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Lines of Travel. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. WINTER TIME TABLE. FIVE TRAINS DAILY TO & FROM PHILADELPHIA ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1860. The Passenger Trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will depart from and arrive at Harrisburg as follows:

EASTWARD. THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Harrisburg at 2.40 a. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m. EAST LINE leaves Harrisburg at 12.55 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 5.00 p. m. MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg at 5.15 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12.50 p. m. These Trains make close connection at Philadelphia with the New York Lines. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, No. 1, leaves Harrisburg at 7.30 a. m., runs via Mount Joy, and arrives at West Philadelphia at 12.30 p. m. HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION leaves Harrisburg at 1.15 p. m., and arrives at West Philadelphia at 6.40 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, No. 2, leaves Harrisburg at 6.25 p. m., runs via Mount Joy, connecting at Dille'sville with MAIL TRAIN East for Philadelphia.

WESTWARD. THROUGH EXPRESS TRAIN leaves Philadelphia 10.50 p. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 3.10 a. m. MAIL TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 12.20 p. m. LOCAL MAIL TRAIN leaves Harrisburg for Pittsburgh at 7.00 a. m. EAST LINE leaves Philadelphia at 12.00 noon, and arrives at Harrisburg at 4.10 p. m. HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 p. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 7.50 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p. m., and arrives at Harrisburg at 9.45 p. m. Attention is called to the fact that passengers leaving Philadelphia at 4 p. m. connect at Lancaster with MOUNT JOY ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, and arrive Harrisburg at 9.45 p. m. SAMUEL D. YOUNG, Sup't. East. Div. Penn'a. Railroad.

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PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER DECEMBER 12, 1860, TWO PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 8.00 A. M., and 1.15 P. M., for Philadelphia, arriving there at 1.25 P. M., and 6.15 P. M. RETURNING, LEAVE PHILADELPHIA AT 8.00 A. M. and 3.30 P. M., arriving at Harrisburg at 1 P. M. and 8.10 P. M. FARES.—To Philadelphia, No. 1 Cars, \$3.25; No. 2, (same train) \$2.75. FARES.—To Reading, \$1.00 and \$1.50. At Reading, connect with trains for Pottsville, Mifflersville, Tanquesha, Catawissa, &c. FOUR TRAINS LEAVE READING FOR PHILADELPHIA DAILY, at 8 A. M., 10.45 A. M., 12.30 noon and 3.45 P. M. LEAVE PHILADELPHIA FOR READING AT 8 A. M., 1.00 P. M., 3.30 P. M., and 6.00 P. M. RETURNING TRAIN FROM HARRISBURG CONNECTIONS AT READING WITH UP TRAIN FOR WILKESBARRE PITTSBURG AND SCRANTON. For through tickets and other information apply to J. J. OLYDE, General Agent, Harrisburg.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD. REDUCTION OF PASSENGER FARES, ON AND AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1861. COMMUTATION TICKETS. With 25 Cents, will be issued on any point desired, and valid for one month on any member of his family, in any Passenger train, and at any time at 25 per cent. below the regular fares. Parties desiring to connect to the Road frequently on business or pleasure, will find the above arrangement convenient and economical; as Four Passenger Trains run daily each way between Reading and Philadelphia, and Two Trains "between Reading, Pottsville and Harrisburg. On Saturdays, only one morning train runs daily each way between Reading and Philadelphia, and one afternoon train on the Lebanon Valley Branch Railroad. For the above Tickets, or any information relating thereto, apply to the Ticket Office, in Penn. Depot, at the respective Ticket Agents on the line, or to G. A. NICOLLS, General Sup't.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. SPRING ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1861, the Passenger Trains of the Northern Central Railway will leave Harrisburg as follows:

GOING SOUTH. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN will leave at 3.00 a. m. EXPRESS TRAIN will leave at 7.40 a. m. MAIL TRAIN will leave at 1.00 p. m. GOING NORTH. MAIL TRAIN will leave at 1.40 p. m. EXPRESS TRAIN will leave at 8.50 p. m. The only Train leaving Harrisburg on Sunday will be the ACCOMMODATION TRAIN South at 3.00 a. m. For further information apply at the office, in Penn. Depot, Harrisburg, March 16th.

DRIED BEEF—An extra lot of DRIED BEEF just received by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

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EMPTY BOTTLES!!!—Of all sizes and descriptions, for sale low by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

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JACKSON & CO'S SHOE STORE, NO. 90 1/2 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG, PA. Where they intend to devote their entire time to the manufacture of BOOTS AND SHOES. Of all kinds, varieties, in the latest and most fashionable styles, and at satisfactory prices. Their stock will consist, in part, of Gentlemen's Fine Calf and Patent Leather Boots and Shoes, latest styles; Ladies' and Misses' Gaiters, and other Shoes in great variety; and in fact everything connected with the Shoe business. CUSTOMER WORK will be particularly attended to, and in all cases will satisfaction be warranted. Lasts fitted up by one of the best makers in the country. The long practical experience of the undersigned, and their thorough knowledge of the business will, they trust, be sufficient guarantee to the public that they will do them justice, and furnish them an article they will recommend itself for utility, cheapness and durability. [Jan9] JACKSON & CO.

THE AMERICAN BYRON! GUADALOUPE: A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR. A Poem in the style of DON JUAN, and equal in spirit, matter and manner to that brilliant production of the "Battersea Bard." By a well known citizen of Philadelphia, who served with distinction in the late War with Mexico. PRICE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. For sale at KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa. A NEW FEATURE IN THE SPICE TRADE!!! IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS!!! E. R. DURKEE & CO'S SELECT SPICES, In Tin Foil, (lined with Paper), and full Weight. BLACK PEPPER, GINGER, NUTMEG, WHITE PEPPER, ALLSPICE, MACE, CAYENNE PEPPER, CINNAMON, CLOVES, MUSTARD. In this age of adulterated and tasteless Spices, it is with confidence that we introduce to the attention of Housekeepers these superior and selected articles. We guarantee them not only absolutely pure and perfectly pure, but ground from fresh Spices, selected and cleaned by us expressly for the purpose, without reference to cost. They are perfectly pure, and are FULL WEIGHT, while the ordinary ground Spices are almost invariably short. We warrant them, in point of strength and richness of flavor, beyond all comparison, as a single trial will abundantly prove. Every package bears our TRADE MARK. Manufactured only by E. R. DURKEE & CO., New York. For sale by [Feb27] WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

COAL!!! COAL!!! ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS COAL BY THE PATENT WEIGHT 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 Weight Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes, 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 WILKESBARRE BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP. 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 ton, and by the basket. JAMES M. WHEELER, Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

HATCH & CO., SHIP AGENTS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 188 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. DEALERS IN FLOUR, GRAIN, PRODUCE, COTTON, WINES AND LIQUORS, TOBACCO AND CIGARS. DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA, MANUFACTURERS OF CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS, WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND PRESERVE BOTTLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. H. B. & G. W. DENNERS, 27 South Front Street, Philadelphia.

WARRANTED TWELVE MONTHS! ANOTHER LOT OF MORTON'S UNRIVALLED GOLD PENS!!! PERSONS in want of a superior and really good GOLD PEN will find with us a large assortment to select from, and have the privilege to exchange the Pens until their hand is perfectly suited. And if by first means the Diamond pen is not suited, we will give the privilege to select a new one, without any charge. I have very good Gold Pens, in strong silver-plated cases, for \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00. For sale at SOEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, mar26 No. 18 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

A T COST!!! BOTTLED WINES, BRANDIES, AND LIQUORS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! Together with a complete assortment, (wholesale and retail), embracing everything in the line, will be sold at cost, without reserve. WM. DOCK, JR., & CO., Jan1

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!!! A large assortment of COMIC and SENTIMENTAL VALENTINES of different styles and prices. For sale at SOEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, feb9 18 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

SMOKE! SMOKE!!! SMOKE!!!—Is not objectionable when a CIGAR purchased a KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market Street, Sep9

The Patriot & Union. TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1861. EXECUTION OF CHARLES I. Translated from the French of Guyot. Early in the morning, in a chamber at Whitehall, by the side of the bed where Fretton and Harrison were yet sleeping together, Cromwell, Hacker, Huncks, Astell and Phayre, had met to finish the last act of this redoubtable proceeding, by writing the order which was to be addressed to the executioner. "Colonel," said Cromwell to Huncks, "you must write and sign it." Huncks obstinately refused. "What an obstinate grumbler!" said Cromwell. "In truth, Colonel Huncks," said Astell to him, "you make me ashamed; here is the vessel entering the port, and you wish to furl the sails before dropping the anchor." Huncks persisted in his refusal. Cromwell seated himself muttering, wrote the order, and presented it to Col. Hacker, who signed it without objection.

Almost at the same moment, after four hours profound sleep, Charles awoke from his bed. "I have a great affair to finish," said he to Herbert. "It is necessary that I rise early," and he placed himself at the toilet. Herbert, being troubled, combed his hair with care. "Take, I pray you," said the king to him, "the same care as usual. Although my head will not remain long upon my shoulders, I wish to be dressed to-day as a bridegroom." Whilst dressing, he asked for another shirt. "The season is so cold I might tremble; some persons might attribute it to fear. I do not wish such a supposition to be possible." The day had scarcely dawned when the Archbishop arrived, and announced the royal exercises. As he was reading in the 27th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, the recital of the passion of Jesus Christ—"My lord," asked the king, "have you chosen that chapter as the most appropriate to my situation?" "I pray your majesty to remark that this is the gospel for the day, as the calendar proves." The king appeared profoundly touched, and continued his prayers with renewed ardor. Towards ten o'clock some one knocked gently at the door of the chamber. Herbert remained motionless. A second knock was heard, a little louder than at first. "Go see who it is," said the king. It was Col. Hacker. "Cause him to enter," said he. "Sir," said the Colonel, in a low and trembling voice, "it is time for you to go to Whitehall. Your majesty will have an hour to rest there."

"I will go in a moment," replied Charles. "Leave me." Hacker went out. The King recovered himself in a few moments, when, taking the Archbishop by the hand, "come," said he, "let us go with Mexico." PRICE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. For sale at KELLER'S DRUG STORE, 91 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa. A NEW FEATURE IN THE SPICE TRADE!!! IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS!!! E. R. DURKEE & CO'S SELECT SPICES, In Tin Foil, (lined with Paper), and full Weight. BLACK PEPPER, GINGER, NUTMEG, WHITE PEPPER, ALLSPICE, MACE, CAYENNE PEPPER, CINNAMON, CLOVES, MUSTARD. In this age of adulterated and tasteless Spices, it is with confidence that we introduce to the attention of Housekeepers these superior and selected articles. We guarantee them not only absolutely pure and perfectly pure, but ground from fresh Spices, selected and cleaned by us expressly for the purpose, without reference to cost. They are perfectly pure, and are FULL WEIGHT, while the ordinary ground Spices are almost invariably short. We warrant them, in point of strength and richness of flavor, beyond all comparison, as a single trial will abundantly prove. Every package bears our TRADE MARK. Manufactured only by E. R. DURKEE & CO., New York. For sale by [Feb27] WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

"Well, then," said Charles to the Archbishop, "I thank them in my name for their offer, but I will not take that after having so often prayed against me without any cause, they shall never pray with me during my agony." They can, if they wish, pray for me; I will be thankful. They retired, the king kneeling, received the communion, and rising with vivacity, "Now," said he, "let those rogues come. I have pardoned them from the bottom of my heart. I am ready for all that is about to happen me." They had prepared his dinner; he did not wish to eat anything. "Sir," said Juxon, "your majesty has fasted for a long time; it is cold; perhaps, on the scaffold, some feebles—"

"You are right," said the king, and eat a piece of bread and drank a glass of wine. It was one o'clock. Hacker knocked at the door; Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees. "Rise, my old friend," said the king to the Archbishop, extending his hand. Hacker knocked again. Charles caused the door to be opened. "Lead on," said he, "I follow you." They advanced along the banquetting hall between two rows of soldiers. A crowd of men and women, who had rushed there at the peril of their lives, were standing motionless behind the soldiers, gazing for the king as he passed. The soldiers, silent themselves, did not disturb them. At the extremity of the hall an opening, out the evening before in the wall conducted to a level with the scaffold, hung in black. Two men stood near the axe, in sailor's clothes and masked. The king arrived with a haughty head, casting on all sides his glances, seeking the people in order to speak with them, but no one could approach. He turned towards Juxon and Bumbisler. "I can scarcely be heard only by you," said he to them. "It will be to you, that I shall address some words." He finally addressed to them a little discourse which he had prepared. Grave and calm even to coldness, only proper to sustain that he had been right, and that the hatred of the right of the sovereign was the true cause of the unhappiness of the people. The people ought to have no part in the government, and on this condition alone would the kingdom find again peace and its liberties. Whilst he spoke, some one touched him on the arm. He turned quickly, saying, "Do not harm the axe. It will cause me more pain." His discourse finished, some one else approached him. "Take care of the axe, take care of the axe!" repeated he in a tone of fright. The most profound silence reigned. He put on his head a silk bonnet, and addressed himself to the executioner: "Does my locks trouble you?"

"I pray your majesty to arrange them under your bonnet," replied the man bowing. The king arranged them, with the aid of the Archbishop. "I have for my part," said he to him, "in taking this trouble, good cause and a meritorious God."

Juxon—"Yes, sire, there is only one step to take; it is full of trouble and anguish, but of little duration, and I think that it causes you to make a great journey. It transports you from earth to heaven." The King—"I pass from a crown corruptible to a crown incorruptible, where I shall have no kind of trouble;" and turning to the executioner—"Is my hair fixed?" he took off his mantle and his St. George, gave his St. George to the Archbishop, saying, "Remember," took off his coat, put up his cloak again, and looking at the block—"place it in such a manner as it will be very firm," said he to the executioner. "It is very firm, sire." The King—"I will make a short prayer, and when I extend my hands, then—" He recollect himself, raised his eyes to heaven, and kneeling, placed his head upon the block. The executioner touched his locks in order to arrange them again under his bonnet; the king thought he was going to strike. "Await the sign," said he to him. "I await it, sire, with the good pleasure of your majesty." The moment after the king extended his hands; the executioner struck—his head fell the first blow. "Behold the head of a traitor!" said he, showing it to the people. A long and loud groan arose around Whitehall; many persons rushed to the scaffold to tip their hands in the blood of the king. Two bodies of cavalry advanced in different directions, slowly dispersing the crowd. The scaffold remained solitary. They took away the body; it was already enclosed in a shroud; Cromwell wished to see it, considered it attentively, and lifted up the head with his hands, as if to assure himself that it was indeed separated from the body: "It was a body well constituted, and promised a long life!" TWENTY-FIVE. BY ADRIENNE. Twenty-five! When I was a child—and it hasn't been so long since either—an unmarried lady of that age was accounted an "old maid." Now, thanks to the greatest lady in these United States (who, by-the-by, was sensible enough not to marry as soon as she escaped from long aprons and the nursery), times have changed very materially. Who dares dub Miss L. an old maid? And there's her beautiful rival in the beau monde, Mrs. Senator D., who didn't marry till most women would have been decidedly *passé*, yet, who ever dreamed of applying the opprobrious epithet "old maid" to her ladyship? There's luck in leisure," says the proverb, and didn't she exemplify it? Bah! his positively plebeian to catch up the first man who may happen to propose. The only patriotic marriages are those which occur late in life. Besides, I don't see but that women marry as great, if not greater advantage, as they advance in years, than they do in the freshness of their girlhood. Not always for love, perhaps, but for more substantial reasons—an establishment, or position in society, or even for—but I won't slander my sex, even in the privacy of my thoughts, by admitting that they ever marry merely to escape "Old Maidenhood." "Love" forsooth! Professions of that sort, after a certain age, are as grand a humbug as Spiritualism, Black Republicanism, or any other *ism*, having its origin in the pseudo Puritan North. Twenty-five! I little expected to be Miss Grant at this age, but I'm not the first woman who has been disappointed in her matrimonial calculations not by a great many! Thank for tune! Father time has dealt very leniently with me, and, personally, I've changed but little since the palmy days of my debut. I am rather more rubicund and *emboussé* about the face, an advantage, I think, since it makes me look more juvenile and good humored, and particularly is it advantageous if I am to be an old maid. If such is my destiny (it isn't manifest yet.) Heaven defend me from being one of those skinny, thin-visaged, peak-faced, long-necked, tawdry, crab-apple looking ones! Twenty-five! I suppose I might as well "own up" to my own heart at least. I can distinctly recollect the appearance of Daniel Webster and President Harrison in 1840, though I wouldn't have this mooted abroad for the world—men are such blockheads about hair-brained school-girls. My feelings are as young as they ever were, but I must confess to certain anxieties, and perhaps, slight, unnamable emotions or some almost to death, and then I can't take Tom's teasing as well as I once did. I verily believe everybody imposes upon me more than formerly (I am beginning to bear some of the burdens of old maidenhood before my time,) yet I dare not complain; if I do the cry will be, "Oh, she's growing cross and old maidish, you know!" I'm yet subject to distressing fits of *ennui* all my life, yet I dare not say now "I've got the blues," for the ready response will be, "Yes, of course. You want a husband, don't you? If matrimony were a good business, and particularly if matrimony were a *heir* to it. If a single, it's my own fault, for I might have married once, a really dignified, intellectual, accomplished gentleman, too. I've sometimes thought I was a goose that I didn't, but I reckon on the whole that it's the best that I discarded him. Let me see—that was five years ago, and now—ahem!—I would have been a raving, stark, staring maniac, confined in one of those excellent asylums located at Staunton or Williamsburg; or, if I had escaped madness, my location at the Federal Capital just now would have been scarcely better than a flight out of my wits by General Scott's military despotism. Ah! I've learned since then that there's more corruption at the national metropolis than that which exists among politicians and the treasury difficulties. But I will complain, no matter what they say. I'm twenty-five to day, and I mean to enter a protest against certain grievances, and to *second* forthwith. So long as I say nothing, they'll continue to subject me to all manner of annoyances. I ought to have signed my declaration of independence four years ago, but I didn't have the *spunk* enough. Aggression has been added to aggression, and I've yielded and "backed down" rather than inaugurate hostilities with the constituted authorities. But I intend to submit no longer. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and I cannot and shall not endure oppression another day. I believe in the right of secession, and I mean to exercise my prerogative. This very day I intend to draw up an ordinance, and have it duly signed and attested, and if anybody is weak enough to attempt coercion, I'll "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt!" I do think some old girls are the wickedest creatures—so artful and designing. Before I'd had myself to such deception as they practice, and for such purposes—to captivate silly boys—I'd go without a husband till the age of Methuselah. Now there's that hateful old hag, Hannah Lester. She's at least five years my senior, but what should she do last summer but shave her hair and don a jockey hat, and all to catch Willie Ware. But she didn't, thank Heaven. I wouldn't have had the dear boy "taken in" on any account, for his poor dead mother's sake! There's Jane Gordon, too; she was at school again after having been in society ever so long, and made a fresh debut. She was at school in the most unpoetic, loveable fellow that ever I knew. Not that I loved him, how-

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ever—that is, to marry. But wasn't he duped? "Oh boy!" "Oh, how provoking! There comes the two Wares. Now I can't "carry on" with either father or son. Run and bring me my blue silk, Agatha, while I conceal the slight furrows on my brow by powder. That's the only art I have to resort to—about my face—and I've always used it, in common with everybody else, so nobody's deceived. There! Willie has passed on, and only the lieutenant is entering. "Lieutenant Ware, did you say, Dennis? Say I'll be down instantly." One more glance at my mirror, and I go forth conquering and to conquer. "It is very firm, sire."

"Well, he's gone—the dear, good old soul! How sensible, fascinating, fellow he is, too. His visits always put me in such an agreeable flutter. He is reputed a great flatterer, but the compliments he addresses to me he means. Moreover, what care I for his flattery, so he proposes? I have said I'd never marry a man with children, and when Somebody married Somebody else, (I'm afraid to call names, for "walls have ears,") that I never could marry for love, but I reckon if I get Lieut. Ware, I'll do both. I might marry that bashful old bachelor, Gratton, but that would be for an establishment, and I'm not reduced to that extremity yet."

A bright idea has just struck me: I mean to be a literary woman, and write for the *Family Journal*. (Lieut. W. takes that.) Of course I shall be *incog*, but I will contrive to let him into the secret *accidentally*. I have decided talent for story telling, and would have figured before the public in that capacity long ago but for the odium of being called a "blue stocking." Fortunately for my schemes, Lieut. W. is an intelligent man, and as such, hasn't that horror of strong minded women which most men entertain. *What* I dislike is easily explained; they're afraid of marrying their superiors, and I can't say I blame them. When a woman is her husband's superior, *don't* she lead him a chase? I shall affect the style of Fanny Fern. That's the sort to *take* the men, for all they profess to admire womanly delicacy so much. It may not be good policy, in a general way, to imitate the Yankees, as they're rather *below par* here in the South; but I'm not a Yankee, nor a widow, nor divorced; so I'll risk it anyhow. But if I shouldn't succeed with the Lieutenant? Why, if he can't be *hooked*, somebody else can. I've heard of many romantic matches in my time—particularly among old maids, which I am not, however. Wasn't that great and good man, Judson, first induced to seek the acquaintance of Fanny Forester by reading one of her works? And didn't she, after having victimized the old man, write thus: "Here closely nestled by thy side, "Thy arms around me thrown, I ask no more."

I reckon not. She would have been a very unreasonable woman if she had. I, a woman of more moderate desires, and, it may be, more moderate attainments, would be content with much less, with a Beecher, for example, but for his abolition and latitudinarian proclivities. Any woman has abundant encouragement to embark on a literary career, when she reflects for many "blues" have been "wooded, and married, and all." Besides the sainted Fanny Forester, there were the lamented L. E. L. and Currer Bell; and to come down to our own day and our own Virginia, the gifted Marion Harland found a clerical companion, (exactly such a man as I'd like, barring one or two doctrinal errors,) worthy of her genius; and very recently, the sentimental Matilda has found a mate to whom she may sing and poetize to her heart's content. And last, but not least of this innumerable company of worthies, has not the delectable Fanny Fern immortalized the names of three of the "lords of creation?" Everything must have an origin, and afterwards advance towards perfection. It may be a pious affair, but I'll hazard the experiment, and send this soliloquy to the *Journal* for publication. What if it does expose all my heart's secrets? Won't the editors and readers all know I'm only *jesting*? Well, here goes. Hit or miss, I'm determined to "strike" for a husband; and it will not be "Miss" long—for there's no such word as full! I'll die by any means, rather than see twenty-six, as Mabel Grant!—*Family Journal*.

ALLEGED FORGERY OF VIRGINIA STATE BONDS. The first of a man named Elliot, in New York, charged with forgery, was announced on Monday. *The Tribune* says: It appears that about three weeks since the prisoner, then in Washington, sent to Messrs. Livermore, Clews & Mason, brokers at No. 29 Wall street, some Virginia State bonds to negotiate. This was done, and the money duly forwarded to Elliot. A few days since the same man received \$3,500 worth of Virginia State bonds from the same person, with orders to hold the proceeds arising from their sale subject to the order of Elliot. These latter drafts presented a suspicious appearance, and on being compared with genuine Virginia bonds at various banks they were pronounced forgeries. On Saturday Messrs. Livermore, Clews & Mason received a draft from Elliott for \$1,000 on account of these bonds. This draft they refused to honor, but alleged some informality, and immediately notified the detective police. Shortly afterwards Mr. Elliott presented himself to the office of Messrs. Livermore & Co. and expressed great regret that his draft had not been paid. He was immediately taken into custody by the above officers. The forged drafts, at first sight, strongly resemble the genuine, but a comparison with them soon renders the fraud apparent. The forged bonds are lithographed, neatly executed, but lacking the color of the genuine, which are quite black. The paper is of a poorer quality, and the signatures, U. B. C. Drinkard, in the coupons, differs materially from that gentleman's handwriting. These forgeries are dated, "Richmond, Va., July 1, 1851," and are made payable in this city. It is supposed that a great quantity of them have been manufactured, and, doubtless, many of them have been circulated. The prisoner forwarded to Messrs. Livermore, Clews & Mason several letters from Washington, in which he was introduced as W. M. Barbour. On being arrested he gave his name as Elliot, and persists in calling himself by that name. He says that he received the bonds from perfectly responsible persons, supposing them to be genuine. He disclaims any felonious intention, and asserts his ability to prove his entire innocence of the transaction.

Mr. S. Hart, of El Paso, Texas, one of the commissioners from that State to New Mexico, has offered (the Montgomery Mail announces) a loan of \$200,000 to the Confederate States without interest, to be repaid at the convenience of the government. Mr. Hart proposes to have the amount doubled by his friends, if such a step shall be necessary.

IRELAND.—The mountains in Ireland are divided into six different groups—the Wicklow, Mourne, Antrim, Donegal, Mayo and Kerry.—The last are the highest and most picturesque. Carn Linn is 3,140 feet in height. Most of the others average above 2,000 feet.

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