### By this Sigh we Conquer

Whenever the way seems long, Or the heart begins to fail, We sing a more wonderful song, And tell a more wonderful tale."

JANUARY 1, 1865. ENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE The New Bork Mereury.

The Pride of the Lireside.

N the prime of a vigorous intellectual man-hood, the Phœnix of the weeklies begins llight for the new year, over the wrecks of flagging and lifeless contemporaries, with eye fixed upon the sun, beneath which i

was no rivalry.

The war, which has toppled down whatever shallow and baseless, bas written no wrinter to the bright eggs of our success. Our success for the issue of 1865 shake the pillars. steres for the issue of 1865 shake the pillars of whatever has heretofore been deemed imerial in acrial literature. Both sides of the atlantic render us tribute. We shall continue he thrilling romaners of Miss M. E. Bradon, ecromancer of the strong dark passions, to whom we pay more money annually than the ntire capital of our imitators, and add to our merican staff the champion jester of the cap he bells, Josh Billings, who will commence into the first of January a series of his 'welfnown inimitable come papers,' written excessly for us, in his irresistably convulsive in. Harriet E. Prescott, the most polished had imaginative sketch-writer-living; P. T. annum, the world famed show-man and auarnum, the world famed show-man' and aubiographer: Miss'M. A. Eurle', Fairfax Baljur, Dr. J. H. Robinson, and "Ned Bundline,"
gnowned and versatile novelette-writers,
rill cks out the sparkling contributions of
uch facile poets, fuilletonists, humorists, crics, travelets, paragraphists, etc., as George
troolo, W. O. Eston, Millie W. Carpenter,
corge Alfred Townsend, Julia S. Ingraham',
dward Willett, George Martial, Joseph Barer, J. A. Peiten, and others, numerous
nough and clever enough to run all the newsspecs on the Continent. num, the world famed show-man and au

the vivid pencils of Barley, McLenan, and bite, the first draughtsmen of the age, will ske the new volume pictorial, and whatever fugitive ar metoric note may appear during year, will at once be engaged and made

allable.
In addition to its crisp and teling editoristic state electable Gossipers' Club, in which to aptest and wittiest poems, caricatura, apiest and wittest poems, cariestic buriesques of the time, first appear; coquettish Ladles' Promenade, to which a mothers, sweethearts, daughters, will divide their elaces, The New York Mercury will continue faithful and cogent

Photographs of Popular People, ghly illustrative of the oldest, ablest, are rticle, by Jennie June, whose sprigh tes upon the latest and most perfect. N ork modes, are suggestive to leaders of ety everywhere, and universally consult oth in the metropolis and throughout the buntry; and commence a series of illustrated ketches of Grotesque Adventage in Foreign imes during the War, by Alfred Trample; well as hints upon Cookery, by Heary osling, the metropolitan cuisinier.

The first of the year will inaugurate the

ALETHE; or, The Child of the Cord; ed by a splendid new

ory by Miss M. E. Braddon, written express-for "The York Mercury." Notwithstanding the neward march of every notwith standing the upward march of every rice of luxury and consumption, and our normously increased outlay for the year 1865, he star Paper of the Republic, with its forty olumns of sterling original matter, will 'connue to be issued at six cehts a copy, and old by all newsmen and periodical dealers a America. Its long and honorable history. insures its subscribers against the casualities and fatalities which have swept so many mushroom journals off the board, and left their patrons disconsulate at the loss of their

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yearly advertisers.

Having just added a Newsuny Moun-TAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the f ne and speedy execution of all kinds of Jos & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Cara to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

#### The Bping Dear:

From the old woods, dim and lonely, Comes a moan;

There winds are sighing only-"Summer's gone." All the bright and sunny hours, And the green and leafy bowers, With the Summer's latest flowers, Are faded now;

And the brow Of the waning year Has been twined with dying leaves; And the gathering of the sheaves Tells us Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly mouning Through the vales;

And the forest trees are groaning Mournful tales of decays that swiftly gather, Of the coming wintry weather, Of the snow, that like a feather, Soon will fatl;

And the call: Of death is sighing Over all the rippling streams; And the Summer's lingering gleams Are sadly dying.

Tis the waning, waning twilight Of the year That hovers now, all strangely bright

Round us here: soon the year will Like the light of an autumn day, Adown old Winter's dim highway To its tomb;

And the gloom Of the silent Land Will rest on the bright years flown! And the winds of Time will moan O'er the dreamless band.

## Dare To Do Right.

Dare to do right ! Dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do. Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell. Dare. Dare. Dare to do right! Dare, Dare, Dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Other men's failures can never save you: Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith ; Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Dare to do right ! &c. Dare to do right ! Dare to be true ! God, who created you, cares for you. too ; Treasures the tears that his striving

ones shed; Counts and protects every hair of your ... head. v Dare to do right! &c.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Keep the great judgement seat always In view : Look at your work as you'll look at it

Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and Dare to do right ! &c.

Dare to do right! dare to he true! Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through; City, and mansion, and throne all in sight

> right? Dare to do right! &c.

A professor of penmanship, whose specimens of skill had often been on exhibition in various places in New York state, has become a soldier, on his recent return home on furlough, found that his ballot had been sent home from the army signed with a cross and his mark. Governor Seymour's voting Hair out and Heads Shampsoned in the most scientific manner, can do so by calling in at scientific manner, can do so by calling in at agent bad returned him as unable to the Market Street Barber Saloon, opposite sign his name. Another evidence of Libhart's Drug Store. the fraud practised on the soldiers. He, stile of a lady's figger, but I tell konfi-

### A BRIDE IN THE WRONG BED.

A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House, New York-they went out shopping—returned—bride had left. some things—she quietly slipped out—. found her lost articles-returned-Mistook Main street, for Broadway got There'll be something to do; There'll into the Madison instead of the Spencer it looked a little strange-asked boy if she was in the Spencer-boy said yes, not fully understanding bermshe told him to lead her to forty-eight-she disrobed and got into bad-expecting her husband mentarily fell asleep the occupant of Room No. 48 Madison, an Indiana Merchant, returned from the theatre-a little tight-quietly went to his room-to bed-to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there, side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconcious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued, wildly, piercingly and unceasingly.

The hotel was in an uproar-proprieters, clerks, waiters, porters, guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of 48 in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly-" What is the matter?" "For Heaven's sake tell us what is the trouble.

The cause of this out-cry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hand over her husband, it fell upon the Indianian's face, and the soft, warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment more Mrs. R. said-

"My dearest husband, where have you been all this while ?"

"Husband!" echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here." "I'm nobody's husband, "I reckon, my dear madam, you are in the wrong bed." "In the wrong bed-horrors of hor-

rors!" thought the bride, "What would her liege lord say-what would the curious world say?" And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and

sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and, entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he nad engaged—he'd make an oath to

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kindly proposition.

"Madam! madam! don't yell so!-You'll waken the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought, of the consequences. I don't want to hart you-I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself-"

Just at this juncture the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, and a sheet wrapped over her form and head. and the Indianian in the middle of the room, enveloped in a coverlet, and eiaculating, "My God! madam, dout!" .

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and, requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him into another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R. and the affair was, explained, greatly to her relief though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance, that might have ruined her reputation. 🕒 🕦

Under the escort of the Doctor she was conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors with frantic mien, and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had er caught the infection. been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels, in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed himself. they would kill a man for a dollar at

As soon as he heheld his spouse, he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery, and told her he had scoured the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

Sulphur Soap is recommended for keeping the complexion clear, from pimples, &c. It is very odd. There is our old friend Vesuvius, who has been suffering for a long time from eruptions, and sulphur only seems to make him

Artemus Ward says: "You may differ as much as you pleas about the HOWE & STEVEN'S Celebrated Family of course, idid not send that ballot at denshally, if she has \$40,000, the figger of Colors, warranted to be fast, at all.

Something to do in Heaven.

There'll be something in heaven for Children to do;
None are idle in that blessed land.
There'll be loves for the heatt, there'll
be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand.

be something to do;
There'll be something for children to
do.
On the bright shining shore; where There'll be something for children to column a grant with costs and rothing.

There'll be lessons to learn of the wis-As they wander the green meadows And they'll have for their teachers in All the good that have gone there be-

There'll be something to do, &c. There'll be errands of love from the

mansions above;
To the dear ones that linger below;
And it may be our Father the children To be angels of mercy in woekelesseib There'll be something to do. &c.

### Beautiful Land of Rest

Jernselem, for ever bright,—
Beautiful land of rest,
No winter there, nor chill of night,—
Beautiful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased a way, !...

The sun breaks forth in endless day, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, The beautiful land of rest Beautiful land, Beautiful land, Reantiful land of rest. Beautiful land, Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest.

Jerusalem, for ever free,— Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of Liberty,-Beautiful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will never know. Jerusalem, &c. sall to recommend as the

Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest 17700 in contra Thy pearly gates almost appear,— And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song we've sung before, Jerusalem, &c.

A Remarkable Anecdote. Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague prevailed. His ed Graven Buildings: On that sad cai amity, the growing epidemic, his lord and six were accordingly at the door, the baggage put in, and all things in. readiness, for the journey. 'As he was walking through the hall with his hat ou, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he observed his negro, who served him as a postillion, saying to another

"I suppose as my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of Gods. The speech,

however, struck Lord Craven very sen-

sible, and made bim pause. "My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll e'en stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me -Lord pardon that unbelief and that distrust of Thy Providence, which made me think of running away from Thy

hand." He immediately ordered his horses to be taken from the coach, and his luggage to be brought in. He remained in London, was remarkably useful among

JERROLD ON CONSERVATION. There's a sort of men in the world that can't bear any progress. I wonder they ever walk unless they walk backwards! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new, moon, and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution." the old one. But there always were such people, and always will be. When lucifers first came in, how many eld women, staunch old souls—many of them worthy to be members of Parliament stood by theiramatches and ditinder-boxes; and cried out "no surrender!" And how many of these old women, disguised in male attire, go every day about at public meetings, professing to be ready to die come up ! Yes, ready to die for it, all. the readier, perhaps, because dying for anything of the sort's gone out of fashioni a chesivat ti qua est feoibeia ou . n

Never be afraid.

Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to own your Saviour, He who loves and cares for you! New-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid, Never, never, never, Therefore never be a fraid.

Never be afraid to work for Jesus. In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and willing spirit, Be will all your toil re-pay. Never be affaid, Never, never, never, &c.

Neverabe afraid to bear for Jesus, of Keen reproaches when they fall ; Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meckly bore them all. Never be atraid, &c.

Never be affaid to live for Jesus : If you on his care depend; Safely shall you pass through every trial He will bring you to the end, just Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus; 37 He the life, the truth, the way, Gently in his arms of love will bear y To the realms of endless day. s Never be afraid, &trainin

# The Cavalry Horse.

The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long list of various trumpet signals, as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trof, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or lose his stirrups, he stops a moment, and waits for him; if he remains lying on the ground, he stoops his head, smells at him, and, when he ascertains there is no hope, of his remounting, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in, the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air. be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move brickly forward to the front.

During a hait, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly, a jumbled mass which it would be imhouse was in that part of the town call possible to disentangle; man and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself beside it to does more good in a sick room than a ship, to avoid canger, resolved to retire shield himself from the cold the faithful bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter to his seat in the country. His coach, creature seldom changing the position draughts. People are always glad to it has once taken. If it does so, it is see him, and their hands instinctively go with the greatest precaution; first it half-way out to meet his grasp, while moves its, head and legs, endeavoring, they turn, involuntarily from the clammy gently to free itself in them it raises or touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on turns itself very slowly and carefully, so the greaning key. He laughs you out who surround it. Ill the halt takes place being, offended with him. It seems as side after it has lain down a while which ant world you are living in until he

The most affectionate relationship ex- way. ists between man and horse das the mot sult of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider : he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many other good comradesthat he does not grow weary even of suffering for him. r of estable will bill ellerothe

AN IDEA OF FAITH: A female teacher of a school that stood on the bank of a stream, wished to communicate to her. pupils an idea of Faith. While she was trying to explain to them the meaning of the word, a small boat glided along his sick neighbors, and friends, and nev in sight. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she explained:

"If I were to tell you that there was leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes ma'am," replied the acholars,
"Well, that is faith," said the school mistress. The next day, in order to test their re-

collection of the desson she inquired: 1 "What is Eaith? " . reis was month agt "A leg of mutton in a boat !" was the

answer, shouted from all parts of the time, rather than the cit common longe

The Boston and Cincinnatti journals are publishing in full the list of tax-payers and the amount they pay under the special revenue law. The for any tinder-box question that may publication has developed the fact that wealthy men, who spend over \$6000 per sprought in crying and awearing all the annum in their household expenses have no income "over \$600.2 d The publication orestes a great hubbub; but A matchles price Lucifer matchmostly among those who have a sinister

Calculating Greenback Currency.

A Butchman who keeps a country store in the neighborhood of Boston, had ten pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and said he-"When I went to de city to buy more, de money dat I got for my ten pieces of calico bought only eight. I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on 'em, and sold dem fast enough, and when dey was all gone, I took my money and went to de city, and by dunder, it bought only six pieces. Well, tinks I, dis is making money backwards. But I took my six pieces home, and put an awful big profit on dem; and now, tinks I, I must make money like smoke. But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took de money I got for 'em to de city again, and thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicoes had gone up again, and I got only four pieces. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and thought now I makes a heap of money. But when I get dem sold and went after more, de calicoes had gone up again, and I hope I may never die if I got more as two pieces for my money. So here I was, I had ten pieces of calico when I started off to sell 'em, and here I am now mit only two pieces and no money. Why, I should haf been better off if I had shut up de store, keep my calicoes, and not sold dem at all."

Sixer.—The most violent passions and excitement cannot keep even powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence. Thus, a stage coach, stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual poise.

LAUGHING: The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face as not to trample upon, or disturb those of your faults, while you never dream of where the ground is wet or frozen, the if sunshine came into the room with rider will gladly force his horse to one, him, and you never know what a pleasby that time is warm, it not drys lines be points out the sunny streaks on its path-

> Losses and expenses paid in 1863, \$10,100 ... Bal. of Premiums, Jan. 1, 3,754 47 - \$13,887 79 A. S. GREEN, PRESIDENT,

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correspondent of the Cincinnati papers

WATCHES, SOLID SILVER-WARE,

relates the following good thing: During the skirmish in the little reconnoissance made by General Steadman on our left, a couple of soldiers of the colored brigade came upon three rebels whose guns were unloaded, and demanded their surrender. One of the Johnnies indignantly refused to surrender to a "nigger." "Berry sorry, massal" said Sambo, bringing his piece to a "ready," "but we're in a great hurry, and hain't got no time to send for a white man," The ominous click that accompanied this remark brought the scion of chivalry to time, and he was

ever heard that he had surrendered to a nigger. Show may easily be purchased; motive for concealing their wealth. but happiness is a home-made article.

way that his father would kill him if he