TERMS OF ADVERTISING

One Square one insertion,	$1 00
For each subsequent insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices	4 00
Professional Cards without paper,	7 00
Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line.	

JOB PRINTING —Our Job Printing Office is the largest and most complete establishment in the County. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call

General Information.

U S. GOVERNMENT.

President—ANDREW JOHNSON,
Vice President—L. S. FOSTER,
Secretary of State—WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of Interior—JAS HARLAN,
Secretary of Treasury—HUGH MC CULLOCH,
Secretary of War—EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of Navy—GIDEON WELLES,
Post Master General—WM DENNISON.
Attorney General—JAMES S. SPEED.
Chief Justice of the United States—SALMON P. CHASE

—0—

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor—ANDREW G CURTIN,
Secretary of State—ELI SLIFER,
Surveyor General—JAMES . BARR,
Auditor General—ISAAC SLENKER,
Attorney General—WM. M. MEREDITH.
Adjutant General—A L RUSSELL,
State Treasurer—HENRY D. MOORE.
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—GEO. W. WOODWARD

—0—

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon James H. Graham.
Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cocklin, Hon. Hugh Stuart
District Attorney—J. W. D. Gillelen.
Prothonotary—Samuel Shireman
Clerk and Recorder—Ephraim Cornman.
Register—Geo W. North.
High Sheriff—John Jacobs.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith
County Commissioners—Henry Karns, John McCoy, Mitchell McClellan,
Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W W. Dale.

—0—

BOROUGH OFFICERS

Chief Burgess—John Campbell,

Assistant Burgess—William Cameron,

Town Council—East Ward—J. W. D. Gillelen, Andrew B. Zeigler, Geo. Wetzel, Chas. U. Hoffer, Barnet Hoffman. West Ward—A K Rheem, John Hays, Robt. M. Black, S. D. Hillman Clerk, Jas. M Masonhammer

Borough Treasurer, David Cornman.

High Constable, Emanuel Swartz, Ward Constables. East Ward, Andrew Martin, West Ward, James Widner

Assessor—William Noaker.

Auditor—A. K. Sheafer

Tax Collector—Andrew Kerr, Ward Collectors—East Ward, Jacob Goodyear West Ward, H R Williams Street Commissioner, Patrick Madden.

Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith, Abrm Dehuff Michael Holcomb.

Lamp Lighters—Alex. Meck, Levi Albert.

—0—

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church. (Prot Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre square. Rev F J Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock. P M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets Rev Sam'l Sprecker, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church. Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge,) Rev. S. L Bowman. Pastor. Services in Emory M E. Church at 11 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 East st Rev Pastor. Services every other Sabbath. at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev C Fritze, Pastor. Services at 1 o'clock P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

—0—

DICKINSON COLLEGE

Rev Herman M. Johnson, D D President and Professor of Moral Science and Biblical Literature.

Samuel D. Hillman, A. M. Professor of Mathematics.

John K Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages.

Hon James H Graham, LL D, Professor of Law.

Charles F. Himes, A. M. Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.

Rev. James A McCauley, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages.

Rev Bernard H. Nadal, D D, Professor of Philosophy and English Language.

Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. M. Principal of the Grammar School.

A. M. Trimmer, Principal of the Commercial Department.

C Watson McKeehan, Assistant in Grammar School, and Teacher of Penmanship.

—0—

THE MARY INSTITUTE

CORPORATION: The Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of St. John's Church Carlisle.

The Rev. F. J. Clerc. D. D., Rector and Treasurer.

Mrs John R. Smead. Principal.

Miss A. E. Donkersley, Instructor in Languages.

Miss L. L. Webster, Instructor in Mathematics and Vocal Music.

Mrs. M. M. Ege, Teacher of Piano.

Miss E. Graham. Teacher of Drawing and Painting

Rev. S. Philips, Lecturer on Elocution and Psychology.

—0—

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

E. Cornman President, James Hamilton, H. Saxton R. C. Woodward, Henry Newsham. C. P Humerich Sec't'y, J W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar. Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M, at Education Hall.

—0—

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M Henderson; Cashier, J P. Hassler: Tellers, L. A. Smith and W. A. Cox; Messenger, Jno. Underwood; Directors, R. M Henderson, President R C. Woodward. John D. Gorgas, John Stuart, jr., Abm. Bosler, Henry Saxton Skiles Woodburn. J. J. Logan, Wm. B. Mullin.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.—President. Samuel Hepburn Cashier. Jos. C Hoffer, Teller, Abner C. Brindle, Messenger, Jesse Brown Wm. Ker, John Dunlap, Rich'd Woods, John C. Dunlap, Isaac Brenneman, John S. Sterrett. Sam'l Hepburn, Directors.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts: Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle: Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passenger trains three times a day. Carlisle Accommodation. Eastward, leaves Carlisle 5 55 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 5 20 P. M. Through trains Eastward, 10.10 A. M. and 2.42, P. M. Westward at 9.27, A. M., and 2.55 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd: Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent, George Wise: Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton. R. C. Woodward, J. W. Patton, F. Gardner and D. S, Croft.

—0—

SOCIETIES

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building

Letort Lodge No. 63. I. O of G T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

—0—

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859 House in Pitt, near Main.

—0—

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under. 3 cents pre paid.

Postage on the HERALD within the County, free Within the State 13 cents per annum To any part of the United States, 26 cents Postage on all transient papers, 2 cents per ounce. Advertised letters to be charged with cost of advertising.

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S

Photographs, Ambrotypes, Ivorytypes

Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames!

Albums for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Albums for Misses, and for Children,
Pocket Albums for Soldiers and Civilians!
Choicest Albums! Prettiest Albums! Cheapest Albums!

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Fresh and New from New York and Philadelphia Markets.

IF you want satisfactory Pictures and polite attention call at Mrs. R. A. Smith's Photographic Gallery, South East Corner of Hanover Street and Market Square, opposite the Court House and Post Office, Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs R. A. Smith well known as Mrs. R A. Reynolds, and so well known as a Daguerrean Artist, gives personal attention to Ladies and Gentlemen visiting her Gallery, and having the best of Artists and polite attendants can safely promise that in no other Gallery can those who favor her with a call get pictures superior to hers, not even in New York or Philadelphia, or meet with more kind and prompt attention.

Ambrotypes inserted in Rings, Lockets, Breast Pins, &c. Perfect copies of Daguerrotypes and Ambrotypes made of deceased friends. Where copies are defaced, life-like pictures may still be had, either for frames or for cards.—All negatives preserved one year and orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

December 23, 1864—tf

DR. WM. H. COOK,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

Surgeon and Accouchour

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.

July 1, 1864

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, January 12, 1866. NO. 2.

A. K. RHEEM, Publisher.

TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

Poetical.

From The Round Table.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave—the good—the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood out, like rain,
A home—a heritage to gain,
To gain for you and me!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue—
'Mid surging smoke, and volley'd ball,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

In treason's prison hold
Their martyr-spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old:
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

STEADY AND READY.

Steady when fortune's dark shadows surround us;
Calm, when the winds of Adversity blow;
Brave, when the world's hollow voice would surround us;
Strong, though its wild waves tumultuous flow.
Steady in tempest, in strife and commotion;
Hope as our Anchor to stem the rude sea,
Fierce though the billows and wrathful the ocean—
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Ready, when sinister foes would oppress us;
Dauntless in conflict to do and to dare;
Ready to echo the voices which bless us,
When shielding the offspring of want and despair;
Ready, to calm the low wailing of sorrow,
To battle with wrong till the enemy flee,
Hoping and trusting to win the bright morrow—
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Steady, while dark streams around us are flowing;
Steady, the rocks and the quicksands to shun;
Firmer in faith and full heartedness growing,
Till the conflict is over, the victory won;
Glimpses of sunshine steal round the dark river,
Starlight and moonlight illumine the sea;
Hail to the symbol—both now and forever,
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Miscellaneous.

FROM HARRISBURG.

Opening of the Legislature—Absence of the Governor—His Message—Speeches of the Speakers—Sketches of their Lives—Important measures on Foot.

Special Correspondence of the Carlisle HERALD.

HARRISBURG, January 3, 1866.

For the first time in the history of this Commonwealth our Legislature has convened in the Capitol of the State in the absence on foreign soil of him who performs the Executive functions. A Governor who has by the choice of a large majority of the people of Pennsylvania, held the chief magistracy of a great Commonwealth for five long years of trouble and turmoil, such as no other equal period in our history has presented, with all the honor incident to the high position—all the weariness of spirit which the embarrasments, the conflicting interests and the critical state of the public weal induced—has seen fit to leave for a time his home for sunnier shores, there to recuperate a constitution blasted by the demon spirit of intestine strife. Having performed his patriotic work faithfully, it was but right that he should rest from his arduous labors.

The brief message of Governor CURTIN read to day, (which I enclose,) was written but a very short time previous to his departure fur Cuba. He then feared that his absence *might* be construed into an unwarrantable neglect of duties, though his physician and all his friends were unanimous in urging him to make the trip. This modest disregard of self I think is evident to all from the manner in which, in his message, he appeals to that "affectionate consideration" which he has always received at the hands of Legislature. But the public interests have not suffered in the hands of the counsellors by whom he was surrounded of yore, and there is not a single voice of dissatisfaction at his absence raised in either House. Notwithstanding he fixes the early part of February for his return, it is the belief of his most intimate friends, among them Col. SLIFER, Secretary of the Commonwealth, that the Governor will be here by the middle of the present month. In his private letters he has exibited an earnest desire to return as soon as circumstances will permit. One of the features of his desease is swollen hands, which render him almost unable to write.

It is of course too early in the session for any important legislation. There will be nothing of any great moment transacted until the return of the Governor.—Several bills, calling for local legislation, have been read in place, but none that directly or indirectly interest the citizens of Cumberland County. In fact the Legislature has done little more than organize itself during yesterday and to day when it adjourned to meet on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. At twelve, on that day, the two Houses will meet in convention to elect a State Treasurer. Mr. WM. H. KEMBLE, the Union caucus nominee, will undoubtedly be re-elected to the position which he has so ably filled during the present fiscal year.

The speeches of the new Speakers are characterized by a spirit of patriotism; in tone and sentiment, speaking as they do for the great majority of our Legislators, these opening speeches of the Legislature cannot fail to ring in unison with the hearts of the honest masses.

Hon DAVID FLEMING, Speaker of the Senate, was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and while still a boy was taken by his parents to a farm in Dauphin county. He had a mere Common School education, as the formation of the study of law, which he commenced at Harrisburg in 1838. Before that, he had been interested in contracts on the Baltimore and Havere de Grace Railroad, and in shipping timber from North Carolina and Virginia for the Navy Department at Washington. During his law studies, he edited a newspaper in Harrisburg, and served as legislative correspondent for the Philadelphia newspaper press. In 1842 he was admitted to the bar, and since then he has built himself a practice in the courts here unsurpassed by any other attorney. In 1847 he served as Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives. There is no sounder legal mind in the Senate, and there is no sounder Union man in the Commonwealth.

Hon JAMES R. KELLEY, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in County Down, Ireland, in 1840, coming to this country in 1849. While taking his collegiate course at Hayesville, Ohio, in 1861, he became fired with that spirit of patriotism which eventually wiped out our insult at Fort Sumpter. Our defeat at Bull Run fully roused his combativeness, and leaving his educational pursuits, he enlisted as a private in the 31st Ohio Infantry, in which he served for fourteen months, participating in the battles at Mill Spring, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Perryville, and other less decisive actions, until his physical powers broke down and he returned to his home in Washington county, Pennsylvania. In politics, Speaker KELLEY had always been a Democrat—a true Democrat; and on his return from service he espoused the cause of the Union and contended for a vigorous prosecution of the war. Without solicitation, he was nominated by the Union party of his county, in 1863, for the Legislature, and after a bitter contest, in which over eight hundred Democratic votes changed names, he was elected. He is a quiet, unobtrusive man, evidently in bad health, but when warmed up becomes eloquent and enthusiastic.

In the Senate to-day, Mr. McConaughy, of the Adams and Franklin District, presented his petition, contesting the seat of C. M. Duncan, who has the certificate of the Return Judges. The Democrats, it seems, polled a large number of votes cast by deserters from the army, and it is upon this, and not so much upon the additional soldier vote received after the last meeting of the return judges, that Mr. McConuaughy intends to rely. There is only a difference of twenty five votes to overcome by proving deserters' votes, which will, however, involve the most voluminous testimony. The Committee drawn to try this case is the fairest that could possibly have been selected—and will do justice in the case. This committee, I believe, have resolved to submit some of the questions involved to the decision of the Attorney General.

There will be a great Railroad fight this winter, and perhaps another one on the River beds question, but of this more anon. I do not think there will be any difficulty in passing a bill to recompense the sufferers on the border by the various raids, &c. SIGMA.

OFFICERS OF THE SENATE.

Speaker—David Fleming

Chief Clerk—George W. Hammersly, of Germantown.

Assistant Clerk—Lucius Rogers, of McKean.

Transcribing Clerks—E. K. Haines, Somerset; James C Graham, Allegheny; John T. Johnson, Centre; Henry M. Gratz, Montgomery; Col. Chauncy C. Rogers, Erie.

Sergeant at arms—Joseph Reblett, of Philadelphia.

Door Keeper—John Martin, Lancaster.

Messenger—Wm. Duffy, Phila.

Librarian—Jacob Seyers, Dauphin.

OFFICERS OF THE HOUSE.

Speaker—James R. Kelley, of Washington county.

Chief Clerk—A. W. Benedict, Huntingdon county.

Assistant Clerk—Wm. H. Denniston, Allegheny county.

Transcribing Clerk—1st, C. W. Walker, Philadelphia; 2d, A. D. Harlan, Chester county; 3d, J. P. Williston, Allegheny county; 4th, M. Edgar King, Fulton county; 5th, Robert Brown, Lycoming county.

Postmaster—J. D. Kirkpatrick, Mercer county.

Assistant Postmaster—W. A. Rupert, Crawford county.

Sergeant-at-arms—Charles E. Idell, Philadelphia.

Assistant Sergeant at arms—1st, Geo. Strain, Allegheny county; 2d, James B. Work, Indiana county; 3d, Samuel Christ Lancaster county; 4th, Hugh M'Mullen, Delaware county.

Doorkeeper—James M'Gowan, Lawrence county.

Assistant Doorkeepers—1st, J. H. Hall, Susquehanna county; 2d, Charles H. Kurtz, Philadelphia; 3d, John Moore Westmorland county; 4th, S. Y. Boyer, Dauphin county.

Messenger—James M'Cauley, Philadelphia.

Assistant Messengers—1st, William F. Brookway, Erie county; 2d, J. J. Nofsker, Blair county; 3d, J. W. Powell, Lancaster county; 4th, Samuel Nace, Philadelphia.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN: The toils and anxieties of the last four years have, from time to time, brought on me severe attacks of disease. From the most severe of these I am now slowly struggling towards recovery. I find that to give my constitution an opportunity to continue this struggle, it is absolutely necessary that I should without delay, make a short sea voyage and sojourn in a milder climate. Under the pressure of this necessity I go to the Island of Cuba. It is my hope and intention to return in good season to welcome you on your arrival at the seat of Government. But if it should be found indispensible that my visit to Cuba should be prolonged to the early part of February, this message will serve to lay before you the cause of my absence at the commencement of your session. In this case I feel sure that you will adopt such course as shall consist with your wisdom and with the affectionate consideration which I have always received at your hands.

It would, however, not become me to forget that the issues of life are in the hands of the One above all, and that many have found death waiting for them on the foreign shore to which they have been sent in search of health. Should such be my fate, I shall draw my last breath with a sense of the deepest gratitude to the people of the Commonwealth and their representatives for the cheerful manly, unfailing support which they have given during the last four years to the great cause of the right, and to me and my efforts to maintain it, and with a prayer of thankfulness to almighty God that He strengthened me till the end of the cruel rebellion, and thought me worthy to be permitted to continue to that time as the Chief Magistrate of the people of Pennsylvania. To have my name connected in that relation with such a people during such a time ought to be enough to fill the highest measures of any man's ambition.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Harrisburg, November 27, 1865 }

CINNAMON FIELDS OF CEYLON.—Our morning was, as usual on our first arrival taken up by visits; in the afternoon, we drove in Sir E. Barnes's sociable through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which covered upwards of 17,000 acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple tree, but when cultivated, is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter color; when it first shoots out, it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told the flower is white, and appears, when in full blossom, to cover the garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island, I was much disappointed at not being able to discover any scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant-smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into the belief that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or twig, you perceive the spicy odor very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower had little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is of course preserved with care; by the old Dutch law, the penalty for cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present, a fine expiates the same offence. The neighborhood of Colombo is particularly favorable to its growth, being well sheltered, with a high, equable temperature, and as showers fall frequently, though a whole day's heavy rain is uncommon, the ground is never parched.

"THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR HAS GONE"—"Julius, I ben to war! Yes, sir! Five balls lodged in this bosom!"

"Sho! Musket balls?"

"No sir!"

"Cannon balls?"

"No, sir-ee!"

"What kinder balls, then?"

"Codfish balls!"

"NOBODY ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person.

"That is not true," said a young lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

A WAG, having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

"WHAT is the difference between a spider and a duck?" "One has its feet on a web, and the other a web on its feet."

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling!
Now don't be sorrowful, pray!
For, taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling;
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray;
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We've HAD our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the long dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day;
And we feel and know that we can go,
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that from life leads out, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

The Diamond Ring.

It was the night before Christmas.

Mr. Almayne did not observe the little blue nosed boy, crouching by the brilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang out of his carriage and went into the thronged shop.

How should he? But little Ben Harrow's eyes, eager with the sickly glare of extreme poverty, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another tighter as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and minced pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into his corner as the wind fluttered his thin, worn clothing and lifted the curls with freezing touch, from his forehead.

Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him, when he entired his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves; and leaning among the velvet cushions with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideal of a "big red fire" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illuminated Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing rooms that night, glowing softly on gilded tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold—while, just before the gentle flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude.

"I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his feet upon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the waters—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to set and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite? How lovely she was, that golden haired girl, with her blue veined forehead and dark, downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Wills; in those boy and girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her barque. It is not often that a person one has known in lang-syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara! what glittering air palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we plighted our childish troths! And when I came back with the fortune of one whose golden collonades our fairy castles of happiness upreared its pinacles, she was gone And Mary was a good wife to me, and a true one—but she was not Clara Willis!"

As the thought passed through his brain he instinctively glanced down at his finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife. The ring was gone!

"Lost—it can't be lost!" he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he had last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised. Poor Mary's ring! It would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of the snow; little Ben Harrow knew every one of its covered flagstones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall, weather-stained building, undaunted by wind or tempest.

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow door-way, and coming upon a small room, only half lighted by a kerosene lamp, beside which sat a young woman busily at work—"Hallo! is the fire out?"

"Wrap this old shawl around you, Ben," said the woman looking up, with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. All the coal is gone and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any more matches?"

"Only two boxes," sighed the boy. "I was so cold that I couldn't go around to the houses."

"Well, never mind, Ben," she said cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh! Ben I should like to given you a nice whole coat for Christmas."

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day? You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one."

She smiled through her tears.

"What was it about a glove Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up Isn't it nice sis!"

Very nice, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her hand looked at the rich, dark fur

"Why, Ben, what is this?"

Her finger had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove and she drew it out. Even in the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling facets of a diamond ring.

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while little Ben stood by, in surprise and delight.

"Ben this is very valuable. We ought to return it to the owner at once."

"How can we, if we don't know who he is?" said Ben.

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be made to recover so valuable a jewel.—To-morrow morning you must borrow a newspaper, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben, under his breath, "is it very valuable? Is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben. Why?"

"Oh! Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap, "a hundred dollars would be so nice! I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it"

Clara did not answer. She only smoothed down her little brother's tangled locks, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long glittering suit of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself in the doorway.

"Well, Porter?"

"There is a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind show them in."

Porter departed, by no means well pleased, and in a minute or two threw open the door, and announced the young person and little boy.

"Be seated," said Mr. Almayne courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Harrow's sister was rapped in a faded shawl, with a thick green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it last night in this glove, sir," she said in low a timid voice — "The initials—M. A—correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified"

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket-book, and said:

"I have promised a liberal reward," taking out a fifty dollar bill, "will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil, and said:

"We are very poor, sir, but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you all the same. Come, Ben."

Henry Almayne's cheek had become very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eye of his sweet first love beneath the faded bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "Clara Willis! is it possible you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be—that you are Henry Almayne?" She falterd, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his. If she had been a duchess the action could not have been so full of courtly respect.

"Clara, do not go yet," he pleadingly said, "Let me unravel this enigma of our strange lives. O! Clara if this Christmas day has indeed brought me the sunshine which has never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it all my life.—I shall bless it until my dying day."

The sun flamed redly in the west before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one Ben had so ignorantly admired the night before—was summoned to carry Clara and her brother to their squalid home for the last time. For ere the new year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that overhung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was a short engagement—and yet it was a very long one.

And little Ben Harrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half sister's happiness found out what it was to be rich.

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of poor Tom!"

☞ He who is unhappy, and can find no comfort at home, is unhappy indeed.

CONDITIONS STATED BY MR. COLFAX.

In our last number, we spoke of the recent speech of Mr. Colfax at Washington, and quoted a passage in which he stated some of the conditions which should be required for the reception of the seceded States. He thus proceeds to state other terms:—

But there are other terms on which, I think, there is no division among the loyal men of the Union. First, that the Declaration of Independence must be recognized as the law of the land, and every man, alien and native, white and black, protected in the inalienable and God-given rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Mr. Lincoln in the Emancipation Proclamation, which is the proudest wreath in his chaplet of fame [Cheers], not only gave freedom to the slave, but declared that the Government would maintain that freedom. [Applause.] We cannot abandon them and leave them defenceless at the mercy of their former owners. They must be protected in their rights of person and property, and these freemen must have the right to sue in the courts of justice for all just claims, and to testify also, so as to have security against outrage and wrong. I call them *freemen*, not *freedmen*. The last phrase might have answered before their freedom was fully secured, but they should be regarded now as freemen of the Republic. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.] Second, The amendments of their State constitutions which have been adopted by many of their State conventions so reluctantly, under the pressure of despatches from the President and the Secretary of State, should be ratified by a majority of the people. We all know that but a very small portion of their voters participated in the election of the delegates to these conventions, and nearly if not all the conventions have declared them in force without any ratification by the people. When this crisis has passed, can they not turn around and say that these were adopted under duress by delegates elected by a meagre vote under provisional governors and military authorities, and never ratified by a popular vote? and could they not turn over the anti Lecompton argument against us, and insist, as we did, that a constitution not ratified by the people may have effect, but no moral effect whatever? Third, The President can on all occasions insist that they should elect congressmen who could take the oath prescribed by the Act of 1862; but in defiance of this, and insulting the President and the country, they have, in a large majority of instances, voted down mercilessly Union men who could take the oath, and elected those who boasted that they could not, and would feel disgraced if they could.

Without mentioning names, one gentleman elected in Alabama by a large majority, declared in his address to the people, before the election, that the iron pen of history would record the Emancipation Act as the most monstrous deed of cruelty that ever darkened the annals of any nation; and another one, who avowed that he gave all possible aid and comfort to the Rebellion, denounced the Congress of 1862 as guilty in enacting such an oath. [A voice.—Put them on probation.] The South is filled with men who can take the oath. It declares, "I have not voluntarily taken part in the Rebellion." Every conscript in the Southern army can take that oath because he was forced into the ranks by their conscription act, and every man who stayed at home and refused to accept a civil or military office could take that oath; but these were not the choice of the States lately in rebellion. Fourth, While it must be expected that a minority of these States will cherish for years, perhaps, their feelings of disloyalty, the country has a right to expect, that, before their members are admitted to a share in the government of this country, a clear majority of the people of each of these States should give evidence of their earnest and cheerful loyalty, not by such speeches as are so common, that they submitted the issue to the arbitrament of war, but that they are willing to stand by and fight for the flag of the country against all its enemies, at home or abroad. The danger now is in too much precipitation. Let us rather make haste slowly, and we can then hope that the foundations of our Government, when thus reconstructed on the basis of indisputable loyalty will be as eternal as the stars. [Applause.]

Virginia Loyalty a Myth.

The Richmond (Va.) correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that Senator Williams, of the Reconstruction Committee, has visited Richmond, to make inquiries as to the state of public sentiment there, and says:

"Senator Williams has learned first that Virginia loyalty, as represented in both branches of the State Legislature and in the social circles of Richmond, is well nigh an absolute myth His observations further teach him that the people have an enlarged personal respect for President Johnson, but are utterly devoid of respect for and tolerance of the United States Government; hence this personal regard for the President by reason of his liberal course towards them, they look upon as the very exhaltation of loyalty. He finds and says that they cling with a tenacious fondness, unexampled in all history, under the circumstances of the most disastrous defeat and sectional dominion, to the exploded fallacies of the confederacy as a benevolent system of government, and cherish with a righteous reverence the leading spirits, both dead and alive, in the late great attempt against the integrity of the Union, which was completely foiled by the powers of the federal arms in April last. He also finds the popular sentiment of the Southern people, as such, undoubtedly and overwhelmingly opposed to the Congress of the United States and all its functional and legislative tendencies, owing to the persistent refusal to admit the Southern delegates to their seats in either house at Washington. They had confidently counted, by virtue of the councils of certain overweening conservatives at the North, to enter the councils of the nation, and, in conjunction with these conservatives, rise with arbitrary and insolent power, as of old—thus realizing, by a master stroke of confederate policy, their balmiest dreams of the opulent, overfearing, landed and slave driving autocrat of other days."

MARRIAGE.—What will the ladies say to the following remarks of Dr. James Johnson, in his "Economy of Health?"

"The most proper age for entering the holy bonds of matrimony has been discussed but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although I cannot here give the grounds on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted, that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma I am about to propound. The maxim, then, which I would inculcate, is this—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth Septenniad, on the part of females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words, the female should be at least 21, and, the male 28 years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted there is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution—the symmetry of form, and the lineaments of the face."

—The Chambersburg *Repository* entered on its seventy third year, with its last issue, much improved and enlarged. It has always been a fearless advocate of justice and the right, and is unquestionably one of the ablest journals in the country.

Wit and Humor.

A GOOD story was told some years ago of old Marks, who prided himself upon never being mistaken in his judgment of a person's character from his phiz.

He was in the Western Market one day, to get a goose for dinner. In looking about, he saw a lot before a young woman with a peculiarly fine open countenance.

"She's honest," said Marks to himself, and at once asked her if she had a *young* goose.

"Yes," said she, "here's as fine a one as you will find in the market," and she looked up in his face with a perfect sincerity that would have taken his heart, if he had not already made up his mind as to her character.

"You're sure it's young?"

"To be sure it is;" and Marks took it home.

All efforts to eat it were fruitless, it was so tough; and the next day he hastened down to the market, angry with himself, and more so with the honest-faced girl who had cheated him.

"Didn't you tell me that goose was young, yesterday?" he exclaimed, striding up to the girl wrathfully.

"To be sure I did."

"You cheated me," said Marks, "it was a tough old gander."

"You don't call *me* old, do you?" she asked.

"No," I should think not," he replied.

"No, *I* should think not, too. I am only twenty, and mother told me the goose was hatched *just six months after I was born!*"

FIVE DAUGHTERS.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some respectable occupation in life. These daughters married, one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second the name of Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, and the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters with their husbands were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to his guests:

"I have taken great pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life, and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped they would do honor to the family; and now I find that all my pains, cares and expectations have turned to nothing but a *poor, little, short, brown, hogg.*"

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—Wanted—A young man to take charge of a very fine span of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A school committee man writes: We have a school house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high.

A newspaper says: "A child was recently run over by a wagon about three years old and cross-eyed wearing pantaloons which never spoke another word afterwards."

Parasol—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

An exchange, in describing a recent celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and about two miles in length as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the Chaplain."

☞The following *juvenility* occurred at one of the watering places some years ago, before hairy muzzles were so common as they are now. Mrs. G—— was sitting at dinner with her little boy of four or five years of age, when a bewhiskered foreigner came in and took his seat at the opposite side of the table. The child stared at him a good while with astonishment, till the mystery was solved, when, suddenly, in rather too loud a voice, he cried out to the mother, "Ma! ma! he *has* got a mouth: I saw him put a tater in!"

☞"Old Cooper" is a Dutchman, and, like many another man, of whatever nationality, has a wife that is "some." One day the "old man" got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a fight. The neighbor was getting the better of the "old man," which Cooper's wife was not slow to see. The "old man" was resisting his enemy to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with:

"Lie still, Cooper! lie still! If he kills you I'll sue him for damages."

It only remains to be said that Cooper did lie still, and was not killed.

☞A down east editor, in a complimentary notice of a vigilant general, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a battle-scared veteran. The poor man hastened to make amends in the next issue, by stating that it was his intention to have denominated the hero a bottle-scarred veteran.

☞School teachers sometimes receive very funny excuses for absence of children from recitations. The following is about as original as any we ever saw: "Ceptathomdigintaters." For the benefit of our readers who never studied law or stuck type, we may add that the boy was "kept at home digging taters."

HE KNEW HIM.—"Come here, my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know who I am?" "Yeth, thir." "Who am I? Let me hear." "You ith the man who kithed mamma, when papa wath in New York."

☞A State fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fare in the universe is boarding fare.

MILTON was asked: "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman!"

QUESTIONS FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—If a man has nothing when he gets married, and his wife has nothing, is *her* things *hizen*, or *his* things *hurn*? Which is the most hulsum, pumpkin sars or apple sars?

A GENTLEMAN seeing an Irishman fencing in a very barren and desolate piece of land, said, "What are you fencing in that for, Pat? A flock of sheep would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honor, wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor critters out," replied Pat.

☞A California editor, some time ago, received a large document, which he was requested to 'put under his editorial head gratis.' He complied by placing it under his pillow, and expressed his determination to serve similar communications in the same way.

INSURANCE.—The following toast was recently pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—Their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

A PLACARD in the window of a patent medicine vender, in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."