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Counts, Commissioners—Vichael Kast. Corpnor—David Smith.

County Commissioners—Michael Kast, John M
oy, Mitchell McClellan,
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Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.

Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

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Ioshua P. Blyler, J. W. D. Gillelen, George Wetzel,
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First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Paster. -- Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.
Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Han-over and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Blass, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M. st. John's Church. (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle 8t. John's Church. (Prot. Episcopal) northeast and of Gentre Square. Rev. J. C. Cher. Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and the clock, P. M. English Lutheran Church, bedford, etwo., Marchard Louck A. M., and 65/2 Cclock F. M. German Reformed Church Louther, between Gan Over and Pitt streets. Rev. Jav. Somuel Thirtys. (ast., Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock.) M. Mathalist E. Church (Feb. Church) c. etw., i. Main. Mathalist E. Church (Edw. Church) c. etw., i. Main. over and Pitt streets. Rev. Schuel Phi ips (1883). Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock.) M. Math olist E. Church (first charge) earne a Vairand Pitt Streets. Rev. inomas II. Sherber, Pastell Striggs at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. Methodiet E. Church (second charge) fev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor, Services in Emory M. L. Church at 1. o'clock t. M., and 3/2 P. M. Church of ital South West corner of West street and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pasto. Services at 11 a, m., and 7 p. m.
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10 o'clock P. M.

11 o'clock P. M.

12 o'clock P. M.

12 o'clock P. M.

13 o'clock P. M.

14 o'clock P. M.

15 o'clock P. M.

16 o'clock P. M.

16 o'clock P. M.

17 o'clock P. M. 110 clues 1. M. 129. When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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VOL. 64.

Sheridan's Ride.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Up from the South at break of day. Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, The affrighted air with a shudder bore, Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door. The terrible grumble and rumble and roar, Telling the battle was on once more, And Sheridan twenty miles away And wider still those billows of war Thundered along the horizon's bar, And londer vet into Winchester rolled. The roar of that red sea uncontrolled, Making the blood of the listener cold As he thought of the stake in that firey fray And Sheridan twenty miles away. But there is a road from Winchester town, A good broad highway leading down. And there, through the finsh of the morning light A stend, as black as the stends of night. Was seen to pass as with eagle flight-

As it be knew the terrible need

With Sheridan fifteen miles away. Still sprung from those swift hoofs thurdering south The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth. Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster Foreboding the traiters the doom of disaster; The heart of the steed and the heart of the master Impatient to be where the battle-field calls; Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play With Sheridan only ten miles away. Under his spurning feet, the road Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed, And the landscape sped away behind Like an ocean flying before the wind; And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ira

Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire, But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire-He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray, With Sheridan only five miles away. The first that the General saw were the group Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;-What was done-what to do-a glance tol ; him both Thon striking his spurs with a terrible oath, He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas And the waves of retreat chec al its course ther

The sight of the master compelled it to pause With foam and with dust the blick charger gray; By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play, He seemed to the whole great army to say; I have occupit you sheridan all the way From Winches or down to save the day! Hurral, hu : ... for Sheridan! Hurrah, hurred for horse and man! Under the dome of the Union sky, There with the glorious General's name Be it said in tetters both bold and bright "Here is the steed that saved the day By carrying Sheridan into the fight, From Winchester-twent, miles away

Miscellupeons.

SKETCHES OF WASHINGTON. "Greenbacks."

JACKSON PLANTS A HOUSE IN THE STREET -THE TREASURY BUILDING -AN OMEN The Treasury Forces Filing in-THE LINE OF SECRETARIES-THE BIRTH OF THE GREENBACKS-IN THE BEGIN-

GLANCE THE FIRST.

General Jackson, the Roman, walked ou one day with Mills, the architect, in quest of a place whereon to set the temple of Plutus and where the old man planted his cane, as if he expected it would bud like the rod of Aaron, there they laid the corner-stone of the most magnificent building in Washington and so as you mass along Pennsylvania Avenue towards the President's Mansion, the Treasury "stops the way." The Avenue, like the White Nile, disappears, buried beyond hope of resurrection beneath the most ponderous pile of stone upon the continent, and creeps humbly out on the other side : the endless tide of life surges a-

long its lofty walls; presidents and statesmen are caught in the eddy and whirled helplessly around its granite angles. You look up, and the colonnaded front, three hundred feet of Virginia freestone, grand grove of forty-two shafts, is before you. The slender grace of the Corinthian order is not there, but you have in stead the

simple majesty of Ionia. Here too, are the Grecian porticos that stand out so like state ly hosts, to welcome you. But the front looking towards the Potomac is royal. The broad approach is as if the pyramid-builders had been there, and the top-most step atthined, you feel as if walking in a forest primeval. Around you rise columns speckled like

plover's egg; columns of granite from the coast of Maine; monoliths-made of a single stone. It never wearies you to think how they were heaved into place, for it never occurs to you that they are not cooval town; from that front, for a wonder all with the unforgotten cunning of a million traces of labor have vanished. But, like hands; had listened in the Capitol when mer, and whiten yourself like a miller amid heaps of flour.

Albeit the Washingtonians are not troubled with omens, as the Romans were, and care very little on which hand it thunders, yet they recently had an omen and that a glorious one. The dome of the Capital has been married, from the beginning, with spun out in every direction, fairly caught the unhappy fabric, like a soap bubble in a the stately curve, like so many flies on the Ephesian dome. But, one day, about the traces of panting Sisyphus were swept away; the dome was done, and Crawford's Goddess first time, as if she had not reached it by neck, like poor Mary Dyer, of Boston memory, hanged for the crime of Quaker-if you know what that is-but as if she had just alighted upon its graceful homisphere fresh from a better world. Let us reverently acgles to place the grand original, of which Crawford's work is only the poor bronze image, firmly upon its feet, are well nigh over; let us see in that dome this hemiphere of earth; let us discern in that statue

let us believe we have soon the blessed end- | mankind has felt a curious interest in that ing in that vision of the capitol, all traces of representative of almost all things, infernal, the terrible work swept away, the majestic supernal and mixed. The old Dutch cut up presence calm and firm, her foot on the their leather for money, and wore wooden crown of the world, and the last words from shoes, and our fathers passed about printed the last cross on the last Calvary of patriot | pasteboard by the hat full, and called it and martyr, sounded with a solemn joy from good. If there is any thing I am emphatithe everglades of Florida to the woods of cally not, it is a political economist, and yet Maine, "IT IS FINISHED!"

The Treasury Building is a walled city. ators that were, legislators that would be, smooth-faced youth and grizzly age; pale, Secretary of the Treasury has stolen in with- | welfare of my country. out your knowing it; you have missed the nost notable man of all. As the day wears

Colonels straight from War's horrid front; reward me by following the story even over supposed. Debts, of which Mary had no ries : rough riders in cavalry jackets; hourclasses of blades, the chameleous of fashion selves slowly along between two crutches; then a human butterfly.

ed before your eyes? A. they the retinues of the eight kings that went by in Macbeth's vision, and now al. meited into nothing? And so you fall to wondering at the solid heavens of stone vaulting, and the stone staircases swung up within them like a spiral rail of gray cloud. Open doors at right and left disclose spacious and elegant parlors filled with silent workers. You are fairly in the heart of the Palace of the Pen. Here coose would sport it in a wing.

You enter apartment, after apartmen and see ledgers mighty and many enough to make doomsday books for all mankind, and very naturally you remember whose hand adroit it was that touched this noiseless mechanism into life and motion-Alexander Hamilton, the brilliant member of the old military family of the man of Mount Vernon. Before you know it, you are dealing with the dead. The departed bearers of the portfolio of the Treasury are passing by, and now comes Oliver Wolcott, of those old days when.

They strove in such great rivalry Their hatred and their love are lost,

Their envy buried in the dust." It was on the 4th of July, in the first yea the century, that Oliver Wolcott, trom his room in a Treasury Building that, like him, has vanished away, sent that letter to his wife which has grown historical. "The city of Washington, or at least some part of t," wrote the Secretary, "is about forty miles from Baltimore. There are, in fact, but few houses at any one place, and most of them small miserable huts. The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. Take that, ve ancient dignities of the Federal capital, who claim. "A private Adam and Eve

Albert Gallatin, William H. Crawford Richard Rush, Louis McLanc, Levi Woodbury, Thomas Ewing, John C. Spencer Robert J. Walker, William M. Meredith Thomas Corwin. So, filing down the century to these our days extends the brilliant ine, and it is wonderful that through all showing you a hammer, and a forge, and a these reigns, the wit and wisdom of one man should stream unclouded like a ray of sun : the very forms of record Hamilton devised,

remain immutable like Median law. I had lingered in the War Department had waited at the door of State : had wan with the heights of Abraham or of George- dered in the Patent Office, that templestrewn everything else in the national capital, the they put words together that shall bind men, building is not finished, for all that. The | "in the wild where rolls the Oregon," and side facing the President's Mansion is rigged on the uttermost cape of Maine, as fast and with derricks; you stumble among Druidi- firm as if syllables of English breath were cal stones yetclinking under chisel and ham- links of steel; but the Treasury stands most wonderful of all. Within it is grouped the most complicate and delicate mechanism of

the Government.

Influences pass the thresholds of its silent chambers every day, that like night and morning are sure to reach, all homes with gleam or gloom. They set the sails of ships unfurling with a song : they make the decranes that creaked and grouned; halyards, sert bud and blossom as the rose. Like the angel of the Vision, "they stand, one foot on sea and one on solid land." The sinews spider's web, and men in aprons crept up of War grow rigid and iron beneath their touch; shed like Hermon's dew upon the ry, keeps her own secrets better than anothbrow of Peace, they brighten the smile upon or's time that Sherman rode into Atlanta, all her lip and the olive-branch in her hand. The sounds of outer life struggle but fairt- is not courted, yet pretends to know herself ly through the solid walls of this city of of Liberty that surmounts it looked, for the dranite and free-stone; the din of the street comes to you subdued as the drone of flies tough tugging with a rope about her sacred in a summer afternoon. But your ear catches something that is not the rasping of a regiment of pens; the polished pages over which the steel prows glide, is no rolling country of old-time foolsoap. That "some thing" is a little like the ticking of a thoucept the omen; let us believe that the strug- sand clocks in a frolio, and a little like the whirr of a sky full of wings. It flashes upon you that you are in the very hirth-place of perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," second child was born he had scarcely a thou-GREENBACKS, and those yulgar fractions of said be, d'as they who are accustomed to the fellows called Postal Currency, and that it is ordinary mode of wheels to draw water." the clank and flutter of the presses you are . In marriage, prefer the person before lead, the blue-coated journeymen of time; her a sepulchre and paid money therefor, friend, and a companion. while be and Kate were famishing.

BY M. GEMELLA.

I venture to assert that the gold barometer so feverishly watched every day for the state Any morning, between eight and nine, if of the national weather, is no more the true you watch one entrance or another, you will | basis of national currency than the quicksilsee a line of men and women filing silently ver that climbs up and down the thermomein. Some come in carriages, some in cars, ter enrages the Dog-star or lends to Euroclyand some on foot, dangling a dinner basket. | don its stings. I have an affection-never Ci devant governors, whom you have missed | much indulged -- for a clean, crisp greenout of daily life, and who have worn out back of the modest denomination of L., 50. Mary; for truth compels me to say that the their "excellencies," are among them; sen- I like it as a chief d'œuvrefrom the engraver's girl was very homely but intelligent burin; I value it for what it can do for me; but I respect it because it is a little mort- little in the scales of Steele when he conthin men in slippery black; stout, ruddy gage on half a continent with all its wealth fellows in fancy patterns; meek-eyed ma- of mines, meadows and men, of hearts and trons and bright-eyed maidens. You won- of harvests; but I reverence it because it reder at the long procession, and you number | presents hands that are true, a million strong, it at five hundred, but it is a host two thou- and hopes that are loyal, even as the stars of sand strong. As the clock tolls nine, the heaven. Divested of all the fiction of the last girl flutters in at a door and out of sight. men that would part Liberty's garments and You have been seeing the working force, cast lots for its vesture, that little parallelothe rank and file of the Department. The gram is a pledge at once of the faith and the

Surely then, I may be pardoned for thinking that if I could discover the where-abouts | Mary's hand it was not denied him. on to ten, another tide begins to flow Treas of these mysterious murmurs I was hearing, survward, and pass in at the open doors | and somehow manage, at first to be by at | Mr. Foster died, and after his affairs were ar-Men that out-Atlas Atlas, with their couple | the birth of the greenbacks, and at last to | ranged by his legal adviser, it was found that of worlds on each shoulder; rusty-looking tell what it was all like, some reader might the deceased was less wealthy than had been prominent citizens with immense phylacte- the five-barred gate of a "to be continued." idea, had been contracted, and when all it whose coats you cry, tand what a length | good deal like the kingdom of heaven to get | than four thousand pounds. Still this was of tail behind;" men with one coat sleeve into, and not at all like the kingdom when a fair sum of money; but she saw with pain blue and empty; soldiers swinging them- you get there. But one officer of the Gov- that her husband regarded this diminution women vailed in black crape, and now and and he, just now, is the Honorable Wil- pleased looks. In a word, she made the un-By and by, you follow, and find yourself slip of paper in the hand-writing of the Sec- exceedingly mercenary and selfish, that his n a spacious hall that converges like a V, retary, admitting you, but the pass is as piety.was merely nominal, and that his general as vou look down it. but, aside from a mes- short-lived as an ephemeron, for it dies in a character would not bear a close examinasenger hastening with noiseless step, you see | day. Thus armed with the "sesame," the | tion. She did not reproach him, as many to nobody. You wander from hall to hall, and door will open to you, but never fancy you wife would have done. She had too good beyond a little group here, and there, talk- are to be turned loose like a lamb in a pad- sense to do so, being well aware that none of ing with bated breat. ... if nobody, What dock. You are not left to your own poor us can bear to have our faults or shortcomhas become of the thousands that just enter- company a single instant, an intelligent gen- ings pointed out to us, no matter how mild-

buld never get out. Congrutulate me that her. the accomplished Chief of the Bureau of Curterest in the telling of the pilgrimage that readers know that the laws of England do are men who have worn a quill over the the writer found in making it, the sketches not recognize the right of a woman to hold right car for forty years as naturally as a to follow will have abundantly subserve So, down the stone stairways into the cool halls of the basement and among the arches

> wide open; past rooms full of queer noises; insight of rows of girls playing upon strange Jubals of old time. Sometimes a grating, what you fancied, if this be it; two forges are before you; the iron of commerce is around you; in the story of that beautiful L. 50, this is the "in the beginning;" the very delicate and beautiful pieces of mechanism of a Treasury note the finest of the fine arts. Imagine Vulcan "blowing and striking" in the palace of St. James; think of the Ionie columns and marble halls and stately porticos and here in the heart of the temple blacksmith's shon! It may be a queer assertion but it is a true one, that the Govern ment which in its economy takes Robinson Crusoe for a model, makes the boldest approach to perfection; whose needs created efforts, and you never encountered a want out to supply it. Now, if ever a Governnent played the longly Islander anywhere, it is in this making of money. Within these walls, every process is carried on, every manufacture produced, necessary to creat from a shred of linen and a bas of steel, the most beautiful evidences of national wealth and good faith in the world-a truth strikingly illustrated in the fact that when you went to see money made, they began by

Connubialities.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty,

mass of ugly iron.

and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery, the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet happy. Men go further in love than women, but

women outstrip them in friendship. Valor was assigned to men, and chastity to women, as their principal virtues, because they are most difficult to practice.

A woman that, has but one love thinks herself no coquetto; but she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquette. The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world. A man is more reserved on his friend's con-

cerns than his own: a woman, on the contra A woman will think herself slighted if she

too well to believe your flattery. Absence is to love, what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinonco is fatal. The greatest pleasure of life is love; the

greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest ossession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend. Aloibindes being astonished at Socrates'

the liberty of mankind ; let us recognize in hearing. Since Abraham, that father of wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind two sisters and one brother. One of the Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, and thein they the faithfull, and husband of Sarali, bought before the body; then you have a wife, a sisters died three years prior to his own de-

[From the Sunday Dispatch.] RETRIBUTION.

When Lawrence Steele and Mary Foster married, all their friends and acquaintances concurred it a good match. Pronounced it, I said, but it by no means follows that it really was a good match, nor that all though it was. However, it was so pronounced and those who knew neither of the partie took it for granted as facts.

Mary Foster was the daughter of a wealthy perchant at Birmingham, and was the only child, hence heir to her father's wealth .-This fact was probably the only inducement that caused Lawrence Steele to woo and win and virtuous. The latter attributes weighed templated making her his wife. The "solid" attraction was the load-stone, and so she became Mrs. Steele.

Lawrence had nothing to recommend him save a handsome exterior and his pretensions o piety. He was clerk in an iron-monger's shop at a moderate salary, and was reported to be an exemplary young fellow. But it was his regular attendance, at church which gained him the approbation of Mr. Foster, and when the young man finally sought

They had been married but a year when Now, the region to which, by the grace claims against the property had been settled, of the Secretary, you gain admission, is a the bulk of her inheritance amounted to less ernment can give you the freedom of it, of Mr. Foster's wealth with anything but liam P. Fessenden. If fortunate, you get a pleasant discovery that her hushand was deman is incessantly at your clow, not so ly it is done. We all hope that they are unsuch because nobody can tell what you may noticed by our fellow-creatures. Mary be left to do," as because without a guide knew this, and ferbore letting him know con would never get in, or being in, you that his true character had been revealed to

Without consulting his wife, Lawrence rency, S. M. Clark, Esq., lent me his clear | made preparations to remove into a more discerning eyes to see with, and let me add fashionable street as soon as he held possessthat, if the reader shall find a tithe of the in- | ion of the inheritance. Perhaps few of my tv while she has a husband living. He owns all she has, or may get, and she is left at the mercy of her husband, who, if he chooses to be a brute, may lead her a terrible you go; by doors aiar you would like to set life-squander all her property, and desert her eventually; then should he return after she has managed to accumulate a little proinstruments beyond the art of the Tubals and | perty, or, for instance, established herself in some little business, he becomes at once masometimes a solid door, is locked behind you: ter again, and legal owner of all she nossessou are getting into the rough regions of a es. Why such a barbarous law is allowed smithy; the temple of money is not at all to exist passes my comprehension, but that it does exist cannot be denied.

Mary, when she learned how she had been Genesis of a green back. Here, many of the | mit him to see that he had the power to | he had reduced her to by his riotous style of

his profession. He was poor, and rose to unless he discovered some means to earn his present position only by dint of severe money. Of course she could probably keep ner. She complied; and he left the house, study and close application to business. His soul and body together by applying herself love for Mary Foster was pure and unselfish; diligently to her needle, but her scanty earnbut he lacked boldness where females were ings would not suffice for him also; so he couple of fish in his hand, and, presenting concerned. He was habitually shy in the one day left the house with his wardrobe in them to Mary, he observed: presence of the opposite sex, hence his back- a bag, with the ostensible purpose of seeking wardness in a case which was to him of the employment at his profession in London, most vital importance. Lawrence Steele bore away the prize Tor-

bet had longed for, but dared not attempt to grasp, and the young attorney took the disappointment greatly to heart. However, his was not aspirit to remain long depressed; he threw off the gloom that shrouded it and applied himself more diligently to his profession. Lawrence Steele knew that young Tor-

bert had at one time paid attention to Mary Foster, but he did not suppose that it amounted to anything. He regarded the young man as a "spooney," and dismissed him from his thoughts.

Lawrence Steele had a sister, a bold creature, who ran away from home, when scarce sixteen, with the proprietor of a travelling circus. Throe years passed since that event, and he had not heard a word from her. He presumed she was dead, or had, perhaps, left the country. The young people moved into the new

house, which had been splendidly furnished by the orders of Steele. Mary started with urprise, as well as consternation, when she the expense her husband incurred in furnishing the house; he had never consulted her. She passed through the various apartments, and at every step her heartache increased. A thousand pounds would scarcely cover the ruthless expenditures of her husband; her mental vision glanced into the future, and the prospect appalled her. She saw naught but ruin if her prodigal husband continued thus; and what, asked she, will possibly open his eyes to the true state of affairs? He was too thoroughly selfish to have any regard to her feelings. He followed the bent of his own inclinations, nor cared whether it suited her or no.

"One-fourth of my inheritance wasted, I may say," murmured she, after she had inspected all the apartments; "how long will" it take him to spend the remainder? Alas! her trot bles were only just begun-Steele entered at once upon a fashionable patience, asked him how he could endure the and dissipated career, and by the time his sand pounds left.

Mary had no relatives, to her knowledge, living in England. Her father had only

strangers. What was more hopeless than val. poor Mary's condition? United to a man devoid of principle and utterly regardless of her comfort, what could she hope for ? At this time her husband's sister returned from her roving, after an absence of seven years. She one day presented herself at the house during the absence of Lawrence, and sister. boldly introduced herself as Mrs. Kate Nel-

her kindly but without any demonstration; in fact, she felt a strange dislike to the woman from the moment she beheld her. Her large black eyes, so much like those of Lawdered on encountering them.

not invited her to his embrace. In fact, it Mary of herself. Truth replied in the negawould be happy under his roof.

acted in open defiance of both.

was resolved to grasp as much from the im- ders? ly for her own private use.

and removed them to an humble abode in the husband, who had hitherto kept aloof and separate them save by his own act. permitted her to bear all the trials and in his much-abused wife had located herself. tears, but in secret only. She would not per- in an abode of her poverty, and a situation them.

make her weep. She frequently thought of living? Alas! his was a callous heart. are fashioned that have rendered the making another, who loved her, but, dreading a re- The only regret he felt was, that he no longfusal, never made known his love un.il she er felt himself able to indulge in those dishad been irrevocably bound to Lawrence sipations he was so fond of. What became Edward Torbet was a young lawyer, and no concern whatever. He saw that there but in reality to desert her, only he did not fry them for Kate and me." possess the moral courage to acquaint her with his intention.

As soon as it was an established fact that Lawrence Steele hadddeserted his wife her friends flocked to her aid, and in a month or two after she found herself in a prosperous condition. She was established in a small haberdasher business, and her earnings en abled her to save a nice sum semi-annually. which she placed in the hands of one of those friends who had succored her, to be invested as he thought most profitable, in his name, merely giving her a paper acknowledging the receipt of the money.

Two years passed by, and during that time Mary heard nothing of either her husband or his sister. She sincerely mourned his absence, but that of her sister-in-law gave her pleasure. She hoped she would never darken her doors again. Six months later, as Mary stood behind

her counter waiting upon a customer, a brougham stopped before the door and a man alighted. Entering the shop she recognized her husband, but how changed. He was entered the new home. She had no idea of pale and thin, and his features bore traces of The sudden appearance of him whom she

supposed to be in London, or in his grave, naturally occasioned her extreme surprise and agitation. As soon as this customer departed she followed her husband into an inner room, where he had gone without a word of salutation to her whom he so long deserted and so carefully neglected. She fell on his neckin a violent fit of weep-

ing, when he rudely repulsed her, and bade her not make a fool of herself, but get him some supper. Supper for two, added he. "Have you a companion ?" asked she Instead of answering her verbally he went out to the vehicle and handed out a female

closely voiled; then settling with the driver. who drove away, Steele entered the house, leading his companion with him. In the rear apartment the female threw up her weil and disclosed the features of Kate, his sister. Mrs. Steele sank into a seat with a groan; this was so unexpected, so sudden, she was scarcely prepared for it; in a word she was ered as scarcely to know how to act.

words of her heartless busband, who demand-

ican sea captain, and followed him to In a moment she sprang from her bowed his own home in Baltimore. The brother, posture, and in a short time spread before while a boy, had gone to India, and save a them a substantial meal. They are as if no wealth to Mary, news of which he had learnletter or two Mr. Foster received from him food had passed their lips for forty-eight ed, but which he managed to keep from her shortly after he reached India, he heard no hours, and when satisfied. Kate, in an im- by means of debarring her from receiving more of him, and naturally supposed he had portinent tone, asked to be shown to her room. the letters written to her to that effect. The succumbed to the unhealthiness of the cli- Mary could only comply; she wished no letters were addressed to her father, and came mate and died unknown and unwept among strife in the house the first hour of his arri- into Steele's possession, who proved that he

> When comparative quiet reigned, Mary in England. ventured to ask Steele where he had been the

Peor Mary, her cup of sorrow was now amour, who merely ate of the flahe which son, sister of Lawrence Steele, and widow of indeed full to overflowing. The return of were fried in the skimmed fat of the soup? the late Joseph Nelson, proprietor of the her truant husband she would have hailed Royal Hippodrome. Mrs. Steele received with satisfaction, if not with pleasure, for he med fat therefrom, it was discovered that the was the father of her children, and although | destructive properties of the arsonic separathe was rude to her, and cared little for her ed itself from the soup, and concentrated comfort, she could have borne with his way- entirely in the fat on the surface! Thus was ward manner; but to be obliged to endure the the worthy woman and her offspring saved rence, gazing so boldly on her, disconcerted presence of his vulgar sister was too much, from a horrible death, owing entirely to her her greatly; there was magnetism in those and her heart was bowed down with its weight habits of systematic economy; and her bruorbs, and poor Mary involuntarily shud- of misery and wretchedness. No doubt they tal husband and his mistress met their just. had heard of her prosperity, and came to deserts by a contrivance of their own. Lawrence came in while the two women profit by it. Was she compelled by law to were conversing, and the next moment Kate support Mrs. Nelson just because that woman lay in his arms; the act was her own, he had happened to be her husband's sister? 'asked

was some time ere he could be persuaded tive. Kate had no legal claims on her sisterthat he really beheld his sister Kate. But in-law, and the reader must be aware by this the legacy loft her by her deceased relative. being finally convinced of the fact, he bade time that she certainly had none of humanity. her welcome to his house, (?) and hoped she | She, soulless creature, had formerly existed | on Mary's bounty, and forsook her when The presence of this bold creature added there was no more to be obtained. Who, faithful to his early love through all her years. one more pang to the already overburned even with a large share of Christain forbear- of wretchedness. The hand and fortune heart of Mary, but she resigned herself to ance, could look with any degree of magnanher manifest destiny. For the sake of her imity on such a selfish creature as Kate Nel-worthily, and her after years were children she would not commit an act that son? She had, by her former conduct, for- as happy as those of her early life had been justice dictated; namely, order the removal feited all claims to generosity; how was it wretched. Virtue had its reward at late. of this obnoxious woman, who at once made | possible for her to expect it from the woman herself quite at home, selected apartments who still bore the effects of her and her brothfor her use, no matter whether the arrange- ers treatment? But the human heart is oftment suited Mr. or Mrs. Steele; in fact, she times so encrusted with selfishness that noth-

ing save our own sufferings make any imprestermined to make the most of what little own needs and wants, but blind to those of en creature heeded not the undisguised looks | never propounded the mental question, Does of disapprobation of her sister-in-law. She | Mary Steele look upon us as guests or intrupending ruin (which she knew would come Two months passed thus. Mary strove to

ere long) as she possibly could, and what make her little home an agreeable abiding noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you she thus saved she intended to reserve strict- place for her husband; for his sister she had love them, you are glad their place is out of The crash came at last. Mary awoke one at home. Steele spent his nights abroad, and ways beside you; she brings the slippers for morning to find the house in possession of wasted the earnings of his wife at a fearful papa, and with her pretty dimpled flagers bailiffs. Everything, save her exclusive rate in idleness and carousing. She no longer unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts private property, was at once seized upon, laid by a monthly sum for future use. All, on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's and and sold under the hammer before her eyes. I all went to waste. Her friends urged her to What was left she hastily packed together, secretly dispose of her stock, and pocket the proceeds, then separate from her worthless suburbs of the town, where, as soon as she husband; but this she would not do. She ly dignity. And who shall tell how the lithad comfortably settled herself and lived in held herself religiously bound to him by her the thread of speech that flows with such comparative quiet, she was joined by her marriage vow, and nothing but death could sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent In six months after the re-appearance

conveniences incidental to removing from Lawrence Steele and his sister, Mary found face is hid among the daisies, as so many one place to another. He had left the house her business barely sufficient to keep the famon the morning of the sale, and never ap- lily. Some of her best customers failed her, peared until he earne to the cottage where partly because the variety of her goods was is a long and shining track from the halfso small, and partly owing to the frequent | latched door of childhood, till the girl blooms Did he feel any compunctions of conscience attendance of Kate Nelson, whose vulgar into the mature woman. There are the deceived by her husband, shed bitter when he beheld his patient wife domiciled manner and illiterate conversation disgusted brothers who always lower their voices when

One day Mary noticed her husband and Kate in close conversation within the inner as they do, while in turn she instructs them room, but the moment she appeared it was in all the little minor details of home life; of dropped. She thought nothing strange of which they would grow up ignorant if not this, and after an hour spent thus they sallied for her. And what a shield she is upon the of his wife and children seemed to give him out together. This was directly after breakfast. In less than an hour Lawrence returngave promise of becoming a rising man in was no chance for him to exist with his wife ed with a leg of mutton. He laid it on the guard and inspire them, a check upon protable and bade her make some soun for din- fanity, a living sermon on immortality. and did not return until an hour after the at the evening meal, how cheery her voice regular dinner-hour. This time he had a as she relates the little incidents of the day.

"I was unavoidably detained this forenoon so I missed my soup. Here are two nice fish,

Mary obeyed; and while engaged in her duties she noticed that her husband frequently fixed his eyes on her countenance. Presonlty Kate came in, and Mary saw them exchange glances, as though some mutual un- he is ashamed to, there is no room for him derstanding of some sort existed between The fish were done, and placed before the

two selfish beings, who made a hearty meal of them. "Won't you have some?" asked he of his

"No, thank you," replied Mary; "the It was a very fat leg of mutton; in fact, too how it will radiate as a blessing into that other much so even for soup; so I skimmed the fat | home where a sister's memory will be the from the surface and saved it for frying .-Those fish were fried in some of it." Both started, and dropped their knives and

Steele sprang to his feet, and confronting his selves the sugar and salt of life! Let them terrified wife, be exclaimed: "Do you tell me that you fried the fish we heart's content, and don't tell them Tom have ate in the fat skimmed from the mutton Thumb and Red Riding Hood are fiction Soup?"

there in that?" "Woman, you have murdered your hus- fun of their baby theology, and when you band!" cried he, throwing himself into a must whip them, do it so that if you should seat. "You knew there was poison in it, and remember it, it would not be with tears. you have destroyed us-me and Katery

you mean?" In an incoherent manner he then gave her | back to the angels. So be gentle with the o understand that he had impregnated the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine mutton with arsenic, with the design of poi. will follow in the wake of the little bobbing soning her and the children, and she had un- beads that daily find a great many hard probwittingly turned the tables on him and his lems to solve. onfederate.

medical aid, which soon arrived, but too late to save the lives of the two wretches. Both tern, lying on a sofa, waiting for the stage paid with their lives the penalty they would have inflicted on their intended victims. What a revalation Stoele made ere he died! What a list of wrongs he had beaped upon a mirror, arranged his hair and coller, quite his patient and unsuspecting wife!

Mary flew to the pearest anothecary for

self, was an arrant imposter. Kate died four he turned to go out, when Mr. Randelph askoverwhelmed, and for a moment so bewild- year's prior to the imposter's appearance, ed him: who secured all the valuables belonging to She was aroused from her stuper by the the deceased; and, having long before worm. ed out of Kate her previous history, she re- nothing to do with it, sir." ed why ske sat there sniveling like a dolt solved to personate, her, inasmuch as she won! I beg your pardon," said Randolph

Steele and his wife this ther was suit, wealthy, as I have related diread; had one day, during a conversation about their childhood, Lawrence made the astounding discovery that she was not his sister? He brought her to acknowledge the imposition, which she did in such a manner as to meet his approbation, and they mutually agreed to keep the secret from Mary, his wife. Thus header ed insult to injury on his poor wife, by first wasting his inheritance, then by foisting a mistress upon her, and compelling her to sup-

to Birmingham and appeared to Lagrence

ort the creature as his sister . Terrible has een the retribution that overtook them in the midst of their diabolical villainy. His bject to dispose of her and the children was o inherit the legacy left her by her huncle, who lately died in India, bequeathing all his was Mr. Foster's only living representative

Now comes the providential part of this past two years; but he coarsely replied it was tale, which will explain to the reader what no concern of hers; he was home again, and may have seemed strange to him, to wit. here he meant to stay. She burst into tears, why were Mary and the children not affected and he left her, and went up stairs to join his by the poison when it originated in the mutton, and yet destroyed Lawrence and his par-

By an analysis of the soun; and the skim.

Mary sincerely mourned the unhappy fate of her misguided husband; but it is to be. presumed that her regrets for the wicked woman who shared his wretched fate were few. She eventually came into possession of and, after a suitable period of mourning had elapsed, she frankly and joyously bestowed

LITTLE GIRLS I cannot well imagine a home more incom-

pleto than that one where there is no little It was soon apparent that Kate was de | sions upon it. We are keenly alive to our | girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all was left of the inheritance of Mary Steele. others. Thus felt Lawrence Steele and his hearts within the magic ring by the name-She alternately coaxed and demanded pres- sister. They came to live on the bounty of less charm of her presence. There is somes: ents from her brother. Watches, rings and an industrious woman, on whom (morally thing about little girls which is especially chains adorned her vulgar person, to the speaking) one had no more claim than the lovable; even their willful, naughty ways disgust of the refined Mary. But the braz- other. Probably, in their selfishness, they seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that" overflows in such gracious showers. Your. boys are great noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulse, but they are no care, that person made herself perfectly doors: but Jennie with her light step is al-"doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanlips, twines itself around the mother's hears, never to rust, not even when the dear little mothers know.

> But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports in which she takes almost as much interest dawning manhood wherein so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for her company. when her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting-room with father and mother; or if there. Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsonse which results in so many unhappy marriages or has ty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and on bended knees craves the blessing of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, very far, for time children and I dined heartily on the soup. and eternity, her own pure example goes consecrated ground of the past. Cherish then the little girls, dimpled dar-

> lings who tear their aprons, and cut the taforks upon the table. Kate turned livid; ble-cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themdress and undress their doll bebies to their but leave them alone till they find it out "Certainly," replied she; what harm is which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make for a great many little girls lose their hold "Poison?" echood she wildly; "what do suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way

JOHN RANDOUPH AND THE DANNE. John Randolph, of Rosnoke, was in a tayto come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before progracious of the presence of the gentle-Kate Nelson, his sister, as she styled her | man on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile, "Has the stage come?"

"Stago, sir! stago;" mid the fop;" In'e

somewhat resembled the deceased, She came | quietly "I thought you were the driver !!"