The Carlisle Herald.

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JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the argest and most complete establishment in the County. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons n want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

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Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

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Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Meck, James Spangler.

CHURCHES.

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

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'cock 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. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church. Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Phillips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services 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 1 o'clock A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Church of God. South West corner of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m.

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

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

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev. William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages.
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John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages.
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BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

James Hamilton, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E. 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.

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CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, W. M. Beetem Cash. J. P. Hassler and C. H. Pfahler Tellers, W. M. Pfahler Clerk, Jno. Underwood Messenger. Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. C. Woodward, Skiles Woodburn, Moses Bricker, John Zug, W. W. Dale, John D. Gorgas, Joseph J. Logan, Jno. Stuart, Jr.

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle: Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains three times a day. Carlisle Accommodation, Eastward, leaves Carlisle 5.55 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 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.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd: Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, J. W. Patton, F. Gardner and D. S, Croft.

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. 200 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther, between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

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, 3 cents prepaid.

Postage on the HERALD within the County, free. Within the State 13 cents per annum. To any part of the United States, 26 cents Postage on all transient papers, 2 cents per ounce. Advertised letters to be charged with cost of advertising.

5,000 YARDS

Good Dark Calico Just Received

AT

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER'S,

East Main Street, South Side.

2d Door,	2d Door,	2d Door.
Good Dark Prints,		18¾
Better,	"	20
Extra,	"	22
Super Extra, &c.,		25

Bleached Muslins at 20, 25, 30, 35, and 40 cents.
Unbleached, from 20 to 40 cents.

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 cheaper than any house in town. Remember the place.

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER,
Opposite H. S. Ritter's.

AT THE PARIS MANTILLA EMPORIUM, No. 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. NOW OPEN—Paris-Made

MANTILLAS and CLOAKS.

Also, SPRING and SUMMER GARMENTS, of our own Manufacture, of the Latest Styles and in great variety.

J. W. PROCTOR & Co.,

The Paris Mantilla Emporium,

920 CHESTNUT Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

United States 5 percent 10-40 Loan.

We are prepared to furnish the 10-40 United States Loan authorized by the act of March 3d, 1864 either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as 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 annually and all other denominations semi-annually in coin. The Bonds will bear date March 1st, 1864 and are redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after 10 years and payable 40 years from date in coin with interest at 5 percent per annum.

W. M. BEETEM, Cashier.
Carlisle Deposit Bank, April 25th, 1864.

Poetical.

THE PROSCRIBED SONG.

[The following is the celebrated poem by Whittier which was not allowed to be sung by the Hutchinsons on the other side of the Potomac, certain Generals having declared it incendiary. Our readers will notice that the poem is suggested by a famous hymn of Martin Luther; "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."]

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Now spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breath cloud that sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison-plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses earth:
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the star spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?
Hark to the answer: Slavery!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife, unworthy freemen:
God lifts to-day the veil and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die!"

And Union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going,
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing?
Whatever the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard with, good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

Miscellaneous.

LIVING IN A CASTLE.

It came into our possession quite unexpectedly, as a legacy left by an old friend of my husband. It was described in the will as a messuage or tenement, although it was actually the remains of an old Norman castle. Lawyers are precise in their language, but certainly not descriptive; and there was no getting any correct idea of the place without a personal visit. The small wood-cut and the two inches of history which we found respecting it in a book upon the Antiques of Sussex were sufficient to excite our curiosity; but not sufficient to satisfy it. With as little delay as possible, my husband went down, and his letters were enthusiastic, not to say rapturous. He had always a strong passion for the middle ages (which, I must say, I never thoroughly shared), and I was not surprised when he suddenly returned, and gave an order for our immediate removal. It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and although we had only just come back from a lengthened stay at the seaside, we closed our London establishment once more, as my husband was bent upon passing the Christmas at his new property. There was something so novel and exciting in transplanting ourselves direct from a rather dull modern square, with not even a black statue of a statesman to give it an historical flavor, to a veritable castle in one of the oldest counties of England, full of legends and traditions, and venerable with age, that I was rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of the change.

Our arrival produced no very great excitement in the surrounding neighborhood, for the position of Rubble Castle (that was the title it went by) was somewhat lonely. There were several bleak hills, a scrap of moor-like common, and a bit of ragged forest near the place, and the village was four miles distant. How such a baronial dwelling came into the hands of the late owner (Mr. Vandal) we never precisely knew, though we guessed it was an unredeemed mortgage.

Our removal was attended with considerable inconvenience. Our servants were annoyed at leaving London, and more annoyed at being conveyed to what I heard them call a downright "penictentsharry." The coachman and footman became friendly for the first time since they had been in our service; the old female cook, presuming on her length of servitude, was rebellious; the two house-maids were sulky and obstinate; my own maid was unusually prim and severe; and the only one who seemed to enjoy the change was little Waddles, our page.

Every room of our dreary castle was a passage, and every passage was a vault. It looked an imposing place from the outside, with its turrets, its drawbridge, its portcullis, its towers, its moat (which made the lower apartments very damp), its arched doorways, battlements, and little peep-holes of windows; but inside there was not a room—to use a vulgar expression that you could swing a cat in, if we except the two principal halls, which were like railway tunnels. But the most singular part about it was an old warder, who looked aged enough to have been present when the first stone of the castle was laid. He was very feeble, of course, with rheumatism, and was just one of those old servants—very unlike my servants—whose pride it is to die at their posts. And a nice post it was. A hole in the thick stone wall, like a cell. Call it a porter's lodge, or give it any fine name you will, but you cannot alter the place. It was an unmistakable cell, worse than many I saw at the model prison, where burglars and such people were humanely confined for their crimes. The old warder's duty was to attend to the portcullis and drawbridge (the only entrance across the moat), and he would allow no one to interfere with him. He had worked that portcullis and that drawbridge before the present generation was born, before the family possessors of Rubble Castle went gradually to the bad, and sold or mortgaged their ancient property and he was not in the humor to be assisted by our coachman or footman, even if either of those lazy and dissatisfied menials had offered their inexperienced services. The portcullis and drawbridge were old—absurdly old—the machinery was antiquated, rusty, and generally out of order, and the process, in the old warder's hands of letting any person in or out, was a noisy creaking performance that lasted nearly half an hour.

There was little time left for moping about or even thoroughly examining the place, for some of the visitors—whom my husband had invited, with his usual impetuosity, to give the place a warming—were expected early in the course of the next day. We did what we could with mouldy hangings and scanty furniture, made some centuries before upholstery was raised to the dignity of an art; and, by the aid of enormous fires roaring up forge like chimneys, we produced the appearance of comfort, if not the reality. The servants were not at all reconciled to the place upon further acquaintance, and they considered the whole removal as something little better than joining a gang of gipsies. If their situations had not been good, and their master and mistress had not been indulgent, I believe the whole body would have tendered their resignation without a moment's hesitation.

The first visitors who arrived were Mrs. and Miss Gushington, an enthusiastic widow with her more enthusiastic daughter. They were in raptures with the castle, as I fully expected, and I was very glad of it, as it was a good example to set the servants.

"What a dear, delightful duck of a place!" almost shouted Mrs. Gushington before the first salutations were over.

"And so old, mamma!" interposed the daughter.

"Yes my dear," returned the mother, "so very old! Where did your respected husband pick up such a dear, quaint, feudal relic, Mrs. Coggleshall?"

"It was left us a legacy," I replied.

"Oh, how charming!" returned Mrs. Gushington, with enthusiasm; "how very charming—so unexpected!"

"Don't you like the middle ages?" asked Miss Gushington, in a tone very similar to her mother.

"Not much," I answered.

"Oh, I do," returned the young lady, in a most rapturous manner. "I think they were so nice!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Cloggleshall," said Mrs. Gushington, "what I should call this place if it were mine?"

"Something very pretty, I'm sure, dear," I returned, with politeness.

"The Moated Grange, after Tennyson's poem you know."

"Very happy, indeed, mamma," replied the daughter.

Unfortunately many of our guests were not disposed to exchange the comforts of modern civilization for the barbarity of the middle ages, without an unanimable struggle. Such were old Mr. Crowcomb and his wife. They had got the best apartment in the castle—stony, of course,—that could not be helped; but a room fit for a queen—in the middle ages.

They did not complain direct to me or Mr. Coggleshall; but Mrs. Crowcomb's maid, made frequent application for impossible things in the kitchen. Our servants in their present temper took care too convey this to me, as a hint of their own deplorable condition.

A communication was opened with the neighboring village (four miles distant) for the purpose of victualling the garrison. Considering the extent and the unusual character of the demand, we were tolerably well served; and it was amusing to see the old warder going through all the forms of challenging the butcher's boy in his cart, on the other side of the moat, as if as if he had been an invading army. When he came for orders, to save the trouble of letting down the old, cranky drawbridge they were shouted through a speaking trumpet thrust through a slit of a window.

The first serious difficulty that I experienced in the victualling department was with the cook, who could find nothing in the shape of kitchen utensils with which she felt disposed to risk her professional reputation before company.

"It's all very well, mim," she said, "for born saviges, which was content to eat their meat raw from the points of daggers, but it won't suit my books."

I presume that she alluded to the manners and the customs of the middle-age barons at their repasts; though I did not inquire further. To get over the difficulty, without more discussion, I took her to the armory; and made a selection of helmets, breast-plates, and a variety of odd metallic things that I knew nothing about, sufficient to set up a cook in business at a public club-house. I knew I was committing sacrilege; but what could I do?

The moat was one of the most obtrusive nuisances that we had to deal with. It was, in parts, half-full of a green, slimy mud, and we had not been in the castle many hours before we became painfully aware of its existence.

There was no concealing the fact, nor doubting the cause, and the old warder, he the only living link that bound us to the past, was summoned to render an explanation, and suggest a remedy.

"Well, sir," he said, "I remember the old moat wur like that for more nor fifty year."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Coggleshall, interrupting him, "we want to know the cause."

"Ah!" said the venerable adjunct of the place, with a chuckle, "that's more nor you nor I can tell. It cum loike that about a week after old Sir Cleaves died, an' they do say—"

This was sufficient for my husband, who had a special dislike for the old warder's legends, and he dismissed the aged servant without further questioning. The next day we sent to the town for a surveyor—a person not easily found in those parts—and his report (which cost us fifty pounds,) could only tell us that, in former times, the moat was supplied with water from a spring; that this spring had dried up from natural causes; that there was no means at hand for abating the nuisance except by boring for water to flush the moat, or by clearing out the mud altogether. We adopted neither of these expensive suggestions; but temporarily kept off the enemy by a liberal application of chloride of lime.

We had great trouble with our only child, Alexander, aged nine years, who was home for his holidays. He had made a companion of little Waddles, our fat page, and together they scaled such giddy heights upon the tower-battlements, that it made everybody's heart sick to see them. When this amusement was denied to them, and the ways of access were closed and guarded to the upper parts of the castle, they let themselves out of an arrow-hole, or window, by a rope into a dry part of the moat, and were lost to the inhabitants of the castle for many hours.—When they, at last, applied for re-admission across the draw-bridge, they were one mass of dry, light colored dirt from head to foot, and they had great difficulty in making themselves known to the old warder. Their story was that a treacherous part of the moat had given way, and plunged them up to their necks in the ancient mud. They had run about the common and forest until they felt dry and comfortable, and thought they looked decent, when they had presented themselves a little before dusk, under the notion that they might enter unobserved. Alexander had spoiled a new suit of clothes, and little Waddles had utterly destroyed his livery.

Scarcely had we recovered from this fright when we heard piercing shrieks issuing from the north turret, where Mrs. and Miss Gushington had taken up their quarters. If it had not been for the courage of Mr. Coggleshall, I believe that no one would have ventured to investigate the cause of these sounds of terror; for Mr. Crowcomb distinctly stated that he was neither a hero, nor a crusader, and the servants were already beginning to believe in strange stories of white and red ladies who walked by night with great wounds in their breasts up and down the corridors. Mr. Coggleshall, with most praiseworthy promptitude, seized a thick stick, and went direct to the room. Mariana (Miss Gushington) was preparing herself for dinner. He found that young lady with dishevelled hair, crouching in a corner of the room, and staring wildly at two large bats, who were starting at her from two opposite corners. Mr. Coggleshall led the romantic young lady out of the room; and, after a short struggle, he put the two animals to flight. It turned out afterwards, that Mariana had opened the turret window to gaze at the rising autumnal moon, when the two brutes flew suddenly in, and nearly knocked her down in their entry.

The other visitors arrived before we sat down to dinner—the Misses Tutbury, maiden sisters, living on their property; and at last, after many difficulties in the series of vaults which did duty for the kitchen, the great meal of the day was served at exactly half past eight P. M., railway time.—The repast was plain, but ample—baronial, in fact, and satisfactory enough, in its way; but the footman and coachman thought proper to wait at table wrapped up as if prepared for a long journey outside a coach. The dress first caught my eye, but I said nothing; and then it caught my husband's eye, who said a great deal.

"John Thomas and James Williams," Mr. Coggleshall shouted across the table, "what is the meaning of this?"

There was a little hesitation. Then the footman, although the junior, put himself forward to speak.

"I know what it is, sir, to which you eludes but roomatiz is a thing that will come to us all sir, sooner or later, an it's wrong, it is, to fly in the face of Providence.

The speech produced a sympathetic grunt from Mr. Crowcomb; but it only enraged Mr. Coggleshall still further.

"Take off that comforter, John Thomas," he said, "directly; and that ridiculous overcoat; and you, James William, either make yourself a Christian waiter, or lease the work to John Thomas. You're not driving the Carlisle Highflyer against a north wind!"

"Werry well, sir," replied the coachman, "If you wish it; but goin hout o' this warm room—which warm it is, compared with these passidges—"

An impatient gesture from Mr. Coggleshall stopped any further conversation, and the dinner was finished in silence.

During the afternoon, the wind had shifted round to the north, and our position was no protection against the keenness of the blast. Our screen from the south, composed of the bleak hills before mentioned, was perfect; but found the east and the north we had scarcely the shelter of a blade of grass. Leaving the banquet hall, as it is called, to go across the dark passage to that other tunnel fitted up as a drawing room, we all felt that the two men-servants were not so very much to blame.

We retired to rest early that night, only to awaken to fresh troubles the next morning. Everybody had, of course heard strange and unearthly noise during the night, (the howling of the wind along the tunnels and passages,) and almost every one was full of complaints when we met at breakfast. The two Misses Tutbury had been horrified by discovering a large owl standing calmly before their toilet-glass on their dressing table. Unlike Miss Gushington with the but, they were strong-minded enough to drive it away with an open umbrella. Both Mrs. Gushington and her daughter were a little pinched up with the cold, and a trifle—just a trifle less enthusiastic. Mr. and Mrs. Crowcomb were, of course, sulky, especially Mr. Crowcomb who had shouted for one hour in vain for shaving water in his lofty chamber in the battlements, there being no bells or communications between any two parts of the building. We had to apologize for many small short comings, at the breakfast-table. Our letters which came to us very late, contained apologies for being unable to accept our kind invitation from many gentlemen whom we had calculated upon as beaux for the ladies. This is always the case in all parties, whether in town or country; and one note from Mr. Hall Fresco was particularly vexing to poor Marianna (Miss Gushings) who I know had come for the express purpose of meeting him at the castle.

BUBBLE CASTLE.—We are glad to learn that this interesting, ancient, historical and local Norman relic, has passed into the hands of Udolpho Coggishall, Esquire, a gentleman of enlarged views and ample property, in whom we hope to see those baronial glories revived which have so long lain dormant under the icy manners of the late uncongenial proprietor.

"I think my husband felt a little pride at this paragraph; and, if so, it was soon checked by the receipt of a very large claim for poor-rates which came among the letters.

"A most unjust assessment," he exclaimed, "and I shall certainly appeal against it. One hundred and twenty pounds for poor rates! Why what on earth do they reckon the rent of this—" he checked himself as he was about to say something disrespectful of the place, and added calmly, "this castle?"

"Ah!" replied old Mr. Crowcomb, taking up the conversation, "I thought as much; I thought as much. If you will be a baron, Coggleshall, you'll find you must pay for it!"

We passed the short day in viewing what little was to be seen in the surrounding country; made a pilgrimage to the nearest town—a very poor place in appearance—and returned to the Castle early in the afternoon. When we returned in front of the drawbrige, we noticed two persons in long beards and German hats, sketching from different points, and we thought we saw a photographic apparatus, moving off in the distance.—A stout, elderly gentleman in a white necktie, with several other gentlemen of equal age, but of very unequal size, were standing near the place. When Mr. Coggleshall made the necessary signal to the warder, the stout gentleman, who appeared to be the elected spokesman of the party, advanced and said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the new proprietor of this noble relic?"

"I am the present proprietor," returned my husband.

"We are the acting committee of the West Sessex, or B Division of the British Archæological Association," continued the stout gentleman who paused for reply.

"It is a proud but an onerous position which you occupy," continued the stout gentlemen, inquiringly.

"I don't exactly understand you, sir," replied Mr. Coggleshall, while we all listened with interest.

"When I say proud," returned the stout gentleman, "I mean in owning the roof which once sheltered the great Rufus (called Rufus the pug-nosed) after the siege of Mudport; when I say onerous, I mean in reference to what you may do with that roof."

A murmur of approbation ran through the committee, or deputation, at this speech; and tall gentlemen stooped to whisper to short gentlemen, while short gentlemen stretched themselves to whisper to tall gentlemen.

"I suppose," replied my husband, "that I have the usual liberty to do as I like with my own property?"

"No, sir, pardon me," returned the stout gentleman, very excitedly, "not exactly so in this case. If I may be allowed the expression, your country has an historical lien upon these hallowed walls, and we wait upon you, as guardians of local archæological monuments, to satisfy ourselves that the place will receive no injury in your hands."

"Then, sir," replied my husband very coolly, "with every respect for my country, and the association you so ably represent, I must decline to satisfy you upon that point."

"You are not the possessor of a vulgar house," returned the stout gentlemen, with much energy: "you are the recipient of a sacred trust. Remove but one brick of that trust,—desecrate but one stone,—and the voice of civilized Europe will be raised in one universal yell of indignation against you!"

The drawbridge, governed by the feeble and ancient warder, had by this time descended slowly to its place, and we prepared to cross it.

"Good day," said my husband, turning politely to the stout gentleman, and the deputation, who seemed to be astonished at the unsatisfactory result of their spokesman's tact and eloquence.

"Good day, Sir," replied the stout gentleman raising his hat with dignity. "Remember your trust; the eyes of your country—of the Archeological Association—are upon you."

We were disappointed upon our return at not finding an expected visitor, Mr. Coggleshall, Sr., the father of my husband. He had written to say he would arrive at the railway station by a certain train, and we had sent the coachman over with a carriage to meet him. The train arrived, but no Mr. Coggleshall, and the servant had come back as he went.

Dinner passed over much the same as the day before, except that one of the maids had to wait in the place of John Thomas, the footman, who had gone to bed with a violent cold and face-ache. The soup was greasy, and the meat was half-raw, for the cook had become more rebellious, having been without any authoritative supervision during the day. The night was even a little colder than the last, and we retired to our stony chambers, if anything a little earlier.

In the morning, the first thing that met my eye, as I looked somewhat early out of our window, which commanded a view of the bare country in front of the castle, was a shabby four wheeled fly, standing immediately opposite the portcullis entrance on the outer side of the moat. Near the fly was a bony horse, endeavoring to graze, and a shabby groom trying to warm himself by dancing, and flinging his hands under his arm-pits. Presently an old gentleman put his head out of the window of the fly, and I at once recognized Mr. Coggleshall, senior. I called my husband, and, by the time he reached the window, his father, who was very stout, had, with some difficulty reached the ground, and began to make signs towards the castle. Something struck us both, seeing the horse disengaged from the vehicle, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, had passed the night in front of the moat, being unable to make the old warder hear. We at once hastened down to the cell or lodge, and aroused the venerable servant, who was still sleeping soundly, dreaming, perhaps, of the glories of the past. Mr. Coggleshall, who is rather impatient, having assured his father through the speaking trumpet that his presence was observed, very foolishly ventured to try his hand at the portcullis. Neither he nor the old warder was able to move it. They both struggled, the firmer the old barrier kept its place. It soon became evident that some hours might elapse before the passage would be again opened; and in the meantime Mr. Coggleshall, senior, who was, no doubt, tired out with waiting all night, would lose all patience at any further delay. My husband conveyed the melancholy intelligence to his exhausted parent through the speaking trumpet, and received, in reply, some faint words, the meaning of which was eked out by unmistakable gestures of indignation. In this position the idea struck my husband, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, might be hauled through the window by which Alexander and little Waddles got into the dry part of the moat.

The proposal having been made to the old gentleman, he seemed reluctantly to give his consent, and walked to the point indicated by his son. He got down the outer bank of the moat, and crossed it with some difficulty, and then came the all-important and heavy task of hauling him up to the window.

By this time most of our visitors had joined us; and the general opinion seemed to be that he was a very large and heavy man, and that when elevated to a level with the small slit of a window-hole, he would never be able to squeeze himself through. After some minutes of suspense, the purple face of Mr. Coggleshall, senior was seen through the aperature; and it was evident to all that he could be hauled no further in that direction.

"Udolpho," said Mr. Coggleshall, senior, with as much indignation as he could command in his peculiar position, "what is this?"

"I assure you," replied my husband, with sorrow and humiliation.—

"Kept out all night," interrupted Mr. Coggleshall, senior; "and now drawn up by a common rope to a rat-hole! Try a crane, sir, for you father. Try a crane!"

A sudden twinge of the face-ache, which John Thomas felt at this moment, caused him to let go his hold upon the rope; and the loss of support sent Mr. Coggleshall, senior, gliding rapidly down the castle wall once more into the moat.

We rushed to the battlements, and saw him inciting the shabby groom to put the horse in the fly as quickly as possible; and, when the vehicle was ready he got into it. Without giving one look towards the castle and his penitent relatives, he drove away in the direction of the neighboring town.

It was several hours after this event before the portcullis was again raised, my husband standing by in a fretful temper all the while. The first use he made of his freedom was to take a horse, and gallop after his father. It was quite dusk when he returned; but the old gentleman was not with him, having started for London by another road. He had missed the station when he came down by going to sleep in the carriage and had to retrace his lost ground by an up-train. This brought him to the required point at a late hour of the night and he had hired a fly to bring him over to the castle. When he arrived in front of the moat, everything was perfectly still; and, as both he and the driver could find nothing but very small stones to throw at the portcullis, they failed to arouse the old warder, and had to encamp for the night. He positively refused to be reconciled to his son until he took steps to dispose of his barbarous legacy.

"Which," said my husband, "I have determined to do; for, though an English man's house may be his castle an Englishman's castle will not do for his house."

THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF ENGLAND.

Mr. William Pole has reprinted, for private circulation, a few notes on diamonds. Mr. Tennant has added to these notes a postscript on the imperial state crown of Queen Victoria. Mr. Tennant thus describes the crown:

"The imperial crown of her majesty Queen Victoria, was made by Messrs. Rundell & Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 30 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire, (partly drilled,) purchased for the crown by his majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, (three of each size,) between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides, and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, 86, and 87 rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds, 32 pearls forming the acorn, set cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliants, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, 273 pearls.

☞ The following article from the *Presbyterian*—one of the most staid, steady, respectable and able religious papers of the country, edited by a gentleman who was compelled by Southern tyranny to abandon church and congregation in that region because of his loyalty, and to seek safety under the folds of his country's flag in the North, is both seasonable and sensible. We commend it to all considerate minds, and hope that the impatient, murmuring, fault-finding and money-loving will take its rebukes to heart, and learn the duty of self-sacrifice when the great interests of country, home, liberty and humanity are at stake:—

Unreasonable Murmurs.

Why complain of your burdens? Suppose it be true, even to the extent which the exaggerators make it, that the war has imposed upon us heavy taxes, and rendered the strictest economy necessary to meet the enhanced prices of every article which we have to buy, have we any reasonable ground of complaint? There is no substantial good obtained without exertion and self-denial, and no class of men is exempt from labor if they expect to thrive in their callings. Strength, health, time, money are severely taxed by those who expect to succeed in their various handicrafts. Why, then, should we shrink from the burden, when some great political evil is to be averted, or some signal national good is to be achieved? We are constituent parts of the nation, with which our prosperity and life are bound up; and it cannot suffer or triumph without our participating in its fate. So thought our revolutionary fathers who freely expended their precious blood and treasure, that they might enjoy the blessings of a free government, and transmit this blessing to their posterity. We so far from blaming, applaud their sacrifices, and fully believe that the end achieved was worthy of the cost. Now, it has become our turn to struggle, after their example, for national life. An unholy war has been thrust upon us, and as to the evils which it brings in its train we are compelled to encounter and overcome to the best of our ability. The war is a stupendous one, and the cost of it enormous: and why should not every citizen, who appreciates the benefits of a good government, be willing to bear his share of the burden? The sacrifice, severe as it may be, it is hoped will be but temporary. We are passing through the stage of a dangerous illness; and why should we complain of the remedies because they are not palatable? It should be well considered, what would have been our inevitable fate had we submitted to the demands of the rebellious without resistance. We should have had a shattered and disjointed government, and such a dismemberment of our confederacy, as would have forever precluded the possibility of future stability and peace. Had Southern insolence been permitted to dominate and dictate, there would have been no nationality. The unity of the North would have been broken, and wasting wars would have been our future history. In such an event how inconceivably greater would have been our sacrifices, than those we are now called to make! It would have been a permanent and hopeless tax upon our property, our comforts and our lives; and the history of past prosperity would never have been repeated. If we love our nation—if we condemn its violators—if we cherish our dearest rights and privileges, we should cease to murmur that we have to pay for security. We are involved in a frightful war with those who would be our tyrannical and