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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. For October. Published by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Price \$3 a year.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. For October. Published by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Price \$3 a year.

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VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. VOLUME 13. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1859. NUMBER 25.

From the Washington "States and Union." A VISIT TO "NEHELOSE," TENN.

The Home and Grave of Andrew Jackson. We visited, while in Tennessee, the home and grave of Andrew Jackson...

We visited, while in Tennessee, the home and grave of Andrew Jackson, and have caught and digested it for the use of our distant readers.

We left Malone on the morning of the 9th of August, with Miss S., and a gentleman friend from Wisconsin...

After a drive of about two hours, a turn in the road brought us to a lovely grove, where it was evident nature had been left to her own luxuriance...

An ancient-looking negro answered the bell, and we were ushered into a spacious hall, the walls of which were papered with an Italian landscape.

There was a grandeur in the double parlors into which we passed from the hall, where we received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Adams...

On approaching a wish to see the tomb, Mrs. A. called us to the hall door, and pointing out the hall door, we entered the piazza vestibule...

On approaching a wish to see the tomb, Mrs. A. called us to the hall door, and pointing out the hall door, we entered the piazza vestibule...

See Vandyke's head of Capt. Foster, of Virginia, one of Jackson's staff—the figure, tall and noble, and the face remarkably handsome.

Over the entrance door hung one of Vandyke's immortal pictures, a likeness of Jackson, taken the week before his death. The shaft with an ancestral blessing—the features still to emulation—the mouth was and still—the cheek white and smooth—the temples pale and ghastly—told that the eyes were almost measured, the dark valley deep before. And yet from those white hairs and age-dimmed eyes break forth a ray of glory which speaks of peace and safe asphyxiation after the weary storms of life...

It is a painting over which eyes will gladden and hearts beat when the hand that created it is mouldering in the grave. If the sight of it brings sorrow, it is softening and refined, or if it recalls a melancholy past, it is exalted and redeemed.

On the opposite side of the room was another portrait, taken in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his military glory. The noble head is covered with a plumed helmet—the sword mounted with gold—the dark blue coat lined with crimson—the gaiters of proud command. The head is thrown back, and the crimson of excitement glows on the face. The one picture recalls the clashing of bayonets—rounds of musketry—waving banners—trumpets—the march, the dust, the glory of battle. The other recalls his after life, when he meekly gathered up the laurels of a lifetime, and hid them at the foot of the Cross. He made a public confession of religion in the year 1837, and united himself with the Rev. Dr. Edgar's church in Nashville. The one was proud, severe, the expression of the head—the other tender, holy, the expression of the heart. Pictures on either side of Italy's future were likenesses of his adopted son and daughter, the latter with a delicate oval face, abundant beautiful hair, and a mild Madonna expression.

After surveying all that was of interest in the drawing-rooms, we followed our amiable hosts across the hall, and in another moment stood within the chamber which had received the old hero's last breath. It was a small, antique looking room, such as are found in many old mansions; the light carefully excluded, and sofas and tables ranged in their exact places. In the centre of the apartment stood a high-backed chair, and at the farther end a gigantic bed with dark green hangings. Above the mantel was a portrait of Mrs. Jackson, taken at the most beautiful period of her life—the features of the highest order—the eyes large, and of a deep soft black, thoughtful rather than animated. The hair was nearly concealed by a veil thrown over the head, falling in well arranged drapery, and the soft white satin dress, in its fashion about half a century back, was worked in embroidery.

That room was full of memories, and we walked about with soft and subdued steps. Here he had held secret communion with God, and drank with patience the sweet and bitter which was mingled in his earliest cup. Here he had taken the last look of one whose tenderness was like an unspoken blessing, and as he saw the coffin-lid close over the cheek that should never again be redressed with a gush of color, he felt that he had not had the power as a man to shelter her from calamity. She went up in the soft sunshine to that heaven that bows over all and judges all, but not as a man judge, and he was left to yearn for the eye that never met his without a look of welcome; for the voice that never addressed him in any tones but those of tenderness. Her spirit is in Heaven, and her history embalmed in her immortal epitaph. He lived to recognize even in this calamity the mercy of God, for a link was forged between his heart and Heaven.

On approaching a wish to see the tomb, Mrs. A. called us to the hall door, and pointing out the hall door, we entered the piazza vestibule, the old hero's smiling face with countenances are to a large garden—a perfect hybrid of sweetly where the soft think grass wistfully broken by show of exquisite flowers, whose soft fall is viewed as we passed. Mrs. A. did not seem to be particularly interested in the tomb, but she was very kind in showing us the way to it.

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He was hardly gone of architecture—supported by eight columns. In the centre of this a plain shaft arose, and on two marble slabs beneath, these words met our eyes:

General Andrew Jackson, born March 15, 1767; died June 8, 1845.

On the slab opposite were these words: "Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 23d of December, 1836, aged 51 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that Divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comfort, to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety was her hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous a slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could not transport her to the bosom of her God."

As we read these inscriptions we felt all the romance of nature rise within us; a wondrous poetry floated over that lonely spot—around—below—above his past was spread before us in its various phases of action. We saw him in his active manhood; in his declining age; stooped over his bed of death and heard the knell tolling for his grave. Before our eyes the brave soldier arose, scorched by burning suns, dashed by piercing rains, diving fearfully into the deepest forests, traversing the most savage wilds far from the applause of society, exposed to a wily foe, every privation—through the forest and in the fortress—through the wildest solitudes, we saw him with nerve of iron, towering above his men a rallying point. On a mountain and forest, night and day, where the strife raged deadliest, he is the most alert. Attack or retreat, siege or sortie, he is steadfast and unmoved; new here—now there—over heaps of slain, wherever flagged his men, was his noble form. Again before our eyes there rose the man of a camp, and the measured march of sentinels. An army on its march—lines after lines—the solemn tread of armed hundreds drowned, at times by martial music. We saw him rising proudly amid the smoke and din of the fight, and marching the march of conquerors. Again we heard about joyful exultation as the great procession sweeps through the streets of a distant city. Streams after streams—from lanes, from alleys—from stately homes and from humble dwellings in they come. In a bright flood of sunlight we see nodding planes and waving banners. We heard the sound of a horn and trumpet, drum, and eymbal. We saw martial costumes wreathed with flowers, triumphal arches inscribed with mottoes of valour. We saw his proud head towering and erect above all around—Drops of rejoicing follow him; flowers drop on his path—handkerchiefs wave from every house, and, as he passed along, lovely women hail his triumph with tears of joy as one who has expelled their ruthless enemy.

What was it that made the hero of New Orleans thus like a star among feeble lamp-lights? His greatness was not derived from chivalric pedigrees, for he was of obscure birth, the son of a poor widow. He did not, therefore, gain these honors by the color of the bark on his family tree. And yet the fame of Andrew Jackson does not rest upon these trophies. The more gaining of battles—the closing away of an opposing foe, spirit-stirring as it is, would fail to give him the place he fills in the American heart.

Immortal old hero! not as the triumphant general do we bow before thy consecrated memory, but as the defender of the people, one whose high and unobscured independence was incapable of being awed—It is to the moral heroism—thy unswerving enmity to every kind of oppression.

It is one of the most exciting periods of our political history this first old soldier-President became impressed with a sense of the injustice by which the masses were so pressed down, and with a manly indignation he took his stand on their side, nobly contending that the rich should not over-press and the poor wretched—should not be trampled while the wretched starved. Refusing to move at the beck of oligarchy and factions, he distinguished no alliances to his power but justice. Before him to bow God's Law and God's were made equal. With him there was not her attorney, and God's Law was the same for all. For a while his dignity and conviction were his shield, and he became the object of every species of the most unrelenting, unprovoked, and unrelenting abuse.

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fairly as a man who knew he must abide by his own heart, not by these self-appointed judges. He knew that his mode of thinking and feeling was not the standard by which he was to be tried. He bore it to men ever bear injustice when they can raise their eyes unblinking to that God to whom all hearts are open and know that in His sight they are innocent.

What he endured added but it never destroyed the roots of his great soul; he stood firm in his convictions of right, adhering to Democratic principles with a consistency seldom equalled, and earned for himself a deathless distinction in that great party. He lived to see his calamitous sink into oblivion, and abandoned in vain, misrepresented in vain—his name, his name a household word in the hearts and homes of his great nation. He needs no tombstone, no carved marble, no inscription; every American heart is a monument, and the beautiful magnolia that cleaves their arms around his tomb, as they reach in the breeze, shall whisper his name to future generations.

Verbal be the turf upon the dust; Bright the sky above and soft the air, In the grave rest thy marble bed, And with garlands crown it fresh and fair. In million numbers that shall live, With the music of the rolling sphere, Let the material inspiration give Thy obsequies to the future years. It is a high duty to keep the remembrance of those men who have served their country perpetually fresh. Should not the Democracy, of which he was the acknowledged head, guard his memory with a holy care? Do the statements of that new divided and shaken party limit his disinterested patriotism? Ah! does he not look down from his dwelling in the heavens, and grow sad amid his happiness to think how they are phasing between his spirit and their a great gift, wider than that which separated Dixie and Linnæus of old. He sees destruction impending over their heads, restrained by a thread more fragile than that which held the sword of Damascus.

There at his grave, let his gray hairs preach a lesson. Let his image—the holy associations that are blended with it—the solemn duties it bequeaths, bathe with his pure eyes your unhappy dissensions. He is not mere dust; his voice records not from the earth below, but the heavens above. Hear him not as one dead, but one whom no death can reach. It is the voice of one who lived but for his country—whose life was the service of his country. Listen to him, you who hustle about and again each other till self-protection—self—everything is the one chord vibrating to your every breath. Hear him exhort you with tears—tears such as a patriot sheds when his countrymen rush to their doom—as a father when his children rebel against his love. Will you destroy that for which I have risked, dared, toiled? His voice in trumpet tones proclaim that "his union only is their strength." He forbids you to divide—he exhorts you to unite and heal the dissensions which now disgrace you. A critical period in your history approaches; the eyes of all Europe will be directed hither. Here, where from all quarters of the globe, men come for peace, shall they find discord?

In the centre of freedom shall they weep at your weakness? You that are the glory of the world, will you be its by-word? You are its example, will you be its warning? Unite while it is time, and hence those discord, which are occurring your strength. Let the sense of a common danger unite you with each other to form a league against the enemies of the Union. Deem any man, or State, or organ, who would aim a blow at Union a traitor to his country. Regard each other as brothers, not as pieces upon the political chess-board, to be moved, advanced, or sacrificed, as best suits the belated view. Banish all rivalries, and henceforth let your only foe be the foe of the Union. Challenge to a wider rivalry and a more noble field; invite others to view with you in the land that you shall allow to restore tranquility to your party.

Oh! turn his robed entrails, persuade, exhort you to banish the evil stars whence you are filled. It is his voice that speaks. We are but the humble instrument.

Will you heed it, or would thank white hairs and age-dimmed eyes shed in vain? Statesman! Democrat! I who among you shall be the instrument of the only, the restorer of your—liberty—shall be the first to shed the first drop of blood to stain the flag for a moment which shall make the Democracy of this land an ever-burning fire. Shall you heed it, or would thank white hairs and age-dimmed eyes shed in vain? Statesman! Democrat! I who among you shall be the instrument of the only, the restorer of your—liberty—shall be the first to shed the first drop of blood to stain the flag for a moment which shall make the Democracy of this land an ever-burning fire.

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We give below the character of Hinton R. Helper, as delineated by the Hon. Amos B. Biggs, one of the Senators from North Carolina, on the 6th April, 1859. Mr. Biggs has told the country who this man Helper is. The sketch is strictly true. Mr. Biggs said:

It will be recalled that during the Kansas debate we had mutual evening sessions, at one of which, that of the 20th of March, I was not present in consequence of indisposition. The Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Wilson) on that occasion delivered a speech, which, in consequence of the great press of business upon his mind, was not published until Friday last, and my attention to it was not called until Saturday. Among other points made by the Senator, he seems to give a faithful account of common-sense—abolitionists and non-abolitionists; and as I presume he could not testify from personal observation and knowledge, and as I suppose he preferred it, he introduced a reliable testimony extracted from a book, entitled "The Impending Crisis of the South," said to be written by a "Mr. Helper, of North Carolina."

Being informed as to this author, I am unwilling that such testimony shall go upon the permanent legislative history of the country as coming from North Carolina, without placing in the same form the character of the witness. It is due to North Carolina, it is due to the Senator from Massachusetts, it is due to the Senate and the country, particularly the people of the non-abolitioning States, to expose to public contempt the author of a work whose position, whatever it is, probably greatly depends upon his representing himself as "of North Carolina." I feel a becoming pride that the word of a North Carolinian is so generally considered reliable; and, therefore, the more imperative is the duty to mark emphatically, as I propose to do on this occasion, any one that haile from that State who stands in society and dares utter. The Senator from Massachusetts is a striking example of the hopes thus made by his own-party book; and the delusion is so strong that, without inquiry as to the character of the witness, it is placed in permanent form as evidence from North Carolina as to the state of southern society.

I want to disabuse the mind of the Senator from Massachusetts, and those who read this book, as to the reliability of the authority on which he relies. Who, then is this Mr. Helper, of North Carolina, relied upon in the Senate of the United States as evidence from the South of the state of Southern society? I speak from authority that cannot be doubted.

Hinton Brown Helper, the author of the "Impending Crisis," is a native of Davis county, North Carolina. His first appearance in active life was as a clerk of Michael Brown, a merchant in Salisbury, North Carolina. Mr. Brown is an elder of the Presbyterian church; and after Helper removed to Salisbury he also joined the Presbyterian church, and so far as was publicly known, conducted himself with propriety. After living with Mr. Brown several years as clerk, it was understood at Salisbury that he formed a partnership with Mr. Coffman in the book business, and left for the North to lay in a stock of books. He did not return as expected, but shortly thereafter went to California, and there, or shortly after his return wrote a book called "Land of Gold."

He returned to Salisbury about 1854, where he remained some time without any apparent business. In the summer of 1857, as is reported and believed, he procured money for, and obtained money, he however, about that time, left for the North where he now resides, never since having returned to North Carolina. After leaving North Carolina, he changed his name from Helper to Himp; and it was disclosed last year that while a clerk for Brown he procured from him three hundred dollars, and after an exposure by Brown, Himp, making a merit of necessity, indiscreetly withdrew in a heady bill which I have before me, this thing on his part, and common is upon the ground that he was entitled to the act of some ambiguous expression of a friend of his that it was afterwards for him to do; and the further course that it was an indiscretion of youth, although, at the time he was in fact standing in the Presbyterian church, and, as he says himself, was seven years of age. It is due to the Presbyterian church in any that this man is such a member of that church.

Now, sir, what and why he altered his name I know not, except the father Helper—one who helps himself from the point of view of what he can do, and not what he should do. The character of his name is not a name of honor, but a name of shame. He is a man of no honor, and his name is a name of shame. He is a man of no honor, and his name is a name of shame. He is a man of no honor, and his name is a name of shame.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

From an unpublished MS. Where, where is the? Then spoke the magus...

and would have been from her conversation with her...

MY MOTHER. Will they think I have been the father of the child...

EXTRACTS FROM A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S DIARY.

Henry handed me a letter. It is in my mother's cramped, old-fashioned hand...

WORTH AND WEALTH.

"Florence, I would not let Frank Raymond wait so constantly on me, if I were you," said Annie Weston...

TO THE GIRLS.

The following contains such wholesome advice to the female portion of the community that we are constrained to let it before our readers...

ONE OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF DISUNION.

Adopted the words of the Raleigh Register, we say that, in the event of the dissolution of the Union...

THE COQUETTE. The coquette has no idea of love. Her heart is not open to any sentiment of tenderness...

TRUTHS FOR WIVES.

In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence...

TELL ME.

Tell me you winged bird, That tread my pathway near, Do you not know some blessed spot...

YOUR WANTED.

Young man, you're wanted. A woman writes you. Don't walk to bed; if you remember, try to be happy...

GENE OF GOLD.

Many persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling views overboard...

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There's but one way of thinking... to get into the right way... to get into the right way...

BOOKS, 20. TO TEACHERS.—Just received a collection of books... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

1800. NEW FIRM. 1850. DIEHL & GORDON. SADDLERY & HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT.

COMMISSION HOUSES. QUINN & WATSON. WADSWORTH, READ & SCAMFORD.

HATS & CAPS. HAT AND CAP. INDIAN CLOTH. ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

I cannot but think of the busy feet... I cannot but think of the busy feet...

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

HARDWARE. BUILDING HARDWARE.—FERRIS. FERRIS TOOLS.—We have every variety.

Over a Brother has also an opinion... Over a Brother has also an opinion...

Do you want a boy, girl, or girl? Do you want a boy, girl, or girl?

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

ESTABLISHED 1793. A. S. ROBINSON. [Lute C. N. Robinson & Son.]

STOVES, TINWARE, & C. COOKING STOVES.—About twenty... COGNAC.—A New Style Cook.

DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL? DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL?

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

40000 SOLD! LIVINGSTON'S Travels and Explorations FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

STOVES, TIN, AND COPPER WARE. STOVES, TIN, AND COPPER WARE.

DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL? DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL?

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

NEW MARBLE YARD! NEW MARBLE YARD!

NEW FIRM. NEW FIRM.

DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL? DO YOU WANT A BOY, GIRL, OR GIRL?

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS... NATIONAL WORKS SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

SMOKE BUSINESS AND FACTORIES. SMOKE BUSINESS AND FACTORIES.

SPANISH WINE RESTAURANT. SPANISH WINE RESTAURANT.

VALLEY SPIRIT.

Chambersburg, Dec. 14, 1859.

LOCAL NEWS.

Chambersburg, Dec. 14, 1859. The volume of the Valley Spirit for the month of December is now ready for sale...

Editorial Remarks.—It has always been a course of graduation with us to find an Editor meeting with some regard from his party...

The Union Meeting at Philadelphia, will no doubt continue on Southern brethren that we of the North, as a body, are not sympathizers with "Old Brown," and his party...

By our associates, says a contemporary, Decey was called "winter-comer," signifying winter comer; but after the Devotion received Christianity, they then, from Devotion to the birth of Christ, termed it by the name of "Old Brown," and his party...

Sudden Death.—Mr. John Senger, of Washington township, in this county, while witnessing the immersion of his son-in-law, at a Tanker Meeting, held recently on the Falling Spring, was attacked by apoplexy and died within a few hours after.

At Work in Harmless.—The Committee appointed to have the necessary survey made for the contemplated Railroad between Gettysburg and Waynesboro' have engaged the services of Mr. Gitt, a gentleman said to be well qualified for the undertaking, and who was to have visited Waynesboro' on Monday last, to commence operations.

Removal.—Liggett & Co., have removed their fashionable Clothing Emporium to the Rooms adjoining Hotze's Eagle Hotel, two doors north of the Store, where they will continue to furnish to all cheap and fashionable Clothing.

A Rush.—There will be a rush at Reed's Periodical Depot, this week, to secure the Periodicals containing illustrations of Old Brown's execution, &c. Don't be hindered.

From Washington, Dec. 9.—Only a single profecy of the President's message has yet been printed, and that remains in his own possession. It is said that the Democratic Senators were in search of a committee to arrange the standing committee of the Senate. They will be nearly the same as those of last session, and will have to be voted on by the Senate.

Missions.—We need not find that the members of George Washington Lodge (Masons) of this place, have purchased the old Masonic Hall, so long occupied as the German Reformed Printing Establishment, and intend refitting it in handsome style. The building will be thoroughly repaired, both externally and internally, and fitted up with a style of grandeur far surpassing any other Lodge-room in the place.

Chambersburg, Dec. 14, 1859. The volume of the Valley Spirit for the month of December is now ready for sale...

The German Farmer.

The volume of this and valuable agricultural monthly is now ready. A new volume commences with the January number. It is the time to subscribe. The German Farmer is the choicest agricultural and horticultural journal in the world. Only half a dollar a year for a volume containing three hundred and eighty-four large octavo pages, with an index and title page before each page. No farmer or fruit-grower should be without an agricultural and horticultural journal, and we can confidently recommend the German Farmer to our readers as one of the very best published. Send the fifty cents in three cent postage stamps and we will send you a copy for one year. You will not regret it. Address JOSEPH HANSEN, Rochester, N. Y.

Memorial Prayer for fourteen days of studying the Bible—12mo. sixth edition, 1847—price 40c per volume published by A. S. & S. Eaton, for sale by Shryock, Taylor & Smith, Chambersburg. This pleasant narrative is well fitted for the Sabbath reading of those who, as young children, read something of the narrative kind to interest them, while, as middle-aged children, they need something to instruct them. We commend the book most cordially to the attention of parents and Sunday School Teachers. What a pleasant and agreeable collection of books are these weekly publications of the Sunday School Union for Holiday presents to good Sabbath School scholars. These works can all be seen at Shryock, Taylor & Smith's.

The Union Meeting at Philadelphia, will no doubt continue on Southern brethren that we of the North, as a body, are not sympathizers with "Old Brown," and his party. That motto is, no North, no South, no East, no West, but the Union forever!—The following resolution was also passed.

Resolved.—That all persons requiring Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery &c., wishing to get reliable articles, should purchase of Spangler, a few doors South of the Diamond, Chambersburg Pa.

By our associates, says a contemporary, Decey was called "winter-comer," signifying winter comer; but after the Devotion received Christianity, they then, from Devotion to the birth of Christ, termed it by the name of "Old Brown," and his party. They also called it "midwinter-winter," the glistering angel, or the Feast of Thor. Spencer, after singing of November, says:

And after him came next the child December: To his, through many a month which he made, Aged and hoary, and not the old rememberer. His mother's breast he suckled, and his diet, Upon a sheep's back, not to be hid.

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SCISSORINGS.

The Welsh are to hold a National Literary Congress (Bundod) at Union on the first of January. Steam navigation has closed for the season on Lake Ontario. All the members have now gone into winter quarters.

It is said that Secretary Cobb's estimate for the next fiscal year is a fraction over forty-five million dollars, and the estimated expenditures are fifty-three millions.

Among the scissoring lately added to the Missouri, is a member's blunder, containing the words of twenty-four members, and the names of twelve printers—nearly half full.

Individuals recently arrived in Memphis overland from Little Rock give glowing accounts of the prevalence of game in the Grand Prairie. Deer bound up within easy gunshot of the stage coach, and prairie hares, pheasants and other fowls in every breeze.

An old man in Indiana recently cowbiled his daughter's nineteen year old, for wearing hoop-skirts.

Probably the daughter wore the hoops for the same reason that the Emperor Napoleon originally adopted them. If so, the thing was somewhat justifiable.

The last session from Europe brought the pleasing intelligence that the reign of hoags and crinoids was at an end. The poor creature could now be able to lounge in the world of Campbell, slightly varied, however.

The ladies who, the white crinoid, the unencumbered hoags, and the dreary, watery appearance of the hoags, the juster creature, the beautiful picture of winter, say at a northern post, which we recollect of reading somewhere years ago:

"The poor Joe has always with you," was not less an admission than a fact, when it came from the lips of the Senator. It was intended for all time, and calculated for a day as well as an age, and it is our duty to provide for their want, and contribute to their comfort.

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Perpetuity of the Union.

We commend the association contained in the following article, which a current thinking friend (perhaps an ex-Confederate) has sent us, copied from the Baltimore Daily Exchange, and desires its publication to show the schemers and fanatics who preach up dissolution of the Union.

The Citizens of Richmond have formed an association whose members are pledged to abstain from all political and social intercourse with the North. The example that we set, at the present state of public feeling in the South, has followed in any amount by the people of the North with an unerring accuracy, and it is not surprising that the movement of one and of another is so rapid. Certainly, if the leaders and organs of the Republican party fairly represent the sentiment of the mass of our countrymen of the Northern States, we are not right, but we are not surprised at the step which has been taken in Virginia. We do not speak now of the principles of that party so far as they are not forth in what are commonly called "platforms," or explained in Congress, but we speak of their action in the sense and in the spirit of the movement. We do not speak now of the principles of that party so far as they are not forth in what are commonly called "platforms," or explained in Congress, but we speak of their action in the sense and in the spirit of the movement.

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MARKETS.

CHAMBERSBURG MARKETS. Flour—White, 100 lbs. \$1.00; Red, 100 lbs. \$0.95; Rye, 100 lbs. \$0.80; Corn, 100 lbs. \$0.70; Oats, 100 lbs. \$0.60; Beans, 100 lbs. \$0.50; Peas, 100 lbs. \$0.40; Potatoes, 100 lbs. \$0.30; Apples, 100 lbs. \$0.20; Butter, 100 lbs. \$0.15; Eggs, 100 lbs. \$0.10; Lard, 100 lbs. \$0.05.

BALTIMORE MARKETS. Flour—There has been very little change in the Flour market this week. Howard Street Flour—Representatives to very limited extent have been made this week in the description of Flour. No change has generally been firm at \$6.87, the closing rate of last week, while purchasers at this figure have been scarce. A fair demand has prevailed at 12 1/2 cents per bushel, but with the exception of one or two small lots there were no sales reported on Thursday. The sales including about 1,000 bushels at \$6.87 and 100 bushels at \$6.85. The market was heavy, with a downward tendency, and at the close of Change there were no sales reported.

Family and Store Flour.—The sales reported for this week include about 500 bushels Howard Street at \$6.87 (Ohio and Kentucky) and 100 bushels at \$6.85, for the Howard and \$7.04 for the latter. Welch's Family is still selling by the day-load at \$8, and Howard's, for common to fair, at \$7.75. We quote Ashland and Elmer Spring Family at \$7.25, and Extra at \$6.75.

Meal.—The meal trade demand has prevailed for Flour, and we note sales of first quality at \$2.25 and second at \$2.10, with an slight improvement on the market rate of last week. Meal continues to be in demand, and the supply of both best and second quality is not abundant. The supply of both best and second quality is not abundant. The supply of both best and second quality is not abundant.

Meat.—The market for meat is not very active. We note sales of Mather's Premium at \$2.25 per 100 lbs., to the trade. We quote other brands at \$2.15 to \$2.20 per 100 lbs. GRAIN.—The market for grain is not very active. The sales of grain are not very active. The sales of grain are not very active.

Wheat.—The market for wheat is not very active. The sales of wheat are not very active. The sales of wheat are not very active.

Corn.—The market for corn is not very active. The sales of corn are not very active. The sales of corn are not very active.

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Beans.—The market for beans is not very active. The sales of beans are not very active. The sales of beans are not very active.

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Lard.—The market for lard is not very active. The sales of lard are not very active. The sales of lard are not very active.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRIVATE BOARDING.—One of 100 single men can be accommodated with private board and lodging in the best style of the city. Apply to J. H. Hutton, No. 100 N. 2nd St.

CHAMBERSBURG GAS COMPANY. An application for a charter for a gas company in the city of Chambersburg, Pa. The company is to be organized for the purpose of supplying the city with gas for lighting and heating purposes. The charter is to be in force for a term of years, and the company is to be subject to the control of the city council.

NEW in the House and Senate. A bill for the relief of J. H. Hutton, and for other purposes. The bill is to be introduced in the House of Representatives, and is to be referred to the Committee on Education and the Arts.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. J. H. Hutton & Brother. A large assortment of Christmas and New Year's presents, including books, stationery, and toys. The prices are very low, and the quality is very good.

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ADDRESS OF THE HUMAN RAIN.

of every element... All day long against the hammer of... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

With the night the rain... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

Close beside the in the church-yard... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

Older your years the rain is falling... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

A WOMAN'S LITTLE FOES - The 'good things of the life' - beautiful dresses and... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

DANGER OF READING MY ILLIGHT - The London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine contains an account of the sudden loss of power to distinguish colors... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE WASHINGTON PENITENTIARY - A most daring attempt was made on Saturday night to burn the U. S. Penitentiary at Washington... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

A CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN - The... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

George King of London, book-keeper, lately deceased... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

MISCELLANEOUS.

1860. THE "GREAT REPUBLIC" MONTHLY. A Magazine devoted to the history and progress of the United States...

THE THIRD VOLUME. Will contain the number for January, 1861, which will be the last...

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MECHANICAL.

WAGON MAKING - The subscription... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

CORNET WARE AND CHAIR MANUFACTURING - The subscription... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

TURNING, PLANING AND SAWING - The subscription... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

WALL COATING QUALITY - Notice... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

WE THE ORGANIZED, CERTIFIED... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

TO THE LOVERS OF GOOD BIEF... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

LENA'S American Fertilizer... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

TWINKLE - I have always on hand... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

TRUSS BRACES - SUPPORT... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

JOHN AGENT - Mr. John Agost... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

LIFE INSURANCE - THE GREAT... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

INDIAN AGENTS - NOTICE... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

BOOTS & SHOES... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

MICKEY! MICKEY! - Everybody... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

TO THE LADIES - The Ladies are... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

REMOVED TO - Geo. Lehner... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY - Mr. J. B. Hutter... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

SILVER AND PLATED WARE... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

J. B. HUTTER & SONS... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

REMOVAL - REMOVAL... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

E. ADINBAUGH... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. JOHN MONTGOMERY... All day long the heavy rain... All day long the heavy rain...

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