



TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left  
My own, my happy home,  
For thee I left my cottage bowers,  
With thee in joy to roam;  
And where art thy holy town,  
The temple, the love, the rest,  
That was my heart?—all scattered now,  
And trampled in the dust.

THE SWINDLER;

A PRIZE TALE.

BY J. AUGUST SPERRY.

A clear, bright February day, after a heavy fall of snow! Any one who has visited the Great Emporium, during clearing times, may imagine the brilliant scene which Broadway presents on such a day. Thousands of sleighs of every shape, size and variety are dashing hither and thither, in such thick confusion as to make it a matter of inexplicable astonishment how they find room to pass each other without coming into collision. Here and there a great omnibus sleigh, piled up with human freight, glides along like an overland steamboat of its element, while glittering establishments of fairy like lightness and beauty are glistening by them and around them like birds upon the wing.—The spray, thrown up from the heels of the flaming couriers, flashing and gleaming and sparkling in the bright atmosphere resembles a shower of burning diamonds; while the "jingle, jingle, jingle" of the bells floats upon the breeze so merrily and cheerily that your heart leaps with joy at the sound. You might almost fancy that the bright omnibuses were all golden bell wires, and that old Winter, with his white fingers, was pulling them for very fun.—Then, too, the happy faces that peep out from the warm rich furs—the glimpses of beauty and glances of bright eyes that beam on you as they fit by, radiant as sunbeams and transient as the meteor flash. Oh, what a gleam is there in old Gotham in sleigh time!

Such was the day and the scene. In a magnificent little shell that glided along Broadway, were seated a lady and gentleman, almost buried in costly furs. The lady's face was one of rare loveliness; and the gentleman, as he listened to her animated words, seemed to be much absorbed in the contemplation of her charms, that he neglected the reins and left his steed to trot along through the throng at his own discretion. While the lady chatted away in a lovely strain, her glance was wandering over the throng that moved along the sidewalk. Suddenly laying her hand upon the gentleman's arm, she exclaimed:

"Look, George, what a sweet face that poor girl has!"  
The object of this remark was a girl apparently about seventeen, rather uncomformably clad for the season, with a thin, faded shawl over her shoulders, and her light ringlets straying playfully from beneath a melancholy apology for a bonnet. Her features were of a sweet and thoughtful, but full of sweet expression, and her large, intelligent blue eyes beamed with touching sadness. The gentleman looked to the direction indicated by his fair companion; but his eye no sooner rested upon the girl, than a shade of displeasure or pain crossed his brow, and giving the reins a nervous jerk, his mettlesome steed bounded fleetly onward, bearing the sleigh quickly out of sight of the poor girl who had so interested his companion.

"Why, George?" exclaimed the lady, "what do you mean? It was very disobliging in you to start off at this rate, when you knew I wanted to observe that girl!"  
The gentleman stammered out an apology, laying the blame upon the impetuosity of his horse. The excuse, however, was too lame to convince the lady. She was piqued at having her husband thus unreasonably thwarted, and pointed, during the rest of the ride, when she at length alighted at the door of her father's residence in Bleeker street, she thanked her lover (for such the gentleman was) with cool civility for the sleigh ride, and entered the house in a pet, leaving him to drive off, mathematizing the incident which had thus dampened the morning's pleasure. He had another source of unpleasant feeling, too, than the lady's frown. The sight of the poor girl on Broadway, whom he very well knew, had given rise to his feelings of a disagreeable nature, which will be explained in the sequel.

and your own face is as flushed as if you had been scolding for an hour."  
"Pratt?" ejaculated the young lady.—Then, after a moment's silence, she added, "Well, if you will pry into my affairs, you must know I am beginning to dislike George Henwick, and I don't believe I shall ever marry him after all!"  
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed her brother; "the old song—it will be wiser and make up, in less than six hours again!"  
"Very well, you'll see," she returned, as she withdrew to disrobe herself of her riding apparel.

Emily and John Williams were the only children of a wealthy New York merchant. They had been reared indolently and received an excellent education.—John was a fine young fellow of twenty-two; had chosen the profession of medicine, and was preparing to graduate at the Spring commencement. Emily was some what of a spoiled beauty, just entering her nineteenth year. Indulgence had rendered her a little self-willed, and adulation had made her a little vain and capricious; but she was, notwithstanding, a girl of fine feelings, amiable disposition, and good sense. With a voluptuous figure, raven hair, and piercing dark eyes, classic features a finely cut mouth, and teeth of pearly whiteness, she had reigned the belle of two seasons, and then plighted her hand to George Henwick, a merchant of high standing and reputed wealth.

Henwick was about thirty years of age; a man of acknowledged talent and enterprise, with a handsome face and manly form. His manners were bland and interesting, his bearing graceful and easy, and his address fluent and polished.—Whether pure affections or more interested motives induced him to urge his suit to Emily, we need not say here; suffice it that, with warm feelings and a trusting nature, she was easily won. The match was sanctioned by the parents, and the day fixed for the marriage was only two months distant from the period at which our story opens.

When Emily re-entered the parlor, she approached her brother, who was reading by the fire, and in a voice musically coaxing, said:

"Come, brother mine, put by your book; I have carved out an adventure for you!"  
John raised his eyes inquiringly, and she proceeded—

"I saw a girl in Broadway to day, with one of the sweetest faces you can imagine; but she looked so poor and sad and cold, that my heart bled for her. But what is more, her features seemed familiar to me. I am almost sure, John, I have met the girl somewhere in good society."

"Suppose you have," interrupted John, "what then?"

"Why, likely it is some old acquaintance of ours, reduced to want; and, if so, what better purpose can I devote this too?"—drawing from her bosom a purse well filled with silver, and placing it in her brother's hand—"and what better use can you make of your time this afternoon, than by being my missionary?"

"But how the deuce am I to find your poor girl with a sweet face?" inquired her brother.

"Oh, I am pretty certain she sits at Madam G——'s, for I saw her in that neighborhood."

"An adventure, verily!" exclaimed John, with a laugh; "to think of sending me rumpling after poor sewing girls with pretty faces! A pretty dangerous adventure that, I should say!"

"In sober earnest, John, I want you to find out this girl, and offer her relief from me, if she should be in need of it."

"In sober earnest, then, my silly sister, suppose I should find her, do you think that even a poor sewing girl of any sensibility or modesty, would take money from a man who is a perfect stranger? Why, I couldn't have the impudence to offer it, for my motive would certainly be misconstrued."

Emily was thoughtful for a few moments, and then replied—

"But you can find out who she is, and what are her circumstances, brother; you can find out her residence, and you have wit enough to find some excuse for visiting her parents, if she has any!"

"You are a queer girl," said John, drawing her to him, and fondly kissing her cheek; "but after all, this strange whim of yours may afford something of an adventure, so I'll humor you, for once."

"For once?" He might have said, for the thousandth time, for he was always humoring her strange whim, as he called them. There was not a more affectionate brother in the city of New York. He was fonder and prouder of his beautiful sister than of anything else in the world, and would have done ten times as much to gratify even her caprice. Accordingly, after dinner he received from Emily an accurate description of the girl's dress and appearance, and pointed off to her benevolent mission. Stationing himself on the steps of the hotel, opposite to Madam G——'s, he waited the remainder of the afternoon, watching all who went in or out of the fashionable milliner's. At length, a little after five o'clock, one after another of the sewing girls, as he judged, came out and departed; and, finally, one whose dress corresponded to the description his sister had given him. It was too dark for him to judge whether her features were as pretty as Emily had represented them, and this was some little disappointment to his raised curiosity. He followed her, however, at a little distance, until he saw her enter her home, and then returned to report to his sister.

you any sewing to do?"  
"Yes, I've a dress I shall want made in a day or two."

"The very thing!" said the brother; "I can go and inquire if she ever goes out to sew, and if she does, I can engage her to come and make your dress."

"Capital!" exclaimed Emily, clapping her small white hands. "Let us go to the new, and then away with us!"  
While young Williams is at tea we will precede him to the house of the sewing girl.

In a small room, the furniture of which was old and plain and rather scanty at that time, three persons were seated at a frugally spread table. One was the poor sewing girl; another was her mother, a woman of to great age, but wan and feeble from care and anxiety; the third was a young man with a high forehead, and a face in which deep thought and resolution of purpose were plainly expressed. His features were too prominent and angular to strike one, at first, as being handsome, but every line of them was indicative of energy and force of character. When engaged in conversation, however, his countenance lighted up with animation, and assumed a more engaging expression; his lance was penetrating, and his well modulated voice thrillingly deep and earnest. The meal had progressed a few moments in silence, when the young man, who had been at tentively regarding the girl's downcast face, remarked:

"You are beginning to look badly, Kate, your work is too conching; it will seriously injure your health!"

"Oh no, cousin," replied the girl, in tones, the truthfulness of which contradicted her words; "I do not feel that my health is a tall affected by it." Then, as if anxious to change the conversation, she turned to her mother and said; "I saw George Henwick to day, sleighing on Broadway, with a lady, in great style."

"Did he see you, my child?" inquired the mother.

"Yes," returned the girl, "and appeared very much confused, for he colored, turned his head away, and put his horse to full speed, as if anxious to get out of sight as quick as possible!"

"I have heard you mention this Henwick frequently," said the youth; "who is he?"

"Is it possible, Robert, that we have never told you about George Henwick?"

"Quite possible, aunt."

"Well, he is the villain who swindled us out of our property."

"How?" exclaimed the young man, what property? I thought Uncle Brainerd died insolvent."

"No, indeed. The circumstances are these: When George Henwick came to this city he was a poor boy, and your uncle took him into the store, as clerk. He gradually crept into Mr. Brainerd's confidence, until he took him into a kind of partner, and allowed him to manage the business almost entirely in his own way. Well, your uncle died suddenly, in an apoplectic fit; the business was settled up in a very mysterious way, and Henwick gave us two thousand dollars, which he said, was all that was left of Mr. Brainerd's interest in the concern, after his debts were paid."

"And did you quietly submit?" asked the young man.

"That I did not," replied the old lady; "thirty thousand dollars of my own money had been embarked in the business, besides the large capital which Mr. Brainerd possessed. I brought suit, but Mr. Brainerd's private papers could not be found, and the books of the firm had all been in Henwick's keeping. There was one clerk whose evidence might have helped us, but Henwick bought him over. So we lost the suit. The lawyers' fees eat up the best portion of the two thousand dollars, and with what was left I bought some furniture and went to keeping boarding house. You came to the city soon after that, and came to board with me. You have seen all our misfortunes since then, and shared them, too—God bless your kind heart, Robert!"

When the old lady ceased speaking the tears were trickling down her cheeks; but the young man had not noticed her last words. He had ceased eating, and fell into a deep reverie. After sitting thus for some minutes, he arose, with nervous haste, and left the room without speaking.

After the young man had retired, the mother and daughter cleared the table, and sat down to sewing. They had not been long engaged when a slight rap was heard at the door; on opening it, John Williams was ushered into the room.

He was struck by the pale yet beautiful features of Catherine, and saw that she was greatly in need of air and exercise. He immediately commenced a conversation upon the subject which had brought him to the house.

"Do you not go out to sew, sometimes?" he asked.

"She answered him in the affirmative.—He then asked her if she was willing to undertake some light work."

"She replied that she was just out of employment at Madam G——'s, and would be glad to get anything to do."  
"Can you call upon my sister, to-morrow morning?" asked John.

"Well, I shall tell my sister you will call in the morning, Miss Brainerd."  
"Yes, sir."

John now took his leave, and hurried home to communicate the result of his visit to his sister.

At twelve o'clock that night the widow and her daughter had long retired; but the nephew, generous of the lapse of hours, set in his room, poring over a number of old letters, bills and manuscripts which covered his table. The paper at length which he bestowed upon each paper, the unusual sparkle of his eye, and the smile that played upon his mouth, denoted that his task was one of no ordinary interest. Before we explain the nature of it, however, we must introduce the youth more fully to the reader.

Robert Jordan was an orphan. His parents had resided in a village, some miles from New York, and at their death had left him a little property, the income of which was two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. With this small sum he came to New York to pursue the study of law. He found his aunt keeping boarding house, and went, of course, to board with her. The old lady knew but little of the management of a boarding house, and consequently was unable to get along at all. The greater portion of her furniture was seized for debt, and she was compelled with what was left, to take rooms in a dilapidated house near North river. Robert struck by her through all her misfortunes, and with the little sum he was able to give her, and the scanty earnings of Catherine's needle, she was enabled barely to live.—Robert had, just a few weeks prior to the date of our story, been admitted to the bar, and was daily expecting to make an arrangement to get into business with a well known practitioner, which would enable him to better the condition of his aunt and cousin. What the old lady had told him at the table, that evening, of Henwick's connection with his uncle, had made a forcible impression upon his mind. There was an old fashioned secretary in his room, and in examining it, he had discovered a secret drawer, filled with papers. A suspicion flashed upon his mind that these papers might throw some light upon his uncle's business. He retraced immediately to his room, and upon examining the papers, his suspicions were confirmed. They were private papers relating to Mr. Brainerd's affairs, and contained evidence that at the time of his death he had possessed a large amount of property, out of which it was plain, Henwick must have swindled the widow.

Nearly the whole night was Robert closely engaged making himself acquainted with the contents of the papers, and when, at length, he threw himself upon his couch his breast was throbbing with hope and his head aching with excitement.

When Robert arose, late in the morning, he found that his cousin was gone to keep her appointment with Emily Williams.—He communicated to his aunt the discovery of the papers, and his hopes, and begged her to place the whole affair in his hands, as her attorney. The old lady, nearly beside herself with joy, gladly consented. Her next thought was to send for Catherine, and communicate to her the agreeable tidings. This Robert opposed, and advised his aunt to keep the affair perfectly secret. He stated that the recovery of the property would be both difficult and uncertain, and that it might be dangerous to excite in Catherine's breast, the disappointment of which would be too great a shock for her feeble health to bear. The old lady saw the justice of the remark, and, however loth, acquiesced in Robert's wishes. The latter immediately went to work with alacrity to put matters in train for bringing suit against the swindler.

Catherine, in the meantime, had met with a reception from Emily Williams as gratifying as unexpected. The latter, as soon as she heard the name of Catherine Brainerd, remembered her old schoolmate, and with her natural kindness of heart, strove to make her forget, for one day, at least, her poverty and her sorrows. She made her lay aside her sewing at five o'clock, and insisted upon her spending the evening with her in the parlor. Here, with her brother, she strove to amuse and render the poor girl cheerful and succeeded so well, that Gatharinas felt happier than she had for many months. She did not feel embarrassed, nor out of place, in the splendid parlors of the wealthy merchant, for she had been reared in just such splendor, and was scarce behind Emily Williams herself in education and accomplishments. She had that morning arrayed herself in her best apparel, which, plain as it was, displayed her delicate and graceful form to advantage, and the pleasurable excitement she felt, had brought a fainting color to her cheek, which added much to the beauty of her sweet face. Her manners, too, were easy and natural, although unassuming, as if she had never moved in any other sphere; and John Williams, in discovering that she was 'dressed intelligent, and perfectly lovely,' almost entirely forgot the fact of her being a sewing girl.

Early in the evening Henwick came on in. His surprise at finding Catherine Brainerd Emily's guest, was manifest enough in his looks to the former, although it escaped the observation of the latter. He was embarrassed and confused, and, after sitting a few moments, in unexpressed restraint, pleaded an urgent engagement, and left.

Catherine had left word at home for her cousin to call for her at eight o'clock.—Accordingly, at eight o'clock, Robert was ushered in, surprised to find Catherine engaged herself in the parlor, instead of being at her needle. He was introduced to Emily, with her husband, and the latter had not been long, before she knew him to be a swindler, and that he was the same who had swindled her mother, and who had swindled her.

John looked at him with a big sigh. Emily seemed to have an unusual glow of spirits upon this occasion. As her brother expressed it, she was 'as merry and playful as a kitten.'

She laughed and chatted with Robert Jordan; played and sang for him, until he caught the spirit of her vivacity, and became as much at home and familiar as if he had been among old acquaintances.

To finish the amusement of the evening she set her brother to playing the piano, and sat with Catherine until she was giddy.

It had been a long time since the cousin had passed an evening of so much delight; and so freely did the time pass, that they were both astonished to hear the clock strike eleven, when they scarce thought it time. When they took leave, Emily accompanied Catherine to the door, and bidding her good night, with a kiss, slipped a purse into her hand, and glided back into the room, before the grateful girl had time either to refuse the gift, or utter her thanks.

As soon as they were out of the house, Catherine burst into tears. Robert understood her emotion and did not attempt to check it. By the time they had walked a square or two, however, she became composed, and commenced a conversation with her cousin upon the incidents of the day, in the course of which she remarked:

"Emily is a sweet girl, cousin."  
"So I have been thinking," he returned.

"What a pity she is going to marry Henwick!"  
"She is to be married to Henwick, in April."

"By all that is good she shall not!" ejaculated the young man in an agitated tone.

"Why, cousin, are you determined? what are you saying?" asked Catherine, astonished at his emotion.

"I'm foolish," rejoined the cousin, reproving himself, "but it shocked me to hear of so true a girl being sacrificed to a villain. But are you sure you have been rightly informed?"

"I had it from her own lips," said Catherine, "she engaged me to commence next week making up some of the wedding garments."

Robert made no further remark, but walked the rest of the way in thoughtful silence. When they arrived at their humble home they found Mrs. Brainerd uneasy on account of their long absence. They gave the old lady an account of what had transpired, and Catherine upon examining her purse, found it to contain fifty dollars instead of fifty cents, for which she had bargained to do the day's sewing!

It was with different feelings the little party sought their pillows that night, from that which had oppressed their hearts for many nights previous. A brighter day was dawning!

A few days after the incident above related, George Henwick was sitting alone in his counting room, when his lawyer entered, with an ominous elongation of countenance, and after a brief salutation said—

"I have just got word of an affair, Mr. Henwick, that will give us some trouble."

"What is that?" asked Henwick, calmly puffing his cigar.

"The widow Brainerd is in the field again,"

Henwick slightly changed color, but affecting unconcern, calmly returned—

"Well, if she is fool enough to revive the old suit, she will get her fingers burned again. A few dollars transferred from my pocket to yours in the way of fees, will be the amount of the trouble, I suppose, eh, squarer? isn't that the state of the case?"

"I rather fear the business is more serious this time returned the attorney."

"Well let it come so that you keep it off till after the first of April, I'm content to bear the brunt."

"Unfortunately, it is not altogether a civil suit, and can't be put off. That young devil of a Jordan, her nephew, is making a criminal case of it, and the issue must come at the March term."

"Criminal case! March term! What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the lawyer, bluntly, "that young Jordan, as wily as a fox and as keen as a blood hound is moving heaven and earth, to indict you for swindling, forgery and perjury."

BRUCE, & CO.  
an excess for his impudence, that business would compel him to go to Europe early in the Spring, and he wished to take her with him. But Emily, whose feelings towards him had lately undergone a considerable change, finally informed him that she feared her attentions were not firm enough fixed upon him to justify her consenting to an early union under any circumstances. He implored and entreated with all the eloquence of which he was capable. She was firm in her determination, and his passion finally getting the better of his discretion, he reproached her with baseness, and left her forever.

So much did Henwick fear to stand the trial that was approaching, that he gathered up what ready money was at his command—amounting to ten or fifteen thousand dollars—and absconded to New Orleans, where he commenced a course of dissipation, which brought him to a level with the common street loafer.

Robert Jordan recovered the property for the widow Brainerd, amounting to some \$40,000. His management of the suit soon gained him celebrity, and a new year found him in his abundance.—One year from that time he led Emily Williams to the altar; and upon the same evening, Catherine Brainerd became the blushing bride of Dr. John Williams.

YEARS OF DISCRETION.—Law perplexes many points—but it has made one clear which, without its assistance, would have remained forever in darkness; for it tells us what period of life a man arrives at years of discretion. And, but for this information, who could guess it? Why a young gentleman has come into the possession of broad lands, and a good store of wealth, and takes his station at the gaming table till he loses all that he has the power of losing—or, when a young lady at the age of twenty-one years, emancipated by law from parental control and all authority of guardianship, marries her father's groom, or gives her hand and fortune to a most notorious gambler—we should hardly believe, if the law had not told us so, that either of these had arrived at years of discretion. What is discretion? We all have it. It comes by act of legislation the very day that we have completed one and twenty years, and it sticks to us by virtue of the same. The real meaning of the word "discretion" is not that we know how to go alone, but that our leading strings are cut, and we must go alone as well as we can.

If you want good Medicines, get them of SPANGLER'S, he will sell you the best.

Druggists would do well by using SPANGLER'S Home Compound, it is an extract of the most medicinal qualities of Herbs.

Bower's Infant Cordial, for summer complaints, sold at SPANGLER'S.

Swain's Panacea, for cleansing the blood at SPANGLER'S.

Scaps, Powders, Brushes, Combs of all kinds at SPANGLER'S.

Ground Pepper, fresh ground at SPANGLER'S.

Cinnamon, Cloves, Allspice, Nutmeg, Indigo, &c., &c., at SPANGLER'S.

Shoulder Braces, Supporters, Bands, &c., at SPANGLER'S.

Spunges of all kinds at SPANGLER'S.

CONDENSED LYE.—This article differs from the condensed Lye only in not having a portion from but for which you must pay four cents. The condensed Lye is sold for SIXTY CENTS per gallon.

FOUR CENTS SAVED.—Condensed Lye is sold at NIXON'S at sixteen cents a pound. Arranged to make as good soap as any other article sold.

Best soap and money saved by using Condensed Lye, sold at NIXON'S.

Every box warranted. Condensed Lye is warranted to fully meet the expectations of all who use it.

Nixon continues to sell medicines of the very best quality at the lowest rates for cash.

Nixon can offer an excellent stock of Perfumery, Soap, Brushes, &c., at the lowest prices.

The largest assortment of garden seeds made up for sale at NIXON'S.

Nixon's stock of garden seeds comprises all the kinds usually planted here, with the exception of a few.

Monkey Flower seed at NIXON'S.

Canary Bird Flower at NIXON'S.

LITTLE WILLYS TAKEN UP.

Some have thought that in the darkness, In our best friend's glow, God is never little children...

There he lies, how sweet and placid! And his breathing coming soft, Like a sighing morning breeze...

Up she springs, for it strikes Upon her troubled ear again, And his watch, his father's watch...

There is cheating in all trades but ours. A whole sale or retail dry goods store sells you twenty pounds of cotton...

Why Don't You Learn a Trade? This question was propounded in our hearing a few days since...

TO HOUSEKEEPERS. SOMETHING NEW - B. T. BARKER'S MEDICAL BALNEUM. Manufactured from common salt...

MARY HANCOCK'S PURE DOWNSHED SOAP. Manufactured from the finest quality of soap...

S. F. REIDEL'S CONFECTIONERY AND BAKERY. Located at No. 101 Washington St., New York...

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

E. REIDEL'S REMOVAL. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods. Located at No. 101 Washington St., New York...

JNO. R. HUFFEN & CO. SIGN OF THE MANHATTAN WATCH. Main Street, opposite Mrs. Fisher's Hotel, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

WATCHEES AND JEWELRY - REMOVAL. GEORGE C. ALLEN, No. 515 Broadway, New York...

SPLINDID GOODS - Campbell, Bro. & Co. No. 20 Broadway Street, New York...

STAUFFER & HARLEY - JEWELRY AND WATCHES. Located at No. 140 No. 100 Nassau St., New York...

TO HOUSEKEEPERS. SOMETHING NEW - B. T. BARKER'S MEDICAL BALNEUM. Manufactured from common salt...

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S. F. REIDEL'S CONFECTIONERY AND BAKERY. Located at No. 101 Washington St., New York...

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. New York - From \$60 to \$125 - Extra Charge of \$5 for Sewing Machine.

TESTIMONIALS. Having been a user of Grover & Baker's Machine for nearly twenty years...

THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD. I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for several years...

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MEDICAL.

SCHOOL OF KING'S EVIL - A Scientific and Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Skin...

ATHE'S CATARRHIC PILLS. For all the purposes of a Family, these are so composed that they will...

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MUSICAL.

PIANOS, MELODIONS, AND MUSIC. THE CARROLLS. Located at No. 101 Washington St., New York...

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AGRICULTURAL.

HOW IS THE TIME TO BUY? Deane's and Deane's Plows, and all kinds of plows, corn shellers, hay, straw and fodder...

DEANE'S PATENT PLOWS, CORN SHELLERS, HAY, STRAW AND FODDER CUTTERS. PATENT STABLE CLEANERS...

DEANE'S PATENT PLOWS, CORN SHELLERS, HAY, STRAW AND FODDER CUTTERS. PATENT STABLE CLEANERS...

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VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Aug 8, 1859.

J. H. COOPER, Editor.

Author General, RICH L. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia.

Surveyor General, JOHN ROWE, of Franklin County.

The Administration of James Buchanan.

There are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating.

These words are as true now and as applicable to some men of the present day as they were to those for whom they were intended when they were first written—nearly a century ago.

This last dodge of the opposition politicians, for its falsity and audacity, has scarcely a parallel in the history of party strife and electioneering wendacity.

An extract from that despatch has been laid before our readers, and has been spread broadcast over the land. It is superfluous to comment upon it, but it speaks for itself in such plain and unmistakable language, that its meaning cannot be misunderstood, and admits of no construction.

Like all other prominent acts of the Administration of our firm and patriotic Chief Magistrate, this important step was taken upon due examination and consideration of the question in all its legal and international relations, and the consequences to which, by possibility, it might lead.

Since these facts have come to light, and the truth of history of the present day, upon this subject has been laid before the people, we sincerely know whether a feeling of pity or contempt most predominates when we reflect upon the conduct of those men who by their haste to invade, and their need to pre-empt, this slender against the Administration, (which has been so signally and triumphantly refuted.)

Mr. Buchanan and the Charleston Convention.

From the Charleston Convention the Democracy of Pennsylvania ask little, yet much. They will not appear before the body with vehement demands that one of the sons of Pennsylvania shall be placed in nomination for the Presidency of the United States, nor will they ask that a series of resolutions may be adopted which embody all the peculiar interpretations of Democratic doctrine which obtain in the Keystone State.

Standing, as we do, midway between two sections, which have been stirred up from their very depths by the machinations of turbulent conspirators, witnessing, as we have, the growing power of sectional waves that come dashing against our borders from the North and from the South; having wroated the Confederacy, as is well known, from destruction in the past, we believe that it is the noble duty of the great Keystone State to save the Union and the Constitution in the future.

This proud position, which his native State occupies, Mr. Buchanan has felt. In the performance of his sworn constitutional duties, he has found the sentiments of old Pennsylvania to be a safe code of statesmanship.

In accepting the nomination of the Cincinnati Convention, he expressed himself as follows: "Under these circumstances, I most cheerfully give myself to the nomination of the Convention be ratified by the people, that all the power and influence constitutionally possessed by the Executive shall be exerted in a firm but conciliatory spirit during the single term which shall remain in office, to restore the same harmony among the sister States which prevailed before this apple of discord, in the form of slavery agitation, had been cast into their midst."

And in his Inaugural Address, dated 4th of March, 1857, he distinctly declared that, "having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the government, except the desire, and the desire only, to serve my country, and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen."

Nov. 22, 1859.—On the 6th inst., in Kanawha township, Jasper county, Ind., a strange wedding took place between Mr. Wm. Heald and Mrs. Ann Heald. The bridegroom was twenty years old, of the height of a child, and was very fat. The bride was thirty years old, and was very thin. They were married by a justice of the peace, and the ceremony was very simple.

President Buchanan and the Secession.

A recent article in the Pittsburg Age, bringing forward the name of the President for re-nomination and election as the only mode for quieting disturbances in the Democratic party, is the subject of much comment by the Press of all parties.

There is no point upon which Mr. Buchanan has expressed his determination more freely and unreservedly than his fixed purpose under no circumstances to be a candidate for re-election to the Presidency; and we are satisfied that there is none upon which his mind is more resolutely made up.

There can be no doubt that this resolution most decidedly "disinfects" and "disinfects" the right of the people to elect a President, and that they are not to be deterred from the course of secession by the prospect of a quiet and untroubled administration.

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At Milwaukee the decline has been equally great. On the 16th of May last, No. 1 spring sold at about \$1.43, while on Saturday last it sold at 70 cents. This altogether outstrips the decline of 1857, which has hitherto been quoted as "the sudden decline," in that year standard spring wheat rose the 2d of July to \$1.80 a bushel, and fell to 50 cents by the 1st of August, and following a heavier but a mere gradual fall.

KILLED HIS OWN WIFE.—A letter from Brandon, Mississippi, July 14th, says: A melancholy accident occurred near this place last night. Mrs. Jackson, wife of Jordan A. Jackson, had occasion to go to the window of the room in which they were sleeping, leaving Mr. J. asleep. The raising of the window woke him, and he instantly seized his gun, which was near his bedside, supposing that some one was trying to break into the house. After Mr. J. had let down the window, the advanced towards the bed. Mr. Jackson called out to stop, or he would fire; but she still advanced, and he fired when she was near the head of the bed, when she fell down the stairs, and she fell down the stairs, and she fell down the stairs.

Shipping the Question.

The admission of the squatter-sovereignty doctrine of the right of the people of a Territory to elect their own representatives, and whether slavery shall or shall not be one of their local institutions, have a great deal to do in glittering generalities about the principle of popular sovereignty substituted in 1850 for congressional action, and reasserted in 1854, but they say nothing about the Cincinnati platform, which all true Democrats recognize as the embodiment of their political faith.

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From Washington.

Washington, July 27.—A letter received from Dr. Perry, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah, contains the names of 1000 men who were spared from the Mountain Meadow massacre, have been detained by the United States District Attorney of the Territory, as witnesses against certain white men, who are charged with having instigated the massacre.

Washington, July 27.—The steamer Washington, which had arrived at San Francisco from the 1st inst., arrived last night. The public lands advertised to be sold in 14th October, embrace the Government alternate with the six millions of the railroad grants, and the lands reserved for the benefit of the Territory, consisting of a million and three quarter acres.

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Sketches of the People's Opinions and

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It will probably all these who read with indignation the creditable but republican language to which Mr. George Sumner treated the Bostonian on the Fourth of July to learn that the summer season of Boston has temporarily resumed its ordinary routine of life...

It is not surprising that the common council of Boston should postpone the motion to pass a vote of thanks to George Sumner for his oration delivered on the Fourth...

Speaking of the son of Dr. Franklin, the Newburyport Herald writes: "As the name of Franklin is preeminently given to the public, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William whom we think little is known by the commonalty at large."

Dr. J. A. CROFT, having performed the duties of the office of Surgeon in the Army of the United States, and being in the possession of the diploma of a Doctor of Medicine...

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COACH MAKING.—The subscribers to the late issue of the Valley Spirit, are informed that they will continue to receive the same...

TURNING, PLANING AND SAWING. The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

1859 SPRING ARRIVEMENT. The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

WESTERN TRAVELERS.—The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE AND ST. LOUIS. The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

WE THE UNDERSIGNED, CERTIFY that we have used the TREVINO COAL in the furnaces of the Valley Spirit, and find it to be the best quality of coal...

FRANKLIN WOOLLEN FACTORY. The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

READ! READ! READ!!! The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has just received a large quantity of the best quality of lumber...

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ADVERSE WARRIOR LAST.
"Adverse war," who has become quite so famous as the brother of man, has been indulging in a Fourth of July oration, which he reads to the Cleveland Fair...

1850. NEW FIRM. 1850.
DIENL & GORDON,
SADDLERS AND HARRISSES
Main Street, on East corner of the Market...

ADRIAN QUEEN HOTEL - To the
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

COMMISSION HOUSES.
WUNDERLICH, HEAD & SENAP.
A. S. ROBINSON,
No. 110 North Second Street, Philadelphia...

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
A. J. WHITE,
No. 110 North Second Street, Philadelphia...

HATS & CAPS.
HEAD AND FEET.
A. J. WHITE,
No. 110 North Second Street, Philadelphia...

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL,
Chester Street, between 10th and 11th.
A. S. ROBINSON, Proprietor.

EAGLE HOTEL,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.
J. A. HENNING, Proprietor.

NEW FORWARDING AND COMMISSION HOUSES.
A. S. ROBINSON,
No. 110 North Second Street, Philadelphia...

REMOVAL - THE UNDERSIGNED.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has moved to a new location...

Over a Bro. sell the new style
Over a Bro. sell the new style
Over a Bro. sell the new style

CHAMBERSBURG SAVING FUND.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

FRANKLIN HOTEL - Green Castle.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

AN ELEGANT NEW HOTEL.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

NEW HARDWARE - The undersigned.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

CREAKET AND EXTRAORDINARY
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

STRAW MATS - I have in Store
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

THE SIX PLEAS FOR A NEW DRESS.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

Great Bargain from New York.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

CHAMBERSBURG HOTEL - Corner
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

A. S. ROBINSON,
[Let C. N. Robinson & Son.]
Engraving, Printing, Drawings,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF LOOKING GLASS, PORTLAND AND PICTURE FRAMES.

SPRING AND SUMMER READY
MADE CLOTHING.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

COOKING STOVES - About 1200
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

PHILADELPHIA
LIGON STORE,
WINE, BRANDIES, GINS AND WHISKY.
C. CAMPBELL.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
Opposite Hamilton Hotel & Co.

SEWING MACHINES.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

SOMETHING NEW
A Gift Enterprise conducted upon a Liberal and
Important Plan!
H. E. HOYT & CO'S

MODEL TIN, COPPER-WARE AND
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

DEER'S GOODS - A large assortment
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

THE BEST GHOEDART BLACK
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

MAIL LINE TO MT. SHILOH - The
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

40,000 SOLD!
LIVINGSTONE'S
Travels and Explorations
FOR STEWART TRAVEL,
IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

SLATE - SLATE!!!
The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has purchased the Adriatic Hotel...

NOTICE TO OAK CONSUMERS.
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