# The Carlisle Herald.

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C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER

HUMRICH & PARKER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia.—Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it.
January 19, 1866.—1 y.

W. F. SADLER, Attorney at Law, Carlisle Pa. Office in Volunteer Building, South Hanover Street.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Next door to the Herald Office.
July 1, 1864—1y.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in Rheem's Hall, next door to W. M. Penrose's office.
July 1, 1864—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank.
☞ Business promptly attended to.
July 1, 1864.

JNO. C. GRAHAM, *Attorney at Law*, Carlisle, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street.
September 8, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa.
September 9, 1864.

J. M. WEAKLEY, Attorney at Law, Office on south Hanover street, adjoining the office of Judge Graham. All professional business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
July 1, 1864.

SAMUEL HEPBURN, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office with Hon. Samuel Hepburn, Main St. Carlisle Pa.
July 1, 1864.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MCLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham.
July 1, 1864—1y.

DR. WM. H. COOK,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

*Surgeon and Accoucheur*

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining St. John's Church.
July 1, 1864.

DR. GEORGE S. SEAWRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
☞ Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa.
July 1, 1864. DENTIST.

Dr. I. C. LOOMIS Pomfret Street few doors below South Hanover st.
July 1, 1864. DENTIST.

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, South-east Corner Hanover Street, and Market Square, where may be had all the different styles of Photographs, from card to life size,

IVORYTYPES, AMBROTYPES, AND MELAINOTYPES:

also Pictures on Porcelain, (something new) both Plain and Colored, and which are beautiful productions of the Photographic art. Call and see them.

Particular attention given to copying from Daguerreotypes &c.

She invites the patronage of the public.
Feb. 15, 1866.

**SOMETHING NEW.**

**Porcelain Picture or OPAL-TYPE.**

THIS beautiful Picture is now made at Lochman Gallery, In Dr. Neff's Building, opposite the First National Bank, with such perfection and style, tone and finish that it cannot help but please every one. The porcelain imparts a most clear and charming complexion to the picture.

All other styles of

*PHOTOGRAPHS,*

of all sizes,

CARD PICTURES and AMBROTYPES,

are made in the most perfect manner. A large variety of Frames and Passepartouts, Cases, Albums are on hand and will be sold cheap.

Copying done in the best manner. The public is respectfully invited to examine specimens.

The First Premium has been awarded by late county Fair to C. L. Lochman, for

The Best Photographs.

Feb. 9, 1866.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!

*New Firm! New Store!! New Goods!!!*

THE undersigned having taken the Store Room, in Main St., recently occupied by John D. Gorgas, next door to "Marion Hall," would respectfully invite the attention of the people of Carlisle and vicinity to my large, varied and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, consisting in part, of

MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
DELAINES,
GINGHAMS,
FLANNELS, &c,

at greatly reduced prices, in consequence of the late heavy decline in Goods in the Eastern Cities, and as my goods are all new, I can and will sell at astonishingly low rates. I have also a choice selection of Ladies' Dress Goods,

*MERINOES, ALPACAS, MOHAIR,*

all Wool delaines, Lusters, Poplins, alsoa fine assortment of Gentlemen's Wear, such as

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
SATTINETTS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES &c.,

we take great pleasure in showing goods and would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine our New Goods, which we are determined to sell at great bargains. We feel satisfied that we can offer greater inducements to purchasers than any similar Establishment in this vicinity, remember the place at Gorgas' old tin Store, next door to Marion Hall.

S. C. BROWN.

March 16, 1866.

**HATS AND CAPS**

**For Men and Boys.**

THE subscriber announces to the citizens of Carlisle, and vicinity, that he has recommenced the manufacture of hats of every variety of style. Having secured the services of the best of workmen, he feels prepared to sustain the reputation of the

OLD STAND

by making the best hats in the state. Particular attention will be paid to the making of the old fashioned,

*Stiff Brush, or Dunkard Hat;*

also the soft white brush hat, and any shape or style of hat will be made to order.

He has also on hand a splendid assortment of all styles of hats from the best manufacturers in Philadelphia and New York, which he will sell at the lowest cash prices. His stock of silk and felt hats for men, boys and children of all kinds from the common wool to the finest moleskin are unsurpassed. He has also a large assortment of

CAPS and STRAW HATS,

of all kinds and at all prices.

Call and examine his stock at the old stand in North Hanover Street, before purchasing elsewhere as he feels satisfied he can please you.

J. A. KELLER,
Agent.

June 1, 1866.

A few doors north of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, and next to Cornman's shoe store.

N. B.—Old Hats repaired, colored and done up in all styles at the shortest notice and reasonable rates.

J. A. K.

CONFECTIONARY!

CREAM WORK, Stars, Tulips, Bonbons, A-la-mode, Chocolates, Hanover Cocoanut and Walnut.
Dec. 15, 1865. AT HAVERSTICKS.

LADIES COMPANIONS,
all sorts shapes and sizes.
Dec. 15, 1865 AT HAVERSTICKS.

PLOWS.—Plank, Zeigler, York, Eagle and Perry Plows, for sale cheap at SAXTON'S.
Sept. 13, 1866.

BIRD CAGES of every description at SAXTON'S
Sept. 13, 1866.

Something Entirely New!

Housekeepers Furnishing Emporium.

*Cor. of 2nd and Walnut Sts., Opposite First National Bank, Harrisburg, Pa.*

THE subscriber having been induced to enter into a business, the want of which has long been felt in this community, has carefully selected a Stock of goods, which for

BEAUTY, VARIETY AND NOVELTY,

has never before been equalled in any place east of our large commercial cities consisting of

| | |
|---|---|
| Tin Ware, | Hollow Ware, |
| Toilet Ware, | Pots, Kettles, and Pans, |
| Japanned Ware, | Door and Table Mats, |
| Plated Ware, | Cutlery, Fancy Articles, |
| Willow Ware, | Novelties of all kinds. |
| Wooden Ware, | Ice Cream Freezers, |
| Britannia Ware, | Refrigerators, |
| Iron Ware, | Water Coolers, &c. |

In short EVERYTHING required or desired in keeping house. In proof of which he would respectfully solicit a call from Housekeepers, whether they purchase or not. He has also the largest assortment in the city of

*CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,*

Boys' Propellers, Perambulators, Velocipedes, Boys' Wagons, Cantering Horses, Jack Horses, Boys' Driving Reins, Stick Horses, Swings, Baby Tenders, Wheelbarrows, &c.

Call and see when you visit Harrisburg. We do not expect ALL to purchase who come. It will always afford pleasure to show goods.

JOHN P. KELLER,
2nd & Walnut Sts.

July 20, 1866.—3m.

Oh Yes, Oh Yes, Oh Yes,

The people are going to Plank's.

NEIGHBOR now we can afford to keep ourselves and children in good Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, since they are selling so very

*CHEAP*

At the sales room of B. Plank, South West Corner of North Hanover St., and Locust Alley. Plank, has just returned from the East, and is now opening in addition to his former stock a large assortment of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, which for price and quality can not be surpassed. Indeed it is a blessing to the people that Plank has opened a

*BOOT*

and Shoe Store in Carlisle. The amount of money, which can be saved by buying at Plank's Boot

*AND SHOE*

Store will keep a person in pocket money for a year. You can scarcely name any kind of a Boot or Shoe that Plank has not got, and all selling at greatly reduced prices. Call up to Plank's cheap Hat and Shoe

*STORE*

and see for yourselves, and you will find that half has not been told but what has been told is true. Remember the stand South West Corner of North Hanover St., and Locust Alley.

*CARLISLE.*

Midway between Thudfums and Wetzels Hotels.
April 27, 1866.

A. L. SPONSLER,

REAL ESTATE AGENT, Scrivener, conveyances Insurance and Claim Agent. Office Main Street Near Centre Square.

Highly Improved Farm at Private Sale.

SITUATE near the village of Lisburn, Cumberland County, 6 miles from Mechanicsburg, and 7 miles from Harrisburg, containing 108 acres, all cleared but about 5 which are covered with good timber.

The improvements are all new and very superior consisting of a large

Brick Mansion House,

Brick Bank Barn, BRICK SMOKE HOUSE,

*Bake House and Spring House,*

Large Wagon Shed, and other convenient outbuildings, a stream of running water near the house and abundance of fruit of all kinds consisting of Apples, Peaches, Pears, Grapes, &c. The farm is beautifully situated on the bank of the "Yellow Breeches" Creek, the soil in the highest possible state of cultivation, consisting of a mixture of Limestone and creek bottom land, and nearly all under post and rail fence, and an abundant supply of locust trees growing.

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.

Aug. 31, 1866.

Two Valuable Tracts of Timber Land at Private Sale.

SITUATE on the South Mountain near Mount Holly Springs Consisting viz, 1 Tract containing 75 Acres, adjoining the property of the Mt. Holly Paper Co. Well covered with young chestnut. Another tract containing 40 Acres adjoining the above. Apply to

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.

July 27, 1866.

Hotel Property in Churchtown at Private Sale.

SITUATE on Main Street containing 170 feet in front and 150 feet in depth improvements a large Double two-story

FRAME HOUSE,

Extensive Stabling and Sheds, Wash House, and other convenient out buildings, an excellent Well of Water at the door, and a Cistern in the yard. For terms and further particulars enquire of the owner Mrs. Sarah A. Ligget, residing in Churchtown, or of

A. L. SPONSLER,
Real Estate Agent.

May 9, 1866.

HOME Insurance Company of New Haven, Connecticut, Statement of January 1st, 1866.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Stock | $500,000,00 |
| Surplus | 275,886,10 |
| | $775,886,10 |
| Losses unadjusted | $35,077,72 |

INSURANCES MADE PERPETUAL AND TEMPORARY.

The assets of this Company consist of United States Government Securities, stocks in National Banks, and 1st, Mortgages on Real Estate The Board of Directors have declared a Semi-Annual cash Dividend of *Ten per cent* free from Government Tax payable on and after 16th, January, 1866.

Also a scrip Dividend of *Sixty per cent* on the earned Premium of Policies entitled to participate in the Profits for the year ending 1st of January, 1866. And have voted to increase the Capital Stock of the Company to One Million of Dollars.—Apply to

A. L. SPONSLER, Agent.

FOR SALE.

TOWN PROPERTY on South Hanover street, Carlisle, Comprising 120 feet in front and 240 feet in depth having thereon erected 3 Dwelling Houses, Shops and other Buildings will be sold entire or divided to suit purchasers. Apply to

A. L. SPONSLER.

Feb. 10, 1866.

FOR SALE.

A Valuable Lot of ground on South Street containing over 600 feet in front and 260 in depth. Also, a Lot at the corner of Pitt and South Streets, containing 60 feet in front and 110 feet in depth. Apply to

A. L. SPONSLER.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF

Human Misery.

*Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.*

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROB. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.,

[The world-renowned author in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. THIS LECTURE WILL PROVE A BOON TO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the publishers,

Also, Dr. CULVERWELL'S "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents.

Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office box, 4586.
March 10, 1866—1y.

GUNS, PISTOLS, &c.

I have added to my already superior stock of sporting materials, some Birmingham Double Guns, American, Single and Double Guns, Remington's Rifle Canes, Revolvers, Cooper's Self Cocking Revolvers, Sharp's Repeater, Smith & Wesson Revolvers, Dixon Head Shot Pouches, Copper Powder Flasks, Ely's Felt Gun Wads, &c.

Remember my old Stand next door to the German House.

HENRY SAXTON.

Sept. 13, 1866.

NUTS, Confectionary and Fruits, at Haverstick's.


## Poetical.

### OCTOBER.

Conquest-flushed, like a warrior bold,
On his mettlesome steed, October brown,
Over the hills, the valleys adown,
Rideth!

Trampling the rustling leaves of gold
As his steed he onward guideth.

At every tramp of his charger's hoof
He buries a treasure and mutters a charm,
And the wandering wind a jubilant psalm
Singeth;

Whilst mischievous frost-sprites stand aloof,
Nor harm the seed that he flingeth.

But the night-stars whisper to him who wakes
A deeper meaning than dreamers can read,
"Life shall arise from the buried seed;
Then know,

That Death gives Life for the Live he takes,
As Nature doth forth-show."

Over lakes and rivers he shakes his spear,
And the angler stands where the river rolls past,
And the purple mountains deep shadows cast
In the tide;

And he sees far down in the waters clear
The speckled troutlets glide.

Tramp through the orchard, each bough low bends,
Laden with treasures October to greet,
Eager its blushing wealth at its feet
To pour;

For the kindly smile that on all he sends
Hath made him a king twice o'er.

Then when the fire crackles and logs bright blaze,
And Hallowe'en nuts are burning slow,
And mirrors to maidens their lovers show,
Fill up!

And drain to jolly October's praise,
In ale that ho's kissed, a parting cup.

## Miscellaneous.

### LETTERS FROM MRS. SWISSHELM.

*Illness of Our Correspondent—Reflections on Southern Society—Treatment of the Wounded.*

Correspondence of the Franklin Repository.

WASHINGTON, September 29, 1866.

Severe illness has kept my pen still during one of the eventful months this country has seen; but as it is a hospital legacy, the long nights of sleepless pain have been greatly lightened by the feeling that it is not in vain. Our boys in blue, who came back from the Southern charnel house, are about to vindicate the cause for which our glorious thousands died. The thousands who are doomed to go through life halt and maimed by rebel missiles, or by disease, will see the fruit of their labors. Those who poured out their life-blood in one short, sharp agony, and up to the throne to testify against the parricidal hands which cut their life thread short, those whom death released from the hideous tortures of starvation and cold; and those who went from the hospital bed, and the hospital where there was no bed, can look down and see that their countrymen are not altogether unworthy of the sacrifice they made for them, the legacy they left to them. This month of struggle with the gangrene virus which got into my blood while dressing wounds in Fredericksburg, after the battle of the Wilderness, brings so before my mind the claims which rebels have to mercy, magnanimity and restoration to power! I see "The Old Theatre" on Princess Ann St., with its filthy floors, up stairs and down, covered almost, with terribly wounded men, without the semblance of a bed, not one pillow, no vessel, of any kind, save one leather water bucket, two tin basins and a tin cup for about every third man. I hear their cry of "Mother" as I walk amongst them with nothing to give them but loving words. I see Jacob Adams with his leg amputated high in the thigh, and no article of clothing but an undershirt and drawers, the stump of his thigh propped with a muddy brick and under his head two bits of boards and a pair of muddy boots. Again he clutches my dress and looks up into my face, with those pleading eyes, and says: "Mother, *can't* you get me a blanket? I am so cold!"

Again my messengers come back saying that all the straw and hay and fodder and husks, in that region, are guarded by Federal bayonets and we can have none to ease the position of these mangled limbs. Once more the Provost Marshal sends me word he "is not a thief" and so cannot permit me to get a cook stove, out of a deserted rebel house, that I may make tea for these dying heroes. It is Barlow's Division. Ah how they have been "cut up." He had been talking in the Pittsburg Convention; but down in the old Theatre his wife came in and talked. She had taken a squad of negroes and gone and broken open a rebel's barn, in defiance of the guard, who did not like to shoot his General's wife, who stood between him and the men acting under her orders. She had got some hay and husks; and came to let us have some to stuff little pillows. Mrs. Ingersol, of Maine, comes and sews up little bags, and so every amputation case has a little hay pillow to support the mangled stump.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions send some help. There is a ruin on the other side of the street, and the nurses, raw hands, from the field, bring hundreds of bricks. I arrange these under the knapsacks, coats and boots which serve as pillows. For five terrible days and nights, without a surgeon, to try to turn aside the shafts of death; and no rebel woman comes to offer a cup of cold water. None of them have a slop pail or any kind of vessel they can let us have, by purchase at three prices. In the hall above the engine house on the same street, on the morning our army was pouring through the town in its flank movement from Spottsylvania to Cold Harbor, the floor is covered with fever patients, who have been there a week, and whose faces have never been washed. One Pennsylvania boy, with a broad forehead, delicate, oval cheeks, tapering chin and large hazel eyes lies on the platform, and as I bathe his head and feet begs for chicken soup. Did he ever get home? He might have done so if the women of Fredericksburg had been humane. Many a mother who weeps her son dead today, might have been gladdened by returning steps, if Southern women had the ordinary traits of humanity. I have never known a community, of Northern people, who would not have turned out, *en masse*, worked, night and day, at the call of a tithe of the misery which lay around these secession finds without calling forth one effort at relief. I cannot look back upon that time and think of these people as belonging to the same race which peoples our Northern States, and the idea of taking these savages into our confidence, and once more entrusting them with the destinies of our country is monstrous in the last degree. Their cold-blooded cruelty would have been more respectable, if it had been that Indian savagery which gives and asks no quarter; but these women, after spurning our wounded, and looking with a savage joy, and an undisguised triumph, over suffering which would have moved any human heart, if the sufferers had been wild beasts; after they had popped through the blinds, and turned up their noses at Yankee nurses, came to me to beg my interference on behalf of husbands who were taken as hostages, for our wounded, who were fired upon and taken prisoners there. Nothing appears humiliating to them which brings money or salt pork, or immunity from punishment; for, all the time they were spurning the Yankee wounded, they were eating Yankee rations; and selling smiles to such Yankee officers as would buy them. It was a very common thing to see these first family dames, in all their little remnants of faded finery flirting with Federal officers, while the Federal wounded lay as I have described.

In the Catholic church, next door to the theatre, the pews were taken up; and the doors, with the pannel to which they were hinged, were fastened to the floor in the form of "A" tents. Those answered as a kind of support for the heads of the men who lay thick upon the floors. Just in front of the altar was one tall man who had been shot through the lungs; and could not lay down. He hung on one arm thrown over this support, which was not more than half high enough to come up to his arm pit. There his unsupported head hung and drooped. There he struggled and gasped, day after day, night after night. The priest came in daily, to see that the house was not desecrated. Southern ladies, in twos and threes, looked in often to see the show, and went home and bobbed in their high backed rocking chairs and smirked at the officers in blue, who sent them delicacies from the Yankee commissary stores; but no one ever sent a pillow or a chair to support that drooping head.

On the night he died, I had been sent with my amputation cases to the church—one of his comrades called me to come to him. He was almost gone. I sat upon the edge of the pew door, drew his arm across my knees, and held him in my arms. The support revived him and he began to grope on the floor at his side. The man next to him handed him a picture in an India rubber case. He could not hold it, but I got it out, opened it and held the candle so that he could see. It was the face of a young and handsome woman. He looked and looked, tried to rub the gathering film from his eyes and gasped out

"I will never be where that has been!" and his whole frame shivered with the memory of the home he should see no more.

"Is it your wife?" I asked.

"No; but she would have been," and great tears fell on my sleeve. I wished they had fallen on the picture. A row of candles were burning on the altar in front of a fine picture of the Virgin mother and infant Saviour. It was near midnight and the other patients all knew he was dying, most of them were awake. I began singing "Shining Shore" in a low key and one by one most of them joined. The dying man spoke some of the words where he could in a half whisper, and kept time with his hand while still looking at the picture of her who would have been his wife. He was a sandy haired man with a large forehead and slightly bald. I wonder if his betrothed ever knew how faithfully he thought of her and how his failing sight clung to her image in that solemn midnight hour as that tried soul was passing over?

I had not held him an hour, when George Maynard, of Erie county Pa., called "mother," from his place by the Eastern wall; I knew that he, too, would pass over within twenty-four hours. He was one of my amputation cases, and would not call unless his brick pillows had grown very hard. No one could soften them as well as I; and there was no one else to try. There was no one to hold up the head on my shoulder, no pillow to lay it on, no human support of any kind, no one but God whom I could call upon; for the two night nurses were busy. Ladies were lolling on rocking chairs within a stone's throw, smiling on recreant officers who lolled on sofas; but there was no cushion, no arm to hold up that dying head. I cannot tell now how I could go away and leave it hanging, limp like a flower on a frost bitten stem. It appears as though it was so cruel, but I did it; and turned my back and went and fixed the bricks for George; and then for another and another and another. Oh, so many bricks had grown hard! The light of so many homes was going out, and no mother there but me! Oh, God, shall we have another war, or take these hyenas to our arms as brothers and sisters beloved?

Those Union officers who are so ready to fraternize with traitors now, are of the class who fed and flirted with them there, protected their property, and let them now die for want of the necessaries of life.

On the last boat that left Fredericksburg, when it was abandoned, was four hundred wounded, twenty of them rebels. They had the same care that our men had. One of them, Willie Gibbs, of a Mississipi regiment had his right leg off in the middle of the thigh, and was very sick and weak. He would say to me:

"Oh, mother, can't you get me some soft bread? I can't eat hard tack."

Soft bread was scarce, and any cooked food could only be had in very limited quantities. It was necessary to use great care to keep them all alive during the voyage. I felt that our men had a right to the preference; but never found one who would take the soft bread if there was not enough for him and Willie. They would answer so bravely and cheerfully, "Oh no, give it to them," meaning the prisoners, "I can eat hard tack." This while the rebel authorities, their representative men, were butchering, starving and freezing prisoners—openly and publicly in the heart of Southern communities, without any effort, on the part of these communities, to prevent these crimes. These people may be somebody's brothers and sisters, but they are no relatives of mine.

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

### JOHNSON AND COWAN.

#### AN AFFECTING INTERVIEW AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

[From our Special Correspondent at the White House.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.

COL. FITZGERALD: *Dear Sir*—Last week your friend Peacock, of the *Bulletin*, called upon some one to give an account of the interview betwixt Mr. Johnson and Senator Cowan after the Pennsylvania election. I have real pleasure in attending to this matter. A day or two after the great battle, Mr. Cowan made his appearance at the Executive mansion. After having been kept waiting a half hour, he was ushered into the "presence." Mr. Johnson was apparently absorbed in a private letter, and did not raise his eyes for at least three minutes, during which time the Senator was kept standing, hat in hand, unnoticed. Finally the President looked up, and said:

"Well! You're here, are you?"

"Yes sir," replied the Senator.

"When did you leave home?"

"Yesterday."

"Did you stop at Harrisburg?"

"I did."

"Who did you see there?"

"Not a soul. The ungrateful hounds have deserted me."

"Everything appears to have gone wrong," said the President.

"Yes," replied the Senator, grimly.

"How could you have been so mistaken in the result? I have been deceived on all hands, and most grievously have you misled me. A pretty mess we have made of it!"

"You must blame the Postmaster General. If he had followed my injunctions we should have done much better, and perhaps have carried the State."

"Oh, d—n your 'ifs!' You have had no 'ifs' about Pennsylvania for the last month or six weeks."

"I did my best," replied the Senator.

"And that amounts to just nothing," testify answered the President. "You told me that, aided by Johnston, Hall, Flanigan, Sloanaker, Zulick, Welsh, Hulme and the others, we should nearly, if not quite, carry Philadelphia, beating Myers, Kelley and Taylor, certain, and perhaps make a clean sweep of the State."

"I did; but to my mortification, I have discovered that the men you have named are without influence, and unreliable."

"You should have made this discovery at an earlier day. As it is, I am the laugh and jeer of the country."

"I repeat, I did my best," replied the Senator.

"Your best! Why you hayn't carried your own district."

"All owing to the Postmaster General, and the most villainous frauds."

"Pooh, pooh, that is the cry of all beaten men. The truth is we have made a great mistake in not adopting Mr. Stanton's policy. Blair, Sam Randall, Doolittle, Seward, and Weed; and I am not certain that the Radicals won't undertake to impeach me, and perhaps turn me out of office before three months roll around."

"I am a great constitutional lawyer, and I don't think you need be apprehensive. They will hardly resort.—"

"Stuff and nonsense! These Radicals will resort to anything. They have the power and might makes right. Besides, I think they have me on the hip."

"Oh, you need not fear, I'll stand by you."

"Yes, but your days are numbered—your influence gone. I suppose that d—d Forney, or that malignant old Stevens, will take your place. The truth is, I have been outrageously deceived by all my surroundings. If I had taken the advice which Colonel Fitzgerald gave me last June, I should not have been in this infernal trouble now."

"What did he say? inquired the Senator.

"Why, he told me the naked truth, like an honest man. He said Pennsylvania would give 25,000 for Geary, and that Forney would smash me and my Democratic-Conservative Bread-and-Butter friends, just as he smashed old Buchanan."

"He was nearly right, it seems."

"Indeed, he was. Everything he said about Philadelphia and Pennsylvania has been verified by results. Six months ago this house was the resort of the best men in the country. Now, it is run down by the rabble, consisting mainly of precinct politicians, whose chief consumption is whiskey, onions and tobacco. Faugh!"

"I share your disgust and vexation. I, too, have been unfortunate. Six years ago my prospects were fair for the Presidency, but in an evil hour I listened to the silver-tongue of Breckinridge, who made me believe that I should become the great Conservative candidate. From being the foremost Radical of my state, and possessing the respect and confidence of the wise and the good, I have become a mark for ridicule and contempt. Indeed, sir, I have discovered to my cost, that 'honesty is the best policy.' But all is not lost yet; we have still time to 'bout ship. The recent elections admonish us that we are far ahead or much behind the people."

"Let us wait for the November elections; if they go against us we are utterly undone."

"The prospect is gloomy. Personally I am very uncomfortable. On all hands I am spurned by my old neighbors and friends. I wish you could send me abroad."

"Abroad? Would that I could go myself! We shall see—we shall see. In the meantime, study this question of impeachment, that we may be ready for the worst. Should you meet Forney, tell him I always liked him, and even now would be glad to shake hands with him. After all said and done, he is the 'biggest dog in the tan yard.' What a fool I was to quarrel with him!"

Exit Cowan, whistling "Jordan is a hard road to trabol."

Yours,
R. A. D.

N. B.—The President considers that he has been shabbily treated, all things considered, by the Democrats. When he was opposed to them they called him a vulgar, drunken tailor; now they call him a snob and a demagogue! He says the Radicals and Democrats are both against him, and the Johnson party has no existence.

SINFUL habits are the channels of sinful thoughts. If we would have the thoughts to cease to flow, we must close up the channels.

### The Printer and his Type.

The following beautiful extract is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the printer poet:

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative,"—the achievement of types.

Every day their life long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, and find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it—but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's "case," noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he had only a little chart to work by, how many facts in a small "handful," how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hand a stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody upon Grimes' "All Buttoned up Before." Now he "sets" a "puppy missing," and "Paradise Lost;" he arrays a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in "nonpariel;" he announces the languishing "live," in one sentence—transposes the words and deplores the days that are few and "evil," in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into the line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing by the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps in the same letters.

They are the elements to make a world of—those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn flowers, that frost cannot will. Fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the log-book of the age. It tells at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our "reckoning" without it.

Odd mistakes are sometimes made in type setting by the omission of a letter, or the substitution of one letter for another. A dispatch from the West, which we find in one of our exchanges, reads: "We have Montana papers to the 9th of August. The grasshoppers have destroyed every green thing in Deer Lodge Valley, except the grass and widows." In other papers the dispatch has "willows" for "widows." We suppose by the time the dispatch returns to where it originated, it will read, "The grasshoppers have destroyed every green thing except the grass-widows.

### Angels vs. Devils.

Do you remember, asks a correspondent, the child who said to his mother:

"Mamma, if I am good I shall go to Heaven, shan't I?"

"Yes, love."

"And who will be there besides?"

"Angels—dear, beautiful, good angels."

"Ah," hesitated the boy, "all angels—all good, beautiful boys! Mamma dear, do you think if I'm a very good boy they will let me have just one little devil to play with?"

### Frivolities.

GUILTY or not guilty?", sharply said the city judge, the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock.

"Just as your Honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your Honor's worship," was the reply.

OUR young friend J. D. was asked by a young lady who had been dancing the "German," whether "he saw her feet?" "No, madam," he said, with a solemn shake of the head—"far from it!"

MARY—"Charles, dear, now that we are married, you know, we must have no secrets. So, do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair-dye; you will find it in my dressing-case."

### Beauty and Ugliness.

People's notions of beauty differ. Tamerlane's wife, who had no nose, was thought a belle by her contemporaries. A patrician of Venice had a scurvy little proboscis, and that was held of itself a sufficient disqualification for the Doge's cap and ring. Cicero admired the squinting eye, such as Greek sculptors often gave to Venus, and Minerva was sometimes figured with a complexion as dusky as any gipsy wife on Ensom Downs. Some of the Greeks held blue eyes to be hideous, and Diasoclorides tells us they had an art—the same practiced, perhaps, centuries afterwards, at Donnybrook fair—of making them black. Hunchbacks have had their admirers, who contend that the dorsal curvature is the true line of beauty, and that the hump, so far from being a deformity, "as dull fools suppose," is in itself a graceful ornament, seeing that, in its outline, it approximates the figure so many objects in nature assume, to wit, the sun, the terrestrial globe, the span above us of aerial blue, the head of man, seat of his intellect and organ of his will. Throughout the middle ages it was a prevalent belief that the ugliness of the wicked—and the wicked were very ugly—was in precise proportion to their wickedness, and so the spirit of Evil himself was ever pictured as abominably hideous and revoltingly frightful; very unlike the "not less than Archangel ruined," as his outward presentment is portrayed by Milton. "As ugly as sin, diabolically hideous," are phrases to be found in other languages beside our own. In the same way virtue and goodness, the attributes of the saint, the characteristics of the angel, are habitually linked; both in idea and expression, with either majestic charms or enchanting loveliness. "As beautiful as an angel," "seraphic beauty," are modes of expression familiar to our lips; and furthermore, it is usual enough, when the desire is to convey approbation of a certain line of conduct, to say such conduct was "decidedly handsome." Hereby we discover the connection which, unconsciously, perhaps, subsists in our minds between things which are true, honest and just and things which are lovely.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

### "Bite Bigger, Billy."

One day a gentleman saw two boys going along one of the streets of a great city.—They were bare-footed. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street.

"I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody very good to drop these 'ere posies where I could find them—and they are so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, mebby you'll find something bimeby."

Presently the gentleman heard the merry voice again saying, "Oh! jolly, Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and 'tain't much dirty neither; 'cause you han't found nothin', you may bite first."

Billy was going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said: "Bite bigger, Billy; mebby we'll find another 'fore long."

What a noble heart that boy had in spite of his rags and dirt! He was doing good.

There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty—the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he [illegible] his silent grief made us sad also. We picked up a copy of 'Young's Night Thoughts' with melancholy abstraction. Slowly and silently we approached him so that we should not disturb his meditation or intrude upon his grief. He was weeping for those who had gone before. Almost reverently did we elevate 'Young's Night Thoughts,' we poised it a moment in the air to hear again that plaintive wail—and then we *whaled* him:

He is gone; he, the last of the *mosipegans*
Lightly they'll speak of the 'skeeter' that's gone.
And o'er his cold carcass upbraid him;
But little he'll bite if they let him sleep on—
On the Head-board where 'Young's Night Thought,
laid him."

### Dante.

There is a very ingenious and humorous story in a very old collection of Italian tales by one Sercambi, who represents the poet Dante as being invited by some king to dinner. He comes, dressed very shabbily, sits below the salt, and is overlooked and forgotten till after the feast; when the king says: "By-the-by, what is become of that poet I intented to talk to?" Dante, who has meanwhile departed a good deal offended, is immediately followed and invited anew.—He comes to supper, superbly dressed in crimson and gold, and is served with extreme attention; but the courtiers observe with amazement that he pours the soup down his sleeves, tucks cutlets into his bosom, and smears his velvet jerkin with rich sauces.—"Good gracious, your majesty!" says the boldest of these supping nobles, "why has this poet such *bruttsza* in his manners?" The question is passed on by the king to Dante, who gravely replies: "When I came here dressed shabbily, and sat quietly in my corner, I was forgotten and overlooked. I now come in very fine clothes, and am very much attended to; I therefore conclude it was rather my clothes than myself that you admired and invited, and I was willing to bestow on them a share of your hospitality."

### ELECTION FRAUDS.

Under this head the Phila. North American prints the following sensible article:

When at the last session of Congress the rebel sympathizer Voorhees was unseated for frauds in the election, and the seat awarded to the Republican contestant, a great outcry was raised that it was done because of his political character, and not out of a fair consideration of the evidence. Well, an election has just been held in Indiana, and Voorhees [illegible] triumphantly by the Republican candidate over the Democratic candidate. A similar result has occurred in Pennsylvania, where Koontz, Republican, who contested the seat held by Coffroth, Democrat, and obtained it, has been handsomely re-elected. No hesitation should be felt by any Republican candidate for Congress in contesting the seat of any copperhead who by foul means is successful in obtaining possession of a certificate of election, and it is the bounden duty of Congress to give all proper encouragement to these contestants.

This is one very effective method of rendering election frauds and their perpetrators notorious and useless. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that, in the Luzerne and Susquehanna district, Denison, Democrat, has been again elected to Congress by the most open, shameless and disgraceful frauds, in the