JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
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RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN
The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in the same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING

Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same.
apr2 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Geo. K. Shellman.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Has resumed his residence in Frederick city, Maryland, and practices in the Courts of Frederick and adjoining counties, and Court of Appeals of Maryland.
april 1y E

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

J. U. Dennis,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office—On Court Street.
may 29 1y-pd

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

J. E. R. Wood,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery. Office on Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, and lately occupied by Hon. John A. Lynch, Frederick Md.
Bounties, Back Pay, Pensions &c., promptly collected. jan17-1y

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

DR. WM. H. BALTZELL,
OFFICE—Basement of Mrs. Eleanor Luckett's House, on West Second street.
RESIDENCE—No. 50 East Second St., next door to the residence of the late Judge Nelson, and directly opposite the Convent.
He may be found at his Office at all hours, when not professionally engaged, until 10 o'clock P. M.; after that hour at his residence. [apr15 2m

Dr. James I. Smith,
HAVING permanently located, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. When not professionally engaged can be found at his office on Patrick street, a few doors East of J. Tregellas & Co.'s Store.
sep17 1y E

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. S. LEROY SWORMSTEDT,
130 *West Fayett St., Baltimore.*
CAN be consulted by letter. Personal attendance if required.
dec13 tf

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

NITROUS OXIDE GAS
ADMINISTERED BY
Dr. J. A. WEBB, Dentist,
OFFICE—*Removed* to No. 5 South Market Street, three doors from Patrick.
"The only place to laugh at pain."
I refer you to all the resident Physicians of this city, many who have witnessed the administration and effect of the Gas, and several have been subjected to its influence for the painless extraction of teeth. It is useless to say more—give it a trial and I guarantee you will be more than satisfied.
feb11 3m

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST: Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E St

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

READ.
For anything in the Book, Stationery, Magazine, Newspaper and Music business, call at or send to HENDERSON'S Old Established Cheap Book Store.
HENDERSON'S is the best place to buy your School Books. Look for the Big Book. [oct20

SMOKED Beef Tongues,
J. T. TREGO.

Life Insurance.
INSURE YOUR LIFE
IN THE
Delaware Mutual
Life Insurance Company,
OF
WILMINGTON, DEL.
JOHN P. McLEAR, PRESIDENT,
GEO. W. STONE, VICE PRESIDENT.
M. M. CHILD, SECRETARY.
It is strictly a Mutual Company.
It issues Policies on all Plans.
Its rates are much lower than any other Mutual Company.
It is liberal and prompt in meeting losses.
All Policies Non-Forfeiting after the First Year.
The fund raised by payment on premiums, together with the $100,000 guaranteed capital, gives to Policy holders unquestioned security that all Policies will be promptly and fully paid when due.
A married man, at the age of thirty years, by paying annually in cash $85.90, or quarterly $24.55, can secure for the benefit of his wife and children a Policy of $5,000, payable to her or them within sixty days after the fact of his death shall be ascertained by the Company.
This Company is endorsed by such men as Mayor Ellert, Judge Lynch, Rev. Thos. M. Cann, Messrs. Cooke, Black, Baughman, Cole, Keefer, Maulsby, Willson, Betts, Jones, Barry, Victor DuPont, Latimer, Hon. W. Hall, Hon. Daniel M. Bates, Hon. G. W. Gilpin, Gen. Henry DuPont, Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, Rt. Rev. Thos. A. Becker, Hon. Grove Saulsbury, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Hon. J. S. Valentine and J. T. Heald.
☞ Now, gentlemen, you have a chance to insure in a good and perfectly reliable Company.
LOOK TO YOUR INTERETS
and Insure at once. Persons wishing to do so would do well to consult the Agent.
DAVID BOYD,
Special Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia, West Va., and Pennsylvania.
OFFICE—At A. Robertson's Book and Stationery Store, No. 54 N. Market Street, Frederick City, Md.
mar18 '70 1y

REDUCTION IN PRICES
AT THE
PIONEER LIVERY STABLES.
THE undersigned respectfully inform their friends and the travelling public that they will open the spring season with a new stok of
HORSES, BUGGIES, &c.
Owing to the general decline in prices, we have reduced the charge for Horse and Buggy per day to $3.
Thankful for past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, as we intend to conduct the business in a manner that will guarantee satisfaction to all.
mar25 6t SINN &. TABLER.

DOWN WITH THE PRICES!
Mountain City
Livery and Sales Stables.
Opposite Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Depot, Frederick.
THE undersigned would most respectfully notify his friends and the public generally, that in addition to his present facilities he has added the Stable formerly attached to the United States Hotel, and besides furnishing new
HORSES, BUGGIES,
HARNESS, &c.,
he will also receive Horses at Livery by the single feed, day, week or month. The price for hire of Horse and Buggy has been reduced to $3 per day—formerly $4.
Thanking my friends and a generous public for their past favors, I would most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
All orders received, promptly attended to, either by day or night.
CHARLES E. MEALY,
apr1 3m Frederick City, Md.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE
OF
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
I WILL sell for the next thirty days my stock of DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, at a great sacrifice. Purchasers will find it to be to their advantage to call and secure the great bargains which are being offered. Notice the following low prices:

Stock of Prints	10 cents,	worth	12½
Domestic Gingham	12½ "	"	18
Laurel D. Muslin	15 "	"	17
Bleached do	15 "	"	18
Knitting Cotton	80 "	"	$1
Best French Corsets	75 "	"	$1

Also, a large stock of Black and Colored Silks, Silk Repps, Merinoes, Poplins, Mouslines, less than cost:
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,
Cottonades and Linens, at Panic prices.
Hosiery, Notions and Fancy Goods,
the greatest variety in town, at a great sacrifice. Greatest inducements ever offered in Frederick.
Come early and buy, as I have determined to sell my stock regardless of cost. A rare chance for any one wishing to engage in the Dry Goods business. Any one wishing to purchase can have the Stock and Room the first day of April.
JOSEPH TREGALLAS,
mar25 No. 10 West Patrick street.

Last Notice to Delinquents.
AFTER the liberal indulgence of five to twenty years, and longer in many cases, on numerous accounts and notes, still owing to me, I regret to be compelled in justice to myself, to say, that all notes and accounts unpaid after the 10th of April next, will be placed in other hands for prompt collection. All accounts against me will be paid on presentation. HUGH McALEER.
Frederick, March 9, 1870.
mar11 1m

FORK and Shovel Handles. For sale at ten cents each, by
oct 8.—U. E. A G. QUYNN.

IDLE.

I sit in the twilight dim,
At the close of an idle day,
And hear the soft, sweet hymn
That rises far away,
And dies on the evening air,
Oh, all day long, they sing their song,
Who toil in the valley there.

But never a song sing I,
Sitting with folded hands;
The hours pass me by,
Dropping their golden sands;
And I list from day to day
To the tick, tick, tock of the old brown clock,
Ticking my life away.

And I see the sunlight fade,
And I see the night come on,
And then, in the gloom and shade,
I weep for the day that is gone,
Weep and wail in pain,
For the misspent day that has flown away,
And will not come again.

Another morning beams,
And I forget the last,
And sit in my idle dreams,
Till the day is overpast;
Oh, the toiler's heart is glad,
For the day is gone and the night comes on,
But mine is sore and sad.

For I dare not look behind;
No golden shining sheaves,
Can I ever hope to find;
Nothing but withered leaves,
Ah, dreams are very sweet!
But will it please, if only these
I lay at the Master's feet?

And what will the Master say
To dreams and nothing more?
Oh, idler all the day!
Think, ere thy life is o'er,
And the day grows late,
Oh, soul of sin! will He let in
There at the pearly gate?

Oh, idle heart, beware!
On to the field of strife!
On to the valley there,
And live a useful life.
Up! do not wait a day!
For the old brown clock, with its tick, tick, tock,
Is ticking your life away.

IN THE HANDS OF FORTUNE;
OR
The Mesmerist's Dream.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.
[HAMLET.

A lady's boudoir, luxuriously furnished, the warm beams of an October sunset glancing through half-drawn curtains, tinging all with a soft rosy light, peering into dark corners, illuminating rare carvings, rich veined marbles, soft crimson hangings, made softer by the sunlight; and over all a certain air of refinement, that invisible yet unmistakable something which declares the occupant a woman—one of delicate and dainty tastes.

And at the window, in the shadow of the crimson damask, the woman herself, the one we would look for in such a room—young, beautiful, imperious; dark, dreamy eyes of the purest hazel—eyes that can melt or kindle, languish or flame, a form lithe and graceful, and a face an artist would go mad to paint, and, having painted, burn as a mere caricature of life and beauty.—Such faces haunt the dreams of poets, and, should the ideal find its living counterpart, wreck the poor dreamers' lives.

Valerie Reeves, the woman sitting there lost in reverie, had been a plaything in the hand of fortune for the past five years. Born and reared in affluence, reverse had fallen upon her father, swept away his possessions, shattered his hopes and broken his heart. A man honorable and upright, Ralph Vernon had paid his creditors to the last dollar, retired from a proud mercantile position to comparative obscurity, and died two years later, leaving his wife, a hallow-hearted woman of the world, and their only child, Valerie, penniless and unfriended. How Mrs. Vernon reared her daughter, and brought her through a joyless girlhood to woman's estate, it is not our purpose to enlarge upon. Suffice it to say that at eighteen Valerie Vernon, a proud and beautiful girl—proud in her poverty as her father had been in his wealth—was betrothed to Philip Hayne, a young and gifted law student, poor, like herself, but with a heart of iron, and devotedly attached to his fiancee. Love stories are, for the most part, tedious. There was the usual proportion of hopes and fears, mutual pledges, and castle building, and the happy pair looked forward with confidence to the wedding day; but disappointment is to be the lot of man. A rival for the hand of Valerie entered the field, a rival whose bank account was plethoric, and who wanted a woman of beauty and culture to preside over his household and entertain his guests. What though David Reeves' hair was somewhat grizzled, his temper soured, and his tastes of the earth, earthy? Wealth (or charity) covers a multitude of sins—it may be charity, but wealth has equal claims to the proverb—and the sequel was but too apparent to the eyes of Philip. He saw and realized the worst. Too proud to demand the hand where the heart had grown cold, he gave her freedom back to Valerie, and in a month she married his rival. Alas! faithless Valerie! Hearts against diamonds, and with the old result.

Two years passed, and Valerie Reeves was a widow. David, her lord, had been gathered to his fathers, and his wife of two years found herself undisputed possessor of a handsome fortune. The ambition of the Vernons, mother and daughter, was satisfied. Wealth and position was theirs once more, at the price of a mere two years servitude. Yes, that is the word, for David Reeves was an arbitrary spouse—a Jupiter to whom no woman might play Juno with impunity. He ruled his wife, and, stranger still, he ruled his mother-in-law. Mrs. Vernon bowed down to his wealth—Valerie to his brutality. But that, at last, was over. David slept in a bran new family vault; the epitaph had been most eulogistic, the funeral sermon sufficiently ambiguous, the executors touchingly attentive to the bereaved; the widow wore the most becoming mourning. All is well, David! Requiescat in pace!

"Are there tears upon my hand?—Back! they are not for me. If tears could bring forgetfulness and rest, respite from this vain mourning, these eternal regrets, then might they flow forever! O, untold weariness! if the end would but come! To sleep, beneath the sod, unruffled by a single care, oblivious of the past, save what might come in a half-hidden dream. O, Philip! Philip! It is retribution all, the inevitable doom. Hands without hearts; love staked against ambition; self-immolation on a golden shrine; an hour of folly; an age of misery and atonement."

Strange musings these for a young and beautiful woman—the reigning sovereign of a wealthy and brilliant circle—are they not? Ah, Valerie! yours is but the bitter lesson daily learned by thousands!

A knock, and a servant enters with a card upon a salver.

She reads it.

"Philip Hayne, attorney at law."

"Does the gentleman wait Robert?"

"Yes, madam."

"Say that I will be down presently."

No start, no perceptible flutter of a pulse, as she read the name of him who was as one dead to her forever. No, she was prepared. She had seen him that morning the first time for many months. They had met upon the street, bowed coldly; passed; and then, both actuated by a sudden impulse, had turned, touched hands, spoken kindly; and the result had been an invitation on her part—a promise to call on his.

She crossed the room and stood before her mirror. A new expression rested on her face, and in her eyes there shown a softened light—a stranger there for many weary, weary months.

He was awaiting her in the sumptuous drawing room, and, as she entered, rose to meet her—a tall, manly figure, but little changed since they had stood as lovers and pledged their mutual troth. The meeting was an eventful one, yet both were calm to all outward appearance.

"Valerie!"

"Philip!"

She gave him both her hands, and drew him back into the seat he had vacated.

"I have kept my promise you see," he said, after an embarrasssing pause.

The thoughts of both were busy with the past.

They roused themselves, and plunged at once into commonplace—she rattling on impetuously, he listening gravely, speaking but little. The topics of the day were passed, and then she questioned him of himself, his mended fortune, his early aspirations. Here she laughed lightly, and spoke of castle building.

"Old habit, Valerie," he said, half pityingly. "You, then, have learned to scorn such etherial architecture?"

His clear, honest, but saddened eyes looked fully into hers as he spoke, and her reply came bitterly, almost despairingly.

"I have learned to scorn the world, mankind, myself!"

There was a responsive bitterness in his voice and the kind light left his eyes as he answered:

"A hard lesson, Valerie; there is still sympathy between us."

The words stripped off the mask that each had worn—the mask of social conventionality, and the two stood confronted. The erring, suffering woman who had sold her love for gold, the man whose happiness she had embittered, stood and realized their relative positions. She was the first to speak.

"You, too, have suffered ,then? O, Philip, my friend, how terribly have I wronged you and myself!"

He smiled a bitter, mocking smile.

"Are you not happy, then?" he said.

"Happy? Oh, Heaven be merciful!"

It was cruel; but the man had suffered. Perhaps the cruelty was unintentional; but at the words, so full of hidden meaning, she raised her hands, and with a wailing cry slid from the seat, and buried her proud head in the velvet cushions at his feet. He rose, the hard, stern look quite gone; and, lifting her gently, replaced her on the sofa, and looked at her with a sad, wistful gaze.

"Tears!" said he. "You can weep, then? I envy you; the flame those tears have power to quench in yours consumes my heart to ashes. Valerie, our lives are sundered; your choice was freely made; why probe the wound beyond our power to heal? Look around you—wealth, splendor, luxury, on every side, yourself the arbitress and queen of all. Your dream is over; the regal sway you coveted is yours. Two wayward hearts, that love might have redeemed, were sacrificed; two lives embittered; two souls imperilled; and still the years roll on, and the one error that wrecked youth and happiness, bears bitter fruit in season. Repentance cannot now atone; let the past be buried, and forever!"

She lay there sobbing convulsively, and did not answer; no need for that. He comprehended all. The weak, girlish nature, dazzled by a dream of splendor, and urged on by an ambitious mother's counsels; the hasty marriage; the yearning, disappointed woman's heart that met no answering thrill; the the gradual change from indifference to loathing; the waves of mad remorse that swept over the bowed spirit—he saw it all; and, above all, he saw within her the spectre of what might have been.—A great compassion moved his inmost soul, and stooping to her side, he took the passive hand and pressed it to his lips; then, in a voice as gentle as a woman's said: "God bless you, Valerie!" and was gone.

And she, proud woman, humbled now, erring but penitent, lay there, and listened to his receding footsteps, and dared not call him back!

A week later there was a brilliant gathering at the Reeves mansion—the first since Valerie's reappearance in society. She had laid aside her widow's weeds; and, to-night, in the subdued splendor of black and purple, a single diamond gleaming in her hair, she looked and moved a queen among her guests. All acknowledged her sway—youth and age, the giddy votary of fashion, and the sedate student. Hers was an undisputed reign—an absolute sovereignty.

She had been singing; and as she turned from the piano, the bevy of admirers, who had hung entranced upon her rich contralto tones, crowded around to praise, to flatter, to gain a moment's monopoly upon any and every pretext; and she accepted it all, gracefully and self-possessed, even as a queen receives the homage of her subjects, conscious of her power, and relying upon it.

Among the many who swelled her brilliant train was one of whom she entertained a secret dread, a vague emotion—neither fear nor admiration, yet partaking strangely of both. He fascinated yet repelled her; she shuddered at his touch, yet his glance held her spell-bound. It was the fascination of the serpent, that holds the victim powerless while it strikes—a dark, impenetrable man, Hugh Walraven by name; an adventurer, doubtless, yet countenanced in the best society; a Cagliostro in principle, a Chesterfield in polish; a man of the world—keen, subtle, and profound; and, to crown all, an acknowledged mesmerist. Such attributes and powers, in the hands of honest men and exercised for good, might have led to grand results. In the hands of Hugh Walraven, they were undoubtedly potent for evil.

As he among the rest approached her, Valerie experienced that intuitive shrinking, that undefined terror which prompts the bird to shun the approaching snake; but, like the bird, she was powerless against the influence. She met those basilisk eyes, full of slumbering fire, baleful yet beautiful, and she succumbed to the spell. He paid her some trite compliment, nothing in itself, but the crowd drew back, as when the lion stalks among hinds. One only, a haughty young Crœsus, unused to having his domains invaded, turned carelessly, and, with an air of well-bred supercilousness, said:

"Mr. Walraven is descending to the material world; I thought his mind soared to loftier and more spiritual ends?"

Walraven turned his eyes, those wondrous eyes, full on the speaker, and in low deep tones, replied:

"The links, sir, that bind the material to the spiritual, the visible to the invisible world, may be closer than is supposed by those whose natures are clogged with ignorance and prejudice. The air around us, the boundless space in which we move and breathe, is filled with the flutter of invisible wings, and myriads from the unknown shores share, and perhaps, control our destinies!"

There was something unique and outre in such a speech at such a time and place. All eyes were turned to the speakers, and the buzz of conversation died away.

"Your belief, sir," said Valerie, "if not quite self-evident, is at least fascinating."

"All knowledge, madam," replied Walraven, "is fascinating to reflecting minds. The yearning for the unattainable, for that which is beyond, is implanted in every human soul. Magnetism is the great medium of the universe. Without it, all were chaos."

It was with a certain hesitancy in her voice that Valerie answered:

"You have pursued the study of that science with some success, I believe.—Can you not give us an illustration of its powers?"

"Do you desire it?" asked Walraven, quickly.

Again that hesitation in voice and manner as she replied:

"Sincerely, I have had always a great curiosity on the subject. The feeling, I have no doubt, is general. What say you, gentlemen?"

A constrained murmur of assent ran through the company—that ominous murmur which portends a coming storm.

"You shall be gratified, madam," said Walraven. And his eyes gleamed with a furtive light that looked very like triumph. Turning to the curious throng, he resumed: "I shall show you a simple phenomenon, my friends, effected by a mere exercise of will. Madam herself (if she will permit me) shall be so controlled as to—but you shall see. Be so kind as to meet my eye for a moment, Madam, so—"

She stood facing him, an odd, preoccupied thoughtfulness in her face, as the last words left him slightly shivered, cast a troubled helpless look around, and, with a forced smile, sank into a seat and met his eyes once more.

Slowly they saw her face grow fixed and rigid, the blood forsake her cheeks, and her full, lustrous eyes dilate before his steady gaze. He moved a step backward—another and another still until a dozen paces lay between them—then reaching for a book that lay upon the table near him, he opened it, his eyes still fixed on her; and holding it high above his head, the page turned from her, addressed her with one word: "Read!"

"Night shadows the earth, and darkness reigns supreme. Light lives beyond, and he who lifts the vail shall see its glory settle around himself, an aureole of immortality!"

The words had issued from Valerie's lips, but not another muscle of her body moved. She stood as if turned to stone. Walraven crossed to the attentive group.

"Has she read correctly?" said he coldly presenting the page for their inspection. An exclamation of incredulous astonishment escaped from one and all. Line for line, letter for letter, they were the very words!

He seemed to ignore their amazement, then resumed with a calm and haughty smile: "Allow me to show you a further manifestation. Madam is entirely subservient to my will; with your approval I will now compel her to follow me from place to place—to the next room—the conservitory—where I will." Then turning toward the unconscious sleeper "Come!" he said.

At this moment a tall, manly figure strode a single pace into the room and stopped at the door, silent and unnoticed.

"Come!" said the mesmerist, beckoning with his outstretched hand.

Valerie remained motionless. Walraven smiled a cold and icy smile.

"Your pardon, friends," said he.—"It is temporary resistance. Her will is lost in mine. Come!"

Still she did not stir. Something was evidently wrong. Walraven cast an angry searching glance around, as if in search of some concealed antagonist.

"This is probably a jest," said he "unless, indeed, an insult. But it will not avail. Such presumption is as impotent as it is ill-timed. Come!" to to Valerie; "you dare not resist me! Come!"

A convulsive shudder ran through Valerie's frame, but otherwise there was no motion—a marble image would not have seemed less immovable. The spectators were variously affected. Some enchanged anxious whispers, others indignant glances, a few of the ladies grew hysterical. It was but for an instant however, and all eyes were rivited upon the two main actors in this strange drama.

Walraven stood in a superb attitude, a study for a sculptor, his head thrown back, his right arm and hand extended, his eyes two lively flames, and his whole form a realization of satantic pride and arrogance, while from his lips fell once more that stern command: "Come!"

Again that fierce convulsion passed through Valerie's frame, her form swayed to and fro, her face grew livid, the features working horribly, her whole being writhing with some internal anguish, and an inaudible shriek seemingly frozen on her lips. Men were involuntarily starting forward, women were fainting—all in commotion and confusion—when, above the murmer of many voices, one was heard whose vibrating tones startled the ear like a sharp bugle blast, bold, clear and ringing: "Valerie awake!"

The spell was broken. She turned as at the voice of an archangel, stretched out her arms toward the voice, and fell, with a loud, glad cry at the feet of Philip Hayne.

There was a moment's pause, a muttered imprecation, a confused stir, and Hugh Walraven was gone.

"Checkmate, gentlemen!" said Philip, calmly, as the bewildered faces surged around him. "Simple checkmate—nothing more!"

A month from this there was a happy wedding, and Philip and Valerie were the bride and groom.

A SENATORIAL SCENE.—The Des Moines Register thus records a recent occurrence in the Iowa Senate: "Soon after the Senate was called to order, the doorkeeper announced 'Message from the House,' and Miss Mary E. Spencer, Engrossing Clerk of that body, appeared and modestly said, 'Mr. President.' That officer replied,' 'Miss Clerk,' and Miss Spencer proceeded to read in a clear and distinct voice a message from the House in relation to certain bills which had passed that body. At the conclusion of the message the Senators approved of this first official act performed by a woman in the Iowa Senate by a general clapping of hands."

DAMAGES FOR MOBBING NEWSPAPER'S.—The Court of Appeals of Maryland, in the case of Daniel Dechert, Esq., of the Hagerstown Mail, against the Mayor and corporation of Hagerstown, affirmed the judgment of the Circuit Court of Washington county. By this decision Mr. Dechert comes into possession of about $7,500. The suit was brought against the corporation for damages in allowing a mob to destroy Mr. Dechert's printing office in the year 1862. The State Legislature also has passed a law to indemnify Wm. Shaw, of Carroll county, for destruction of his printing office in Westminster by a mob during the war.

A Baltimore correspondent writes: "Thunder sours milk and kills oysters. You may load a vessel to its utmost capacity, start for market, and one good round clap of thunder will kill every oyster in the vessel, immediately.—Pounding with an axe upon the deck of a vessel when oysters are thereon, or pounding upon the sides of a vessel with a heavy weight, will kill every oyster that feels the jar. But thunder fetches them the first pop.

LITTLE OR MUCH?

BY WM. ANDREW SIGOURNEY.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones, of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch,
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
On the land, or on the sea,
By purling brook, 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

End of the Anti-Slavery Society.

The American Anti- Slavery Society is to disband in New York on the 9th inst., and the muster-out is to be celebrated as a jubilee with thanksgiving and praise for the victory. The society has been in existence thirty-seven years. Its President is Wendell Phillips. The New York Tribune, noticing the event, says:

"The society began by declaring 'war to the knife.' Its battle-cry has ever been that of one of its founders: 'I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!' It has always been aggressive; it refuses to take the defensive. It has always been active; it refuses to be idle. It has been a bitter foe; it refuses to an ungenerous victor. In disbanding in the hour of triumph it declares not only peace but amnesty."

The country will be overcome with gratitude by such amazing clemency! After having ravaged the land with fire and sword; destroyed half a million of lives; bankrupted and desolated the South; involved the Government in a debt of $4,000,000,000; covered the land with tax-gatherers, and changed the republic into a despotism, it is graciously pleased to forgive those whom it robbed, plundered and slaughtered.

The question now is, what new form is New England fanaticism going to take, when this society is dissolved? Does any one suppose that the Puritan devil of persecution is now going to be laid? Let them wait awhile and see. It is more likely to reappear in a new and more malignant form than ever. As was said when Captain Simon Suggs' stock of provisions gave out "somebody's corn-crib has got to suffer," and we are only curious to know whose it will be.—*Statesman.*

Hon. D. W. Voorhees, in a speech made at Indianapolis last week, while speaking of the Funding Bill now being advocated by the Radical party, and which is about to become a law, said:

"During these forty years in which the bonds are to run, the nation will pay as interest on the five per cent. bonds, eight hundred millions; on the four and a half per cent. bonds, seven hundred and twenty millions; on the four per cent. bonds, six hundred and forty millions, making in all, as interest alone, two thousand one hundred and sixty millions in gold, being more than the entire debt is at this hour, and nine hundred and sixty millions more than the whole amount funded, and still *not one dollar of the principal paid, nor the original debt diminished a single farthing.* An this is the wise policy offered to the people as a measure of relief. This is all!"

We think it is about enough to satisfy most people of the amount of relief they may expect from this administration.

STATE ELECTIONS.—Full returns from the election in Connecticut show the majority for English is 810. Vote for Jewell 43,320; for English 44,130. Total one year ago 90,575; decrease 3,125. The Republican vote is 2,173 less; Democratic vote 952 less. The Senate stands 11 Republicans to 10 Democrats. Last year it stood 13 Republicans to 8 Democrats. The House stonds 127 Republicans to 112 Democrats. Last year 130 Republicans to 108 Democrats.

The Rhode Island State Election on the 6th resulted in the re-election of the present Repuelican State officers by about the usual majority.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION IN GOLLADAY'S DISTRICT.—A Democratic Convention held in the Third Congressional District of Kentucky last week nominated General Joseph H. Lewis for Congress, to succeed Mr. Golladay. Mr. Golladay had 32 votes on the first ballot—59 necessary to an election—but fell off afterwards. The disabilities of General Lewis have been relieved by Congress. He made a speech at the close of the Convention, and advised the Democratic party at the coming election not to seek to prevent the negroes voting, but to allow all who were so inclined to do so freely.

THE W. & S. RAILROAD.—It was thought that before this time trains would be running through from Winchester to Strasburg. The delay has been occasioned by the construction of a permanent iron bridge over Cedar Creek. The waters of the creek for the past two weeks have been very high thus retarding the workmen. So high indeed were the waters, that the temporary bridge was washed away, and upon being reconstructed was washed off again.—*Winchester News.*

In reply to the objections of the counsel for the defence, a Virginia negro justice said he didn't care about "consecutions," and would try de case anyhow, and if dey didn't have satisfaction, "dey could repeal agin his excision."

Potter county, in Pennsylvania, has not granted a license to sell liquor for nineteen years.

True Metal.

In the injunction case of Cahoon against Ellyson and others, before Judge Underwood, in Richmond, Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, counsel for Cahoon, delivered the beginning of his argument in favor of the writ asked for. As he had to vindicate himself against the popular odium which he incurred by consenting to act as counsel for Cahoon, full latitude was given to the exercise of his individual style of oratory. A letter to the Balt. Sun contains the following account of his exordium.

"He claimed that he undertook the case in the discharge of his professional duty, and that he would hold his ground in contempt of the clamor raised against him. He was like the man he most admired—Andrew Jackson, in at least one respect, that when he took a stand, by the eternal God, he would die by it, if necessary. It was charged that he sought to curry favor with the powers that be; but he avowed himself a naked, unrepentant and unforsworn rebel, who would prejure his soul for no price, and who would not accept even his dearest rights as favors or upon conditions. He had never asked pardon, and never would do so, for he was not conscious of having done anything wrong. He was not sorry for anything he had done in the war except that he had failed to do as much as he desired. Nor could he consent for any consideration to wrong the heroic dead who had died by his side for the lost cause. No! He would accept no pardon. He would not, with his knowledge and consent, allow his name to sneak through Congress in an act removing disabilities.—He condemned and spurned these things as adding insult to injury. Were Ulysses Grant to send him a special pardon, he would draw black lines around it and return it, endorsed with the declaration that he was no more a traitor than he (Grant) was. Nor would he take advantage of a genial amnesty—a thing which the ladies present would pardon him for fitly denominating as a d—n nasty trick to swindle the people of the South in the tacit confession of guilt.

"Yesterday he was the owner of slaves; to-day he was a slave. He desired to be free, but not upon conditions—not upon terms prescribed by a power that he would never acknowledge. He hoped, as old as he was, for better days and for better things, when Virginia—always a State, has been from the beginning, now is and ever will be, world without end—would stand erect once more, not as a creature, but a creator of the Union; not ruled, but ruling; not a suppliant, but a sovereign by divine right. He had no art nor part in bringing her to her present attitude, with every joint, aye, every vertebra bent, crawling through the dirt of humiliation back into the Union that her own hands had built. 'Great God, what a spectacle!' said he. 'But, gentlemen of the committee of nine, it is your own work. Virginia, 'thou canst not say I did it!'"

A BAYONET AMENDMENT.—The President's proclamation is a fraud in that it asserts that the States of Indiana and New York have ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. It is also morally fraudulent in the fact that it places the States of Texas, Alabama, Virginia, West Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana as giving their assent to the Constitution. What they have done, they have done by the disfranchisement of tens of thousands of white people, and by the presence of the army. It has been a work of force, and not a work of will. Had all the male people been permitted to vote, white and black, above the age of twenty-one years, no such result would have been reached. We are aware that, practically, all this makes no difference. We recognize that negroes will vote, just as white men vote, in all the States of the Union. We do not look for any reversal of the decree by the legal tribunals of the country. But it might have been just as well to honestly declare in the proclamation that the Constitution has been amended by the bayonet, and that it is held in its place by that weapon. That the Fifteenth Amendment is against the political ideas, and the will of a majority of the American people, no one but an idiot or reprobate will pretend to deny.—*Statesman.*

The Louisville Journal says that "the Radical idea of reconstruction is evidently borrowed from John Robison's circus. Those who have witnessed the performances of 'the great American Combination' (we mean John Robison's), will remember how the clown knocks over the young gentlemen in the gold lace, and then cries out 'poor fellow!' and sets him up again, and goes to washing him clean, as he says, with a dirty broom; then he dusts him off with a blacking-brush, then he polishes him with a rake, then he whirles him about and asks, 'Now isn't he beautiful? That's reconstruction over and over again. Congress takes a State and knocks it down, then it sets it up, then it scrubs it with negro suffrage, then it polishes it with bayonets, then it dusts it with martial-law. Then finally, it goes Radical, like Mississippi, and says, 'Now, isn't it beautiful?'"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The opponents of cruelty to animals lately held a large, and we trust effective, meeting in Boston. One of the speakers stated that there are 90,000 horses in Massachusetts, worth $9,000,000; 50,000 oxen, worth $3,000,000; 150,000 cows, worth $6,000,000 or $7,000,000; and that the manner in which these animals were treated affected there value very much. There are in the Southern States six or seven milllions of white people, the value of whose property is affected very much by the manner in which they are being treated. Can't the humanitarians of Boston extend to them the benefits of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

IN TOWN.—Charles H. McCur