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Spirit of the Times.

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Corruption.

The Washington Letter.

[illegible]

Several months ago, the *Chronicle* contained the following interesting bit of information:

"Mr. Lincoln has brought his family into Washington this week. Mrs. Lincoln will only remain for a few days, and spend the coming month at Philadelphia, Boston, and Northern cities, with friends. Her Fair, which will be held in the Patent Office, will be opened with strangers, some of them distinguished, of the President's House will be open to such, though it is blocked in some quarters that some kind of check will be put on the rush. Heretofore people who could not enter the Grand Reception Room in the Capitol, have signed their duty by leaving the carpet of the magnificent East Room to their pleasure. It is probable that in the future only well dressed, well behaved men shall be let into the President's levees." But then Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—men who lived—they never heard of "shoddy"—horse and mule contractors were unknown in their day—and there wasn't such a village rabble as now hangs around Washington. "Mrs. Lincoln will keep house in a very hospitable style," and "distinguished men, let rear and so forth will shower after New Year's." Well, Heaven's shoddy will stand at the door to admit "clean" gentlemen, while others will be turned away by the American citizen of African descent! Then, too, "Washington will be crowded with strangers, *some of them distinguished*." Some of them, too, distinguished shoddy contractors, "drags of the Congressional gallery, blackguards, and coalmen, all on their first visit to Washington, in new clothes. Many of them [illegible] not been in the habit heretofore of entering the residences of the wealthy and renowned, except by sheds & boys, or through sheriffs, at the dead of night. Let them be polite, but not cordially, their tastes would seem better, perhaps, they are "well dressed and well behaved." There, here they are admitted, to jostle each other at pleasure in the "magnificent East Room" of the President's House. Oh, well dressed, pathetic "shoddy!" Yours has become the ruling power of the nation! Your opulent and fat contractors are more cruel and tyrannical than the old aristocracies of birth and position; for they paid any deference to the honest yeomanry of the country; but you ruthlessly rejoice that because their boots have not all the polish of yours

Congress re-assembled on the 5th and seems [illegible] to go to work in earnest. During the recess Senator Wilson drew up several amendments to the Conscription Bill, which were passed in the Senate on Tuesday. One of them [illegible] the section of the present law which [illegible] exemptions to only sons of widows, fatherless children, and children of aged and infirm parents. In fact, under the new bill no one will be exempted but the President and Vice President, the Governors of the States, and the Judges of the Federal and State courts. No substitutes will be allowed, or at least the Government will furnish them, and the draft of men will either have to go or pay $300.—The three hundred dollar clause will not be striken out, but it is very probable the amendments above indicated will be passed.

A resolution has been passed in the House for the appointment of a select committee on the expediency of constructing a direct rail road line between Washington and New York. Several members denounced the existing fall road companies as extremely monopolistic. The routes through the Cumberland Valley is most favorably spoken of; and, with proper encouragement on the part of your citizens, the road might be brought through or near Chambersburg. Much dissatisfaction exists with the present monopoly—all rail road accommodations to and from Washington; and there is a disposition, in the ensuing Congress, to take some action in the case.

A call has been issued for the Democratic National Committee to meet in New York, on Tuesday a week, to fix the time and place for holding the National Convention.

A bill has been pressed in the House, extending the time for paying the bounties until the 5th of March. The bill has not been definitely acted on in the House, but it is said a majority of Republicans in favor of simply granting an extension of one month, in order to agree with the report of the President. In other time it should not, Congress will could hardly be prevented from doing so.

The contract of Cornwall, who found in the Treasury department I obtained in last week, has [illegible] the Senate committee and report of several other [illegible] The contract of two years to have had [illegible] was duly signed in the [illegible] Department, [illegible] Cornwall [illegible] the [illegible] Department [illegible] "breaking out" is still preserved among the traditions of the prison. Two women were engaged in carrying water, while the prisoners of one of the wards were absent from their cells, watching their opportunity. They left of the fastens of the vacant ward in one of the cells, and then rushed from cell to cell, smashing every pane of glass as they went. The implemented matron rattled this done and shouted to the utmost extent of her lungs, but no relief came until the cause of their operations alarmed the guards, when the victors were secured by the same process they had employed in the case of the unfortunate matron. Nevertheless they had broken three hundred and fifty panes of glass the recollection of which is sad to give there extreme satisfaction.

The punishment of the refractory is confinement in the dark cell, and its duration varies from two to twenty eight days. The tortures of the prison authorities, however, goes to show that the effect of this punishment is seldom salutary.

The convicts usually seek out some one of their fellow sufferers who shall occupy the position of a dearest friend, and to whom the sobriquet of "pal" is applied. These dear friends are usually selected from among the famous of another wing of the prison, the great ingenuity is manifested in the various modes of communicating with each other—The rules of the prison enjoin strict silence, but is difficult to enforce it among females so easy readily be imagined. Sometimes they communicate by the motion of their lips, without uttering any sound; sometimes they procure a bit of paper, by begging from the matron an extra pan-light, or by extracting it from the copy books in the school room. A thimble full of ink and a pen or pencil carried off recently furnish the materials for a letter or a "slide" as it is called in prison language. The "slide" is then rolled up tightly, and thrown through the hole in the door of the cell of whomsoever it is intended for, or it is passed from hand to hand in school or chapel, until it reaches its destination

Many interesting details arrived regarding the utter disregard of consequences among these hardened convicts, when their passions are aroused, their ingenious methods of deceiving the prison authorities, and the occasional mutinies of a better nature. We will conclude this hasty sketch by alluding to a single case in which the hardened nature of the criminal has possibly to feel the soft influences of sympathetic associations. A matron once came to a cell door occupied by the wife of a man who was sitting by her table, gazing earnestly at a daisy which she had somehow obtained from the prison garden. The convict, though one of the rudest and most repulsive of the prison are, at length burst into tears, overcome by the recollection of her early and innocent years, suggested by the tiny flower from its home in the fields, emblem of purity and innocence. Six months afterwards, the matron found it pressed between the leaves of her prison Bible; and when her time of dismissal arrived, she carried the flower away with her into the wide world again. Reader, our walk through Mill bank is ended.

REPORT OF GEN. McCLELLAN.

Abstract and Analysis in Advance of Publication—The Campaigns of the Potomac and of Mississippi.

(Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)

The report is dated New York, Aug. 4, 1863. It begins with an allusion to the reality of the victories in Western Virginia, which, we learn, were won not at all in connection with any general operations of the Rebellion, and then goes on to recite the arrival of the General at Washington after Bull Run; the organization of the Army of the Potomac; the grand plan laid out for the general campaign of 1861-2; the final invasion of Virginia in 1862; the Peninsula movement; the seven day's battles; and the short but glorious Maryland campaign of 1862. On the 1st of November last, Gen. McClellan was appointed to the chief command of all the forces of the Union, and at once began active operations. The theatre of the war had now extended about the whole circumference of the South; and it became necessary, as well as practicable, to plan a large and energy in combination with military operations. An organization of the New Mississippi Army for occupying the coast line of the South on the middle Atlantic, which had been selected by Gen. McClellan in September, 1861, took shape in January 1862, as an expedition under Gen. Burnside, designed to facilitate the movements of the main body in Eastern Virginia by an occupation of some part of North Carolina. Gen. Burnside, being ordered, when he should have seized Roanoke, to occupy and destroy the Weldon and Wilmington Railroad on the west of Goldsboro', and should circumstances favor, to push on for an Raleigh, Wilmington being, however, his ultimate objective point. Operations almost precisely such one commenced, and the General being urged "to carry as many as possible about politics on the rogues," and to state merely "that the true issue for which we are fighting is the preservation of the Union and upholding the laws of the General Government." At the same time upon with the Navy Department, [illegible] the Secretary of the Navy, [illegible] the Secretary of the Department of the Ohio, [illegible] Blockade, [illegible] Gen. Pope's [illegible] Gen. McClellan, [illegible] "breaking out" in other in his Department in respect to military operations he was order at to hold the Army in fortified posts and concentrate his forces on the Mississippi. General Buell was instructed to "to the real importance of the military occupation of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. The Kentucky itself he was advised; "The conduct of our political officers is perhaps more important than that of our military operations" and he was urged to bear in mind "that we shall most readily suppress this rebellion and restore the authority of the Government of by religiously respecting the constitutional rights of all." In instructions "gird the loins and gird up the strong" Gen McClellan suggested Gen. Buell to assure "the people of Kentucky that their domestic institutions will in no manner be interfered with;" and "on some him to depart from the spirit of his instructions." In regard to Tennessee Gen. Buell was ordered to "observe the same of his course the rapid marches by Cumberland or Walker's Gap, on Knoxville, in order to carry the railroad at that point," and with the recommendation between Eastern Virginia and the Mississippi Gen. Buell was further counseled to avoid "widening the breach existing between us and the rebels" by "treating the rapid marches of individuals." "I have always said," adds Gen. McClellan, "that it is the tendency of subordinates to make vexatious arrests on mere suspicion." Gen. Sherman was advised that the hyperbolic [illegible] against Savannah had been lost, and that the best course before him would be "to isolate and reduce that place." But the "relation of Charleston and its defences" was held up as the great moral advantage to be sought for, and this was cited to be an object of which General McClellan was actually meditating his contemplated [illegible] General Butler was instructed to be [illegible] to be encountered and including Mary Hill, and

"The Beautiful Snow."

Hardly anything be more affecting than the following? It's author's name is unknown, but he does rise a high place in the poetic realm:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the air and covering the earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skipping along,
Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicksome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling, whirling in merry mad glee,
It plays in its glee with every one it meets,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the nose, and it settles on the eye,
And even the chaps, with a back and a shoulder,
Soon get the crystals that will not cold.
Then down in silence and the heart is a glow,
To notice the coming of beautiful snow!

How with the crowd goes swaying along,
Jostling each other with humour and song!
How the gay sleighs, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the fresh fallen snow!
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes, from Heaven to Hell,
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Drooling to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a moment or two,
Making the living and feeding the dead,
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

The Ride of a Wounded Brigade

Mr. B. F. Taylor continues in the Chicago *Journal* his admirable sketches of life in the camp and field. In a recent letter from the Army of the Cumberland, he gives the following picture of a night's ride of the wounded brigade, after the battle of Chickamauga:

'They were loaded upon the train; two platform cars were paved with them, forty on a car—Seven boxes were so packed you could not put your foot down among them as they lay. The roofs of the cars were filled with them, and away we pounded all day, all night, into the next morning, and then Nashville. Half of the boys had not a shred of a blanket, and it rained steadily, pitilessly. What do you think of platform cars for a triumphal procession wherein to bear wounded heroes to the tune of 'The Soldier's Return from the War?' But the stores of the Sanitary Commission and the gifts of such ladies as are now, I believe, making your city a Bethel—a place of angels—kept the boys' hearts up through all these weary, drizzling hours.

'It is midnight, and the attendants are going through the train with coffee, graced with milk and sugar—think of that—two fresh, white, crisp crackers apiece, and a little taste of fruit. Did your hands prepare it, dear lady? I hope so, for the little balance in your favor set down in the ledger of God.

'Here they come with a canteen; will you go with them? Climb through that window into a car as black as the Hole of Calcutta. But mind where you step; the floor is one layer deep with wounded soldiers. As you thing the lattern round, bandages show white and ghastly everywhere; bandages, bandages, and now and then a rusty spot of blood. What worn-out, faded faces look up at you? They rouse like wounded creatures hunted down to their lairs as you come. The tin cups extended in all sorts of hands but plump, strong ones, tinkle all around you. You are fairly girdled with a tin-cup horizon How the dull, pale faces brighten as those cups are filled! On we go, out at one window, in at another, stepping gingerly among mangled limbs. We reach the platform cars, creaking with their drenched, chilled, bruised burdens, and I must tell you—It's a shame though—that one poor fellow among them lay with scattered blanket pinned around him; he was literally *sans culotte*. 'How is this?' I said. 'Haven't got my descriptive list—that's the master,' was the reply. Humble allusions all around to the outrages of the platforms, and one suggested that we should go to the *Chronicle* and have it cleaned. I've always heard that part of a chicken was better than a feeble bird; we must have a fine time, the most pampering cuts of the best chickens. There was a little bit of talk for a minute, and all subsided into silence and darkness again. Wearily wore the hours, and heavily hammered the train. At intervals the guards traversed the roof of the cars and pulled in the worn-out boys that had farred down to the edges—pulled them in toward the middle of the cars without waking them. Occasionally one slipp over the eaves, I am told, and is miserably crushed. What a homeward march is all this to set a tune to!

'By some error in apportionment there was not quite coffee enough for all on deck, and two slips of boys on the top of the car where I occupied a corner were off without a drop. Whenever we stopped, and that was two hours here and three hours there, waiting for this and for that—there was no hurry, you know—and the slide door was slided back in its groove, I saw two hungry faces, stretched down over the car's edge, and heard two feeble voices crying: 'We have had nothing up here since yesterday noon, we two—there are only us two boys, please give us something. 'Haven't you got any hard tack?' I heard that pitiful appeal to the officers in charge, and saw those faces till they haunted me, and today I remember those plaintive tones as if I were hearing a dirge. I felt in my pockets as I have a sack for a cracker, but found nothing. I truly hated myself for having eaten my dinner and not saved it for them. A further search was rewarded with six crackers from the Chicago Mechanical Bakery, and watching my chance when Pete's back was turned—the cook, and a smutty autocrat was Pete in his way—I took a sly dip with a basin into the coffee-boiler. As the car gave a lurch in the right direction, I called from the window, 'Boys!' I heard them crawling to the edge, handed up the midnight supper. 'Bully for you, they said, and I saw them no more.—When the train reached Nashville, and I clambered down to solid ground again, I looked up at the roof; it was bare. God grant the boys are with their mother to-night. And how do you like the Ride of the Wounded Brigade?'

A Chapter on Husbands.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives, and bidding them 'good bye dear,' in a tone of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact it has the effect of facts, those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We knew an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the 'good bye, dear.'

Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as though the effort were something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down, and darting round the first corner.

Some husbands say only, 'Well, wife, I am going,' starting at the word 'go,' which comes to them from some back retreat.

Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, 'what would you like for dinner, my dear?' knowing all the while that she will select something for his palate, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face at the window.

Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and and going out with heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere.

Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in his absence.

Then on returning:—

Some husbands come home jolly and happy uncovered by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents.

Some husbands are called away every evening on business or social engagements; some down in such lean stupidity on the sofa till bedtime.

Some husbands are devoted to learn of their wives what has transpired during the day, which is attended by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire.

How to Keep Children Healthy

The mortality among children in our cities, as well as in the country is a fearful contemplation. Is there any reason for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parent ever lost a child except by accident, without thinking: 'If I had treated it differently, it would not have died.'

The loss of our own three first born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three most always healthy living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints on the subject may not be without use. Elsewhere we have given some hints on the sleep of children. Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food is not of half so much consequence as the manner of its preparation.

Give a child a hard apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lump will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but the remaining portion of the lump will produce at least griping and irritation, if not diarrhœa and dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so. Feed a child on baked potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat and you will be pretty sure to find more or less of lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that those lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash the same potatoes finely before feeding them and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness and pain.

The same holds true of most meats. Cut up fine—as shot almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment, while if fed in coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach, like a mass poultice on the outside, the earliest uneasiness if not of partial inflamation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are they will produce immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first heat or cold. Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reduce them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and in a measure to grown people as well as to children. Many persons are over nice or anxious as to *what* their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, or until them for a vigorous resistance to colds and malaria diseases by feeding them on toast or weak rice gruel, &c. Give them rather a fair supply of healthy food, so finely reduced that it will be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate and the exposure to which they are ever liable. Mothers consider these things well and see if they are not true and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

KISSING THE WRONG WOMAN.—An amusing mistake occurred on the Milwaukie and La Crosse Railroad, recently. In the fourth seat back of the stove, in one of the passenger cars, sat a gentleman and lady, sweet and gushing as the fairy ones of olden times. His arm encircled her waist in bear like squeezing—his one hand toyed with her ribe—his other hand wandered around her amplitude and bonnet strings like a lost child in a berry patch, seeking a place to rest, and his eyes were fixed on the face of his fair companion with all the earnestness of a Romeo. In short, they were the observed of all observers.

In the first seat back of the couple is alluded to, sat a demure looking lady, naturally interested in the display of affection in front of her, so natural and touching. When part way through, while all was dark as night, he groped his way back—and just as the train began to emerge into the inner glimmer of light, was a yell which startled the entire load of passengers. The poor fellow had gone one seat too far back, had seated himself in the wrong seat, and was trying his best to kiss the demure lady, who couldn't see it! He let out in a hurry, and with the most stupidly look we ever saw, took his place beside the girl, while the spectators were convulsed with laughter.

Scenes in an Arkansas Hotel.

A correspondent in the Spirit of the Times, thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, in Little Rock, Arkansas:

Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, I came into the bar-room, as usual, to take part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of the town folks were there, together with a strange man who had arrived half an hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off was consoling himself with two chairs and sap, opposite the centre of a blazing fire. Any one who has traveled until ten o'clock in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the fruition before that fireplace. The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on others, and I., took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation, was reduced to the poker for amusement. He piled the fire vigorously for a while, until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he discovered the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks. Here was a relief to I. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them; one by one the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded, into grins and grins into suppressed giggles—and one incontinent fellow into a broad laugh.

Closer and closer the red hot poker neared towards the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper to move his hand. I. was about to apply the poker, when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—the latter, with one eye open, had been watching the whole proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon I.. In a voice just audible, muttered in a tone of great determination:

'Jest burn it! *Burn it!* Jest burn it and I'll be d—d if I don't stir you up with ten thousand hot pokers in two seconds!'

I. laid down his poker instantly, and remarked:

'Stranger, let's *take a drink*—in fact, gentlemen, all of you.'

I. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

A REMARKABLY SOCIAL GOVERNOR.—Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him:

'A citizen of Henderson coming on board fell into conversation with a passenger who made inquiries about Powell.

'He lives in your place, I believe, don't he?'

'Yes, one of our oldest citizens.'

'Very sociable man, ain't he?'

'Remarkably so.'

'Well, I thought so; I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life—wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me—remarkably sociable.'

A YANKEE TRICK.—Uncle Eb, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities, had a failing. He did love good liquor, but such was the state of his credit that no one would trust him. He therefore one day resorted to a trick, to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two emp bottles, put a quart of water into one of them, then put a bottle in each pocket, and started for the store. 'I'll take a quart of your rum,' said Uncle Eb, as he placed the empty bottle on the counter. The rum was put up, and the bottle deposited in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse what at a distance might seem a shaving of a dollar. 'This is nothing but *rain*, Uncle Eb,' said the trader. 'Rain or shine, I'm sober,' said Uncle Eb. 'Its tin,' said the trader, 'I shan't take it.' 'It's all I've got.' 'Very well, give me back my rum.' Uncle Eb took a much discoloring pailful from his pocket the quart of water. The trader took it, poured it into his rum barrel, and off and walked Uncle Eb, chuckling.

A Pig in Crinoline.

The wide distended skirts of ladies' dresses of the day have been the cause of many amusing scenes. An incident of the kind occurred in a hotel (says a Montreal paper:)—A young lady, dressed in full, fashionable attire, including an ample crinoline-extending dress, was in a friend's yard, looking at the cows, perhaps, and during the time she was there, a fine small porker was roaming at will in the yard. The pig, impelled no doubt by curiosity, commenced to make close inspection of the young lady while she was inspecting some other animal; and having ventured rather near was caught and caged within the compass of the crinoline. Not liking so small a sty, wide though the sty was, the pig soon made known to the owner of the crinoline the unpleasant fact that he was within, by making desperate efforts to get out. The young lady was in sad fright at the commotion within her dress, which was not lessened by hearing the grunting which indicated what sort of a tenant she had got; but, notwithstanding the shock to her nerves, she made anxious efforts to get the pig out. Its ownership, however, had got his snout fixed in the net work of the crinoline, and no ejectment was found to be no easy manner. A 'lord of creation,' who was attracted to the spot by the noise of the struggle, was so much struck with the absurdity of the scene, that his risible faculties fairly prevented him from rendering assistance. The struggle did not last much longer, however, for the pig, assisted by the resisting strength of the lady, made his exit by carrying away one half of the cage on his snout. The lady retreated in as great a hurry as the pig—in a state that can be better imagined than described.

Ancient Estates.

When estates are not entailed in England, such is the influence of example and custom, that they are often handed down from father to son for long generations. Corroborative of this, we find the following facts in a recent number of an English periodical:—

The interesting and often-quoted statement reads some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighborhood in the new forest, relates, as is well known, to the family of Farkis, the lime-burner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester to receive the last and rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeomen; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it. At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wopshot, whose ancestors have lived, without a break, upon the same spot, ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wopshot. There are several families among our untitled gentry—the county aristocracy, who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wopshots.

There is something very pleasant in this long continuance of an estate in the same family—but we are afraid that it often the result of considerable injustice to the younger sons and daughters. The claims of the latter to a fair and equal portion of their father's property, must of course be sacrificed to dignity of the estate and of the family name. Is it not paying, as Dr. Fourth his would say, rather 'too dear for the whistle?' Probably the younger children generally would decide that it was.

On a pale lady with a [illegible] Husband.

[illegible]

Why Much sadly recognizes mortals,
Unfortunately husband love it when doesn't [illegible] to [illegible]

Good Gin! Gin! Gin!—The best Gin in the world, at 50 cents a quart, at Reynard's Cellars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WORLD:
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Sold by all Druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT MAKES US.

The old proverb to the effect that "a fat man is unwieldy to his beast, though very true, might be modified so as to read, "the commercial man is unwieldy to his beast," for exercise is not the only consideration which should lead us to provide with shelter, for careful observation and experiment have proven that shelter is, to a certain extent, an equivalent for food, and that if the proper amount of shelter is provided, a less amount of food will produce the same effect on the animals so sheltered.

In different sections of the country different kinds of food are used, and different modes of feeding practiced, so that no one rule can be laid down which will apply to all, but there are several minor rules which will in all cases be applicable to all kinds of food. After the requisite shelter has been furnished, many seem to think that nothing remains to be done but to keep food before the animal. No more should be given at one feed than can be eaten up clean; in fact, if the proper point could be arrived at, a little less would be found more profitable. Another very important point (and one too often neglected) is a regularity in time of feeding. Any animal will soon learn when to expect its food, and if it is not forthcoming it becomes restless and uneasy as well as hungry. The time of feeding may, to a certain extent, and within certain limits, be left at the convenience of the feeder, but when the time is once established it should be strictly adhered to under all circumstances. All kinds of farm stock (except sheep) eat as well in the dark as in daylight. Another important point (and one too often lost sight of) is the winter care of stock, is to so arrange the feeding of the provender that the greatest possible variety may be produced.—Many have noticed that sometimes cattle and even horses will eat common wheat straw with great avidity, not because it is any better than the hay which lies scattered in their manger, but because they need a change of food.

As much in the winter care of stock depends upon the provender, it may be well to give a passing notice. In our part of the State the winter food of stock cattle consists of corn fodder, oat straw and hay. The oat straw is of itself of little value as food if in the condition in which it comes from the field, but with a little care and extra trouble may be made to furnish quite a large amount of nutriment.—My plan is to make my arrangements to thrash all or a portion of my oats about the time the second crop of clover is ready to cut, and, while thrashing, keep one team hauling in the second crop of clover, which is cut in the morning and hauled in as soon as it is wilted. The second crop of clover and oat straw are placed in the mow in alternate layers, say one foot of straw and four or six inches of clover. The straw will absorb and retain the surplus moisture, and during the winter they may be fed out together or separately, at the option of feeder. I prefer to feed out separately, but have practiced both plans, and have seen no difference save good clover hay to the straw which had been prepared in this manner. I have found the second crop of clover thus taken care of to be excellent food for milch cows, and if fed once per day will largely increase the flow of milk.—My rule, last winter, was to give the cows good clover hay, meal and turnips in the morning, corn fodder at noon, and second crop hay as above with two heads of cabbage at night, and have found it to form the best milk and fat making material which I have yet tried, and can recommend it to others after having proved it to be practical.—*Cor. Phila. Weekly North American.*

Bailing.

If you have balky horses, it is your fault, and not the horse's; for if they do not pull true there is some cause for it, and if you will remove the cause, the effect will cease.

When your horse balks he is conscious of what he ought to do, and knows what you want him to do. When he gets a little excited, [illegible] three or four minutes; he becomes [illegible] HE is balky horse, not HIM, and would gently to him [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Valley Spirit & Times

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Jan 13, 1864.

A. G. SNYDER, D. F. SAMMELL & W. KENDRICK, Publishers and Proprietors.

Let us Go to Work.

We people of Chambersburg and Franklin county, of whatever political party, profess to be heartily in favor of suppressing the rebellion, and of giving all the money and men necessary to accomplish this end. Whatever be our differences of political belief, we all think alike on this one question. But what are we doing? Has our patriotism expended itself in noisy declamation and vain boasting? If the rebellion is to be suppressed, our armies must be recruited up to the old standard, before the opening of the next campaign; and Chambersburg and Franklin county must do their share. Congress is about to continue the time for recruiting one or two months longer; and during that period we will either have to fill our quota by volunteering, or be subject to another draft. Drafts, as we all know, are not very pleasant things; and self-interest, as well as town and county pride, should prompt us to lend our whole energies to the work of filling our quota. Let us lay aside crimination and recrimination, and prove the sincerity of our professions. It is not enough simply to offer large bounties; what we need is personal, personal exertion—the exertion of men of influence and property. Whatever opinions we may entertain of the policy of the administration, however much we may disapprove of the reckless fanaticism of the party in power, we are still bound to aid in sustaining the majesty of the law, in suppressing revolt and insurrection, and in restoring the fabric of our once glorious Union. To this noble purpose let us, one and all, consecrate the honest labor of a few brief weeks, and success will attend our efforts. The time has passed for windy patriotism and vapid boasting. If we really wish to accomplish anything, we must go to work heart and hand. Greencastle was the first town in the State which filled its quota, let us see if Franklin cannot be the first county.

General McClellan's Letter.

The letter written by General McClellan to President Lincoln from Harrison's Bar, immediately after the great battles of the Seven Days,—and which will be found on the first page—is one of the most remarkable documents in the history of the war. It forecasts with a statesman's vision the sound political as well as the sound military policy upon which the war should have been conducted—a policy upon which, at the time the letter was written, no one will deny that a vast majority of the loyal North were cordially united. The sound solution of the perplexing problems which had then engaged the attention of the government, and of those which emerged in subsequent events, is there given with a marvelous brevity and precisness.

We believe that if the war had been conducted in the spirit and according to the policy there indicated by General McClellan, it would long ago have ended by the continued unity of the North, the division of the South, and the triumph of our army. A war for the abolition of slavery never can command the assent of a majority of the northern people; never can conquer a united and desperate South, to whom subjugation in such a cause is a less fearful alternative than submission. The opposition must and will support the administration with men and money, for to cripple its energies now is to destroy all hope of one government over the whole country. But when next year they take the government into their own hands they will wage war only for the Union, and, by "unparalleling to the exercise of force the policy of conciliation," will speedily restore to a distracted country unity and lasting peace.

In New York, some two weeks since, several "loyal" merchants were discovered in loading one of the Cromwell steamships with powder, caps and other *material* of war, for the rebels. The goods were quietly stowed in the midst of flour, potatoes and other provisions. These merchants had been so eminently loyal, and so fierce in their denunciation of "copperheads" and "secession sympathizers," that they had never been suspected of this great treachery. There is a proof in this: Whenever you hear a man bawling about "copperheads," and "secession sympathizers," look for a sneaking traitor, have a sharp look-out for him. He is doing some dirty work himself, and you may be sure of it. Look out for the man who is the loudest in cursing Jeff. Davis, and who is the most ready to call other men traitors.

Inconsistency of Abolitionism.

If anything were wanting to prove the fallacy and unreasonableness of the positions assumed by the party in power, the fact that they have so little faith in their own practices would be conclusive evidence of it. Their political record has been so changeable as the ever-varying hues of the chameleon. When the President proposed the *habeas corpus*, the country was taken by surprise. But few Republicans even had conceived the novel idea that the President could suspend this writ by his own authority. The deed was done, however, and arguments must be found to support it. Law, logic and nonsense appeared, dressed in whole volumes of pretty and meaningless words, to show that the executive was really the *only* department charged with this solemn responsibility—the President was the only one who had the power to suspend the writ. The course was a bad one, but the ingenuity with which it was defended was creditable. Those men pretended to believe that no wrong had been done by the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the alleged illegal arrests and trials, of citizens before military tribunals. Yet, strange to say, Congress had scarcely assembled, when a bill to indemnify the President and others, for their conduct, was introduced and passed by the political friends of the Administration; and another bill was passed, authorizing the President to suspend the *habeas corpus* in the future. If there had been no wrong done, where was the necessity of an act of indemnity? Indemnity, in its legal definition, means "security against punishment;" and why punishment, when there had been no wrong done? If, too, the power of suspending the writ rested solely with the President, where was the need of an act of Congress *authorizing him* to suspend it in the future. Could he not exercise the same *legal rights* in 1863 that he did in 1862; and if he was right in suspending the most sacred provision of the law, by his own word, in 1862, why was it necessary to *authorize him*, by law, to do the same thing in 1863? The fact of the matter is, these men did not believe what they preached. Their legislation assumed that their law and logic had all been wrong; that their executive arrests had all been illegal and unconstitutional; and they were afraid to submit them, on their naked merits, to the decision of the people.

But very few believed that a Presidential proclamation, liberating, at one stroke of the pen, three millions of slaves, would be valid. Mr. Seward declared it would be unconstitutional, and Mr. Lincoln thought it would be as idle as "the Pope's bull against the comet." But "the pressure" became too heavy; the proclamation was issued; and the long roll beaten, and the law, logic and nonsense of the "unconditional supporters" was again summoned into the field, to prove that the proclamation was both necessary and legal. But fact was stronger than theory; the proclamation has proved worse than useless as a war measure; and it is whispered that it will not stand a judicial test. A bill is therefore offered in Congress "to *give effect to the President's proclamation of emancipation*," and an amendment is proposed to the Constitution "forever prohibiting involuntary servitude in the United States." What is the use of such bill, or amendment to the Constitution, if the proclamation is an effective and valid war measure, as its friends have always claimed? It was to crush the rebellion, and if it has done so, or is doing so, what need of an act of Congress? If the stroke of Abraham Lincoln's pen is supreme in controlling the liberty and property of the American people, what additional power can a vessel and sycophantic Congress give it? If this proclamation, by its own force and effect, strikes the shackles from the limbs of every slave in the rebellious States, where is the necessity of such legislation? If the Supreme Court declare the proclamation to be valid, it will stand of itself; and if the Court pronounce it invalid, it must fall. Here again do these men admit that they do not believe in the doctrines they advocate. Here again does their legislation show that their facts, their law and their logic are all wrong.

Then the conscription bill was passed, and volunteering was stopped. Again Abolition law, logic and nonsense were mustered in their strength, to prove that conscription was the very thing for which the country had been longing for years. Our armies were to be filled to overflowing; the Southern rebellion would fall an easy and tightly thing; our navy would feel them; we were to have a perfect consummation of everything. Men were represented as dancing for joy when their names were drawn from the hat already, and as forming groups and singing "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner," as soon as they learned they were permitted to serve their country in the army. But with all this humbugging, the draft proved a miserable failure, yielding but a few thousand unwilling conscripts. Then the draft is postponed, and a new call is made for volunteers. The President says we that "a deep conviction that the public interest demands the paying of bounties," as a means of recruiting, impels him to urge Congress to postpone the draft and encourage volunteering. Secretary Stanton states "that a large portion of the people in every State prefer the method of contributing their proportion of the military force by bounty to volunteering, rather than by draft;" and that "veteran soldiers, even when paid a bounty, constitute a cheaper force than raw recruits or drafted men without bounty." The Provost Marshal General, too, tells us that under this recent order "recruiting in the sixteen States has been very encouraging," while "enlistments in several of the States were in a fair way to raise the quota assigned them." Here is another change in the chameleon; and the next two months will demonstrate the fact that volunteering always has been, and will always continue to be, the most available way to fill the ranks of our armies.

Such has been the course of the party in power, during the past three years. It has been a game of bluff and brag. Everything that is done is right to them; and yet in the very next move they make upon the board, they contradict themselves. They have no faith in their leaders nor in themselves; and the people have learned to have no faith in any of them.

Our energetic Representative Hon. A. H. Coffroth, *seems determined to do his utmost to keep things straight at Washington*. We see, by the Congressional reports, that he has lately submitted a resolution instructing the military committee to incorporate an amendment in the conscription bill allowing the Boards of Enrollment to hold their sessions at the several county towns in their district, as may best suit the convenience of the people. Such an amendment will prove very acceptable to those who reside at the extreme end of this district. He has also submitted another resolution enquiring what have been the services of Jay Cooke & Co., to the government, in the sale of United States securities, and what has been the rate and the whole amount of compensation therefor; also, whether these services might not have been as successfully performed by the Treasury Department itself; also what sums of money, if any, have been paid out of the Treasury for advertisements ordered by Jay Cooke & Co. He has also presented another resolution asking whether the seven-thirty U. S. Treasury notes, due next August and October, will be repaid in the coin of the United States, and whether any additional legislation is necessary to make the interest and principal of the twenty year bonds payable in coin. These resolutions all speak for themselves. They evince a sound, practical knowledge of the workings of the government, which it is gratifying to see in these times of visionary and ideal statesmanship.

IT IS WELL?—Greeley heads an article in which he says the President has officially promulgated the decree that "Slavery must die," with these words—"It is Well." It is not well, that the President, of his own mere will and motion, without authority from the Constitution or the people, should undertake to destroy a State institution or annihilate the government our fathers made. Whether well or not to destroy slavery, is no question of ours as a nation or a republic—it is a question for each State to settle for itself—but it is a question of infinite moment to the people of every State, whether the President, whose powers are limited and circumscribed by the Constitution, shall be permitted upon any pretence whatever, to transcend those powers in violation of an instrument he has sworn to maintain, protect and defend, and to trample upon rights expressly guaranteed by the Constitution to the people of the several States.

THANKS—Hon. A. H. Coffroth and Hon. Wm. H. Miller of the national House of Representatives; Hon. William McSherry of the State Senate and J. MD. Sharpe, Esq., of the Assembly, have our thanks for interesting public documents.

We understand that the hatchets of enlistment have been buried that bounties and commutation to substitutes cease for the present. We guess, regardless of this, that if a man can "pelt" enough "niggers," he will be put into immediate service.

No Presidential Election.

The Quaker Presidential project will be one of disappointment and vexation. There will be politicians interested in what that idea will failure involved to any similar extent. If the conservative element shall triumph, the unity, glory and peace of the American Union may be restored; but if radical measures continue to prevail, we will rapidly plunge down the downward road to anarchy and ruin. The great question is, shall we abandon a war for conquest and abolition, and go back to a war for the Union, which has always enlisted the hearty sympathy of the whole people? This is what must be decided at the coming election; and yet we are met with the startling announcement that we are to have no election. Horace Greeley declared in a great public assembly at the Cooper Institute in New York, but a few weeks since, that he "was not sure there would ever be another President of the United States." Secretary Seward has told us that Mr. Lincoln must be President of the whole Union for the next four years, and that they will not submit, "without bloodshed," to the election of any other man. Hon. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, said in a recent speech in the U. S. Senate:

> "A distinguished man in the West, who was at one time a member of the other House of Congress, told him (Senator D.) that a major-general in the service of the United States, now in command, who had distinguished himself service in the field, told him that if Mr. Lincoln was defeated at the next Presidential election, he would not yield his seat of power to his successor, but would hold on to it by the army."

Such an announcement as this could be startling at any time; it is particularly so in this great national revolution.—"We look," says the Philadelphia *North American*, "upon the probable nominations of the Democratic or conservative party as mere formalities, as things requisite to maintain partisan coherence, but as ceremonies of no life whatever. *The next election will and must serve as the behest of the present dominant party.*" There is not to be "another President;" the action of the parties opposed to the administration are "mere formalities;" Mr. Lincoln "will and must" be "President of the whole country for the next four years;" he "will not yield his seat of power to his successor;" and all this to be done by the help of the army! Let it be remembered that the language we have quoted was not used by the enemies of the administration, to prejudice the people against it. It is the language of its friends and supporters, and it is presumed they know what they are talking about. It is the language of the Prime Minister in the Cabinet; it is the language of the leading administration journals in New York and Pennsylvania; it is the language of a major-general in Mr. Lincoln's army.—Coming from such sources as these, we reiterate the remark that the announcement is one of fearful importance. It is, fortunate, however, that it has been made so early, so that the people may be prepared for the emergency. They have already made up their minds that if Abraham Lincoln is legally defeated at the polls, he shall not hold over for the next four years, even though he be backed by a negro army of three hundred thousand.

Heavily Mounted.

An enthusiastic admirer, of Henry Ward Beecher gives the following description of his belligerent properties:

"He is an intellectual rhinoceros, whose tar rible horn and mouth make the coon coats stand around—as iron clad Doctor of Divinity with a ram at both ends and guns pointing every way, charged with Greek fire!"

Time works wonderful changes. An exchange thinks that in the days of St. Paul, for instance, the Christian armor was entirely different from that which, according to this catalogue, now begirts the Rev. Beecher. Paul's spiritual champion armed with "the breastplate of righteousness," "the shield of faith," "the helmet of salvation," etc., would cut a sorry figure beside "an iron-clad Doctor of Divinity, with a ram at both ends, and guns pointed every way, charged with Greek fire."

Mr. Sumner, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Everett have a passion for referring to and quoting from Cicero, in their public speeches and letters. Perhaps the following quotation from the classic orator's letter to Antonn, written about the time of the commencement of the civil war, may not be inappropriate at the present time:

> "Civil military affairs you relate and detail to me frequently, and very well; but I have neither an equal fear whether of the people and senate, or of military arms. For this you are conscious of, and know well. Yet this you ought to know, that there are two kinds of military arms, and two kinds of war, one of robbers and tyrants, the other of citizens and kings."

Our news from Europe, on the 1st inst., is of a character to gladden the hearts of all who desire the success of the Union cause. The Polish insurrection is still in progress, and the Russians are said to be in a very critical position. The Danish difficulty is still unsettled, and there is every prospect of a general war in Europe. But this does not concern us. We have enough to do to settle our own troubles.

The news of Grant's success on the 1st inst., in the capture of Rocky Face Ridge, Dalton, Ga., and the dispersion of Johnston's army, is very gratifying. It looks as if the Rebellion in the South-west is about to collapse.

Gen. Sherman's expedition to Meridian, Miss., is said to be a success. The Rebels have evacuated Jackson, Miss., and are said to be in great confusion.

Gen. Burnside is said to be in a very critical position in East Tennessee. He is surrounded by the rebels, and unless he can cut his way through, he must surrender.

Gen. Meade's army is said to be in a very good condition, and ready for any emergency. The rebels are said to be in great confusion on the Rapidan.

Gen. Banks is said to be preparing for a movement on Mobile, Ala., and we may hear of his success in a few days.

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Spirit and Times

Wednesday Morning, Jan 13, 1864.

Local and Personal.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—The Twenty Ninth Annual Report of the President and Directors of the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, contains some interesting facts and figures. The following is the cost of repairing the damage done by the rebels:

Temporary construction of Bridge at Carlisle	60 449 56
Bridges for permanent structure,	1 800 00
Final temporary construction of Bridge at Chambersburg,	727 84
Second temporary construction of same Bridge and relaying section 6, including expense of removing the temporary road bed,	66 146 00
Repairs of damage on section 6 & 7	75 00
Replacement of buildings at Chambersburg and rebuilding up and repairing road bed,	6 984 53
New Tender, lumber and wood, destroyed by fire and others,	9 000 00
	84 183 15
Less T rail left on road 1284 tons at $35 per ton,	45 000 00
	39 183 15
Less 1 locomotive,	7 545 78
	31 637 37
Of this sum the United States Government claim to have paid $28 730 56	
DEBRIS OF THE FRANKLIN RAIL ROAD. Cost of reconstruction and rebuilding for completion of road, water stations,	863 084 00
Less T rail left on the road 147 tons at $65,	9 555 00
	4 767 45
Total loss,	$14,928 42

Of which sum the United States Government claim to have paid $14044 78

"It will be remembered," says the report, "that the business of our road has been almost exclusively in the hands of individual farmers, the Company only carrying to an extent necessary to control price. Manufacturers complain of this, that middle man should be interposed between them and the farmer. They claim that they ought to have their products carried at their tariff rates. There is force in the claim and when we add the consideration of the many instances of defaulted bond, in consolidating one class for another, and misrepresentations as to quantity, whereby heavy competition is in reality transferred, it has been determined to change the whole character of the business and become carriers ourselves. There are two reasons why this change should be gradually made. First, because there is a very large amount of money invested by individuals in rolling stock, were lessened, and the respective contributions of revenue, thus. The interest should be cared for, and the returns not forced suddenly out of business or so great a sacrifice of property as it would unquestionably cause. And again, the Company should not be called upon suddenly to force so large an expenditure as will be required to furnish rolling stock enough of their own to do the transaction of all the business of the road. The transition is easy by a gradual change; the owners of rolling stock will have the option of selling to the Company at an agreed price, or they may make such other disposition of their cars as will best promote their interest. A subcommittee of the Board of Managers has committed to the President the authority to manage this change and to increase the rolling stock of the Company as will best comport with individual interests, and the determined purpose of the Company, to do the carrying business upon their own road."

The number of passengers, during the year, from Hagerstown, was 11,007, from Greencastle, 9,520; from Chambersburg, 22,455. In addition to this there were 34 303 transported over the road East, and 32 252 West.

There were 18,678,016 pounds of freight carried from Hagerstown during the year; 11,[illegible] pounds from Greencastle; 2,[illegible] pounds from Chambersburg. There were 7,115 250 pounds received at Hagerstown; 4,[illegible] 000,000 pounds at Greencastle, and 12,718,900 pounds at Chambersburg.

The present officers of the road are:

President, Hon. Frederick Watts.

Secretary, Joseph Brown, Edward Smith, W. H. Hoffman, Thomas S. Kennedy, Thomas A. Scott, Thomas A. Hendricks, E. Shippen Thompson, S. J. Lowhoff, Daniel O. Bull, Walter Morris, John Holme, H. C. Knight.

Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle.

Superintendent, O. H. Leff.

The report concludes in the following language: "We have constant occasion to congratulate ourselves with the good conduct and steady habits of all those who are employed in the business of the Company, and with the zeal and apparent interest with which they perform their duties. To their care and diligence the interests of the Company, as well as the lives of the passengers are committed.—The majority of life and the freedom from accidents on our road fully attest their care, industry and skill." This language can be heartily endorsed by the entire community. Force has been, within our recollection, but one accident upon the road, and that occurred while it was exclusively under the management of the military authorities.

AT HOME.—We notice Lieutenant Colonel William D. Shaw, and Captain Joseph A. Dorrance, of the Ninth Penna. Reserves, at home, on a short visit to their friends. They are looking well. Colonel Shaw has recuperated in strength and appearance since his wounds at Gettysburg, and Captain Dorrance is quite convalescent from his wound received at Antietam. We hear, however, some of the boys say, "for us to be left behind under its guns, while our Colonel is home, is more than we can stand." Perhaps, if the Colonel will only speak in behalf of his boys, he may be able to induce the Captain to take them along with him. We do so.—ed.

THE CHILD SHAP.—The cold has been very severe heretofore, during the past few days and nights. Thursday night, as we had said, were so cold, if not colder, than any we have had for years, and still have brought great suffering to many a poor human being. It served to see for a little the shelters of our brave boys in the field—prepared by nothing but a thin shelter tent, or blanket, and those who have not been in the ranks of the shivering rebels, which camp over the Virginia horizon.

The chilling pinkle, in consequence of the cold weather, has been in their glory. Most of the citizens and people in the vicinity are abroad, and from footing some still cheerily, the many bangs of the cabin are heard in all sides. Tumbles are nothing, "money" on the head nothing, cold hands nothing, not if not nothing, fun and frolic everything. Go in, hope, skating is a healthy, invigorating and pleasant amusement. But, be sure you keep on your feet. We tried it once, and remarked to nothing but flat! Good for every one disposed to be the firmest, hearing an honest white heat of plaudits. The ice seen too are filling their ice houses with pure, beautiful, solid ice, our real inches thick. Prior to the last year no record in this vicinity for many years. It will be a fine treat when we can get it. Let there be a good supply stored away.

We believe the thermometer has, in some unusual positions, been down as low as four degrees below zero, and the average, during the mornings of the past week, has been at least zero.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS.—We have received the Pennsylvania School Report for 1863, and from the report of Mr. Shoemaker, our former Superintendent, make some interesting extracts. Five new school houses have been built in the county during the last year, four to supply the place of old ones, one to establish a new school—one in Greencastle, two in Guilford, one in Montgomery and one in Washington township. There are 204 school houses in the county—three 1867, 80 new school houses have been built and many of the old ones repaired; and the number of scholars has been increased about 1200, though the average attendance fell off about 400 during the last year, occasioned by Rebel raids. 123 of the teachers rendered general satisfaction, 32 were medium, and 9 of them, the Superintendent says, would have been better engaged at something else. The taxpayers were read regularly, and used for the purpose of moral instruction in 146 schools. The prevailing public sentiment is favorable, yet there are still some who are opposed to the introduction of the system. But this prejudice is rapidly giving away. There has been a uniform series of text books adopted in the county, but in some of the dist ricts they have not yet been fully in use.

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.—Often when a physician is called to examine a patient, he finds that the symptoms of the lungs are half gone, or that destructive tubercles have occurred, so as to render a cure, in many cases, impossible. The patient will find that the little cough which he thought had merely annoyed him between, has laid seats a large portion of so again, whose functions are necessary to the health of the vital organs. If the (incipient) cough is heeded, and a timely resort is had to medicine, such as Dr. Keyser's pectoral Syrup, a real scientific compound, prepared by a careful physician, known to most of our readers. The cough will never end in an inflammatory condition of the lungs and bronchia; but obstruction will be removed; free breathing restored, the tubercles dissolved, and consumption for want of a sides' will never take hold of the constitution. Sold at Miller & Hershey's and at Nixon's.

HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Mr William Keahel, a shifter in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad at this station, was killed near the Round House about eight o'clock yesterday morning. He was shifting some cars on the switch near the welsh saloon, and had just cut the train in two and stepped aside on the main track, when the down pas senger train, toward which his back was turned, caught him and injured him so badly that he survived but about twenty minutes. One side of his face was carried away by the engine, and his body otherwise horribly mangled. He remains were taken to his residence on Second street between Market Lane and Vine. He was a quiet and inoffensive citizen. He was at one time a member of the municipal city police force, but has more recently been in the employ of the railroad. He was aged about twenty years, married, we understand, a wife and two children.—*Patriot & Union.*

Mr Keahle was formerly a resident of this county. He is a brother-in law of Mr. John Rosner. His remains were brought to this place for interment, on Thursday last.

IMPORTANT DRAFT DECISIONS.—The Venango Spectator says, who is a valuable contributor to the Provost Marshal General, informs his readers that amongst the claims, who are certainly exempt from the next draft are the following:

1. All persons legally sent over eighty miles of age who are present certificates of enrolling officers.

2. The actual grandfather of 21 children who has served 3 years in the army prevailing by a Provost Marshal.

3. The actual grandfather of a large family, who has served 3 years in the army, prevailing by a Provost Marshal.

4. The actual grandfather of a large family, who has served 3 years in the army, and has been lecturers on the Cross, who have been in service over 20 years.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, will be delivered in Hall of the House of Representatives, Washington City, on the evening of the 14th inst., by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Hon. Henry Winter Davis, Hon. Ira Harris, Hon. Jas. Dixon, Hon. Jas. Lane, Hon. Jas. Harlan, Hon. Jas. Doolittle, Hon. Jas. Grimes, Hon. Jas. Pomeroy, Hon. Jas. Wilson, Hon. Jas. Ashley, Hon. Jas. Brooks, Hon. Jas. Garfield, Hon. Jas. Blaine, Hon. Jas. Cox

New Poetry

(Made to Order.)

He worried my mother to extend,
And was shunned by the drivers around, too;
Could I flirt with a beau who behaved so?
If I couldn't, how could I? I could not!

As on he shot under my chin
My hand with his bright silver thing,
Why he proved to my face could I sin?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He held on my eyes unremittingly,
The brightness of my he knew;
I trembled, and begged pity; could I help it?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss,
Then off with the lightning speed flew;
If I could, I'd have smoothed and chipped!
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

"Twas long years ago, and since then,
He has grown much, looking and true;
I only hinted close to his heart,
For how could I help it? could you?

News from the South.

From the latest Southern journals received via Fortress Monroe, we compile the following interesting extracts:

(From the Richmond Enquirer, Jan. 11.)

Mr. Lincoln, in the measures of policy which have marked his administration from the commencement of his one to the present time, shows the existence of an abiding contest between his intuitions and his reasoning. He desire to be deal with the Confederates as "rebels," and "traitors." He and his partisans delight to hold us up in this character, and so criminals of the highest dye—rebels without a name, and against the best government the world ever saw. Anxiously hoping on this hitherto, he seems, at last, not disturbed by many misgivings, they seek to silence their own doubts and to clamor down all opposition, as did the worshippers of Baal, when destroying Elijah, and, and when "behold the spear of two horses," the whole city of Ephesus rang with the unanimous cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" That of course based.

If the Government at Washington could have been made true but the world ever sate by the mere force of iteration, doubtless we are subjugated. It and those who are fed by it would long ago have ceased to be "rebels" in such long ago, as we understand that action upon it. And if the people of the Confederate States could in this manner have been overpowered by ridiculous, they would have a hundred times convicted. In short, if every Confederate who has fallen into Lincoln's power, or who has been brought to the Lincoln standard in his tracks, it is not because Lincoln's reasoning has actually exhibited his superiority, but because his heart has beaten for Kennedy, has not allowed him to indulge his inclinations. The fulness of our hope thrown out of the people into a paroxysm. This paroxysm, resulting from adding the prejudices of the Northern companion of a Crown, and the Southern companion of a Cross, and the Southern companion of a Cross, and the Southern companion of a Cross

OUR CHIP BASKET.

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine to remove a boil from a fine horse.

☞ Why does a clock always look baulked? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

☞ All girls' with pretty feet and ankles are in favor of the new fashion of short dresses.

☞ The best kind of persons to work the quartz rock of California, are *white finds*.

☞ A woman shouldn't be too sweet. To be smeared with honey is to be tossed by insects.

☞ Paradoxical but true.—Half the noise and tumult in society is caused by the stills.

☞ The reason why many ladies *dodge* an offer of marriage is because the question is *popped* at them.

☞ 'Idles says Voltaire, 'are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any.'

☞ A Printer out West, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him Brevier Full-faced Jones.

☞ There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is *soled* before it can be got ready for the market.

☞ Why is a raider of a steamboat like a public hangman? Because it has a stern duty to perform.

☞ Women are very unselfish.—Many a one, who sees her husband mourning, would gladly *mourn for him*.

☞ A high life wedding lately took place at Richmond. A grandson of John Tyler and a sister of *Jefferson* Davis were the parties.

☞ Artemus Ward thinks it is a hard thing not to have a wife—so gentle-hearted to get up in the morning and make the fire.

☞ In France, love is a comedy; in England a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany a melo-drama; in America, a business affair.

☞ The love shown to us when we are ill makes us realize that sickness oft terminates in Heaven.

☞ The strongest man feels the influence of woman's thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

☞ A Placard posted up throughout the town of Dundee announces the opening of the Theatre Royal, 'under the management of Miss. Goddard newly decorated and painted.'—

☞ An old bachelor says that he received a basket of peaches that looked as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with blushes.

☞ Prentice says there is a good deal of the devil in the rebels. They sometimes fight like him, frequently run like him and always lie like him.

On some snow that melted on a Lady's breast:

Those serious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair,
But melted to feel themselves surpassed,
And turned into a tear.

☞ People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. 'I say, Digby,' said Guilp to an acquaintance—'you look sober this morning.' 'And for a very obvious reason, said Digby, 'I am sober!'

☞ Wanted a key to open a lock of hair; a pin to fasten the tie of friendship; a cement for repairing broken vows, and a lacquer for brightening clouded prospects.

☞ In Boston county a company have started a tannery, and offers to tan peoples hides on the shares.' We used to do that when we were a boy, but we called it 'whip jackets'

☞ This is cool. A recruit in the Third New Hampshire regiment, while the 'long roll' was beating fiercely, and the rebels every moment expected to be in camp, quietly put his hand out of his tent, and asked the Colonel, who was standing near, if they should come out with *dress coats or blouses*.

☞ A Bumpkinet down East, who was novel among his playfellows for his dullness, one day, was reading aloud the story of Swimmer, when, stumbling to the phrase 'making waste place grow,' he was asked what it means. The young enlightenment—scratched his head but gave no answer. Wind up jumped a more precocious urchin and answered: 'I know what it means, Jim—it means—it means—it means—the—the—the

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

Session of 1864.

The following is a complete and correct list of the members of the present Legislature as we go to press:

Senate.	
1st Dist—Philadelphia.	12th—Dauphin & Lebanon.
Joseph Hamm.	David Fleming.
C M Destevan.	13th—Lancaster.
Jacob Ridgway.	John Hood.
Dennis Kearney.	14th—Berks.
2d—Chester & Delaware.	John M Boyer.
John C Bunting.	15th—Schuylkill.
3d—Montgomery.	Edward Gilds.
John O Smith.	16th—Adams, Franklin and Fulton.
4th—Berks.	William Rankin.
William Rupp.	17th—Somerset, Bedford and Huntingdon.
5th—Lehigh & North ampton.	G W Maneblobe.
G W Stein.	18th—Blair, Cambria and Clearfield.
6th—Berks.	W A Wallace.
Hester Clymer.	19th—Indiana & Armstrong.
7th—Schuylkill.	Harry White.
Bernard Reilly.	20th—Westmoreland & Fayette.
8th—Carbon, Monroe Pike & Wayne.	John Covode.
H Bumbley.	21st—Washington and Greene.
9th—Bradford, Susquehanna, Sullivan & Wyoming.	William Hopkins.
W J Turrell.	22d—Allegheny.
10th—Luzerne.	John P Penny.
J Powell.	23d—Venango, Clarion & Jefferson.
11th—Tioga, Potter, McKean & Warren.	J L Graham.
S F Wilson.	24th—Beaver & Butler.
12th—Clinton, Lycoming, Union, Centre and Mifflin.	J C McCandless.
Henry Johnson.	25th—Lawrence, Mercer and Venango.
13th—Northumberland, Columbia and Montour.	Thomas Hare.
James M Kerns.	26th—York Cumberland and Perry.
14th—Dauphin & Lebanon.	Morrow B Lowry.
George M Bachen.	27th—Adams, Franklin & Bedford.
Abolition Senators.	17
Democrats.	16

Abolition majority 1

House of Representatives.	
Philadelphia.	Bucks and Warren.
William Foster.	1 H C Johnson.
T J Berger.	2 W D Brown.
Samuel Lambert.	3 Bucks.
John D Watts.	4 John Barnsan.
William G Watt.	5 Doupsin.
J B O Hara.	1 H C Hanna.
Thomas Cochran.	2 Daniel Kauer.
James M Kerns.	Delaware.
G A Hagley.	1 Edward A Price.
[illegible]	2 [illegible]
[illegible]	1 Byron Hall.
[illegible]	2 John Cochran.
[illegible]	Fayette.
[illegible]	1 T H Sanford.
[illegible]	Franklin and Fulton.
[illegible]	1 J McDowell.
[illegible]	2 William Horton.
[illegible]	Greene.
[illegible]	1 Alexander Patton.
Thomas J Bingham.	Huntingdon.
Alfred Nutch.	1 David Stacker.
W H Dennison.	Indiana.
John Fullerton.	1 J W Hinkon.
H B Herron.	Juniata, Union & Snyder.
Armstrong and Westmoreland.	1 John Stalnaker.
B Bannerman.	2 Samuel H Orwig.
John Hartshorn.	Lancaster.
Jos W Roble.	1 H B Bowman.
Sayer A Lawrence.	2 Nathaniel Mayer.
William Heisley.	3 E H Stinghalb.
Joseph White.	4 K K Smith.
Richard.	Lebanon.
B F Myers.	1 G D Coleman.
Berks.	Lehigh.
C A Ellmaker.	1 Peter Walsh.
W Bertolet.	2 Jacob Rabbins.
John Mentzer.	3 Henry Hahn.
Blair.	Luzerne and Venango.
R A McKinnie.	1 Charles Kunsen.
Bradford.	2 William Bergstin.
Delaware Lilly.	Mifflin.
Joseph Marsh.	1 S S Stamberger.
Bucks.	Monroe and Pike.
L S Leller.	1 Peter Gillmore.
J S Beisner.	Montgomery.
Butler.	1 Geo W Winsley.
William Sankey.	2 Hiram C Hersher.
H Negley.	3 Joseph Box.
Cambria.	Northampton.
C S Pershing.	1 C C Shimer.
Carbon and Lehigh.	2 Owen Rice.
Zachariah Long.	Northumberland.
Nelson Weiser.	1 T H Purdy.
Centre.	Perry.
C T Alexander.	1 Charles B Burnett.
Chester.	Potter and Tioga.
F Frazer Smith.	1 A G Olmsted.
Robert L McMullen.	2 Jno W Guernsey.
William Windle.	Schuylkill.
Clarion and Forest.	1 Edward Kerns.
Wm F Alexander.	2 Conrad Gruber.
Clearfield, Jefferson, McKean and Elk.	3 Michael Weaver.
T J Boyer.	Susquehanna.
A W Benson.	1 C C Stevenson.
Clinton and Lycoming.	Washington.
J S Rogers.	1 Robert B Reed.
J Beck.	2 James B Kelly.
Columbia.	Wayne.
Mentzer.	1 William Mallon.
Wheeler & Sullivan.	Total.
George D Jenkins.	1 Daniel Hall.
John S Ellis.	2 John F Spangler.
Abolition Members	52
Democrats	48
Abolition majority	4

RECAPITULATION.

	Ab.	Dem.
Senate	17	16
House of Representatives	52	48
Joint	69	64
Democrats	64	

Abolition majority on joint ballot 5

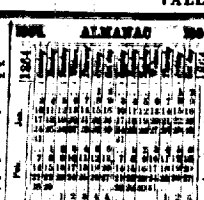
THE GALLANT GRANT.—Mr. Lincoln refused to deny persons who sent specimens of Grant's babbling propensities, that it all flow'd from that fiend of whiskey. Grant drank he would send a bottle to each of our Generals. It has got back discovered yet, where Grant drank, but his whiskey, but it is reported that he gave his "fighting clothes" at Wann's Clothing Store, on Main Street, four doors South of the Diamond.

WOOL WANTED.—A few bales of sack of Wool, cured well, in exchange for Goods, in payment of subscriptions and advertising, if offered soon.

Fine and French Medicine, Choice Perfumery and Soaps, the best Cod Oil, pure the best Castor Oil, at every article in the drug line at Hoyle & Quinter's.

Gunther's Family Dye Colors—[illegible] Dyes & Chemical Store.

ALMANAC 1864.



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Advertisements of the following name Professional men, Merchants and Mechanics, will be found in our columns. The Merchants & Mechanics advertising in this paper are amongst the most enterprising and reliable in the professional gentlemen of the district. Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize them.

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Lyman N Clarke.
Kennedy & Nill.
Stambaugh & Stewart.
Wilson Reilly.
J M D. Sharpe.
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O M & W. E. Sanger.
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H. C. Keyser.

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H B Davison Esq
Wm Auld Esq, Comp Hill

Grocery.

William Gutwills

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Rev H Reeves, Female Seminary
J R Kinney, Chambersburg Academy

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Meyers 722 Arch St., Philad'a
Sellers & Normal.
James B Gillen

Butchers.

John Hoy

Wooden Factory

H Rothfuss Jun

Sash & Paddles

P Lorthard 16 and 18 Chambers St., N Y

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J W Hunter 1 Dock Chestnut St., Philad'a
John Wanamaker, 715 Arch St., Philad'a
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Lyons & Bro

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Lichter's Blood Garden
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Hoofland's German Bitters
Carter's Female Pills
Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers

Drugs, Oils, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Putty & Glass

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Dr. JOHNSTON'S Celebrated Lung Remedy.—The Only Place where a cure can be obtained.

Dr Johnston has discovered the most Certain and only Remedy in the World for Coughs and the Bane of Lung Diseases, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Costiveness, Piles, Jaundice, Dropsy, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Scrofula, Ulcers, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Blotches, Pimples, Ringworm, Tetter, Scald Head, Nervous Affections, Sleeplessness, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms, Tremblings, Palsy, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy