

An Judependent Pennsylbauia Journal : Deboted to Politics, Viterature, Igriculture, News of the Day, Vocal Intelligence, Sc.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. NINE.	MARII	ETTA, PA., SATU	RDAY, DECEMB	ER 20, 1862.	NO. 21.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY	THE DUTCAST.	LOVE VS. SKATES.	ble feeling crept, into his heart, and he	sheltered nook, watched her with more	"STONEWALL" JACESON NOT A. POST.
AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.	Beneath this bridge	The moon was shining brightly upon		pleasure than he would like to have	The Richmond Enquirer, of December
	The river runs,	a quaint, old-fashioned farm house that	refined and good as beautiful;" then,	acknowledged; and when he saw the	9, contains the following characteristic
FFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancas-	Only a ridge	looked out from amid the leafless branch-	instantly, he asked himself why he should	healthful glow on her cheek he admitted	letter from General Jackson to Mrs.
r County, Pennsylvania.	It shadows low	es of lofty trees, and the snow lay cold	care-she was nothing to him, he said,	she was right and he wrong. So when	Eppes, now residing at the Rockbridge
TERMS, Que Dollar a year, payable in ad- ance, and if subscriptions be not paid within	Of misty damps, Of one dark scene,	and still over mount and vale, while the	for Raiph De Grey was not a believer		Alum Springs, in Rockbridge county,
x months \$1.25 will be charged, but if de-	Of deathly cramps,	river, bound in glittering ice chains,	in love at first sight. His mother had	skates in her hand he, much to the sur-	NYa.: Ya.:
yed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 ill be charged.	And then all's still ; a bar distant	shone like a band of polished silver, till	often urged him to marry-it would	prise of his mother, proposed accompany	We published some time ago, a beau-
No subscription received for a less period	Fit grave for me, an outcast from the world.	lost in its windings among the far off	make the old house seem more cheerful	nying her, saying it was not safe for a	tiful poem, entitled "My Wife and
an six months, and no paper will be discon- nued until all arrearages are paid, unless at	The night is dark-and and a guide	bills. That quaint farm-house, as its	to have a young mistress, she said; and	lady to go alone. We will not dwell	Child," giving credit to Major General
e option of the publisher. A failure to noti- a discontinuance at the expiration of the	The starless sky	sloping roof and small windows indica-	Ralph had sometimes thought seriously.	upon the pleasant scenes that followed,	T. J. Jackson as the author. , We are
rm subscribed for, will be considered a new	Looks lik e. a park. Of gloomy clouds.	ted had been built more than a century	ppon the subject-life would be brighter	but one moonlight evening, as Ralph	almost sorry that the following letter
gagement. Any person sending us rive new subscribers	The damp night-air	before, but it still had a cheerful aspect,		and Nora were walking along the path	proves us to have been in error in the
all have a sixth conv for his troublo	Through my frame,	and the present owner had displayed	loving wife, whose world of happiness	that led from the river to the house, No-	
ADVERTISING RATES: One square. (12 ncs, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and	And streams my hair	much taste in decorating the ground in	was comprised in that little word home !		GORDONSVILLE PIKE, Nov. 27, 1862.
cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-	Like ribands torn.	front, which sloped gradually to the riv-	whose heart beat only for him, and who	"Ralph, I wrote to father this morn-	MY DEAR MADAM : In answer to your
sional and Business cards, of six lines or less \$3 per aunum. Notices in the reading col-	Fit time to die, an outcast from the world.	er bank. It had been the home of the	ever welcomed him with a glad smile	ing, and have you told your mother ?"	letter of the 20th, which has just been
ans. five cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths,	Most dreadful deep.	De Grey's for four generations, and when	But among all his acquaintance he	"I want you present when I tell her-	received, I am happy to inform you that
e simple announcement, FREE ; but for any ditional lines, five cents a line.	The current runs; Like t roubled sleep	Mrs. De Grey was left a widow with one	could not find the counterpart of his	you must not object, mother loves you,"	I am not the author of the beautiful
A liberal deduction made to yearly and half	On feathered down,	child, friends advised her to sell the	ideal; if attracted towards one by the		lines entitled "My Wife and Child." of
Carly advertisers. JOB PRINTING of every description neatly	In swiftest speed	farm, but it had been the home of her	beauty of her features, he had soon dis-	The mother looked up from the news-	which you inclose a printed copy. The
nd expeditiously executed, and at prices to	Its waters flow ;	busband, and she would keep it for his	covered some failing which he could not	paper she was reading, as Ralph, hold-	
it the times. The second second states realise	Soon wilt thou feed,	child, she said, and as years passed she	overlook-she laughed too loud, or she	ing Nora's hand, stood before her, and	Jackson, of Alabama, who was a field
	Thou awful stream,	had no reason to regret her decision	was affected or heartless—he could not	understanding it all, though the words-	officer in one of the Southern regiments
SPEAK SOFTLY AND SWEETLY.	Upon my form, an outcast from the world.	In a large, pleasant room sat mother	find his ideal, and until he could he was	he wished to say trembled on his lips,	
When weary, tired, and needing rest	No sound is heard, Save doleful notes	and son, the former glancing half list-	not content. But, as he looked upon	she said, with an intense smile irradia-	noblest sons of the South. During a
I reach the spot that I love best-	Of that lone bird	lessly over a paper, and the latter in-	the fairy-like being before him, he tho t	ting her features the mean real for	great war Generals often get credit for
My home, sweet home, my resting place,	The whippoorwill;	tently reading a book of absorbing in-	she came nearer to his ideal than any	"But, Ralph, Nora skates."	many acts which they do not perform,
Where many a smilling, cheerful face I wish to meet, I hope to find,	It stings a dirge	terest; a bright fire cast a ruddy glow	one, and his heart throbbed with joy as	"I've changed my mind, and expect	and this is not the first time that I have
And word and look, both sweet and kind-	Within my heart-	upon the walls, and the old house dog,	he remembered that for many weeks the	yon will see Mrs. Ralph De Grey skat-	been inadvertently complimented by the
Speak softly, speak sweetly,	A solemn dirge	stretched upon the hearthstone, looked	old farm-house would be lighted with	ing on the Allegheny before this day	press. I have never written anything
You'll rest me completely.	For my dark soul— A sinner's soul, an outcast from the world.	first at one and then at the other, as	her smiles, and echo low, musical tones	twelvemonth," and he twined his arm	
When through a day of tail and some	Into the grave	though he wished to break the deep si-	of her voice; and then fancy, with its	around the fair girl, who leaned her head	ther than write. I am a plain, practi-
When through a day of toil and care, And many an hour of work and wear,	I soon shall go ;	lence. Bare des alle a see her Share bergen and	magic pencil, drew a picture of what	against him so as to hide her blushes.	cal soldier, with an ambition only to
I reach my home, there let me see	Where both the brave	"So it is getting very fashionable for	might be.	"The old house will seem pleasant,	demonstrate the great problems of the
Affection, yes, pure love for me-	And cowards sleep.	ladies to skate, and it must be nice	Nora was happy in that quaint old	and we shall all be happier. God bless	art of war and serve my country.
Oh! let me féel at home a bliss	And why not, I,	sport. I remember when I used to like	house—if she thought of the luxurious.	you my children," said the happy moth-	I am, madam, your humble servant,
Which in all places else I miss-	A friendless one,	sliding on the ice," said the mother, de-			T. J. JACKSON.
Speak softly, speak sweetly, You'll bless me completely.	Shut from the eye Of this cold world?	liberately folding the paper, but her son	scenes in which she mingled there, it	Nora Harland	Major General C. S. A.
e and we have the	No one to love, an outcast from the world.	not answering, she asked :	was without a wish to hasten back, and	A PENITENT REBEL - Among the in-	Mrs. R. W. Eppes, Rockbridge.
Whon troubled by mistakes, I find	No brother here.	"Ralph, what do you think of it ?"	on pleasant days she took long rides, with Ralph as her companion, and often	mates of the general bospital, a short	REBUKE TO POPE. One day. as Pope
A burden bearing on my mind,	No sister there,	"Think of what," said the young man,	when they paused upon the brow of a	time ago, was a Georgia soldier. He is	was engaged in translating the Illiad, he
And in my heart a gloomy feeling, Of grief untold, which, when I'm kneeling	No mother dear,	looking up from his book, for so absorb-		now dead. He was formerly a resident	
Before my God, beclouds the mind,	No father's love.	ed was his mind that the words were un-	hill, to take a view of the quiet, snow- clad valley and far off mountains, did,	of this State. He resided in Georgia	his assistant could interpret. A stran-
When 1 relief from God would find-	An orphan child ;	noticed till she repeated his name.		when the war broke out. Carried away	ger in humble garb, who stood by, very
Speak softly, speak sweetly,	A heart that's wrung To deeds so wild,		she wish for an artist's pencil to sketch.	by the universal sentiment of the town	modestly suggested that, as ho had some
It may ease me completely.	That naught can save	see girls skating on our river," she said,	the grand and beautiful wintry scene	in which he lived, he raised a company	little acquaintance with Greek, perhaps
When all my hours and days I spend	The dark soul of the outcast from the world.	elevating her spectacles to her fore-	The rose soon blended with the lily on	and made war upon the old flag	he could assist them.
For loved ones who on me depend,	To-morrow morn,	head, and taking her knitting.	Nora's cheek, and, as day after day passed, Ralph became deeply interested	He signalized himself in point of cour-	"Try it-try it !" said Pope, with the
When I have used my strength and mind	The sailors grim	"I don't approve of it, but think it		age, and was left upon the battle field	air of a boy who is encouraging a mon-
For those dear loved ones, let me find-	Will find forlorn	very unlady-like," was his reply, as he	and though he would not acknowledge	by his retreating comrades with two bul-	key to eat red pepper.
Yes, let me feel those loved ones dear, Solicitous my heart to cheer	A marble corpse,	turned over a leaf.	to himself that he loved, yet he was	lets in his body. In company with the	"There is an error in the print," said
Solicitous my heart to cheer	Oh ! let it drift Adown the stream,		never so happy as when in her presence.	loyal wounded, he was brought to Phil-	the humble stranger, looking at the text.
You'll cheer me completely,	While currents swift	skating on the old Allegheny by this	Mrs. De Grey, with a woman's intuitive knowledge, saw how it would end-there	adelphia, and placed in an hospital. It	"Read as if there were no inferrogation
 A state of the sta	Drift to the sea	day twolve-month;" and the mother	was no one she would rather call daugh-	was soon ascertained that his days were	point at the end of the line, and you
When I'm o'crwhelmed with doubt and grief And seek from others heart relief,	The body of the outcast from the world.	smiled good naturedly.	ter than Nora, but she said nothing-	numbered. Every kindness extended to	
Which others have no will or power	Dark waves, thou'lt tell	"I wouldn't marry such a girl-my	she would not advise Ralph-he must	Union Soldiers was shared with him -	Pope's assistant acted upon this hint,
To give me in the needy hour ;	No gloomy tale,	wife will be a gentle and refined woman,	follow the promptings of his own heart.	He could not believe, however, that he	and rendered the passage without diffi-
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	When I shall dwell	not a romp."	LIGHTOW THE DIDHIDDINGS OF DIS OWN DESTL.		Parce Parce of the diff.

To give me in the needy hour ; They home I turn, to loved ones there, Who speak with me the heartfelt prayer, So softly and sweetly, They bless me completely.

Sounds sweet may often fill the ear-May cause our gloom to disappear-Sounds struck from in truments of art, That charm and soo he the gloomy heart; But instrumental music's power, Nor stranger's voice, in gloomy hour, Can't reach the soul like her I love, Who speaks like one just from above, So softly, so sweetly, She charms me completely.

The soul has power to know and feel A bliss which words cannot reveal-A bliss on earth sent from above-A bliss which mortals here call love-A bliss in essence pure, divine-A bliss that does our souls refine-"Tis heard in sweet affection's tone, 'Tis seen in love's bright face alone, Where softly and sweetly, It o'erwhelms us completely.

IMPERISHIBLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth, The impulse to a worldless prayer, The dream of love and trath, The longings after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry, The strivings after better hopes-These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need, The kindly word in grief's dark hour That proves the friend indeed, The plea for mercy, softly breathed, When justice threatens high, The sorrow of a centrite heart-These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand, The pressure of a kiss, And all the trifles, sweet and frail, That make up love's first bliss, If with a firm, unchanging faith, And holy trust and nigh, Those hands have clasped, and lips have met Those things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word, That wounded as if fell : The chilling want of sympathy We feel, but never tell : The harsh repulse that chills the heart Whose hopes are bounding high,

In an unfading record kept, These things shall never die.

It nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love-Be firm, and just, and true: So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on thee from on high, And angel voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

In thy recess; And thou dark weeds Twine round my form, And crown my deeds With slimy crown-Fit crown for me, an outcast from the world. Farewell to thee, Cold-hearted world ! Thou'lt not miss one,

When I shall dwell

'Mongst thy great throngs ! Farewell to all ! My eyes grow dim-I see my pall a Beneath the bridge ! God save my soul! an outcast from the world:

A WARNING CRY.

Toiling from the morning gray-Toiling, toiling through the day, Till the spirit faints away, Bound, in triple iron, bound ! By the taper's famished light, Toiling, toiling through the night, Till the dimmed and, aching sight, Sees but shadows gathering round.

Till the lip's warm hue is gonc-Till the brow is worn and wan-Till the pitying sun looks on

Gasping slaves in stupor cast ;---Toiling through the hours of pain, Taxing hand, and heart, and brain, Bread-and scarcely bread-to gain ! Shall this-shall this ever last !

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth Youth, and hope, and strength, and health Nature's dowry-nature's wealth-Shall they shall they ever be-

Youth and hope, and April beam? Strength, delusion ? health a dream ? Age-a fearful ghastly theme-Pain, and grief, and penury ?

Theu who seest ! Thou who hearest ! Thou the mourner's heart who cheerest ! Thou who veiled in clouds appearest Swift, and terrible, and strong !

Unto Thee, with stony eye, Bloodless check, and boding cry, Doomed to toil and toil-or DIE, Want appealeth, "Lord, how long ?"

Ye whose "confidence" is gold,

False, rapacious, crafty, bold-Who the laborer's hire withhold-Who the fruits of toil deny,

Who the starving poor distress, Who'the weak, the old, oppress-Tremble! they shall have redress, Lo! their groans are heard on high !

Tremble! tremble! well ye may, Godless tyrants of a day, Trampling on your fellow-clay ! Trampling human hearts to dust ! Vepgeance, is the Lord's! beware ! He will list the poor man's prayer, Raise the crashed, and chase despair ! Tyrants, wo! the Lord is just [

10 a rom "I would like to see her-isn't it most

time you looked her up; here you are twenty-seven and unmarried ;" and she looked so searchingly into Ralph's face that it brought the crimson flush to his cheek and brow.

"Time enough yet; but we'll talk of skates and girls another time. Shall I read aloud ?" and the mother listened attentively, for Ralph was a pleasing reader.

"I believe that sleigh stopped, and who can it be coming here at this late hour ?" said Mrs. De Grey. and there was a loud, knock at the door, which Ralph rose to answer. A middle-aged man of prepossessing appearance entered, followed by a young girl, whose graceful movements attracted the attention of Ralph, but he only in, she said : caught a glimpse of two beautiful dark eyes, as she passed into the room where his mother was sitting, It was Mr. Harland and his daughter, from New

York city. He was the adopted brother of Mrs. De Grey. The physician he said had recommended that Nora should spend a few months in the country, where she could be much in the open air; and he thought of the old farm house upon the bank of the Allegheny, for he knew his sister would receive his child, and guard her as carefully as she would an own daughter ; and when Mrs. De Grey inquired if Nora had been ill. the father, with moistening eye, said : "She seems very frail, and the physician said a few months in the country might make her strong and healthy-her mother died of consumption, and she is so much like that angel-wife-but perhaps I am needlessly alarmed."

"The roses will soon bloom upon her mother's tenderness she put back the dark, waving hair from Nora's fair brow and bade her welcome to their pleasant country home. As Nora sat in his mother's old arm.

chair, her head nestling among the soft cushions, Ralph thought he had never | of"-but Nora did love neverthess. seen so beautiful a girl; and when her When Ralph and Nora met at dinner tired eyelids drooped dreamingly, and nothing was said of the morniag's adthe long lashes rested in soft pencilings. to notice others, a strange, halfundefina, exercise, while Ralph, secreted in a Nashville Union, 4th.

mptings of hi Nora had been accustomed to skating the previous winter, and she often spoke of the pleasure it afforded her, saying she thought it would be fine skating on the river; but her father said she must not go out alone, and she might as well have left the skates at home for it seemed no one skated there ; yet Ralph heard her in silence, not even raising his voice in objection to, such "unladylike" exercise. One morning when Nora was not present, Mrs. De Grey proposed that Ralph should invite Nora to try the skating-she would like to see you in preparing for this solemn hour ?" if the girl could skate-but Ralph's brow darkened slightly, as he reminded his mother he didn't approve of ladies skating, and without waiting for a re-

ply left the house, but his mother knew where he had gone, and when Nora came

"Come, Nora, get your skates, and I'll go down to the river with you :" and when Nora said something about Ralph's disapproval, she added : "Never mind Ralph. T'think it must be healthful ex. sercise, and if you like "it, don't give it up to please any one."

Mrs. De Grey was delighted as she the smooth glittering surface, and, after standing on the bank some time, said she would. go up and order dinner, in the meantime Nora might find better skating further up the river, just around the bend, and, wondering what Ralph would say, the old lady entered the

house. As Nora glided around the bend she saw a gentleman approaching, and see how the beautiful girl did look on skates, he walked slowly towards the house, saying ; "If Nora loved me, she wouldn't do what I so much disapprove

venture, and he did not invite her to

must necessarily die from his wounds. To visitors he conversed upon the subject of the rebellion, and declared himself sorry that he had ever abetted it .---On the morning of his death he for the first time felt approaching dissolution. Ho was asked if he would have a minister to attend him.

en an bha "No" and the most of a same "Would you not like some pious person to pray with you ?"

"Thank you, no." "Is there anything we can do to aid "There is. I am dying. Send for a justice of the piece immediately." "Certainly. What do you want with

im ?" a blas "To take the oath of allegiance." "The oath of allegiance in your present condition," exclaimed his surprised friendsit off that bus, east

"Yes," said he, "I want to take the oath of allegiance. The Lord knows my heart, I am well aware, but I don't want it to be said that I went to the Almighty a rebel."

This singular wish was gratified. An alderman administered the oath. A saw how gracefully. Nora glided over few hours afterward the soul of the repentent confederate soldier was with Him who gave it.

WEDDING NOTICE .- Morgan, we are informed, was married a few days ago, to a young lady in Murfreesboro. Marriage is said to be a lottery, and, as a lottery is very like a faro bank we suppose that is the reason why Morgan as he came nearer, was, surprised to find married. We advised Morgan, a faw that it was Ralph. Nora, would have weeks ago, to marry and are happy to retreated had she not noticed the scorp- see, that he has taken part of our advice : ful glance of his eye, and gliding swift- Now let him adopt the rest of our advice, cheeks," said Mrs. De Grey, as with a ly by, she, with a graceful bow, chal and join the church. We know it will lenged him to a race, Ralph was irribe cheating the devil out of his own tated, and, after stopping a moment to property, but still he ought to do it.

"While yet the lamp holds out to burn, The d-dest sinner may return,20

We send our best sympathies to Mrs. Morgan. She has the sympathies of every decent man, in her new position. Useless the devil has a spouse, we don't know of a being who can realize her. dreadful fate. If ever she needs anyupon the lily cheeks, a sweet smile lin- ride with him that afternoon, but drove thing in the way of a crib, small nightgered around the faultlessly-formed to the newsest town alone. Nora feared caps, or other little articles necessary month (and he could watch her unob- that she had offended, but she would not to prepare a young couple for a successserved); for Mr. Harland and his mother ask, and the next morning she went ful matrimonial voyage, just let her send were too much engaged in conversation down to the river and enjoyed an hour's to us, and we'll accommodate, her -8 8 8 P

culty. Pope was chagrined; he could never endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger; he said, in a sarcastic tone---

"Will you please tell me what an interrogation is ?"

"Why, sir," said the stranger, scanning the ill shaped poet, "it is a little, crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions."

MARBLE STATUES .- Versus Living Jonuments .- Let moulded bronze and sculptured marble perpetuate the memories of the great destroyers of the haman race; the man of science, whose intellect, whose knowledge, and whose energies have been devoted to the mitigation of suffering and the salvation of life, will be immortalized by living mouuments. For example, as the peerless remedies of Professor Holloway are bequeathed from generation to generation, soothing bodily torfure, controlling disease and lengthening the span of existence, the gratitude of millions will transmit his name and fame through the lapse of ages to the flatest syllable of record-"ed time." Compare the exploits of the most renewned "thunderbolts of war," from Cæsar to Napoleon, with the quiet victories of this soldier of humanity over pain, sickness and death. His Pills and Ointment have raised up and restored to health a greater multitude than any conqueror everyslew. Thousands of war's wounded victims have been saved from muldation by the application of the Ointment; and, travel where you may, in this country or any other, you will meet with numbers of the convales. cent and the cured, rescued from the very inws of death by his inestimable Pills. If the reader doubts these statements, we'refer him to the same sources whence we derived them-to multitudes who suffered from dyspepsia, liver complaint, intermittent fevor, scrofula, erysipelas, and other agonizing internal and external disorders, but who has been restored to perfect health and the pursuits of active life by these, inestimable specifics, and whose constitutions have been braced up and permanently strengened by their invigorating influ-

eco.-N. Y. Express.

Some astrologer predicts that December 24 is the only lucky day for marrying this year. Marriageable young persons will please make a note of it.