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Patriot and Union. HARRISBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 31 1863. PRICE TWO CENTS.

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FOR NEURALGIA, it will afford immediate relief in every case, however distressing. It will relieve the worst cases of HEADACHE in three minutes and is warranted to do so.

EVERY HORSE OWNER should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases to which all horses are liable...

CAUTION. To avoid imposition, observe the Signature and Likeness of Dr. Stephen Sweet on every label, and also the name of the proprietor, DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT, when used according to directions.

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LADIES! YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BEST. Superior Stock of Liquors. DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT. Wm. Watson's Mastic Cement.

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THE Weekly "Patriot & Union," THE CHEAPEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN PENNSYLVANIA! AND THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER PUBLISHED AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT!

FOR THE YEAR 1863. FORTY-FOUR COLUMNS OF READING MATTER EACH WEEK! AT THE LOW PRICE OF ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS!

WE have been compelled to raise the subscription price to one dollar and fifty cents in order to save ourselves from actual loss. Paper has risen, including...

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TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES. From everywhere to the moment the paper goes to press, political, miscellaneous, general and local news reports, is sent daily in the CHEAPEST NEWS PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE STATE!

DEMOGRAPHS OF THE INTERIOR! Let us hear from you. The existing war, and the approaching session of Congress and the State Legislature, are invested with unusual interest, and every man should have the news.

TERMS. Single copy for daily paper, in advance, 50 cts. Single copy for Sunday paper, in advance, 25 cts. City subscribers ten cents per week.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF LITHOGRAPHS. Formerly retailed at \$2 to \$5, now offered at 50 and 75 cents, and \$1 and \$1.50—published by the Art Union, and formerly retailed by them.

SKY-LIGHT GALLERY.—THE ROOMS on the corner of Market square and Market street, opposite the public library, occupied as a gallery for Daguerotypes, Photographs and Ambrotype pictures.

The Patriot & Union. FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1863. [From Once a Week.] THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

And it came to pass as her soul was in departing, that she called his name Benjamin. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.

Bring me Benoni, bring the son of sorrow, Let him lie gently on his mother's breast, How I would hold him to my heart. To-morrow My soul will sink to rest.

What strange mysterious magic in this meeting: Lo! while I watch his pure and even breast, My heart's faint pulse wildly beating, Seem struggling with death.

For ever since that day the voice of weeping, Such as we heard in Aion-Beulah's shade, Hath sounded in mine ear, awake or sleeping, And made my soul afraid.

When is this voice that calls the shepherd's daughter? Whence is the rod—this staff on which I lean? What is this well of pure and living water, Through the dark valley seen?

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of the name had died out, and people had forgotten why it was given or expected. It was not thought indecorous to present New Year's day gloves even to judges, though they might not be worn; at least not in court, where it was decried that a judge appeared bare handed.

Was there suspicion of the itching palm beneath salved over with a silver palmer? Sir Thomas Moore once denounced a cause in favor of a Mrs. Crocker against Lord Arundel in the warmth of her gratitude she sent him on the following New Year's day a pair of gloves inside; but the Chancellor wrote back that as it would be again good manners to refuse a gentleman's New Year's gift, he accepted the gloves, but their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow.

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THE MOB AND ITS LEADERS. Under this head, the New York Evening Post of the 28th has a long and interesting article giving the leading incidents of the late riots in that city. We extract the following, which is not devoid of interest:

"Tom."—On Tuesday the mob began again—the principal theatre of outrage being the parallelism before described. Mackereville proper, so known to the folks, consists of the region between Tenth and Fourteenth streets, from Second avenue to the river. From this region the rioters swarmed upon town—like their friends and allies the *Knickerbocker* ruffians—preferring to carry on the war out of their own precincts. A congaional population, however, received them in the upper greens, and there the riot was waged. Yet it is worthy of note that a feeling existed, more or less strong, from Nineteenth street up, against the mob. Near the corner of this street and First avenue lives an Englishman—one who would be picked out anywhere in a crowd as a grand specimen of a "bruiser." He is called "Tom," and is said to hold the neighborhood in his hand. Think of a man five feet high, with a chest forty-eight inches girth, an arm that a dandy would envy for his best leg; a short, bulgy neck; large, round shaggy head; low forehead, big lip and lowering eye. This man, part by persuasion and more by force—himself an alien—quelled the mob more than once on Tuesday and Wednesday. He knew and controlled every man in his district, and expressed undying hatred of the "Mackerevilles," who, he asserted, in language certainly no hotter than their own, had no business out of their jurlibus. He started the ears, which they had stopped several times, aided by his neighbors, who abhorred and resisted the draft, but whom he had persuaded that "stopping the cars was the way to bring the soldiers up."

"Well, Tom," said one (a stranger to him, but who had seen his proceedings, "how does it go now?" "Over for a moment upon the questioner, but meeting a frank and friendly look, he replied, "D—d bad." "They say you can do anything you please with people around here?" "Well, I suppose I can," said he, relenting in manner—"that is our people. But do you see them fellows? Them's rowdies, them be; them ain't our people."

"Who are they?" "Mackerevellers from Avenue A. No business; d—d rowdies. I don't know 'em out of the crowd." Just then they glided down our way. Leaders stopped to speak to "Tom," who was evidently, though no Mackereville, regarded with respect; urged him to drink, which he seemed to have no particular scruple about, though his mother, an old crean, rushing out of a cellar, arrested him, screaming: "Is it to fight, Tom? Is it to fight?" "No!" roared he, in return; "it ain't—just go in and mind your business."

"How do our people feel?" presently asked the first questioner, getting hold of his button again. "They feel well enough," growled he, his voice now one shade thicker than the additional drum. "They're down on the draft though." "But there is the appropriation by the Common Council." "Yes—'that'll do. I'd just as lief go myself," added he, suddenly; "though I'm what they call a foreigner; but no bloody three-hundred-dollar men shall make me."

The other explained that the law was intended to provide for the purchase of substitutes, and particularly for the support of the families of those who had no money and must, therefore, serve. "Tom" seemed convinced that the intent was just, but asked, pertinently: "Why didn't they say so, then?" adding:—"Wilson" (Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, which shows that a degree of intelligence in men of this class, though it does not change their opinions, brings them nearer to law and order, as in this case).—"Wilson was a blockhead to make such a law; he might have known that it would be taken as holding up the rich against the poor."

"But Wilson was a poor man himself—once a working man." "Dum—! If he was, he hasn't a working man's head." On all which law-makers may do worse than to ponder.

WHY OUR PRESIDENTS HAVE BEEN EDUCATED.—Of the Presidents of the United States, three were educated at William and Mary College, in Virginia—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; two at Harvard, John Adams and John Q. Adams. Madison graduated at Princeton, Polk at the University of North Carolina, Pierce at Bowdoin College, and Buchanan at Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania. The rest never had a college education.

Of the Vice Presidents, Harvard has graduated two, John Adams and Elbridge Gerry; William and Mary two, Thomas Jefferson and John Tyler; Princeton two, Aaron Burr and George Clinton and Daniel D. Tompkins; Yale one, John C. Calhoun; Pennsylvania University one, Richard M. Johnson; Centre College, in Kentucky, one, John C. Breckinridge. Of the Chief Justices, Jay was a graduate of Columbia; Ellsworth of Princeton, Marshall was not a graduate of any college, and Taney graduated at Dickinson. Of the Supreme Judges, Princeton has educated eight, and Harvard three. Of the Secretaries of State, Princeton has graduated five, William and Mary four, Harvard three, Yale two, Union, Dartmouth and Brown one each. Of the Ministers to England, Harvard and Princeton have each graduated five. It will be seen that Harvard University, William and Mary College, and the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, have furnished most of the occupants of these high offices.