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District A torney-J, W. D. Gillelen,
P. oth motary-Sa and Shireman.
Cler tan I Recorder-Ephralm Cornman.
Registor-Goo W. North.
Migh Sheriff-John Jacobs,
Osnuty Prassurer-Henry S. Ritter.
Cornner-David Suith
Costing Commissioners-Henry Karns, John
Oy, Altchall Mechellan,
Superintendent of Foot Hunse-Henry Snyder
Physician to Jall-De, W. V. Dale.
Physician to Poor House-Dr, W. W. Dale.

BOROUGH OFFICERS Chief Burgess—John Campbell,
Assistant Burgess—William Cumeron,
Town Council—Last Word—J. W. D. Gillchen, An,
drew B. Zeigher, Geo Weitzel Chas U. Hoder, Barnet
Hoffman, West Ward—A. W. Rheem, John Hays, Sohn
M. Glack, S. D. Hillin on They, Jas., M. assonhammer
Borough Treasurer, David Cortaman,
High Constable, Emannel Switz, Ward Constables,
Eist Ward, Andrew Warde, West, Ward, James Widter.

sessor-William Noal er. Acsessor—William Noncer,
An Blore A K. Short :
Tay Colnect re-Andrew Koer, Ward Cell, tops—inst
Ward, the befood year West ford, if R. Williams
Street Commission r. Patrick Maddien.
Jaccos of Inc Parce—V. L. Spinsler, David Smith,
Arm O John Michael Hoberond
Lamp Lighters—Alex Week, Levi Albert COURCARS

Purst Presidence, Char h. Northwest angle of Cerree Spirite. Adv. Ceron, P. With Paster. Services (vory Sunday Manding at 11 mentls, A. M., and 3) ordiox P. M.
Social Presisterian Church corner of south Hadover in Presisterian Church corner of south Hadover in Prainted stress. Rev. John N. Buss. Casa. Services on more at Workloos, V. M. ann February, P. M. Survives so maner, at 14 orders, A. M. ann Velenck, P. M.

St. John's Thursh (Prof. tipisoper) northeast angle of leating square. Row F. J. mr., ector. Services at 14 febros. A wond to close P. M.

English sufficient that he defined, between Math. and Louther streets. Row sam by present Paston. Services at 14 febros. A. M. and Olya Check P. M. organia detected by the colya Check P. M. organia detected by the color of third of the color of the colo at II a. m., and 612 v m t Patrice's 'atu do Church Pomfort near Eastst Rev Paster, Services every other Sabbath, at Disclose, Vespers at 3 P. W. doe not bother and burdeau Church, colour of Pointret and douterlations. Rev C. Fritze, Castor, Services at Lobelock P. M. 1 o'clock P. u. 文列 When changes in the above are moressary the roper period k are requested to notify us.

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SOCIETIES Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets a Marion Hall on the 2.d and 4th Tuesdays of ever month St. John's Lodge No. 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thur day of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 1. () of O. F. Meets Monda evening, at Trout's building
Letort Lodge No. 63, 1, 0 of G T. Meets every
Thursday evening in I. beem's Hall, 3d story.

FIRE COMPANIES. The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780.— House in Louther between Pittand Hanover. The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb 18, 1809. House in Badford, between Main and Pom

fret.
The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in
March, 1865. House in Penniur, near Himover
The Empire Hook and Ladder Company wasins tuted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main. RATES OF POSTAGE. Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight under, 3 cents prepaid.
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DR. WM. H. COOK, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Surgeon and Accouchour OFFICE at his residence in Pitt July 1, 1864.

The Carlis le Sperald

Carlisle, Pa., Friday, December 22, 1865.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

THE CLOSING SCENE. BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. The following is pronounced by the "Westminister Re-

VOL. 65.

iew" to be unquestionably the finest American poe ver written : Within the sober realms of leafless trees. The russet year inhaled the dreamy air, Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease When all the fields are lying brown and bare The gray barns looking from their bazy hills, O'er the dun waters winding in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed further and the stream sang low As in a dream the distant woodman hewed His wintry log, with many a muffled blow re embattled forests, crewbile armed with gold. Their banners bright with every martial hue, Yow stood like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue. a sombre wings the vulture tried his flight : The dove searce heard his sighing mate's comp

And, like a star slow drowning in the light. The village church vane seemed to pale and faint. The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew-Crew thrice-and all was stiller than before Silent, till some replying warder blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more A here east the lay, within the clim's tall crest, Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young And where the oriole hung her swaying nest By every light wind like a censer swung, there sang the noisy martins of the caves The busy swallows circling ever near-

or boding, as the rustic, mind believ s, An early harvest and a plenteous year Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn To warn the reaper of the rosy lust: All now was sund as, empty and forlorn

More, from out the stubble, piped the quail; And creaked the crow through all the dreary gloon done, the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo in the distant cottage loom. There was no had no bloom amon the bowers

The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by high The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers, Satisfiel slowly by-passed noiseless out of sight Amid all this in this most dieary air. ts crimson leaves, as if the year stood there, Amid all this, the centre of the scene, The white-haired matron with monotonous tread Tred the swift wheel, and with her toyous mein Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread She had known serrow. He had walked with her,

Oft surpool, and broks with her the ash nor st. the dead leaves still she heard the stir. Of his thick mentle trailing in the dust, While yet her check was bright with summer bloom Her country summoned and she gave her aft : And twice was bowed to her in sable plume-Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall. Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew And struck for liberty the dying blow ; Nor him who, to his sire and country true Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe. Long, but not soud, the drooping wheel went on Like the low murmur of a hive at noon; long but not loud, the memory of the gone

Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous t it last the thread was snapped—her head was boy Life dropped the distaff-through her hands serene While death and winter closed the autumn scene

Welthia Washburne's Reward BY IONE IRVING

"Say ves, papa; do, please." "What is it, my darling?" "I want you to help that poor man ir the jail, papa. He has no one to be kind to him, and he feels so bad; makes me feel sorry "

"Who told you about him, Wellie? "Why, I saw him when I went to the after we came home she told me he had no friends, and no money 'o get a lawver to -to-I don't know what, but Mrs. fined in that soul hardening place. Hapgood said it would get him out of jail anyway. Now, tapa, you're a lawver, and won't you do it without money? Say yes, like a good papa!" and the child

twined her soft arms about his neck and kissed him again and again. It was not in the great lawyer's heart to refuse anything that his brown eyed darling-this only child-requested at any time, certainly not when the same fountain spring of benevolence that welled up so sweetly in his child's bosom. gushed from his own heart and whispered of common humanity, urging him to alleviate the sufferings of his erring brothers in this uncharitable world of ours,

where many are willing to render assist ance down life's hill, but very few in the difficult ascent. But for a moment he hesitated, while the enger, carnest child, with lowing epi-

thets, was pleading, "Say yes, papa!-There's a good papa !" "Welthia I am astonished! Behave ourself, child! Miller, why don't 'you make her stop teasing? That comes of letting her go with Mrs Hapgood to the he responded. jail yesterday. Ever since she came home she has been teasing about some

thing or telling me of the horrid wretches she saw there You ought to know better than to let her go; but you never consult my wishes," and Mrs. Miller Wash burne arranged the folds of her silk

upon the velvet cushion. "What is it so terrible that my birdie s doing?" and he passed his hand lightly over the brown ourls.

"I don't like the way Mrs. Hapgood is bringing her up," said the lady, petulantly. "She is always talking some Quixotic idea into her head, such as go. Once more bless my good angel !" and, and he had giv his testimony, then ing into the jail, and I do not want my for a moment, his lips touched the child's with a stern contenance he arose and child to mingle in such scenes."

""Martha, Mrs. Hapgood is one of the noblest women God ever placed on this earth. She has been my teacher, my more than mother, through life; and I low, until none but Wellie remained; am perfectly willing she should lead my and as the wife of the young merchant, child in the same path ; for what little of Edward Wynne, trad the streets of her good there is in my heart is owing to the birthplace. But the accumulated wealth sevi principles she has inculated. I am pleased of years melted away before speculation's later to see the kindness of heart this little one frown, and the beggared merchant, with in prifests by the interest on takes in the his little ramily, wandering westward to were with ear, confessed the terposed a proclumashen atween father others sympathize in and share that hap ness so gigantic an operation? Hapgood wished Wellie to go with her ling western city, where he made his deed.

and the most abandoned there would not thrown from employment. dare to treat her with rudeness. How

did the men behave, Wellie?"

wrote. Before that, we all sung one of dence. my hymns, and then we came home.said I was an angel; he didn't think I

you would help him, yet, papa." Hapgood the joyful tidings, while, with her faith rested. groan of dismay Mrs. Washburne turned o her husband.

"Surely, Miller, you do not think of leaving your business to plead for some miscrable creature, whom you know noth-

"I know whom Wellie means. It is young Montoe, formerly book keeper at Wilson's. He was arrested for forgery, a short time ago: and if any one merits pity, he does; so I shall do all I can for him" And Mr. Washburne left the room, while his wife returned to her ouch, with the firm belief that Miller and Mrs. Hapgood wou'd ruin the whole family yet. "That child, Wellie, talk ing and singing with the borrid creatures; it was terrible, but there was no use expostulating. Miller would have his own wav."

Miller Washburne, left an orphan when but a few months old, bequeathed by his dying mother to her girlhood's friend, Mrs. Hapgood, loved the childless widow who fostered the parentless child as a mother. A mother she had been to him in all those long days of childhood; and upon his mariage, finding his wife illy fitted to command a household, he sent for that one true friend to come, and, God has consigned to his protection.

Dignified and quiet, yet always pleasant. Mrs Hapgood's sixty winters sat very lightly on her head.

A truly benevolent woman was Mrs. Hapgood, not in showering pence upon some want ering vagrant but in search ing out the truly suffering, striving to al leviate their sorrow, and rescuing the erring from a path of vice and infamy; but her last and greatest folly, in Mrs iail with Mrs Hapgood yesterday; and Washburne's eyes, was entering the county jail, to assist, relieve and if possible, reclaim some of the many children con-

> But let us follow Mr. Washburne ur stairs, where he rapped at a door, receiving Mrs. Hapgood's pleasant "como in'

in return. "I was wishing to see you, Miller .-This little girl,"-and she put her hand on Wellie's head-"wishes to go with me to visit the prisoners, this afternoon Are you willing she should go?"

"Yes, and I will accompany you, and see how young Monroe's case stands." "Wellie came in a few minutes ago, and told me you had promised to do something for Mr. Monroe; she did not know what " And she smiled quietly upon little brown eyes.

Half an hour afterwards, as they en tered the room where Nathan Monroe was confined, little Wellie skipped gaily across the floor, and touching the bowed head, said "I'm bere, and Mrs. Hapgood's here, and papa's here, too. Are you glad?"

When the lawyer came forth from that long conference, there was a firm look in

"He is innocent, and I will save him." And he redeemed his word. The al- low tenement room, where Wealthie nost lost was saved; and the lawyer led Wynne laid her children to red innocent the innocent man from the shadowy fel- baby hood breathed a prayer to the good on's doom, looming so black before him, to freedom and honor.

"God bless you all !" said he, as the going far f om here to try my fortune in power to repay, at least a part of the kindness you have done me; and if my life should be the price, I will do it. forehead, then he was gone.

Time passed swiftly, one by one, Mrs. Hangood, with Mr. and Mrs. Washburne, were laid beneath the waving wil-

yesterday, and I unhesitatingly gave my | home, he soon found employment; but | consent, as I knew she would be as safe fortune seemed to sport with the strugthere as here. Mrs. Hangood's project gling man even here, for the firm by is a noble one, and I think she will suc- which he was employed losing several benefactor entered. ceed in reclaiming many a falling one thousand dollars, charged it to his inatfrom the gulf of ruin beneath his feet, tention and carelessness, and he was

After months of ceaseless searching, which drained the last dollar from his when you were a little child, you and "They wasn't all men, papa; some of light purse, he obtained another situation; your family saved me frem a fate werse them were little boys, like Charley Wil- but, within three weeks a heavy robbery than death, and made me what I am. son. Mrs. Hapgood took them some was committed in the store; suspicion flowers, and then she read to them out fastened upon Edward Wynne; an under hearts gave you. In saving Mr Wynne of the Bible a long time, and then she clerk asserted to have seen him conceal from a similar fate I have only repaid a had a school, and great, big men, as big the money; and because he was a friend. part of the great debt I owe you. All I as you, papa, said their letters, and some less stranger the tale obtained ample cre- have I owe to you and yours, and think

Wealthia Wynne, her husband in a the power to assist? Step over to my office Mamma said they would be rude and prisoner's cell, was left penniless, home with me, Mr. Wynne, and we will arrange noisy; but they wasn't; and they said I less, and friendless, to fold her babes to a plan I have for placing the merchant's was a good little girl, and Mr. Monroe her bosom and endure suffering-suffer staff in your hands again." ing such as she had never known; but wore a white dress, and had wings, and hers was not a heart to sink under mis | quivered, and a mist of tears gathered in flow in the sky, did he, papa? But," fortune, and though very little hope for his eyes as Mrs Wynne sobbed her suddenly junping up, "you didn't say the future illuminated her path, she un- mingled greeting and blessing to him she fearingly trod the daily routine of all now knew as Nathan Monroe. "Yes, I will do all I can for him darl- most superhuman labor to procure bread rg." And, with a farewell kiss, the de- for her helpless children. God only reward. lighted child bounded away to tell Mrs. could read the future, and in his wisdom

> It was evening; and in the library of noted lawyer the lamp burns brightly. shedding its brightest lustre upon the face of an elderly gentleman sitting by the table busily conning the endless parchment in preparation for the coming court term.

> Lines of care and suffering cross the broad high brow, and shadow the dark eyes with a kindly look, as though be had passed through the fiery furnace of

He is interrupted by a servant an nouncing, "A woman on business' sir," And with a kind respectful air he rises to greet the poorly clad woman; but, as he motions her to a seat, and inquires her business, he gives no sign of recognition. Probably they are strangers; but that cannot be-yes it is-the fairy like Wel lie Washburne of our memory, and the Welthia Wynne of latter years; and so changed!

In a voice, faltering with the danger of rude dismissal, the told the tale of her husband's danger, of their poverty and friendless situation, concluding by asking him to plead her jusband's cause in the coming trial.

"We have no fee to offer you, but we will labor as your tlaves our lifetime Oh, do not refuse nel What is so little to you is life or death to us!" and a gasping sob closed the ippeal.

He hesitated no longer, but said, "I am very busy, but I will do my best for him-save him, if possible. I must lose no time writing to his former nequaintances, to certify to his previous good character; and if you will give me the address I will write in the morning." You may address my father's brother, Lemuel Washburne, L-d, Connecticut.

Suddenly the lawyer wheeled around and peered curiously at ber. "ls L-d your native place Mrs.

Wynne !'' "It is. My father was slawyer there

"And your name was ___?" "Wealthia Washburne." "My God, I thank thee!" hame fervently from his lips, but, rising, at he noted the look of astonishment with which she regarded him, he added.

"Pardon me, madam. Itis unsafe in the streets. I will send the carriage to

take you home."

And he rang the bell for he servant scarcely heeding the expressins of gratitude poured forth by that pall care worn but hopeful, thankful women, as she left him alone.

That night, as he restlesslypaced the luxurious spartment, he thought of that time so long ago, when this woren, then a gleeful child, plead to save hip from a fare worse than death, and a grayer of in an eminent degree. thankfulness ascend to the Grat Being, his eyes; and to Mrs. Hapgood's anxious and happiness to that desolate lome that gorgus charats, and wore purple and linin inquiry, "Have you any hope for him?" in this hour of peril the hand of Providence had led her to his wilingly-yes thrice willingly given aid; while in the

> gentleman who was going to bing papa back." After anxious days of waiting, the day of Edward Wone's trist came, and

satisfied. Timpresible he enjuntil the principal witness against th/prisoner was called.

addressed the an. "What the in the evening was it the prisoner concealing the when you s asked money?'

"At Mr past seven," faltered the creat-Aling beneat the searching look. dd I can prove that at half past you were in saloon on Fourth

And hastily following up his advantage. and child.

That night as Edward Wynne sat with his family, talking gratefully of the late wuz a making Christians 'uv 'em. Wo deliverance, the door opened, and their When the gratitude they felt would

have found vent in words, he said. "No, you owe me nothing-I have but down to a brite yaller. paid a debt. Mrs. Wynne, years ago. without reward, except such as your own you I would see you want while I have

And he tried to smile, but his lips

And this was Wealthia Washburne's

THE AGED PASTOR. He stands at the desk, that grave old man, With an eve still bright, though his cheek is wan And his long white locks are backward roll'd From his not le brow of a classic mould. And his form, the' bent by the weight of years, Somewhat of its primal beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word-Not a Whisper, nor low nor loud, is heard; Even folly assumes a serious look, As he readeth the words of the Holy Book : As he opens his lips in fervent prayer

He stands as the grave old prophet stood, beats inding the teach of the living God-Pouring reproof on the ears of mer Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin, With a challenge of guilt, still unforgiven, To the soul unfitted, unme t for Heaven. Oh, who can but honor that good old man, As he neareth his three-score years and ten-Who hath made it the work of his life to bless Our world in its woe and wretchedness Still guiding the feet which were wont to stray In paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart through lapsing years He hath shared our joys, hath wiped our tears He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died Pointing the soul to a glorious Heaven, And the ties which bound it to earth were riven Methinks you'll weep another day, When the good old man shall have passed away, When the last of his ebbing sands have run.

When his labors are o'er and his work is done; Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold, You'll miss him then : every look and tone So familiar now, when forever gone, Will thrill the heart with an inward pain As we long and listen for them in vain; When a stranger form and a stranger me-

Mr. Nasby Suggests a Psalm of Sad-SAINT'S REST. (which is in the)

Stait of Noo Gersey) Sept. 12. A SAM UV ACONY. On the street I see a nigger!

On his back a coat of bloo, and he can veth a n uskit. He is Provo Gard, and he halteth me. ez wun bevin authority.

And my tender daughter spit on him, and lo he arrested her, and she languisheth in the gard house. My eyes doth dwell on him, and my

sole is a arteshen well uv woe; it languisheth with greef. For that nigger wus my nigger!

bought him with a price. Alass! that nigger is out uv his normal condition, he is a star out of its sphere, wich sweepeth thro the politikel 91 officers and 1,819 men were missinghevens smashin things.

Normally he wuz wuth gold and silver, now he is a nitemare. Wonst I wuz rich, and that nigger was the basin thereof.

Wo ez me! I owned him, sole, body inoos, muskels, blood, brots and brichis His intellek wuz mine, and his body wuz mine, likewise his labor and the fruts hereof. His wife was mine, and she was my

oncubine. age I sold, combining pleasure and profit | killed; 62 officers and 484 men wounded, |

And on the price thereof I played pokthat it was his privilege to regore light | er, and drank mint goolips, and road in.

every day. Wuz this micegnashun or nigger equal ity? Not any.

For she wuz mine, as my ox or my 685. horse, or my sheep, and her increase wuz mine, even ez was theirs. Ablishn micegnashun elewates the nigger wench to her level—I did it for gain

wich degraded her muchly. And when the wife uv my buzzum liftfound the busy lawyer at lis post. He ed up her voice in complaint savin. "Lo! a strange place; but though I can never. had never worked upon of almost hope. I am abused-this little nigger resem never express my gratitude, I am assured less case with greater en gy, but he had bleth thee!" Half the price uv the in that God will sometime place it in my gained a clue to work om, and he was fant chattel wood buy a diamond pin with wich to stop her yawp. And my boys follered in my footsteps

and grate was the mix, but profitable.

But my dream is bustid. The nigger is free, and demands wages | 387. whether she'll cleave to her husband, or be my concubine.

lo! she remarkt, "Go 'way white man, or I bust yer head," And I gode. Her children are free-they are mine, likewies; but I can't sell 'em on the block

to the highest bidder. Therein Lincin sinned—he violated munifests by the interest she takes in the his little family, wandering westward, to he man was soon arreled for the robbery, the holiest instinks of our nature; he in-

We took the bethen from Afreca, and to him who stont us in our mishnary work It is written-"Kin the Ethiope change interest our readers.—Ed. his skin?" I wuz a changin it fur him,

and my fathers, and we bad mellered it Dark is my fucher. I oheyed the gate Law uv Labor, ez I

served in the army, by substituot-now shel I have to stane my hands with labor, or starve? In what am I better than a Northern

I kin git no more diamond pins for the wife of my buzzum, and she yawpeth continocally Arrayed in homespun she wrastles with

pots and kittles in the kitchun.

mndsill?

n silence. She asks uv me comfort-wat kin I say, whose pockits contañe only confedernte skript. Save us from Massachusits,

which is onery and cussid. Protect us from nigger sojers, which is grinnen feends. Shelter us from the ghost uv John

Brown, which is marchin on. PETROLE 'M N. NASBY. Lait paster uv the church uv the No.

lispensashum

Losses in some of Grant's Battles. The New York Express, in an article headed "Materials for History," gives ome results of recent investigations by the War Department showing with more accuracy than the public have yet had the number killed wounded and missing in the battles of the Union. The De partment are yet making careful inquirof the losses in all the battles. The following is a list of casualties in the carr paign of the Army of the Potomac from year-a little less than six months:

In the battles of the Wilderness-May 5 to May 12-260 officers and 3019 men were killed; 1017 officers and 18.261 men wounded; and 177 officers and 6677 men missing—making an aggregate of 27,-

In the battle of Spottsylvania-May were killed, 289 officers and 7697 men were wounded: and 3 officers and 324 men were missing-aggregate, 18,381.

wounded, and 3 officers and 324 men were missing-aggregate, 1.607. In the battle of Cold Barbor-June to 10-144 officers and 1.561 men were killed; 421 officers and 8,621 men were

wounded, and 51 officers and 2,456 men were missing-aggregate, 13,153. In the battle of Petersburg-June 10 to 20 -85 officers and 1,143 men were killed; 361 officers and 649 men were

wounded, and 7,427 missing--aggregate, 9.665. Battle of Petersburg-June 20 to 30-29 officers and 576 men were killed; 120 officers and 2 374 men were wounded, and 108 officers and 2.100 men were missing

-aggregate, 5 316. Battle of Petersburg - July 20 - 47 Of ficers and 373 men were killed: 124 of ficers and 1,555 men were wounded, and

In the battle of the Trenches August 1 to 18-10 officers and 120 men were killed; 58 officers and 726 men were wounded, and 7 officers and 42 men were

missing-aggregate, 868. In the battle of Weldon Railroad August 18 to 21-21 officers and 191 men were killed; 100 officers and 1 005 men were wounded, and 101 officers and 3,072

men were missing aggregate, 4 543. In the battle of Reams' Station, Au-The normal results of the Conkehin- gust 25-21 officers and 93 men were and 95 officers and 1.674 were missing-

aggregate 2,432. In the battle of Peeble's Farm, September 10 to October 1-12 officers and 129 men were killed; 50 officers and 738 men were wounded, and 56 officers and 1,700 men were missing-aggregate, 2,-

In the battle of the Trenches, August 18 to 30-13 officers and 184 men were killed, 91 officers and 1,214 men were wounded, and 4 officers and 811 men were missing-aggregate, 2,417.

In the battle of Boydtown Plank Road, October 27 to 28-16 officers and 140 men were killed; 65 officers and 981 men were wounded, and 8 officers and 691 men were missing-aggregate, 1.902. The totals are 796 officers and 9.796 men killed; 2.796 officers and 71.161 men wounded, and 775 officers and 23,-

All this is in one campaign of six months! The loss in killed and wound-Yisterday I hade her come to me, and led in this campaign-over 63,000-is supposed to be equal to about one-third of the total force under Gen. Grant's command when it left Culpepper, and after reinforcements had been sent to it.

"IMPARTING pleasure is like putting money out at interest;" it benefits both the lender and borrower at once No i i

NO. 51. TERMS: -- \$2,00 in Advance, or \$2,50 within the year. daily visitor in hundreds of families in our establishment, because of the energy of one county, the following description of its new man. building and improvements will doubtless

FORNEY'S PRESS BUILDING-ITS INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT AND EXTERNAL APPEAR-ANCE-VAST FACILITIES AND IMPROVE-MENTS IN PRINTING NEWSPAPERS-THE

Correspondence of the Harrisburg Telegraph PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12, 1865. The immense pile of bricks and mortar,

known as "Forney's Press Building," a substantial monument to the energy of Col J. W. Forney, stands at the southwest corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets. It is the largest and most complete newspaper establishment in Philadelphia. The entire cost of this great improvem nt is estimated at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It is perfect in all its departments. The ground floor is occupied by the publica ion office, Weighed down with woo, she dips snuff the largest and prettiest in this city. Adjoining this on the south, is a large apart ment appropriated to packing purposes.-This room, of itself, presents a busy hive of industry when all the men and boys are at work within its spacious limits. Adjoining this on the same floor, though in a building erected especially for the purpose, is the press room, where the last fast four-cylinder rotary machine is worked to its utmost enpacity, but this is not of sufficient speed to meet the increasing demand for the paper. An eight cylinder with all the recent im provements has been ordered, and will be placed in position as speedily as possible.— The stereotyping process will be introduced,

papers will be produced per hour. It is thought that the presses can be made to print thirty three thousand papers in the same ime. Col. Forney desires to run his daily circulation to one hundred thou-and papers per day, and there is do doubt about his ac complishing this much. So far as indomitable will-daring courage-unlimited and ies, to put on record a correct, statement, unyielding energy are concerned, it a ay be

safe to predict this amount of success. In regard to the establishment, allow me o say that a splendid engine, and tubular pright boilers, are located in the basement May 5, 1864, to November 1, of the same From the steam generators the building is heated; and warm water forced to the fifth story, occupied as the comprsing room .--There are more hands employed here than in any other establishment in Philadelphia The room is 130 feet long by 25 feet wide, with ranges of windows on the eastern and western fronts. Overhead is a long skylight, the following account of their own sensawith sliding sashes on both sides. The ven- tions at the time of the attempted assassintilation is perfect, the light unquestionable 12 to May 21-114 officers and 2032 mcn and the air pure. Such a place will add twenty per cent, to the length of the lives of

the compositors. The editorial rooms face on Chestnut st. There is a clear front of thirty nine feet by In the battle of the North Anna—May the same in depth. The main room is ap-21 to 31 - 12 omcers and 102 men were propriated to the editor - the adju financial, commercial, managing, literary, musement and theatrical editors, critics &c. To the south of this is a splendid apartnent appropriated to the exclusive use of the local editor and his numerous corps of

assistants. All these gentlemen have had more or less experience in the profession, and all work in the most perfect harmony; each k ows his business, and the paper shows how well be performs his part. On the same floor is an exchange room where all the leading papers in the country are filed regularly as

they are r ceived. The old four-story corner building, one of he most substantial structures in the world, was carefully preserved in the improvement with another story added to it, so as to make the cave uniform all around. The entire surface is painted four colors, and thus makes a pleasing appearance. We might have stated before, that a continuous stairway extends from Seventh street to the upper story in the south end of the edifice, for the especial accommodation of the compositors .-There is also a stairway fronting on Chestnut street, for the use of the editors and others. So great was the demand for property in this part of the city, that Col. Forney yielded to earnest solicitations and agreed to

ent portions of the building out to other

The Press is now located further west than

any other daily newspaper printed in Phliadelphia. It is in fact the great sun of the his mind took up matters just where it had westward, as old Sol himself, and gives vi- left them. tality to all around. Already it has drawn his supposed assassination was in its nature the Public Ledger and Evening Bulletin as so like that if his son, that it ruises the question of the public Ledger and Evening Bulletin as far west as Sixth street, where both these papers will soon be located. The Press and | and observation of minute particulars is no Ledger are beyond all question of doubt the comm leading newspapers in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. So far as the Press is con cerned, copies of it may be seen in all parts of the country. It always had a circulation of the country. It always had a circulation in Pennsylvania. It will in a short time circulate more. Its teeming sheets, big with the wonders of each passing day, will lock jaw. He was brought to full consciousere long be unfolded in the pure breeze of the mountains, and in the graceful valleys of the old Keystone. It will-carry light and life into the coal regions, and it must become a familiar companion-with oleaginous residents of the oil territory. It will be sent to every city in the country; from the White Hills of New Hampshire to the gold regions of Californ a. It already has a larger circulation in the last named place, that some of the papers printed in Philadelphia have in our own city. It is the only Philadolphia paper that Brigham Young subscribes to-he receives six copies. A special clerk is employed merely to receive new sub-scribers, and to superintend the transporta-tion of the papers to their many places of spoon. He heard low voices around him, clerk is employed merely to receive new subdestination. A corps of men are traveling in the several States, with the view of estab-685 men missing .-- Total aggregate, 88,ing agencies for the paper. Twenty-one of these agents have reported an additional list of 37,000 subscribers to the daily paper, and positively more for the weekly than can be well printed. Col. Forney will probably introduce a last fast four cylinder rotary machine especially for the weekly and triweekly editions. I should not be surprised that counting all the papers of the daily, triweekly, weekly, California and European editions, he will, in the course of time, print | und soldiers, disbanded since the close of the nearly a million of papers per week. This is enormous, but it can be accomplished. give up their plantations if the business is What do you suppose Ben Franklin would so profitable, but it may be well to mention one can be really and truly happy unless say, could be only revisit this earth and with that the planters have no faith in free labor,

to the fact that he has well studied human nature. His uniform kindness: his everready willing; ess to assist young men who assist themselves, is one of his agreeable characteristics. He does not pull down his struggling business fellow-creature, but takes him by the coat collar, so to speak, and pulls him up. The Colonel ought to have been born in New York, for his motto is Excelsior. His present building is admired by every one who can appreciate enterprise, onor and honesty. Taking the vast number of en ployees in the building into consideration, the carriers, packers, agents, &c., outside of it, most of whom are married and have families, it may be safely said that bread and butter are put in the mouths of several As the Philadelphia Press is a welcome thousand human beings by this extensive Yours.

weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred pustry cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a small farmer. Molier was the son of a tapestry maker. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Terrence was a slave. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a ourneyman printer, and son of a tallowchandler and soup-boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. Daniel Defoe was a hostler, and a son of a butcher. Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Sir Cloudslev Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an pprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a abin boy. Bishop Prideau worked in the sitohan at Buotan Callona Oxford. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was the son of a shepherd. Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardingshire, and performed his journey to Oxford on foot. Edmund Hailey was the son of a soup-boiler at Shoreditch. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was he son of a shop-keeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stanler. Multon was the son of a money scrivener. Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire. Confucius was a carpenter. Mahomet, called the prophet, was a driver of asses. Mohamet Ali was a barber. Madame Barnadotte was a washerand by this invention, with twelve cylinders woman of Paris. Napoleon, a descendant in full activity, thirty thousand well printed f an obscure family of Corsica, was a Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of tobacconist Creole of Martinique. Gen. Escartero was a vestry clerk. Bolivar was druggist. Vasco de Gama was a sailor .-

John Jacob Astor once sold apples in the treets of New York. Catharine, Empress f Russia, was a camp grisette. Cincinnatus vas plowing in his vineyard when the Dictator-hip of Rome was offered him. To this list the Copperheads add: "Abraham Lincoln was "a clownish rail-splitter!" Anlrew Johnson was "a boorish tailor!"

Mr. Seward's Account of the Attack upon Himself.

AN INTERESTING STORY. The American correspondent of the Lonlon Spectator writes that he recently heard Mr. Seward and Mr. Frederick Seward give

"Mr. Frederick Seward said that oh stepping from his bedroom into the passage and being the assassin, he merely wondered what he was doing there, and called him to ac-count. On his resisting the fellow's endeavor to press into Mr. Seward's room, the assassin drew a revolver, which he presented at Mr. Frederick Seward's head. lowed, it must be remembered, to few seconds. Mr. Frederick Seward's first thought was, 'That's a navy revolver.'

"The man pulled the trigger, but it only

snapped, and his irtended victim thought That cap missed fre. · His next sensation was that of confusion, and being upon the floor, resting upon hi right arm, which, like his father's jaw, was barely recovered from a bad fracture—the ssassin had felled him to the floor with the butt of the pistol—he put his hand to his head, and finding a hole there, he thought,

That cap did not miss fire after all.' "Then he b came insensible, and remained so for two day and more. His first indiention of returning consciousness, was the 'Have you got the ball out?' after which he fell off again into a comatose con-

dition, which was of long continuance. "On the very afternoon of the day when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Fre Seward, who was Assistant Secretary of State had asked his father what preparation should be made for the presentation of Sir Frederick Bruce, which was to take place the rext day. Mr. Seward gave him the points of a reply to be made to Sir Frederick, and he laid the outline of the speech upon the President's table, and, as I have previously informed my renders. Mr. Lincoln, that afternoon, wrote out the reply, adopting Mr. Seward's suggestions, and thus preparing that reception of the British Minister by President Johnson which was regarded at the time by the people to whose representative it was addresses so friendly, and fair, and dignified.

"Mr. Frederick Seward's first inquiry af ter he came fully to his senses, which long time after the assassination, was at Has Sir Frederick Bruce been presented ? He thought that only one night had passed since ne knew not what had happened to him, and

tion whether this absence of consternation common in circumstances of unexpected and not fully apprehended ceril. Mr. Seward was lying upon his side, close to the edge of his bed, with his head resting in a frame, which had been made to give him ease and to protect his broken jaw from pressure.

ness by the scuffle in the passage-w.y, followed by the entrance of the assassin, and the cry of Miss Seward, 'Oh! he will kill But he saw nothing of my father!' ailant until a hand appeared above his face, and then his thought was, 'What handsome cloth that overcoat is made of.' sin's face then appeared, and the helpless statesman only thought, 'What a handsome man! "(Payne was a fine looking fellow.) ·Then came a sensation as of rain striking bim smartly upon one side of his face and neck, then quickly the same upon the other side, but he felt no severe pain. This was the assassin's knife. The blood spouted; he thought, 'My time has come,' and falling from the bed to the floor, fainted. His first sensation of returning consciousness was that

asking and replying as to whether it would be possible for him to recover. He could not speak, but his eyes showed his conscious ness, and that he desired to speak. They brought him a porcelain tablet, on which he managed to write, 'Give me some more tea. I shall get well.' And from that moment he has slowly but steadily recovered health and strength."-

-Cotton culture is so profitable in the South at present prices, that many small plantations in Alabama are being leased by Northern men, among them many officers war. It may seem strange that the planters while the new operators have. The change. The success of Col. Forney is simply owing therefore, is a healthy one.

Origin of Illustrious Men. Columbus was the son of a weaver and a