

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for the year 1863, in advance, by the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Patriot and Union

HARRISBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1863. PRICE TWO CENTS.

Yearly... Half... One month... Three months... Six months... One year...

Business Cards

DR. J. C. HOYER, DENTIST, OFFICE IN WYETH'S BUILDING, IN ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY DR. CARMAN.

C. D. WALTER'S, CLOCK MAKER, CLEANER AND REPAIRER, NORTH STREET, EAST OF THE CAPITAL.

W. H. MILLER, AND R. E. FERGUSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, OFFICE IN SHOEMAKER'S BUILDINGS.

ROBERT SNODGRASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office North Third street, third door above Market.

DR. C. WEICHEL, SURGEON AND OCULIST, RESIDENCE THIRD NEAR NORTH STREET.

THOS. C. MACDOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILITARY CLAIM AND PATENT AGENT.

MILITARY CLAIMS AND PENSIONS, The undersigned have organized into an association for the collection of Military Claims and the securing of Pensions for wounded and disabled soldiers.

SILAS WARD, NO. 11, NORTH THIRD ST., HARRISBURG, STEINWAY'S PIANOS, MELODIONS, VIOLINS, GUITARS.

JOHN W. GLOVER, MERCHANT TAILOR, Has just received from New York, an assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS.

COOK, Merchant Tailor, 27 CHESTNUT ST., between Second and Front.

DENTISTRY, B. M. GILBEA, D. D. S., Positively extracts teeth without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide.

DELICIOUS BOOK STORE, TRACT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY, E. S. GERMAN.

JOHN G. W. MARTIN, FASHIONABLE CARD WRITER, HERRN'S HOTEL, HARRISBURG, PA.

UNION HOTEL, Ridge Avenue, corner of Broad street, HARRISBURG, PA.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD. This pleasant and commodious Hotel has been recently re-fitted and re-furnished.

THEO. F. SCHEFFER, BOOK, CARD AND JOB PRINTER, NO. 18 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.

CHARLES F. VOLLMER, UPHOLSTERER, Chestnut street, four doors above Second.

Hotels

MOUNT VERNON HOUSE, Second Street, above Arch, PHILADELPHIA.

BUEHLER HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PA. This old established House has undergone extensive improvements, and been thoroughly renovated and re-fitted.

NATIONAL HOTEL, (LATE WHITE SWAN), Race street, above Third, Philadelphia.

For Sale & To Rent, FOR SALE.—A two-story Brick House on Pine street.

FOR SALE.—Lots on Pennsylvania Avenue, Seventh street, North street and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

VALUABLE PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale a valuable Tavern and Hotel, situated on Ridge Road.

FOR SALE.—The building on the corner of Walnut and Third streets, used as a COOPER SHOP.

FOR SALE.—A House and Lot on Sixth street, near State. Enquire at the Exchange Office.

FOR SALE.—A TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE in Short street. Enquire of W. K. VERBERN.

TRANSPORTATION, DANIEL A. MUENCH, Agent of the Old Walloway Line.

P. F. WATSON, MASTIC WORKER AND PRACTICAL CEMENTER, Is prepared to Cement the exterior of Buildings with the New York Improved Water-Proof Mastic Cement.

MURINGER'S PATENT BEEF TEA, A solid, concentrated extract of BEEF AND VEGETABLES.

The Patriot & Union

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 21, 1863.

THE LAST FAIRY.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY M. J. E. BROWNE.

I had passed my sixteenth year when she appeared to me for the first time. It was, I will remember, one beautiful evening in May.

I saw the sun sink into an abyss of purple and gold; the shadows descended from the hills into the plains; the stars were kindled one by one in the deep blue of heaven.

I was going along, opening my soul to all these sounds and to all these perfumes, when I perceived a troop of young girls, who with clasped hands were singing, on their way to the city.

When they had disappeared, I felt myself seized with an unknown disquietude, and having seated myself on a hillock by the side of the meadow which spread out at my feet like an ocean of verdure, I buried my face in my hands.

How long did I remain thus? When I rose I saw at some distance before me a celestial creature, who regarded me with a smile.

Her light hair fell in freedom around her neck, her cheeks had the freshness and brilliancy of the flowers which crowned her head; on the rose-tinted blazon of her face, her eyes shone like two open pearls.

"Friend," she replied, with a voice sweeter than the nightingale's, "I am the fairy which the King of the Gnomes had slumbering in thy breast at the hour of thy birth.

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had pierced the rock. I laughed, I wept, I swam in an endless sea of joy unutterable, and happiness without a name.

I was not thirty when my fairy appeared to me the second time. It was, I recollect, an evening in October.

The sky was low and overcast; an icy north wind beat with a sinister sound the last leaves of the trees.

I had my face in my hands, and mentally reviewing the day that had preceded me, between that evening in May and this evening in October.

"What wishest thou of me?" I demanded. "Friend, the hour is come when we must separate; before leaving thee forever, I have desired to bid thee an eternal adieu."

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mined to abandon thee. But ingrate, I loved thee; and when, astonished to feel me no more near thee, thou returnedst to call me with voice or gesture, I rose and flew to thy side.

"Thou shalt not die!" I cried, opening my arms to receive her; "but, strange creature, speak! Who, then, art thou?"

"I am no more," she said, "thou art thou!" and at these words I tried to seize her, but she had already slipped from my embrace and disappeared, and I perceived in her place only some withered flowers, fallen from her hair.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO. The San Francisco Bulletin, of September 16, gives the following account of a visit to a Chinese temple in that city:

The Chinese are having a great time in their Temple, on Sacramento street, just now. Evidently the festival is of a religious character, though whether the proceeds are to be devoted to canceling a mortgage on their church or to sending out pagan missionaries to win over Christian believers to Buddhism, is more than inquisitiveness itself has been able to ascertain.

The dignitaries of their Temple are not at all reticent, but display a charming readiness to indulge in a conversation with visitors to which the only drawback is that neither understands the other's language.

The first thing which strikes the visitor on entering the vestibule of their sanctuary is a most ancient and fish-like smell, and if he approaches the altar he will discover that the breath of the gods smells strangely of stale salmon.

Passing on and ascending a narrow and fishy stair-case, we find a balcony, gay with flags and lanterns and illuminated with scrolls written in sinuous characters, probably pregnant with the wisdom of the immortal Kung-tze, whom the Latins name Confucius.

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require of me, unaided, I should certainly not have had the courage to undertake it. * * * For seven years, in Cairo, I prosecuted my task on each of the work-days of the week, after an early breakfast until within an hour of midnight, with few and short intervals of rest.

When Horace Walpole wished to amuse his father by reading a historical work to him the aged statesman, "hacking in the ways of men," exclaimed, "Anything but history; that must be false." Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, held a somewhat similar opinion; and Gibbon, alluding to the fallacies of history, said, "The spectators of events know too little the actors were too deeply interested to speak the real truth."

Many of these documents are in the registry of the city of Metz, and prove that she came thither in 1436. The magistrates, to make sure that she was not an impostor, sent for her brothers, Pierre and Jean, who at once recognized her. Several entries in the city records of Metz, the registers, with the names of the donors, that were given to her on the occasion of her marriage with the Chevalier d'Armoise, and even the marriage contract between Robert d'Armoise, Knight, and Jeanne d'Arc, la Pucelle d'Orleans, has been discovered.

The archives of the city of Orleans contain important evidence on this subject. In the treasurer's accounts for 1435, there is an entry of eleven francs and eight sous paid to messengers who had brought letters from "Jeanne la Pucelle."

Under the date of 1436, there is another entry of twelve livres paid to Jean de Lys, brother of "Jeanne la Pucelle," that he might go and see her. The king of France ennobled Jean's family, giving them the appellation of de Ly, derived from the fleur de lys, on account of her services to the State.

In fine, there are many more arguments in favor of the opinion that Joan was not burned, which need not be entered into here. The French antiquaries, best qualified to form a correct opinion on the subject, believe that she was not burned, but kept in prison until after the Duke of Bedford's death, in 1435, and then liberated; and so we may leave the question—a very pretty puzzle as it stands.

"PROSPEROUS TIMES."—There has been a good deal of trash circulating in the papers recently respecting the prosperity of the North, notwithstanding the heavy burdens of the war. It is true that money is easy, that the opera and theatres are crowded nightly, and that the high-priced goods are ready sale; but there is another and less pleasing side of the picture which it would be also well to bear in mind.

The prices of the necessaries of life have advanced enormously, and persons with small, fixed incomes and salaries were never so strained for means as now. Contractors, storekeepers, money changers, stock operators, all who had goods to sell, have done exceedingly well for the last two years; but not so clerks, small property holders, mechanics, all, in fact, whose incomes are fifteen hundred dollars a year or less—a classification, by the way, which includes five-sixths of our whole population.

The poorer classes have not as yet experienced actual suffering, as there is one article for able-bodied men in the army; but the struggle for life, in their food and fuel, was never so hard as it has been for the past year. Coal, for instance, which was abundant a year since at five dollars and fifty cents per ton, is now nine dollars and fifty cents; and that could be bought for ten to twelve cents per pound is now twenty to twenty-two cents; flour that was sold at five dollars is now eight dollars per barrel; and the same proportionate increase holds good for every article of clothing, food and fuel purchased and consumed.

To talk of prosperity and good times when starvation prices like these are the rule is flat nonsense. The truth is, the evil days are upon us financially as well as politically, and they are getting no better very fast. Secretary Chase seems to hint that the time may come when a barrel of flour will cost a thousand dollars, and we think it likely if we go much longer at the present rate. But let us hear no more about prosperous times.—N. Y. World.

It is calculated the rebels lose one hundred slaves per day, who are valued at \$100,000. At the same rate of loss the Secesh, in one year, would be out of pocket \$36,500,000 in value of human chattels alone.

LITERARY LABOR AND STUDY.—An Example of Industry and Perseverance.—Professor Lane, in his preface to his Arabic-English Lexicon, makes the following remarks as to the labor expended on that work:

"Nearly twenty years have now elapsed since I commenced this work. Had I foreseen that the whole labor of the composition must fall upon me, or the project be abandoned, and had I foreseen the length of time that it would