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STATE GOVERNMENT. . Uhierdu tic of the supreme Court-Ogo

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Provident Judges-Hon. James H. Graham.
Associate Judges-Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hen
Flugh Stunt
District Attorney-J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary-Samuel Shireman. Prothonotary—Samuel Shiroman,
Clork and Racorder—Ephrain Cornman,
Register—Gao W. North.
High Sheriff—J. Thompso Rippey.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Sarith
County Communicationers—Michael Rast, John
oy, Aitchell McCleitan,
Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. V. Dale
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS. Chlof Burgess-Andrew B Ziegler. Assistant Bur. ess. - oher Ulison.

Town Council - East Ward-4 D Rhineheart.
Joshua P Bisler, J. W D. Gillelen George We'zel,
West Warl-400, L Warra - thes Paxton, A. Catheart, Jun. B Parser, Jun. D. dreas, President, of
Council, A. Catheart effect, Jos W ogilby.

High bonstatic samuel Sipe Ward Constable.

Andrew Martin.

Assistant Association Association (Associated Inc.) Andrew Martin.
Avisory John Phitshall. Assistant Assessors, Jun. Mell, Geo S. Geeten.
Au liter—Robert D. Pameron.
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Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Meck, James Spangler.

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First Presbytsrian Church, Northwest angle of Cen-tre Square, day Conway P Wing Paster — Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Secon I Presbyterian Church, corner of South Han-over and Pomfret streets Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock Services commonce at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. J. C. Clerc. Rector. Services at 11 o'clock V. M., and to'clock, P. M.

English Luther streams. Rev. Jarob Fry. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock R. M. and to's lock, P. M.

German Reformed. Charch, Louther, between Han over and Pitestreets. Rev. Samuel Philips. Pastor Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Mathodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Fhomes H. Sherhock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. ; ervices in Emory M. E. Church at 1. o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Church of Rod. And 31% P. M.

Church of Rod. Rev. St. o'clock A. M., and 3½ P. M.
Church of God Chapel South West cor. of West St and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a, m., and 6½ p. m.
St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near Eastst.
Rev Pastor. Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.
German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bodford streets. Rev C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock P. M.

\$\frac{\partial P. M.}{200}\$ When changes in the above are nocessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural of the United States. His type of char-end of that time the revived per was assence and Curator of the Museum. Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Profe sor of Mathemat-French Lauguages.

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Poeticul.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW. Could any thing be more affecting than the follows h gh place in the poetic ranks. Oh! the snow the beautiful snow, Filli g the sky and earth below Over the house tops, over the street,

Over the heads of the people you meet, Dancing, Flirting, Skimming along; Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong, Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a froliesome freak. Beautiful snow from the heaven above,

Pure as an angel, gentle as love Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, How the flakes gather and lough as they go! Its plays in its glee with every one,

Laughing, Hurrying by; It lights on the face, and it sparkles on the eye; And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy aroun1; The town is alive and its heart in a glow,

To welcome the coming of beautiful snow How wild the crowd goes swaying a long, Haiting each other with humer and song! How the gay sledge like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye: Ringing,

Swinging, Dashirg they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow; Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by, To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet Till it blends with the fifth in the horrible street Once I was pure as the snow-but I fell!

Pleading, Dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsal of bread, Merciful God! have I fallen so I w? And yet I was once like the beautiful snow

Fell to be trampled as filth of the street :

Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,

Allistellaneons.

HOW GENERAL HANCOCK BE-[The following is Chapter 1V of the life of General Hancock, just issued by

Ashmend & Evans, Philadelphia.

At the time of which we are now writng, there resided in a populous part of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, a genleman well known for his extensive influence in political circles. His deep in- tively obeyed, and the horse, yet trembterest in the arrangement of public mat ling and wet with fatigue and blows, was ters induced him to take long and free led to the stables of the Montgomery quent rides through different parts of the Hotel, where several days and nights of country, and places adjacent. He once rest and care were required to restore the represented that district in the Congress usual appearance and qualities At the

and dislikes; to be decided to his friend-John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and ship and equally decided in his enmity For quite a number of years, in the prosecution of his profession, he had em ployed one of the best horses in that section of the country. With his trusty steed, when a pressing occasion demanded, he was accustomed to start off, at

times in the middle of the night, reach the dwellings of the members of his par ty he desired to see, rouse them from their slumbers, communicate the intelligence or counsel he thought of importance, and then, after driving or riding miles in his solitary routes of duty, to return to his office as the first beams of day gilded the surrounding landscape. Many a public movement has been announced in the papers, many a political event has controlled the party destinies of that district, and, to some extent, of the state and country, which had its unknown origin in the mid-

night journeys of this Montgomery coun-Lake other somewhat eccentric men having no wife to love, he loved his horse The noble animal was his companion in

all these secret trips. It had become ac customed to his night approaches in the the comfortable stables; it had sped for him, either bearing him on its back or drawing him in his vehicle, through high ways and by ways; it had patiently and quietly waited for him, through summer and winter, in sunshine and in storm, at the places selected by its master for his strategic interviews; and had thus, in many ways, enabled him to accomplish objects that were dear to his heart.

But, strong and enduring as the horse, t cannot last forever. There came a time when the good steed of our friend, while it retained all its wonted fineness of mould and form, gave signs of age. While suitable for short excursions, and as useful as ever for occasional drives, it could no longer withstand the long, and rapid. and repeated journeys to which for years it had been subjected. The owner, touched by the discovery of the fact, with a spirit that did him honor, decided to withdraw the animal from such active service. He took it to Philadelphia, and presented it to a professional acquaintance, then residing there, with the mutual understanding that the faithful oreature should be employed only in light and easy duties-such as would especially benefit the recipient of the horse-un-

til its death. Time passed on. One day, when the awyer was on a visit to Philadelphia. he discovered as he stood near the Montgomery Hotel a handsome horse, harness ed to a heavily loaded dray, quiveringwith excitement under his load, covered with foam, and a driver lashing him furiously with a large whip. Looking a inoment at the suffering animal - panting there in the dry dusty streets, in the middle of the month of July he perceived that horse in that brutal manner?" The driver began to reply, when he a-

gain cried out "Where did you buy the animal?" ty to whom the lawyer had presented it.) with other affairs. She knew well the The Englishman."

"What did you pay ?" "Seventy-five dollars." "And he took that money for this

horse!" "Yes, sir; I paid him cash down." "You did? Well you may come down yourself, now."

The driver descended from his dray, and stood, looking with wonder at his ed lawyer made the earnest inquiry. questioner, while he, in turn, looked, with something rather different, at him. "Now, tell me," he resumed, as calmly as possible, "why did you strike such

a handsome horse in that way?" "I know it's handsome, sir; quick yet, in a light buggy; but then the critter ain't strong ; it's too old, 'squire "

"So then; you cut and lash a noble horse because he's old, do you?" "I've been cheated, 'squire, by the man I bought of." "Been cheated, eh? I think you have!

"And you are not the only one who has been cheated about that horse." "What will you take for the animal? "I'll take a hundred doilars; for it'll be some trouble for me to get another who'll sell as well."

"My friend! here are your hundred dollars. The horse is mine-again! I have always held that beautiful cleature to be worth more than twice as much. would not take five hundred, now!" "Then you've made a good bargain,

squire." "Yes; a very good bargain; tho" have been sold, myself; but this is the last time this horse will ever be."

"Take it out of that dray, as quick avour hands will let you! Go! get a dray horse, that will bear loading and thrashing better than this one!" The still wondering drayman instinct

acter led him to be strong in his likes gain in its old home, suitably enlarged for the purpose, and receiving its full share of wonted kindness.

be treated brutally in its old age.

he at once began :

"Good evening, Mr. Hancock l" ous answer, as Mr. Hancock, who had safety its first fearful ordeal of the Rev- married sister, a parrot, a drum (per

Point, as a cadet?"

"Really, sir, I hardly know what to renight. I have not thought of the thing." "Well, I wish you would think of it; for I have it in my power to send him."

He is as old as the boy whom another man is trying to get in !" i!!That may be."

"Yos, sir; I know it to be so! Winfield is a smart boy, Mr. Hancock ; a very smart boy, a great deal smarter than that other one; he has the telepts for it. sir; just the talents; and, if you will say the word, he shall go."

"I thank you for the offer; but you must grant me time to reflect upon it." the horse are long since dead ; but how life !" "Call to morrow morning, and I will mysterious is the part they performed in This was true enough, for he had nevgive you an answer." ...

The family of Mr., Hancook are early risers. They were up betimes; and the merica!

"This is Thy work, Almighty Providence! TFICE at his residence in Pitt it was his own former favorite! Rushing cadet consultation was duly held. It is to the driver, and seizing his lifted whip, due to the mother of Winfield to record

just about to descend on the lacerated the fact that she took that active part in back of the poor creature, he exclaimed: it becoming her position. Unintention-"Hold! What are you about, flogging ally to herself she had nourished some of the early military proclivities of the boy. She had helped to equip him in his juvenile uniform, when at the head of his miniature company of Norristown volun- What do I know; what can I say? I as-

-," (naming the par- teers, while his father had been busy bent of the mind of the boy. Winfield the decision was made. The pawing hoofs of the venerable steed

> on the pavement in front of the house told that the applicant for Winfield was soon again at the door. The moment it opened, the clear voice of the still mount-

"Well, Mr. Hancock! what do you say? I am all ready to complete the business. Shall Winfield go ?"

"Yes sir!" was the quite response. In an instant more the horse and rider were galloping down the street, across the adjacent bridge, to the temporary residence of the incumbent congressman. The secret history of that morning ride

by that Pennsylvania civilian, on that petted old horse, of his interview with that member of congress, of their murual conference and conjectures with regard to young Winfield, is all locked up in the past. What anticipations for the furure of the boy glowed in the bosom of that rider are all burried with him in the grave. All unknown to us now are the hopes he indulged of the career of the cadet; how fondly he may have imagined him realizing all his expectations; succeeding in the admission; passing the ordeal of three years of study; receiving his commission and entering the army of the nation; serving the requisite term in subordinate positions, thorough drill, discipline, and the privations of camp, fort ress, and murch; encountering hunger, disease, fatigue and battle; perhaps rising to eminence among the sons of the Republic who should graduate with him from those classic and warlike enclosures; until in bright perspective, the name of his youthful protege might be honored and distinguished in American military

That solitary rider on that patriotic mission passed near the silent shades of the Valley Forge, and the vicinity of the Mensione Mousione Mousio sanguinary battle ground of Paoli. The laugh, pulled off his cap at arms-length trý box, draw-bridge, reedy ditch and ly grave of many a revolutionary hero, box, kept it off for a considerable period soldiers. dying, unknown, in the early struggle of after he had parted from Madame Bouclet, Now it happened that at the time this green with beauty as he galloped by them, occurrence was taking place, the party and their sods seemed to whisper approwho had thus summarily disposed of the val to him, in every bending blade of Mutuel was the list of her lodgers, sweetpresent of our legal friend, removed a por- grass Going in the light of the morn- lywiritten forth by her own Nephew and From the days when VAUBAN engineered tion of his family into Montgomery coun- ing sun and returning in the cool shad. Book keeper, who held the pen of an Anty His reason for doing so was that he ows of the evening, the spirits of the he- gel, and posted up at the side of her gateheard a cadet was about being selected roic dead seemed to hoveraround him, as way for the information of the Police. there for West Point, and he thought by they ever do around all controlled by the "Au second, M. L'Anglais, proprietaire" and stertorous under the shock of its that device to secure the appointment for loftiest purposes of the human heart On the second floor, Mr. The Englishman. his son. He had no right to solicit the Beyond were the hillsides and gorges man of property. So it stood; nothing VAUBAN made it the express incorporafavor. He was not a resident of the dis- where Washington, like the eagle at bay, | could be plainer. trict, never had been, and never expect- gathered his chosen troops around him, ed to be. His temporary location there resolved to suffer, and if needs be to die, with her forefinger, as it were to confirm not only twisted you into it and twisted was a subterfuge, a ruse; as mean an act in all the horrors of a half-starved and aud settle herself in her parting snap at you out of it, to the right, to the left, as his selling the present of his friend, to half naked winter camp, rather than sur. Monsieur Mutuel, and so, placing her opposite, under her, over there, in the The lawer discovered the base trick and hope committed to his hands by the as if nothing should ever tempt her to covered way, dry way, went way, fosse, as he had discovered that practiced on American people. Here was the bridle- unsnap that snap, strolled out into the portcullis, draw-bridge, sluice, squat,

render up the symbols of national liberty right hand on her hip with a defiant air, dark, in the dirt, by gateway, archway, him in the matter of his equine tavorite; path he traversed, in his high emprise of Place to glance up at the windows of Mr. tower, pierced wall, and heavy battery, and, with his usual promptitude, deter- duty. There he had his headquarters in The Englishman That worthy happenmination and sagacty, he proceeded at the canvas tent. Yonder be counselled ing to be locking out of the window at der the neighboring country, and came once to thwait the trickster. With the with the heroic Steuben and Knox the homent, Madame Bouclet gave him to the surface three or four miles off, eccentricity and shrewducss peculiar to through the cond, dark nights, when the a graceful salutation with her head, look- blowing out incomprehensible mounds him, he determined that his horse, which stars lighted up their vigils at the altar ed to the right and looked to the left to and batteries among the quiet corps of had shared with him in suffering, should of freedom, and the fires of the bivouses account to him for her being there, con- chicory and beet-root-from those days participate with him in his punishment of her armed defenders glowed on the sidered for a moment like one who ac of the wrong door. He at once mounted darkness of their lines beyond. Born in counted to herself for somebody she had dust and rust and must had settled on the animal, and proceeded to the house of the entrenched mountain passes; sheeted expected not being there, and re-entered its drowsy Arsenals and Magazines, and the member of Coogress for that district, in the towering defits o snow; nursed her own gateway. Adams Bouelet let the Hon. Jose; h Formance, told him the at the breast of famine; shielded by the all her house giving out the Place in furfacts of the case, and took the necessary bleeding arms of patriots; soothed by the nished flats or floors, and lived up the suddenly leaped out of bed. On mar-

patriotism of our fathers arose from that ried sister,) two billeted soldiers, a quanresurr ction, history has abundantly at- domestics and supernumeraries, a pertested. Immediately after these, scenes petual flavor of coffee and soup, a terply to such a question. It is a very sud- followed the deeds of valor they performed rific range of artificial rocks and woodenemies, with all their superior land and sunflowers. sea force to retire from Philadelphia; and

> the bloody sands of New Jersey. On the return of that rider to Norris-

Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought Revolves the orbs of empire."

A Christmas Story by Dicken SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. Continued. HIS BOOTS.

sure you that he calls himself Monsieur "Pardon. But I think it impossible," himself was consulted in the matter; and said Monsieur Mutuel.-A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet

> was the natural color of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week. "It is," repeated Monsieur Mutuel; his amiable old walnut-shell countenance, very walnut shelly indeed as he smiled and blinked in the bright morning sunlight-" it is, my cherished Madame Bou

> clet. I think impossible." "Hey!" (with a little vexed cry and a great many tosses of her head.) " But it is not impossible that you are a Pig" etorted Madame Bouelet; a compact little woman of thirty five or so "See then -look there-read! On the second floor Monsieur L' Anglais ' Is it not so?"

" It is so," said Monsieur Mutuel. "Good. Continue your morning walk

Get out!" Madame Bouclet dismissed him with a lively snap of her fingers. The morning walk of Monsieur Mutual was in the brightest patch that the sun nade in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town. The manner of his morning walk was with his hands crossed behind him; an umbrella, in fig ure the express image of himself, always in one hand; a snuff-box in the other. Thus with the shuffling gait of the Elephant (who really does deal with the very worst trowsers-maker employed by the Zoological world, and who appeared to have recommended him to Monsieur Mutuel,) the old gentleman sunned himself daily when sun was to be had-of course. at the same time sunning a red ribbon at

the colonies, for his God, for freedom and and continued his morning walk and got native land. The little hillocks were out; like a man of gullantry as he was.

rung with steel as it rocked in the storm, Bouclet her husband (great at billiards,)

shadowed by the outspread wing of an ing house, four horses, a murried sister and huckstering from many hundreds Almighty Protector, the in ant Genius of (with a share in the brewing business,) of tongues, and a pleasant though pecu-"Good evening, sir," was the courte. American Independence here passed in the husband and two children of the liar blending of colors—white caps, blue been roused from his sleep, came to the olutionary War. How bravely the native formed on by the little boy of the mar- last the Knight destined for the adven-"Mr. Hancock! would you like to gloomy sepulchre at the Valley Forge, tity of pigeons, a fife (played by the and all the Vaubanois sprang up awake. laughingly sold soap with his war sword have your son Winfield sent to West and how sternly it renewed its proof of nephew in a ravishing manner), several And now, by long low-lying avenues of den one to be proposed at this time of in the ensuing spring, at Trenton, on the en precipices at least four feet high, a and a foot with barrow and burden—and banks of the Delaware; compelling our small fountain, and half a dozen large along the dykes and ditches and canals, Now, the Englishman taking his Ap. peasant men and women in flocks and

thus preparing the way of one of the most or before been out of his own country and full of merit of all sorts; but not of trumpets, and here into the Great glancing down at the Barber's "he is not the whole round world. There's the child mark, that O Heaven she was in s date

man to himself, as his eye rolled over | behind, playing hoans drums and cymthe Place, sprinkled with military here | bals; rolled "the Daughter of Physician" and there, "are no more like soldiers-!" Nothing being sufficiently strong for the blue-feathered hat, shaded from the adend of his sentence, he left it unended. miring sun by two immense umbrellas "En! well then, Monsieur Mutuel!

nis experience) was strictly correct; for, though there was a great agglomeration of soldiers in the town and neighboring country, you might have held a grand shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade, for a soldier choking behind his foolish | Physician's great daughter! The proa loose blue frock-coat reaching to his stock, or a soldier lamed by his ill-fitting heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and shoes, or a soldier deprived of the use Physician, proprietress of the superb cravat to correspond, that is to say, white of his limbs by straps and buttons, or a soldier elaborately forced to be self-help-

less in all the small affairs of life. A cymbal, told you so :--On the first day, ling eyes under his knowing uniform cap, swarm of brisk bright active bustling after taking the small and pleasant dose, handy odd skirmishing fellows, able to you would feel no particular influence image and presentment of a Corporal of turn to cleverly at any thing, from a beyond a most harmonious sensation of his country's army, in the line of his war to making omelets, was all you would | self changed into somebody else; on the

have found. What a swarm! From the Great Place ander the eye of Mr. The Englishman, where a few awkward squads from the last conscription were doing the goosestep-some members of those squads still as to their bodies in the chrysalis peasant-state of Blouse, and only military butterflies as to their regimentallyclothed legs-from the Great Place, away outside the fortifications and away for miles along the dusty roads, soldiers swarmed. All day long, upon the grassgrown ramparts of the town, practicing soldiers trumpeted and bugied; all day long, down in angles of dry trenches, practicing soldiers drummed and drummed. Every forenoon, soldiers burst out of the great barracks into the sandy gymnasium-ground hard by, and flew over the wooden horse, and hung on to flying ropes, and dangled upside-down between parallel bars, and shot themselves off wooden platforms, splashes, sparks, coruscations, showers, of soldiers. At every corner of the town well, every his button-hole; for was he not an ancient | guard-house, every gateway, every sentry-box, every draw-bridge, every reedy Being told by one of the angelic sex ditch and rushy dyke, soldiers soldiers to continue his morning walk and get out, | soldiers. And the town being pretty

What would the sleepy old town have been without the soldiers, seeing that even with them it had so overslept itself The documentary evidence to which as to have slept its echoes hourse, its de-Madame Bouelet had referred Monsieur fensive bars and locks and bolts and chains all rusty and its ditches stagnant ! it to that perplexing extent that to look at it was like being knocked on the head with it; the stranger becoming stunned incomprehensibility-from the days when tion of every substantive and adjective Madame Bouclet now traced the line in the art of military engineering, and but likewise took a fortifying dive unto these the town had been asleep, and grass had grown up in its silent streets. On market-days alone its Great Place

steps to carry h.s patriotic plan into ef- lullaby of the icy crafte of liberty, that yard behind, in company with Monsieur ket-days, some friendly enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Late that same night he rode up to the winds; guarded by brave hearts, warm an inherited brewing/business, several Place, and instantly arose the livliest door of Mr. B. F. Hancock, in Norris- with the noblest resolves that ever lived fowls, two carts, a nophew, a little dog booths and stalls and stalls and stalls town. Without stopping to dismount, in the souls of men; and above all, over in a big kennel, a grape-vine, a count- ings, and a pleasant hum of chaffering ture seemed to have come in earnest. bril and wagon and cart and cabriolet, in little peak-prowed country boats-came "Winfield is rather young for such a winning, against great odds, the glorious partment—or, as one might say on our crowds, bringing articles for sale. And of the earth from the same, on his knees, victories of Princeton and Monurouth, on side of the Channel, his set of chambers here you had boots and shoes and sweet- with the sweat of his brow? Not to -had given his name, correct to the meats and stuffs to wear, and here (in multiply examples, was there not Baptiste, letter, Tangley. But as he had a Britthe cool shade of the Town Hall) you billeted on the poor Water Carrier, at that town, from amid such associations as these, ish way of not opening his mouth very had milk and cream and butter and very instant sitting on the pavement in read it very well. It is with languages in old l'ennsylvania, the preparatory steps wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the oheese, and here you had fruits and on the sunlight, with his martial legs assun. as with people—when you only know were completed with Mr. Fornance, the Brewery had been able to make nothing ions and carrots and all things needful der, and one of the Water-Carriers spare them by sight, you are apt to mistake then member of Congress for that dis- of it but L'Anglais. So, Mr. The En- for your soup, and here you had poultry pails between them, which (to the delight trict, which resulted in making Winfield glishman he had become and he remained, and flowers and protesting pigs, and here and glory of the heart of the Water Car-"Never saw such a people!" muttered new shovels axes spades and bill-hooks rier coming across the Place from the ed an acquaintance. So singular was the cause of the begin- Mr. The Englishman, as he now looked for your farming work, and here huge fountain, yoked and burdened) he was ning of his public career. The rider and out of the window Never did, in my mounds, of bread, and here your un-

Sect Remarkable of the

This again (from the point of view of of artificial roses, to dispense (from motives of philanthropy) that small and pleasant dose which had cured so many thousands! Toothache earache headache stomachache debility nervousness Review and Field Day of them every fits faintings fever ague, all equally cured middle size, but very neatly made a sunone, and looked in vain among them all by the small and pleasant dose of the great burnt Corporal with a brown perked beard cess was this: she the Daughter of a equipage you now admired, with its confirmatory blasts of trumpet firum and

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siege to soup, from great guns to needles | indescribable and irrestible joy; on the | shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadand thread, from the broadsword exer- second day, you would be so astonish- est line of his Bloomer trowsers, and their cise to slicing an onion, from making | ingly better that you would think your | narrowest line at the calf of his leg. third day, you would be entirely free child looked on, and the Corporal looked from your disorder, whatever its nature on (but the last named at his men), until and however long you had had it, and the drill ended a few minutes afterward would seek out the Physician's daugh and the military sprinkling dried up diter, to throw yourself at her feet, kiss ready and was gone. Then said Mr. The the hem of her garment, and buy as Englishman to himself, "Look here! By many more of the small and pleasant | George !" And the Corporal, dancing todoses as by the sale of all your few ef- | ward the Barber's with his arms wide o-

(though cured) reduced to despair !- | her into the Barber's house. shadow of high roofs, admonished her to jolt out westward, with a departing affect of gleam and glitter on the splendid equipage and brazen blast. And now the enchanter struck his staff upon and down went the booths the sittings and standings, and vanished the mer-

bish, assisted by the sleek town pigeous, worse night. winding road carried him beside the lone with the hand that contained his stuff: rushy dyke, the town was pretty well all bester plumed out than on non-market By nature a good-tempered man? No; bridge and postern and double-ditch. ly unreasonable. Moody? Exceedingly tween him and the mill; and as the pad- Theatre, he had given that up. dle-parted seum and weed closed over the boat's track, he might be comfortably sure that its sluggish rest would be his life. And here he was. troubled no more until next market day. As it was not one of the Great Place's days for getting out of bed when Mr. The Englishman looked down at the young soldiers participating in the goose-

take a military turn. "These fellows are billeted every pies, rocking the people's cradles, wash- | the unconscious Corporal with most hearty ing the people's greens, and making emphasis, and had made up his mind to themselves generally useful, in every sort of unmilitary way, is most ridiculous! Never saw such a set of follows; never was not to be dismissed. If he had known did in my life!"

not Private Valentine, in that very house, on earth about him, and if he had been acting as sole house maid, valet, cook, steward and nurse, in the family of his Army of France instead of being the most captain, Mensieur le Capitaine l'ela Cour obliging, he could not have planted himdoing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinner, dressing the salads, and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness? Or, to put him aside, he being in loyal attendance on his chief, was there | window to look upon the Corporal with not Private Hyppolite, billeted at the Little Bebelle. He had but to go for a Perfumer's two hundred yards off, who, blouses, and green vegetables—and at when not on duty, volunteered to keep shop while the fair Perfumeress stepped girded on him? Was there not Emile. trees, jolting in white-hooded donkey billeted at the Clockmaker's, perpetually cart, and on donkey-back, and in tum-turning to go of an evening with his coat ing and brushing Bebelle. If he took off, winding up the stock? Was there not Eugene, billeted at the Tinmin's, cultivating pipe in mouth, a garden four feet and shared it there with Bebelle. Alsquare for the tinman, in the little court ways Corporal and always Bebelle. Never behind the shop, and extorting the fruits Corporal without Behelle. Never Beground grain in sacks, and here your red within? Or, to go no further than fore he could bring himself to the point children's dolls, and here the cake- the Barber's at the very next door, was of exchanging ideas with Madama Boucseller announcing his wares by beat and there not Corporal Theophiledistinguished of the military men of A- a right little island, a tight little island, roll of drum. And hark! fanfaronade band, said Mr. The Englishman,

A mere mite of a girl stood on the steps of the Barber's shop, looking scross the Place. A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country-children wear (like the children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked behind as if she had been out off at her natural waist, and had had her head deatly fitted on it.

"There's the child though." To judge from the way in which the dimpled hand was rubbing the eyes, the eyes had been closed in a nap and were massive golden chains and ear-rings, and newly opened. But they seemed to be looking so intently across the Place, that the Englishman looked in the same direc-

"Oh I" said he, presently, "I thought

as much. The Corporal's there." The Corporal, a smart figure of a mate of thirty: perhaps a thought under the -faced about at the moment. addressing voluble words of instruction to the squad in hand. Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the spark. to his sparkling white gaiters. The very

Mr The Englishman looked on, and the fects you could obtain; but she would | pen, caught up the child, held her over be inaccessible—gone for herbs to the bis head in a flying attitude, caught her Pyramids of Egypt-and you would be down again, kissed her, and made off with

Thus would the Physician's daughter Now, Mr. The Englishman had had a drive her trade (and briskly too,) and quarrel with his erring and disobedient thus would the buying and selling and and disowned daughter, and there was a mingling of tongues and colors con- child in that case too. Had not his tinue until the changing sunlight, daughter been a child, and had she not leaving the Physician's Daughter in the taken angel-flights above his head as this child had flown above the Corporal's?

"He's a" National Participled-' fool!" said the Englishman. And shut his window.

But the windows of the house of Memthe stones of the Great Place once more, ory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open chandise, and with it the barrows don- unexpectedly; they rattle in the night; keys donkey-carts and tumbrils and all they must be nailed up. Mr. The Enother things on wheels and feet, except | glishman had tried nailing them, but had the slow scavengers with unwieldly carts | not driven the nails quite home. So he and meagre horses, clearing up the rub | passed but a disturbed evening and a

days. While there was yet an hour or very little gentleness, confounding the two to wane before the autumn sunset | quality with weakness. Fierce and wraththe loiterer outside town-fiate and draw- | ful when crossed? Very, and stupendous-

would see the last white-hooded cart so. Vindictive? Well, he had scowling lessening in the avenue of lengthening thoughts that he would formally curse his shadows of trees, or the last country daughter, as he had seen it done on the boat, paddled by the last market-woman stage. But remembering that the real on her way home, showing black upon Heaven in some paces removed from the the reddening long low narrow dyke be- mock one in the great chandelier of the

And he had come abroad to be rid of his repudiated daughter for the rest of

At bottom, it was for this reason more than for any other that Mr. The English man took it extremely ill that Corporal Theophile should be so devoted to little Bebelle, the child at the Barber's shop. step there, his mind was left at liberty to In an unlucky moment he had chanced to say to himself, "Why, confound the fellow, he is not her father !" There was where about," said he, "and to see them a sharp sting in the speech which ran inlighting the people's fires, boiling the to him suddenly and put him in a worse people's pots minding the people's ba- mood. So he had National Participled

think no more about such a mountebank.

But it came to pass that the Corporal the most delicate fibres of the English. All perfectly true again. Was there man's mind, instead of nothing knowing the most obstinate Corporal in the Grand -cleaning the floors, making the beds, selt with more determined immovability plumb in the midst of all the English man's thoughts. Not only so, but he seemed to be always in his view. Mr. The Englishman had but to look out of walk, and there was the Corporal walking with Bebelle. He had but to come home again disgusted, and the Corporal and Bebelle were at home before him: If he looked out at his back windows early in the morning, the Corporal was in the Barber's back-yard, washing and dressrefuge at his front windows, the Corporal brought his breakfast out into the Place belle without Corporal,

Mr. The Englishman was not particularly strong in the French language as a means of oral communication, though he them; you must be on speaking terms before you can be said to have establish-

For this reason Mr. The Englishman let on the subject of this Corporal and this Bebelle. But Madame Bouclet looking in apologetically one morning to re-