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Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following:—  
READERS—McClure's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's, Spelling Books—McClure's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Bryant's, Cumby's.  
ENGLISH GRAMMARS—Bullion's, Smith's, Woodbridge's, Mendham's, Phillips's, Hart's, Wells's.  
HISTORIES—Greenleaf's, Davenport's, Frost's, Willson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Finck's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.  
ARITHMETICS—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Rose's, Colburn's, Smith and Davis's, Davis's.  
ALGEBRAS—Greenleaf's, Davis's, Day's, Ray's, Brown's.  
DICTIONARIES—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, American.  
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—Gomstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others, can be found at my store. Also, complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store, procured at one-day's notice.  
Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.  
ALMANACS—John Bear and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg, Market Square, and Retail.  
177 Wholesale and Retail.

JUST RECEIVED AT SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, ADAMANTINE SLATES OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES. Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled. REMEMBER THE PLACE! SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, NO. 18 MARKET STREET.

BOOK AUCTION. BEN F. FRENCH Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices: Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations illuminated, \$12. Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, \$10. Emory's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, \$10. Congressional Globe, \$1.00 per volume. Weekly News, complete, \$10. 27 vols., half calf, \$54; &c., &c., &c. All the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH, 278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. feb-4-dif

NEW BOOKS! JUST RECEIVED, "SERIAL AND SAT," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c. "HISTORY OF METHUEN," by A. Stevens, LL.D. For sale at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 18 Market St. agp

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufacturer, at SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE, No. 18 Market St.

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, scarce and rare, together with a large assortment of new Law Books, at very low prices, at the one price Bookstore of E. M. POLLOCK & SON, Market Square, Harrisburg. my8

Miscellaneous. AN ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON! SILK FANS! LINEN PAPER FANS! FANS!! FANS!!! ANOTHER AND IMPROVED LOT OF SILK FISHING RODS! Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plated Lines, and a general assortment of FISHING TACKLE! A GREAT VARIETY OF WALKING CANES! Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest! Silver Head Loaded Sward Hickory Fancy Canes! Canes! Canes! Canes! Canes! KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE, No. 91 MARKET STREET, South side, one door east of Fourth street job.

J. HARRIS, WORKER IN TIN, SHEET IRON, AND METALLIC ROOFING, Second Street, below Chestnut, HARRISBURG, PA. Is prepared to fill orders for articles in his line of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice. METALLIC ROOFING, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand. Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c. He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage. Every promise strictly fulfilled. J. HARRIS, (Jan-7-4ly) Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!! MACKEREL (Nos. 1, 2 and 3). SALMON (very superior). SHAD (Mass and very fine). HERRING (extra large). COD FISH. SMOKED HERRING (extra Digby). SCOTCH HERRING. SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES. Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth lbs. Herring in whole, half, quarter and eighth lbs. DRY-DIPPER FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates. WM. DOCK, JR., & CO. 2914

SMOKE!! SMOKE!! SMOKE!!!—Is not objectionable when from a CIGAR purchased at KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market Street. sep19

FOR A SUPERIOR and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by W. H. WARRING—wholesale and retail at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 18 Market St. me-21

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO. sep18

If you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91 Market St. me-21

COOPER'S GELATINE.—The best article in the market, just received and for sale by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO. me-21

# Patriot & Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1860. NO 50.

## Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES, BLACKBERRY ALLEY, IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL. The undersigned has re-commenced the LIVERY BUSINESS in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMBUSSES, which he will hire at moderate rates. oct13-dif F. K. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY Successor to Wm. Forth, LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE, THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.

HAVING purchased the interest of J. O. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms. He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY.

BRANCH STABLE The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, opposite the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with horses and vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself. sep16-dif FRANK A. MURRAY.

## Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE! That we have recently added to our already full stock OF SEGARS LA NORMAIS, HARI KARI, EL MONO, LA BANANA, OF PERFUMERY FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF: TURKISH ESSENCE, ODOR OF MUSK, LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET. FOR THE HAIR: EAU LUSTRALE, CRYSTALLIZED POMATUM, MYRLE AND VIOLET POMATUM. FOR THE COMPLEXION: TALC OF VENICE, ROSE LEAF POWDER, NEW MORN HAY POWDER, BLANC DE PERLES.

OF SOAPS BARRIN'S FINEST MOORE'S BEEHIVE BENZOLIN, UFFER TON, VIOLET, NEW MORN HAY, HONEY CLUB, HAVING the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see for yourselves. Always on hand, a FRESH STOCK OF DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c., consequent of our receiving almost daily additions to our stock. KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE, 91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street, sep16 South side.

## PHOENIX FOUNDRY.

J. J. OSLER, W. F. OSLER, JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER, (SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY), FOUNDRERS AND MACHINISTS, Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street, HARRISBURG, PA.

MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK, AND ALL REPAIRING OF IRON CASTINGS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER. MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER. We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au29

## JUST RECEIVED!

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS; TO WHICH WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED! For sale at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 18 Market St. agp

WE OFFER TO CUSTOMERS A New Lot of LADIES' PURSES, Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made. A Splendid Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS. A New and Elegant Perfume, KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS' BOUQUET, Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles. A Complete Assortment of HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES, Of the best Manufacture. A very Handsome Variety of POWDER PUFF BOXES. KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market Street. jyl1

## ESTABLISHED IN 1810.

FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT. J. & W. JONES, No. 482 N. Front Street, above Oak-lough, Philadelphia. DYEING, WOLEY AND FANCY GOODS of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's garments is widely known. Craps and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Craps and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Gaiters, &c., cleaned or re-dyed. Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep13-d3m

WHOLESALE GROCERY! The subscribers are daily receiving GOODS from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which they are selling to Country Merchants at very small profits. Orders filled promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed. We have a large supply of the following articles: COFFEE, TOBACCO, SUGAR, HAMS, STRUPE, BACON, TEA, (great variety); FISH, STARB, CHEESE, TAR & OIL, WHITE LEAD, GLASS, POWDER & SHOT, OAKUM & PITCH, FLOUR, PLASTER, CORN & OATS, CEMENT, CLOVERSEED, COAL. Also, a large assortment of BAR IRON, NAILS, and RAILROAD SPIKES. EBY & KUNKEL, Harrisburg, August 6, 1860.—an7-d3m

## To THE PUBLIC!

JOHN TILL'S COALYARD, [SOUTH SECOND STREET, BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL, HARRISBURG, PA.] Where he has constantly on hand LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL. ALSO, WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL. ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY. It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted. CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY. Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speck's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets; and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention. JOHN TILL, jyl13-d6m

## COAL! COAL!

ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS COAL BY THE PATENT WEIGH CARTS! NOW IS THE TIME For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the Patent Weigh Carts. The necessity of these Carts is no dispute, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house. I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes LYKENS VALLEY do. do. WILKESBARRE do. do. BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP do. do. All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel. HARRISBURG, September 24, 1860.—sep25

## COAL! COAL! COAL!!!

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET CLEAN COAL! FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT! Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES. FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED. FIGURE AS FALL DEALING WILL AFFORD! Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, but is WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SCALES OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing. OAK, HICKORY, BIRCH AND PINE WOOD always on hand. sep13-d3m GEO. F. WISTLING.

## COAL! COAL! COAL!!!

The subscriber is prepared at all times to deliver to the citizens of Harrisburg the different kinds and sizes of LYKENS VALLEY, PINE GROVE AND WILKES BARRE COAL, weighed on the CITY WEIGH CART at the consumer's door, and full weight guaranteed. Prices as low as at any regular yard in the city. Orders left at his office, corner Fourth and Market streets, or dropped in the Post-office, will be promptly attended to. an11-d3m DAVID M'COMRIK.

JAMES M. WHEELER, DEALER IN HARD AND SOFT COAL, OAK, HICKORY AND PINE WOOD CORN, OATS, &c. AGENT FOR DUPONT'S CELEBRATED POWDER!! All Coal delivered clean, and weighed at consumer's door by the Patent Weigh Carts. The reputation of this powder is so well established, that I believe no person doubts their correctness. If any do, they are at liberty to test them in any way, and if the Coal falls short ten pounds they can have the Coal. sep29 JAMES M. WHEELER.

## Sewing Machines.

THE GROVER & BAKER NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The Double Lock-Stitch, presented in this Machine is found to be the only one which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing. "Mrs. JEFFERSON Davis, presents her compliments to Grover & Baker, and takes pleasure in testifying that she has used one of their Machines for two years, and finds it to be a good order, makes a beautiful stitch, and does easily work of any kind."—Washington, D. C. "It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I would insist upon Saint Grover & Baker having a general holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassius A. Clay. "My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. It makes much more of its use in the market, and the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee. "On the recommendation of a friend, I procured, some months since, one of your Family Sewing Machines. My family has been very much benefited by its use, from the start, without any trouble or difficulty whatever in its management. My wife says it is a 'family blessing,' and I do not believe it to be exaggerated. I have used it in all of which I most heartily concur."—James Pollock, Esq., Governor of Pennsylvania. "The undersigned, CLEMENS of various denominations, having purchased and used in our families GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it a machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it."—Rev. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D., Albany, N. Y. Rev. E. P. RODGERS, D. D., Albany, N. Y. Rev. J. H. CURRY, A. M., Geneva, N. Y. Rev. JOHN M'CONN, D. D., Baltimore, Md. Rev. A. CROCKER, Norfolk, Va. Rev. JOHN PARRIS, Norfolk, Va. Rev. JOHN CROSS, Baltimore, Md. Rev. C. A. LOYAL, Charleston, S. C. Rev. B. B. ROSS, Mobile, Ala. Rev. A. PORTER, Selma, Ala. Rev. W. D. WILSON, D. D., Geneva, N. Y. Rev. W. H. CURRY, A. M., Geneva, N. Y. Rev. J. TURNBULL BACKUS, D. D., Schenectady, N. Y. Rev. B. W. CHIDLAW, A. M., Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. W. PERKINS, Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. F. McLELLAN, D. D., Gambier, Ohio. Rev. JENKIN MORRISON, Cambridge City, Ind. Rev. JOSEPH ELDRIDGE, Norfolk, Conn. Rev. OSWOLD O. BAKER, Bishop of M. E. Church, Concord, N. H.

OFFICES 496 Broadway, New York; 13 Sumner Street, Boston; 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 249 King Street, Charleston; 11 Camp Street, New Orleans; 224 North Fourth Street, St. Louis; 66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 171 Superior Street, Cleveland; and all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR

## The Patriot & Union.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1860.

## THE BATTLE.

A BALLAD—BY CANTON. THE TIME. 'Twas a morning in November, When fogs began to fall, And the cold north wind was blowing And the frost upon the wall; When the skies were draped in mourning, And a funeral dirge was sung, Swept by its own wardrobe, Over the landscape, brown and sore— That embattled hosts were forming. In many a quiet nook and corner, On prairie, plain and mountain. Throughout this mighty land. THE GATHERING. Overhead, a thousand banners, Like meteors were unrolled; Underfoot, ten thousand columns, Like earthquakes, shook the world. Ho! Cohorts, from Pensacola, Rally 'neath your mountain pine; Ho! squadrons from Mount Holyoke, Form firm your brilliant line; Ye heroes of Bunker, Buckle on your armor bright; And you, ye brave Green Mountain Boys, Lock plumes for the fight. THE FIGHT. Afar, like rumbling thunders, When the storming mounts his throne, I hear the tramp of millions And the rattle of a million guns. The firm ground reels beneath them, Before them lightnings fly, As stars float in the sky! They come! They come! New England, Rise! like your stormy warriors, Stand! like your granite rock! THE CHALLENGE. Up, streams the Yankee Pennon, Wave upon the cotton fold; I read, huzza for Lincoln! Huzza for Hamlin bold! Up, and stand by the Union! Up, with the 'African's' claim; Huzza! for 'Hinton Helper'! Down! with the 'South's' reign; Huzza! for 'bleeding Kansas!' Revenge, for John Brown's 'murder!' Revenge, for Sumner's 'brand!' THE CHARGE. Ha! ha! a shout defiant Cleaves the welkin, to its dome; And rings like a siren's wail; And in the ranks of Freedom, Up! come the armed millions! And as on the Austrian line, Marched charged the Warman, And Napoleon at the Rhine, So charged the Southern Legion, So charged the Western Band, To shield our glorious Union, And save our NATIVE LAND! THE VICTORY. Up! with the grand old banner! Up! with the gift of Mars! His stripes were won for Freedom, And glory gave its stars! Should your columns ever falter? Should your standard ever trail? Up! patriot battalions, Huzza! for your standard true! You can die, but cannot quit! Huzza! for your standard true! Now grasp the glittering flag, And plant its folds in triumph. High, on the western stars! THE HOPE. Huzza! for John C. Breckinridge! Huzza! for Joseph Lane! Division's hosts lie bleeding, And the blood of the slain, Black Douglas hushes a fugitive, Upon a foreign shore. Huzza! Douglas hushes his diadem, From his squatter-thrower no more—'Dane Greeley' leaves the Tribune, With a splash and a knif! From the weeks Marjorie's, And Bill Swadlow private life! FINALE. Huzza! for common heritage, Huzza! for the rights of man; Huzza! for this broad Union, And its starry pennon bright! Up! with the stars and stripes, In the battle of the brave! For traitors, rig a halter, For cowards, rig a grave! Up! with the patriot's banner! Up! with the flag of Mars; Scared by the stripes of Union, And lit with Freedom's stars! GROVELL, CALIFORNIA, Sept., 1860.

## MADAME DE VERMONT.

I had brought old Susette intelligence of the death of the mistress she served in her youth, and never went on a more unwilling mission. The deceased Countess had been a benefactress to Susette and her family. The farm and cottage they owned on the pleasant banks of the Seine, where it flows down clear and narrow from the hills of Burgundy, were her girls— Every New Year's day, her steward had a standing order to present the entire household with new dresses and Susette herself had an annual pension of a thousand francs from the Countess ever since her marriage, which happened some forty years before. The old woman sat spinning at her cottage, with white linen cap and handkerchief, russet gown, and blue striped apron, in which I had seen her arrayed summer and winter for many a year. I told my sad news with all the ceremony and circumlocution it seemed to require, but to my amazement, Susette made no demonstrations of grief, heard me to an end, and told her madame had died suddenly, after a very short illness, at her residence at St. Petersburg; without any more ado, she said that she turned the wheel more slowly, looked vacantly out the spot spring evening, which was now falling on the farm and vineyard, as if the far past came with it, and said with an expression of more bitterness than sorrow: "She's gone at last, then." I made no response; it was my firm conviction that Susette's senses were leaving her. Perhaps the old woman guessed my thoughts. She continued to spin silently for a few minutes, with her eyes fixed on her apron, then stopped her wheel, looked me full in the face, and said: "You have often wanted to know why madame always lived abroad, and why I didn't go with her; I'll tell you, now that she's gone. You're a friend of the family, and won't talk about it; and I should like you to know why I won't mourn for the Countess." "I was the first maid that ever the Countess had. My mother had been *femme de chambre* to her mother, Madame Valerie; and when Mademoiselle Clarisse went to the convent of St. Ursula, where all the ladies of her family got their education, she sent me with her to be a good girl, and never part from my young mistress till I got a good husband. The convent of St. Ursula stood in a valley shut in by low hills, in the heart of the wine-country, where grapes ripen under the long summers of Champagne. The vineyards belonging to it stretched up the hills as far as one could see. The nuns were kindly, and not over-strict. I can tell you there was little fasting or penance done in that convent. They took few scholars, and the best of teaching, kept all the fetes, and made a feast more or less on every saint's day. I had leave to play with my young mistress, to keep her things in order, and to pick up scraps of learning beyond most girls of my station. Mademoiselle and I grew up almost like sisters; she never kept thought or act of hers from me; not that she wanted adulation, though I was the eldest by three years. The nuns used to wonder at the sense she had—never in a scrape, never out of discretion; the rest of the scholars called her nothing but Madame le Sage. "The years passed quickly away, as they do

when people are young. Her education was finished, and we went home to Madame Valerie's house in Paris. The family had been among the best in France, and never forgot their birth and station; but the revolution had left them neither land nor fortune. Madame Valerie was a widow, with a great old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and a small pension allowed her by the King, Louis Dix-huit, when he got back to his throne; so Mademoiselle had no chance but to get well married or become a nun, as she often told me; and I used to say she was sure to get a good husband, being so pretty. I thought my words like to turn out true before we were three months at home, for a young officer, who happened to the son of an old friend of madame's, called to see the ladies one morning, and never kept out of the house after. His name was Victor Florian. He was just the man for her—brave and handsome, with such fine dark eyes and hair. My young mistress thought so too. There were rings and letters between them unknown to madame or anybody but me. Victor was a great favorite with the old lady; she used to tell his exploits. How he had served in the last of the empire, and how it was through giving most of his pay to support an aged grandmother and two aunts that he was so poor; for Monsieur Florian had no fortune but his sword. She had a thousand more fine things to tell of him. Mr poor mistress heard them all, and I suppose he told her the rest; but, just when they were so deep in love as two young people could be, Count de Vermont saw mademoiselle at a ball. He could not be called old, being little above forty; he could not be called ugly, though his features were large and his look heavy. Compared with Victor, he was nobly at all; but the Count was rich; he had lands in Burgundy, a fine house in Paris, and money in the bank. Well, he saw mademoiselle, danced with her, asked her to visit at the house, and proposed for her to madame. It was an capital match; the old lady was like to dance for joy, and expected Clarisse to do the same. Of course she did not; but the sense the nuns used to admire in her confounded me when I came into the dressing-room, and finding her all in tears, began to cry too, saying that Monsieur Florian would break his heart, and that the best thing they could do was to run away.

"No, no, Susette," said she, "he has no fortune, neither have I; we could not live as becomes our station. Waiting would do us no good; he will never have more than his pay. My mother expects me to marry the count, and I can't get such an offer every morning." "I could not think her hard-hearted, she cried so much about it. Madame Valerie must have guessed something was wrong; but high born ladies have a great deal of discretion, and she took no notice. I was sent with all his gifts and letters to Monsieur Florian one evening quietly, and I thought the poor young man would have lost his senses. However, the *trousseau* was got ready, and my young mistress became Madame de Vermont.

"I went home with her to the Count's fine house, and must say he was not a bad husband. She wanted for nothing that a Countess could or should wish for; of dress, jewels, and company, she had enough and to spare. The Count was kind to Madame Valerie, and would have had her to live with them, but she stuck to her old house, thinking it more independent. He was kind to me as being his lady's confidential maid, though I never liked him. He was kind to every friend of the family, and above them all, to Monsieur Florian. They had been acquainted long before the marriage; the Count's brother was colonel of the regiment in which Florian served. He knew nothing of the love between him and my mistress—how could he? the thing was kept so secret; so the poor Count was always inviting the young officer to his house. Monsieur Florian was always coming, and I could not help thinking no good would come of that; because, for all the words said before prefect and priest, the old love had not died in their hearts. Wherever she went, his eyes followed the Countess; it was the work of all his days to get near her. Of course she had to be civil, but meant nothing wrong. 'Never fear, Susette,' she used to say when I warned her against him; 'Victor is a man of honor, and I will never disgrace my family.' "At last they began to write letters; I suppose they must have been sad ones, for one day I found them both weeping in madame's boudoir, and afterwards she told me that Monsieur Florian was going to join his regiment in the south. The words were about as usual; my mistress had got her new name; and next week there was great news among Florian's friends. An old uncle, who had disowned him for serving the Emperor, and promised to leave his estate to a convent, died, and left a will making him his sole heir. They say the monks were so greatly disappointed that they refused to say a single mass for him, and nobody could believe the old man had changed his mind till a notary-public read the will in a general assembly of all his friends and relatives.

"It was the very next Wednesday; the Count had gone to see his mother, who still lived in the house she occupied before the revolution, in Versailles. I don't think my mistress expected anybody; she had been out most of the day in the shops and the gardens, for it was summer time, and she sent me late in the evening for a new velvet she wanted from the book-seller. The house was quiet, as generally happened when the Count was absent; most of the servants had got a holiday, and among them the porter; but I had a key, and could admit myself. My mistress' dressing-room was at the back of the house, which, though it stood in the Rue St. Honore, was an old one. They said it had been a country house belonging to Queen Catherine de Medicis, aged before the street was built. There was a garden behind it, but the high houses were so built round it that there was no way out or in, except by a sort of pavilion which communicated with the dressing-room by a small door on the one end, and with the garden by a stair at the other. The door next the dressing-room was opened by a key which my mistress kept in the lock for her own convenience; she liked the garden, and used to prune the roses and tie up the jessamine there with her own hands. I am telling you all this to let you understand how the thing happened. When I came back with the novel, the house was as quiet as I left it, but as I reached the dressing-room door, I heard voices; I peeped through the key-hole, and there was Monsieur Florian on his knees before my mistress, clasping both her hands, and praying her to fly with him. She was crying as if her heart would break, and saying: 'No, Victor, no; I am a married woman.' A sound below made me start from my peeping in an instant. Somebody came quickly up stairs. The step was so light I took it for Julien, the valet, and was coming out singing, that my mistress might know there were people about, when the Count himself walked past me, right into the dressing-room. I ran in, determined to stand by my mistress. There was nobody but herself now, my singing or his step having given the alarm; but I thought a word the Count walked straight to the pavilion door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. "Monsieur," said she with uncommon dignity, as if no lady had ever been so insulted, 'what does this mean?'"

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"That is for you to consider, madame," said he, and ran to his own room. We heard him go and come as quick as lightning, and before either of us could speak, he was there with a loaded pistol in his hand. "Husband!" cried my mistress, throwing herself on her knees between him and the pavilion door, 'for the love of God let him go. He has never wronged you; neither have I. But I will retire to a convent; I will do anything you please; only let him go. You would not shoot an unarmed man.' "The Count made no answer, but flung her out of his way. I cannot say whether it was a push or a blow, whether it was from the southern blood of her family—they were from Marseilles—or whether she saw that nothing better could be done, but springing up, she snatched the pistol from his hand before he could prevent her, turned it on himself, drew the trigger, and being to near to miss her aim, the Count received the bullet in his breast, staggered back against the door he had locked, swayed for a moment, and fell heavily to the floor. Before the smoke cleared away, I saw her stoop over him, and take the key out of his pocket; but the Count never moved more. "Susette," said she, "we must give the alarm; remember he shot himself," and she dropped the pistol beside him, just as Julien and the housemaid came rushing up to see what had happened. I suppose such a screaming was never heard in Rue St. Honore as I made, and my mistress went into hysterics wonderfully like nature. The Count had committed suicide in her dressing-room, for no reason that we could guess. Such was the account furnished to the police and the neighbors; and when opportunity served, two or three hours after, Monsieur Florian left the house, with my longest dress and largest shawl on. Every body pitied madame, and pitied the Count, and pitied the Countess himself. Some thought it was on account of a quarrel with his mother—the old lady had a reputation that way; some asserted it was owing to an intrigue he had in Versailles; some, that he was mixed up in a conspiracy against the government; and all Paris talked and wondered over his suicide till something else happened for them to talk and wonder about. We had a greater puzzle regarding the Count. He had never known, never suspected anything, to our knowledge, yet he left madame his mother three hours earlier than usual, must have watched Monsieur Florian enter the house, admitted himself with his own key, and very little noise, and guessed that he was in the dressing-room. People thought it was grief that made madame grow so pale and thin; but I knew it was fear that he might have had an informer, and that some end of the story would come out. However, at last an explanation was found, though not a very clear one; among the Count's private keys there was one that fitted madame's escrutoire, and Dennis, the locksmith who worked for him, told me he had made it to Monsieur Florian's order, some weeks before his death. So much for the evening; we will not say more of them, but I could not get my own counsel and ferret out other people's.

"When the funeral was over, and the will read, we found that all his lands in Burgundy and all his money in the bank had been bequeathed to madame. His relations were all rich, but they did not dispute the will, as rich people commonly do; and now I thought after the weeks there would come a wedding, as my mistress and her lover had both fortunes enough to please their families. I said as much to her one day, when we were alone in the great saloon. She never liked the dressing room after that evening; we did not see Monsieur Florian, and he never visited her. "No, Susette," said she, "I will never marry or love more. To save him and my own reputation, I murdered my husband, and the man who loved, and married, and left me all his possessions when I was a penniless girl. Do you think that any lover would keep his faith to a woman with such blood on her hands? I will not give Victor the opportunity of changing. As soon as my affairs are arranged, I will leave him and France forever. My house is already bespoken in St. Petersburg, and there will I live, far from all who ever knew me. Susette, you have been the truest and most trusty maid that ever served a lady; I have settled an annuity of a thousand francs upon you for life, besides a cottage and a farm in Burgundy; it will do for Julien and you. I know you have been engaged for some time, and I'll see you married before I go."

"My mistress was right about Julien, yet I meant what I said to her, every word. 'Let me go with you, mistress, to Russia, or the world's end. I don't care half as much for Julien as I do for you.' "No, no, Susette," she said again, and her look grew terribly wise and cold; 'you know what has happened, and it don't do to live with people who know such things of us. Neither you nor I could stand that trial. Be a good girl; marry Julien; and remember me only in your prayers.' "Madame kept her word—nothing could turn her from it. Her left Monsieur Florian, and he never married, but rose to be colonel in the room of the Count's brother, and fell fighting in Africa. Before the Countess left France, she executed a will, leaving her fortune first to her mother; and then to her husband's relations. But Madame Valerie never inherited; she's gone many a year ago, and never could understand why her only daughter, who allowed her such a handsome income, chose to live in the far north. I am told the Countess was only with Russians, and took up a strange habit of sleeping by day and waking by night. She has given me the thousand francs, the cottage and the farm, those forty years. I accepted them on Julien's account; he was my lover. Julien is an old man now; I am an old woman. Our two sons have grown up and married; yonder are our grandchildren playing by the river-side. But in my dreams I have a grudge against her, for the honest faith and affection she flung back upon my heart, as not likely to stand the test of time, because I happened to be her maid, and knew the one secret of her life. Now you understand why I'll wear no mourning for Madame de Vermont."

MEMORIAL NEWS.—Utah advices to the 20th of September were received. The newly-appointed Federal Judge, Crosby, had arrived, and at an interview with his Associate Judge, Henniker, the places and times for holding the courts had been arranged. The second and last hand-cart train of the season had arrived at Salt Lake City. The weather was very warm again, which was favorable to the ripening of the sugar-cane and other late crops. A number of the Mormon leaders had recently been on an excursion to the coal mines of the Territory, an examination of which seems to have satisfied them that they could be worked with advantage, as measures were immediately taken to open a road to the locality. Surveyor General Stambaugh was agitating in the Mormon newspapers the subject of the invalidity of the Mormon surveys in various cities and settlements. John C. Heenan, the Bonavia Boy, was fined \$300 at Buffalo, N. Y., on Thursday, for acting as a second at the prize fight between Price and Kelley over a year ago. The San Francisco Bulletin has been sued for \$40,000 damages, for calling a lawyer Squire Dogberry.