God has worked in you mercifully through love, strengthening you through love, giving you sight through love. Is it now, when you are more love-worthy, when love has strengthened you to throw off a lie and live for duty in the truth—is it now that I shall dare to cast you off, you whom He is so manifestly saving my love, shall I cast off and call unworthy of my love? Wife. I do not say that the cup has not been bitter, bitter beyond all word or thought; but I feel that in these minutes, or these hours, I have runk it to the dregs. It will not work poison-death to love. I do not say that life can never again be for me what it has been, can ever be for us what I had hoped-the light of life is blurred, and the bitter taste of the cup dwells in the mouth. I look on and see much trial: our lives will be salted as with fire; but what matter if we come forth purified?" He paused a little and bent over er-" Love, my love, come to my arms.-

Every moment that you lie there you re proach my love and grieve my heart and make me feel myself a Pharisee; you called ne lord and judge, but He has judged you, and, working in you through love, has so far pardoned you that He sets your feet in a

straight path-thorny it may be, but unperplexed. She let him raise her now: but as her head fell back against her breast a great fear shuddered through him, lest the strained thread

of life had cracked. It was not so. Lady Ana lived-a life

thich henceforth was love. If hatred and fierce evil passion may be expiated by love -- a love, too, which knew more of the anxious grief and flery trial of love than of its joy and peace—then Lady ceived 277 of the 281 votes cast at the prepaid to her son, have expiated that sin of hate against his father.

Young Lionel loved his mother; but at threatened speedily to wear her heart out .-It was by very slow degrees that his love grow tame enough to be a softening influence of his own life, and not to be barrier stand-

ing between him and his mother's husband. Lionel Winterhouse (he kept his uncle's name) did not grow into a noble, a great, or he might have been great in wickedness, but as if, striving towards good, his flerce temperament and wild passions made his life so much one battle to resist evil, one continual effort and struggle, that in this was expendworld judged)-so much labour and pain, so little result. But who shall say it was in truth and in the eyes of the angels, one half as sad as many a life of far more, success? That defence gave way as a thousand trift- If ever, though even by little, he continued ing confirmations that in another man, would to be victor in the warfare against evil, if staggered, reeled as under a heavy blow- tinguished, who shall say that the years by felt all things become as nothing-all life which Lady Ana's life was shortened through the wear of the incessant watch she felt forced to keep were too dear a price to pay for the saving of a soul? Her husband, giving her from as true arms and heart as ever held and loved a woman, did not grudge the sacrifice.

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS - Fall in -to good ways and habits, which will be likely conduce to your benefit. Attention-To your own business, and

never mind other people's

Right Face Manfully do your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking soil almost unto death, as he thought what Quick March-From temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly, Halt-When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be

Right about Face-From dishonesty and he touch her! Alas! she was fallen from falschood. Present: Arms-Cheerfully, when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her. Break Off-Bad habits, and every thing which is likely to retard your advancemen

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

saw fit to announce the nomination of Lincoln and Johnson in the following chivalrous

"The Convention of Black Republicans in not depends upon the Confederate army al-

together. the altered broken tone of his voice, as he

In the same spirit, and in not dissimilar terms, our Copperhead neighbor commented

"The only merit we can discover in this Baltimore ticket is the merit of consistency; it is all of a piece; the tail does not shame the head, nor the head shame the tail. A rail-splitting buffon and boorish tailor, both from the backwoods, both growing up in uncouth ignorance, they would allord a grotesque subject for a satiric poet," &c., &c.

This lunguage seemed to us at once unseemly and unwise, and we rebuiled it accordingly. We did not, as is now alleged, assert that Messrs. Lincoln and Johnson were assailed because they had formerly been employed in two of the humbler departments you will be my lord and master, though no of manual labor, but we urged that Simon Snyder had been rendered the idiol of Pennsylavania by just such wretched flings, and that

> and Governship of his adopted State, to the U. S. Senate, are eloquent tributes alike to to the character of our institutions and the personal worth of these men." Hereupon we find ourselves accused by our Copperhead neighbor of falsehood, though we cannot discover wherein. We quoted fully and fairly the language to which we demurred, and briefly indicated wherein we

ant amend his plea to meet the exigencies of the case. He now says: "The whole ground of our attack was that these nominees were not statesmen; that they had risen to eminence from early poverty, which so far va creditable to their en ergy; but that, unlike many another poor ity and general good temper evinced by eithman, who in the short annals of this country has risen from obscurity to attain the highest offices in the gift of a free re-elected, but Mr. Lincoln received the larpeople, they had not enlarged their minds, had not strengthened their understandings, but remained to-day what they were in the in an Illinois canvass. beginning-the one a buffoon and the other

ago of very poor parents in slaveholding | ingly read, and it doubtless powerfully con-Kentucky, reared in a log cabin in the wil- duced to his nomination for Presidentat Chiderness, which then all but covered southern | cago some two months afterward-a nomi-Indiana, losing his mother at ten years of nation triumphantly ratified by the Electoage, and receiving but very little education ral Vote. n the rude and scanty log schoolhouses of \_\_ Well: all this don't prove Mr. Lincoln his boyhood's days, joined a volunteer mill-the fittest man for President." tia company in the Black Hawk war of 1832. -Certainly not. The matter will come up

and became proficient and useful therein and cinct where he resided and was thoroughy

BOORS AND BUFFOONS.

mend itself to a vulgar boor and buffoon, political success and eminence?

Baltimore have renominated for President of their country Abraham Lincoln, the Rlinois rail-splitter, and for Vice-President Tennessee traitor, one of the meanest of that craft; whether they shall ever be elected or

The people of the enemy's country have now two Black Republican 'tickets' before them; and the Democrats are to come yet. All these several movements we are obliged to watch, and if possible, understand-by reason of their possible effects upon the war; otherwise we have no earthly interest in the matter, and if we were now at peace with that nation it would be altogether indifferent to us what ape, or hycna or jackass they set up to govern them."

on the nomination as follows:

"The facts that Abraham Lincoin rose

from rail splitting to the Presidency, and

that Andrew Johnson, an illiterate and pen-

niless nobody, one of the 'poor white trash'

so generally kept under in the South, fought

deemed it untit. But we will let the assail-

can institutions:

NO. 35.

side without expecting to be generally in a minority. Is that the course likely to com-The Richmond Examiner, it is known

In 1849 the Whig minority of the Legislature of Illinois cast their votes for Mr. Lincoln as U. S. Senator, while many able and honored champions of their faith would Andrew Johnson, known in the west as the have been proud of the honor.

Transesce traitor, one of the manest of the transesce traitor, one of the manest of the transesce traitor. parties. Many Democrats were shaken loose from their moorings by the passage of the Nebraska bill. The Legislature of Illinois then chosen, showed for the first time an Opposition majority. A U. S. Senator was then to be elected in place of Gen. Shields,

a Nebraska Domocrat. Spontaneously and without hesitation, the great mass of the Anti-Nebraska members designated Abraham Lincoln as their first choice for the proud position. On balloting, however, it was found that four or five Anti-Nebraska Democrats would not vote for one whom they had hitherto opposed as a Whig. -Thereupon, by Mr. Lincoln's urgent advice. the nine-tenths dropped the man of their

choice and went over to the one-tenth, 'electing Mr. Trumbull, an Anti-Nebraska Dem-

ocrat. This was at once generous and wise. In 1858 Mr. Douglas' first term drew to a close. The Legislature then to be chosen must elect his successor. The Republican party had now become consolidated and homogeneous-in good part, through the unanimity of Mr. Lincoln and his friends in 1854-5. A State Convention assembled in the spring, and, without one dissenting voice, nominated Mr. Lincoln as their candidate. They did this in full view of the fact that he must expect to meet and grapple with Stephen

These districts were re-cast be.

Here are six distinct contests in that a. trict—all of which we can find any record -we believe all that ever occurred in itand the highest majority it ever cast for any one was that given for Abraham Lincoln,

though the vote was usually much higher, especially at a Presidential election. At this time Mr. Lincoln was struggling against the popular current in his State, as

gonerally in the nation. When he first en-

tered upon political life, Illinois was and

ever had been strongly democratic and de-

voted to Gen. Jackson, yet he proclaimed

himself a Whig and an intense admirer of

Henry Clay. No one could have taken that

ambitious (as Mr. Lincoln clearly was) of

lection of 1862.

baters of any age or country. If they had supposed they had a more deserving or better man for the work than Lincoln, they would doubtless have nominated that man. In the contest that followed, it is well known that our sympathies were not on the side of Mr. Lincoln. That is to say; regarding men as of no account in comparison with deas, we thought, the Republicans of Illinois should have supported Mr. Douglas, in acknowledgement of the great service he had just rendered to the cause of Public Liberty in defeating the Lecompton bill. We have never been driven from this position, though we can easily realize that the flerco antagonisms engendered by twenty years of flerce and often abusive party warfare could not readily be effaced Suffice it that issue was

·A. Douglas, one of the very best popular de-

coln and Douglas that ensued was one of the ablest, the most lucid, the most instructive, ever known. It was an honor to our country and to republican institutions. We think Mr. Lincoln had much the stronger and juster position; but on this point opinions will differ, while on that of the telent felicity, income er disputant, we see not how there can be two opinions. In the event, Mr. Douglas was ger popular vote. And it was the very first

joined, and the canvass between Messrs. Lin-

instance of such a preponderance on that side In 186) Mr. Lincoln was invited to speak for the Republican cause in this City, and Let us see how this statement accords with his speech was much the most cogent, felicirecorded facts, and with the genius of Ameritous, convincing defense of our main position ever uttered in Cooper Institute. Tens of Abraham Lincoln, born fifty-five years thousands of it were circulated and admir-

and was (at 23 years of age) elected its car- in its order. But does it not show the utter tain. He seen afterward studied surveying, absurdity of all the wretched babble of The Richmond Eraminer and its Northern imiat 25 years of age chosen to the Legislature tators! Mr. Lincoln, if you will, is not a of Illinois from its metropolitan county, hero-not a genius-not a man of the very having once already been a candidate and ro- highest order of intellect. He has made mispossible that another might have avoided .-known. He now commenced the study of But is the God-forsaken traitor who reviles the law; and in 1837, when 28 years old, was him as an ape, a hyena, or a jackass, one admitted to practice, and immediately taken whit more absurd than the feeble Northern first with love so fierce and jealous that it into partnership by the Hon John T. Stuart, imitator who prates of him as "a rail-splitting buffoon," who has "grown up in ignorance," &c., &c. If that is a true characterization of one who has stood such tests, overcome such impediments, and achieved such successes as Abraham Lincoln, then the democracy based on popular suffrage is an impudent fraud -- a stupendous hoax-and we ought at once to burn our constitutions, close our school-houses, prohibit all future elections, and dispatch a deputation of notables to Louis Napoleon to beg him to send us an

Emperor. That's all .- N. Y. Tribune.

RUBAL TASTE. - What is more interesting

and beautiful, especially on a warm summer's

day, than a well developed shade tree? It

may occupy a place by your dwellings, by

the wayside, or in the pasture field; it posseeses the same noble and picturesque appearance. There is nothing that adds so much to the prospectiveness and beauty of a well arranged country farm house, giving it a spirit of real rural loveliness, as a surrounding of stately trees. They may be the elegant maple, the graceful ork, or the tall and noble elm, occasionally interspersed with some evergreen, fir, and pine-the effect is at once pleasing and ennobling in its tendency. The lowly cottage of the poor, no less than the stately mansion of the rich, is ornamented and made pleasant by their wide-spread and shadowy branches. No class need be deprived of these every-day beautiflers of our home. And we are led to ask, why is it that we see so little interest manifested in this direction? Why are our farm houses generally so bare and devoid of trees, foliage, and flowers? Is it that we have no taste for the beautiful and picturesque in nature? Or that we feel no interest in regard to the beauty and leveliness of our houses and homes? That cannot be. There may be a want of cultivated rural taste among our farmers, asseen by the carefully cultivated eye, in these sylvan appendages to our country homes, which is apparently too much the case.

Tue President has conferred a brevet Major Generalship on Gen. Kelly in reward for his gallant and efficient defense of Cumberland and New Creek, and his continue stendinst, every-day watchfulness and as an officer over the interests core

his charge.

1864. Congress. Loncoln, Cartwright, Maj. 1848. President. Taylor, Cass, Maj. 1850. Congress. Gates, Whig

Moj.

Clay, Whig Polk, Dem.

914 6,340 4,820 1,511

8,188 1,500 .7,008 Harris, Deni.

6,782 5,818