

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Valley Spirit will be published every Wednesday, commencing at the following rates:—
12 months, \$1.00; 6 months, 50 cents; 3 months, 25 cents.
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to be charged \$1.00 per square of five lines for three columns, or less, and 50 cents per square for the subsequent columns. Extra columns, or advertising by the letter of the year, will be charged according to the following rates:
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Advertisements exceeding five squares in length, longer than three months will be charged reasonable rates.

An additional charge is made for extra display. Advertising is inserted before Marriage and Death, funeral services, &c., for the first insertion, and 50 cents per line for the first insertion, and 50 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Communications on personal subjects, and editorial and general interest will be charged 50 cents per line.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.
Charged with a premium for the first year, the proportion being an additional amount of Job Printing Material, which are extra cost. They are prepared to receive every description of Plate and Pressed Printing with facility and at the lowest rates.

—EDW. H. MURKIN.

SELECT POETRY.

Especially for the Valley Spirit.

MAUD MULLER.

JAMES GREENLEAF WHITFIELD.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Bathed the muscles, sweet with lay.
B cast her hair that glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Sing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced at the far-off town,
White from hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a suspense longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better, than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoking his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his blade in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stood where the cold spring bubbled up
And lifted for him her small, thin cup,
And blushed as she gazed it looking down
On her feet, bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thank!" said the Judge, "a sweater draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed!"

He spoke of the grand flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The clover in the west would bring foul weather.
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Through the meadow across the road."

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door!"
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Never hath it been my lot to meet;
"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;
"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."
But he thought of his sisters proud and bold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the cold alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-song;
And the young girls mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the naked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble heart's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Or when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And he closed his eyes on his garnished room,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain;

"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free when I ride that day,
When the barefoot maiden rated her key."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw, a rider drew his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes rest her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into lonely halls;

The wavy wheel to a rye-mill turned
The hollow candle an ashen torch.

And for him who sat by the chimney log,
Dicing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A noisy drunk at hot side she saw.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "I might have been."

Alas for maiden, who the judge?

For rich robes and household drudge!

God pity them! I pity we all

Who yearly the drums of peace resound.

For the great womb of empire yet you

The endent are these: "I might have been!"

At, well, for all sorts even hope lies

Dear, by bound from human eyes;

And, in the harvest, angel-sing

With the stars from his grave array.

VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

VOLUME 14.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1861.

NUMBER 35.

The City of Montgomery.
THE PROVISIONAL CAPITAL OF THE NEW
CONFEDERACY.

The city of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, had assumed such a sudden importance as the capital of the Southern Confederacy and the seat of the Federal operations of the new Government, that we give below a brief sketch of its locality and surroundings. It is situated on the left bank of the Alabama river, 231 miles from Washington, D. C. It is the second city in the State in respect to trade and population, and is one of the most flourishing inland towns of the Southern States possessing great facilities for communication with the surrounding country. For steamboat navigation the Alabama river is one of the best in the Union, the largest steamer ascending to this point from Mobile. The city is also the Western terminus of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad. It contains several extensive iron foundries, mills, factories, large warehouses, numerous elegant stores and private residences. The cotton shipped at this place annually amounts to about one hundred thousand bales. The public records were removed from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery in November, 1847. The State House was destroyed by fire in 1849, and a. other one was erected on the same site in 1851. The present population of the city is not far from 16,000, and it is probable that, with all its natural advantages, the fact of its present selection as the Southern capital will soon place it in the first rank of Southern cities.

Hold them to it.

The Republican leaders previous to the late Presidential election, assured the working men of the country, that it was only necessary for the people to elect Mr. Lincoln, and immediately business of all kinds would flourish as it never did before; that you would have plenty of work and good wages, and a general prosperity would ensue.

You were faithfully warned by the Democratic and Union parties that these promises were false and good times could not be the result of forcing sectionalism upon the country. You were admonished that these promises were only made as an electioneering device to be broken after the election—and now, in all sincerity, we ask you were in this promised prosperity? this "plenty of work and good wages" you were to have?

It is seen in the prostration and stoppage of business generally? It is seen in the throwing of thousands of mechanics and laborers out of employ in mid winter, and their families left destitute? Is it seen in the withdrawal of six States from the Union, and more in the act of going? Is it seen in the want of confidence all round, and in the decline of property?—The Republican leaders have basely deceived you. They have brought the country already to disruption, and their whole talk now is for coercion and resort to civil war and bloodshed. You hear no more about "plenty of work and good wages"; but instead of this, you hear about shooting down your brethren of the South, because they insist upon having their Constitutional rights guaranteed to them as the condition of their remaining in the Union!

The working men of the country should hold the Republican leaders to their pledges made before the election. Tell them you did not bargain for war, dissolution and starvation; you did not contract for division, anarchy, and all the horrors of intestine strife. You should insist upon having the good times promised, without a month's longer delay. Hold them to the bargain, and if they do not at once comply with all the stipulations of the bond, let them be branded as hypocritical knaves, and so totally unworthy of any confidence in the future.

THE JAPANESE AT HOME.—The correspondent of the New York Times gives such an account of the reception of the returned embassy, and the Americans accompanying, at Jeddo, that will occasion considerable disappointment. The writer says that the Prime Minister evinced the utmost indifference to the details of the visit to this country, and excused himself to Mr. Harris from hearing anything about it, on the ground that "the days were very short, and he had a good deal of business on hand." All the costly presents of machinery, carriages, &c., which our people bequeathed so liberally upon the embassy, were heaped together with the utmost carelessness and indifference. But the most curious disclosure awaited the removal of the Dahlgren guns. No less than seventeen of these formidable guns were discovered in a shed—which had been made after the model of one presented by Gen. Perry; and one of the officers declared that they had over a thousand of the same guns mounted upon the fortifications of Yedo!

TEXAS.—The Texas Convention has declared in favor of a Southern Confederacy, and appointed seven delegates to the Montgomery Convention.

Gen. Frank George has been appointed by the New York Legislature, Commissioner to Washington, in place of Thos. Newell.

Chinese Views of Death.

There is nothing in the Chinese character more striking than the apathy with which they undergo afflictions, or the resignation with which they bear them—There is no more pliancy in their disposition than the most opposite change in their condition produce but little effect—A coolie can admirably ape the dignity of the mandarin when promoted, and a disgraced official or ruined merchant who formerly lived in luxury, appears little to regret the change he has undergone—There is no fear of death among them, though they have the reliques of the dead constantly before their eyes. The country is covered with graves, and in many places about Shanghai the coffins are only exposed in the field. They are ever kept in the house till a propitious day arrives for the burial, months passing by sometimes, before the body is removed. When the coffin is despoiled, the bones are carefully gathered, and in a sombre walk one very often comes upon jars containing "potted ancestors". Money is saved for the purpose of a coffin, and is put up till ready for use. The first time I saw this was in little cottage near Shanghai. There was an old cob-webbed coffin in the corner; I asked a young lad why it was there; he quietly pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to his grandmother, standing close by, and said it was for her; she was very old, and was nearly wearing out the coffin before she was put into it. At funeral services are hired to do the "incensable grief" parts of the performance. It seems very ridiculous that such a custom should be kept up when it is known by everybody that the mourners howl for hire. They certainly work hard for their money, and their pitiful moans would be heartbreaking if they were real.

The Horrors of Civil War.

As a warning to the American people at this time; they should read the history of the French revolution, and contemplate its horrible results. The extent to which blood was shed during its existence, will hardly be credited by the present age, but it is correctly stated that the number of victims reached one million, twenty two thousand, three hundred and fifty-one. Of this number, eighteen thousand six hundred and three were guilty ordered by the order of the Revolutionary Tribunals; thirty-two thousand were victims under Carrier at Nantes; thirty-two thousand at Lyons; three thousand four hundred women died of premature child birth from grief; and there was also during the war in the Ile de France, nine hundred thousand men, fifteen thousand women, and twenty-two thousand children. In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes and other prisons on the 2d of September; the victims shot at Toulon and Marseilles, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedzin, of which the whole population perished.—*Haytian Times (Md) Herald.*

A SENSATION AT A PRIVATE BALL.

Quite a sensation was created, a few evenings since, at a private fancy dress ball, in consequence of a young lady, daughter of a citizen of this city, appearing in a dress representing the State of South Carolina. She had on a white satin dress, on which palmetto leaves were sewn. Her head dress had a single star in the centre, and she carried in her hand a fan simile of the State flag adopted by South Carolina. Her appearance caused quite a sensation, and it was evident, by the looks of the guests, that the display made by this young lady was distasteful, and considered out of place; but the party being a private one, of course the visitors contested themselves with frowns. Later in the evening, another young lady made her appearance, dressed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, while she carried a small American flag, having 34 stars upon it. The reception of this young lady was most cordial, and must have been highly gratifying to the youthful and beautiful representative of the American Union.—During the evening the American flag, carried by this young lady, was hidden or mislaid, but, after a diligent search, it was found and restored to its owner. As soon as the obtained possession of it, she approached the lady having the South Carolina fan, and took it from her hand, and with one blow of the staff of the American flag, broke the stile of the palmetto banner. This act was applauded by those present in such a manner as to convince the fact that the American Union still has a place in the hearts of Philadelphia citizens.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ANOTHER WIFE FOR PENZANCE.—William Weare, of Bloomsfield, Perry county, Pa., on the day before Christmas had lost his wife, who died suddenly to convulsion. Three days after the funeral Weare disappeared. A girl he had been attentive to was missing at the same time. A few days ago it was discovered that Weare had married the girl and gone to Elizabethtown, Clinton county. It was found later that Weare had purchased a gun to kill his wife, but that he had died. He was then reported on the 7th had, by purchasing his wife, was at once taken to the jail.

New England for the Union and
Compromise.

New England is not wholly bound bodily to the cause of Abolitionism. She will not give up her commerce, her manufactures, her warehouses, her ships, her railways, her colleges and schools, all her improvements and enterprises, upon a mere silly abstraction. There is plenty of good plain common sense up here among the mountains, and along this rock-bound coast. It is but too true that we are unfortunate, at this moment, badly represented in Congress. Our best men are not in that body. But that is an evil soon, very soon, if we are not grossly deceived, to be cured.

It is a liberal, a gross and foul libel, upon us, to say we are not in favor of a compromise which any reasonable man offers to ward off the present pending crisis. If Mr. Sumner dares to submit the question directly to a vote of the people—no to the candidates for office under Mr. Lincoln, but to the people, the farmers and mechanics and merchants of these New England States—our word for it, he will never again tell the President that we are not in favor of a compromise to save this glorious Union and the Constitution, under which we have lived so prosperously for three-quarters of a century, and under which, but for the folly of just such minds as his, we might have continued to live and prosper for years to come.—*Boston Courier.*

The Romance of a Celestial Kitchen.

Charles Dickens, in his weekly paper, is telling curious and cruel stories about Chinese cookery. When anxious to cook a lamb in the highest style of art, the Chinese, it is said, build a low mud wall, inclosing a space two or three feet across, and another wall outside, forming a series of about two feet wide, in which they set pots containing wine, vinegar, soy-sauce, and so forth. In the inner space they light a good fire, and in the circus thus prepared, put a live lamb. The lamb naturally decomposes, shrinks from the great heat of the fire, and drinks what he finds as he runs backward and forward in search of means of escape. When the drink is all swallowed and dried into the animal's flesh, the lamb becomes exhausted, falls down dead, and in a very short time is completely roasted. Turkey may be prepared, according to the same authority, by placing it over the fire in a pot of water, in the lid of which there is a hole large enough to allow the turtle to pass out his head. As the water becomes hot, the turtle naturally thrusts his head out to get at the cooler air, when he is fed with spiced wine and soy-sauce, which he drinks readily as a relief from the heat. This goes on as long as he has strength to keep his head up, and as the turtle does not part with life easily, he seldom fails to go on stuffing himself till he is cooked.

Too Good to be Lost.

Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, is in hot water about his military order issued to massacre the South. Among many letters of remonstrance from patriotic military men in the State, is one from Captain Charles H. Manning, of the Salem Artillery. He says:

They, the Salem Light Artillery, are now filled with astonishment at the alacrity with which Massachusetts offers her services in the work of war against her brethren. That she, who, swept on by political rancor, proposed to shut up her arsenals and her store-houses, and carry every military ensign in the dusty seclusion of deserted armories, while a foreign foe was sweeping our seas, destroying our towns, and devastating our fields—that should now rush to arms against those of her fellow-citizens who ask for a position equal with her own under the Confederacy, is as strange and unnatural as that national madness which vents itself in the horrors of civil strife. That she who de-moured and defied the Union, while it was in the hands of her political opponents, should now be eager to fight for its preservation, is somewhat significant.

TOUCHING SCENE IN A COURTYARD.

On Tuesday evening last, Elizabeth Allison was convicted at West Chester, Pennsylvania, of poisoning her step-daughter, and sentenced to ten years and six months confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary. The convict, who, during the whole trial, had exhibited much indifference, remarked to a bystander that she had never been to Philadelphia any how, nor had she ever ridden in a railroad car. A few minutes before the adjournment of the court, and before the crowd in attendance had dispersed, she was told of the death of one of her children. She had had no intelligence of its illness, and the shock was terrible. The mother's heart was touched, and swayed back and forth, the wrongs her hands had done cut her to the quick. Many persons witnessed, drawing a crowd of various spectators around her. The crowd was silent to impress, which she did, and the crowd quickly had a change in countenance, and the prison gate closed.

RESCUED FROM INDIA.—The Westchester (Tenn) Wade man gives an interesting account of the recognition of a white woman taken by Ross in a recent fight. She is a niece of General Isaac Parker.—The two taken prisoner when a child nine years old, 25 years ago. After residing for some time in India, she was sold to a master, who treated her kindly, and she was educated. A merchant from Baltimore is now engaged among those who have turned to robbery their native land, and several other white women have been captured and sold into slavery. The white girl was at one time the slave of a Indian chief.

Proclamation by the President.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The President has issued the following proclamation, calling an extra session of the Senate on the 1st of March next, at noon:—

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, Objects of interest to the United States, require that the Senate be convened at twelve o'clock on the Fourth of March next, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive:

Now, therefore, I, James Buchanan,

President of the United States, have considered it to be my duty to issue this my

Proclamation, declaring that an extraordinary session requires the Senate of the

United States to convene for the transaction of business at the Capitol, in the City of Washington, on the 1st day of March next, at twelve o'clock at noon on that

day, of which all who shall at that time be entitled to act as members of that body

are hereby required to take notice.

Given under my hand and seal of the

United States at Washington, the eleventh

day of February, in the year of our Lord

one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

J. S. BLACK, Secy of State.

Constitution of the Provisional Gov-
ernment of the Confederate States
of America.

We have received a copy of the above.

On a comparison of the instrument with

the Constitution of the United States, it

will be found to be almost a transcript of

the latter, both in its provisions and lan-

guage. The only points of difference not

embraced in the intelligence by telegraph are:

Article 1, section 4, provides that upon

all questions each State shall be entitled

to one vote, and shall be represented by

any one or more of its deputies who may

be present. The same article says that the

members of Congress shall receive a com-

pensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the

Treasury of the Confederacy.

Sec. 5. The President may veto any

appropriation or appropriations and approve

any other appropriation or appropriation

in the case.

Every order, resolution or vote intended

to have the effect of a law, shall be pre-

sented to the President, and before the

same shall take effect, shall be approved

by him, or being disapproved by him shall

be repassed by two-thirds of the Congress

according to the rules and limitations pre-

scribed in the case.

Article 2, section 1, states that in case

of the removal, death, resignation or in-

ability of the President, Congress may, in

case of a vacancy, choose a person to</p

JENNIE'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. A. M. MOOD.

Jennie Gray was a pretty lass
As you might discover;
And as pretty indeed,
Jennie had a lover.

Johnny Barnes was tall and straight,
Handsome, too, and clever;
But he was poor and Jennie proud,
And their love might never.

"Ah!" sighed the little maid, bright eyes
Would so well adorn my treasure;
And my form would have added grace
Arrayed in costly dresses.

My hands are small, my feet are trim,
Even as Lady Russell's punder,
Who lives in that great palace house,
Mid luxury and splendor.

And they say she was a country lass,
Or poor and lonely sister;
But married rich—ah, me—I'll try
And seek out such good fortune.

So Jessie smiled no more on John,
And he became a stranger;
While rich old Mr. Marchand assumed,
From her well-set trap, to danger.

Her dimpled cheeks and golden curls,
Her child-like, sweet demeanor!
These drew him in; it sprang at last,
And caught the weeping banker.

And diamonds brightly gleam to-day,
Mid Jessie's sunny treas';
While her form is gracefully arrayed
In silk and velvet dresses.

Her little feet tread stately bairn,
Unquainted in their apparel;
And her jeweled fingers shame all till,
So delicate and tender!

And she is called a happy wife,
Yet, oh! how like many her,
Have found, with gratified desire,
No joy their bosom e'er.

Father Barnes, in his snug little cot,
Knows more of real enjoyment
Than Jessie in her palace, the actress
Johnny is blessed with contentment.

THE SNOW FORT.

A POEM FOR THE BOYS.

By JAMES BREWER.

In the happy days of boyhood,
For golden days of joy,
(Life's golden age of joy,)
We built castles of the snow,
Is the glittering drifts we grieved,
And our mansion work was rare,
As those mansions, many storied,
Manliest fashions out of air.

Though our rumps and our noses
Might have paled old Vanish,
What care we, the arches bony,
For old fogey role and play?
Our outworks were the queerest
Ever reared by human skill,
But of names we chose the sternest—
Every fort a Bunker Hill.

How the parts of British leaders
Were at bunting, and all;
How we all were careered peers,
For front places on the wall;
Boys fitted for service foreign,
Fell in line with clouded brow,
Each one clamped to be Warren,
And none wanted to be Howe.

The battle—ah! we fought it,
Not all by history's light;
How the pecky English caught it,
How they always lost the fight.
In despite of truth we chased them,
And to factitious blind,
As down the hill we raced them,
How we peppered them behind!

Thus we fought the fight of Bunker's,
In the days that were not ours,
Ere the snow we toss'd, the pumkers,
Toss and sifted in our hair,
Now, alas! in the same battle,
We wage daily in the world,
Harder shafts against us rattle,
Thus our boy-arms ever hurtled.

And 'tis not the generous tissue
Of the snow soft on the knoll,
But a strife with those who hustle
Not the body but the soul;
And instead of gleaming mites,
Poisoned shafts fly to and fro,
And we march o'er gallin' blithies,
Not the velvet of the snow!

Knickerbocker Magazine.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The creaking wagon's in the shed;
The hush fall is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head.
The whip behind the door.

His leather gloves and hooked bill
Today the woodman throws aside:
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill.
Sleeps in the mill dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where,
Far out, the water lillies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear,
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed,
Hot, raki spuds are put away;
Unweeded stand the onion beds,
The garden from his work hath fled;
The holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white owl sleeps,
The silvery sounding church bells ring;
A was the moor and down the date
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings ring.

From where the whitewashed garden school
Peeps out here, the poppies blow,
Which over there the windmills seed,
Far up yon rocky peak,
You hear the Sabbath hymns.

From fern and fad, and grapevines gray
From woodland walk and winding way,
The old green, and green and green,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And God's holy pines.

The Senate of Alabama has passed a bill re
questing all free negroes to leave the State of
Alabama by the 1st of January next, under the
penalty of being sold.

SCOTCH-BOWL.

"Well, it has come at last!"
"What has come?"
"Why, the utter ruin of a man whose
downward career I have been watching for
a twelvemonth."

This conversation took place between
two merchants, as they sat at dinner, one
afternoon in a down-town restaurant.—
One of them had been looking over the
evening paper, and interrupted the silence
by the exclamation with which this article
opened. He had read the following in the
police intelligence:

"Samuel Marchand was arrested this morning
on a charge of forgery. He had a hearing
before Adams—was committed, in
default of \$2,000 bail to answer."

It had come. Two years previous to
the time our sketch opens, Samuel Marchand
was a respectable retail dry-goods
dealer. His business was not extensive,
it is true, but it was remunerative, and enabled
him to live comfortably, besides laying
something by for a rainy day. He had
a loving and beautiful wife, and one child.
His home was cheerful; the sun of pros-
perity shone upon him; and his friends,
of whom he had many, often exclaimed:
"Samuel Marchand is a happy man!"

One day an acquaintance stepped into his
store. It was a warm summer day,
when business was dull, and Mr. Marchand
was alone. His only clerk had been
given a holiday, and was out of town, and
customers were scarce at this season. The
usual greetings passed between the two
men, and some conversation on common-
place topics, when the acquaintance re-
marked:

"Business appears to be dull, Mr. Marchand?"

"Yes, it is dull. But I have no reason
to complain; I do as well as my neighbor-
bors."

"Why don't you try something else?"
speculated a little.—during these dull times?

"I speculate; I haven't the inclination;
and if I had, I have not the money to
spare from my business. Speculations are
for those who can command a better bank
account than mine."

"The money is a small matter in the
speculations to which I allude. Read
that."

Marchand took the circular handed
him. It was handsomely printed on fine
white paper, and set forth at length the
great advantages to be gained by taking a
ticket, or a package of tickets, in the "Royal
Havane Lottery."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked
the agent, for such he was, although he
operated secretly.

"It is new to me; and as I never gain-
able, I think I will have nothing to do with it."

Read, this, it is not a fancy sketch—
The evil it portrays exists in our midst, in
opposition to law, and known to those who
duty it is to enforce the statutes of the
Commonwealth. Hundreds are plundered
weekly, and many utterly ruined, here in
Philadelphia, by lottery agents and policy
dealers.

THE CHINESE REBELLION AND
CHRISTIANITY.

Chung Wang, the chief of the Chinese
rebellion, has written a letter to an Ameri-
can Missionary, predicting that the Tartar
dynasty will soon be swept away, and in
viting America to open commercial re-
lations and send minister to the ports of
China, under his rule. He has directed
copies of the letter to be sent to the Pres-
ident of the United States, the Queen of
England, Emperor of France, and King
of Spain, Portugal and Holland. The fol-
lowing is an extract:

Those of the various countries during
business in China in the way of trade are
many. Wherefore do they strive to es-
tablish business places only where Kam
Tung rules? Now our heavenly dynasty,
relying on our officers and brave soldiers,
which are without number, has already
taken Keng-nam, and the various other
provinces, as regained, are added to and
united with our government. Our con-
quering day will soon arrive, when the
East will be overrun and the West over-
come, and will march directly to the cap-
ital (Pekin) and thrash the inhabitants,
sweeping clear away the Tartar illegitimate
impe. And I presume when your hon-
orable countries hear thereof they will also
rejoice with us, and be filled with a sense
of our right to have done so!

Using special respect and carefulness in
preparing my former letter, I gave it to
teacher L to translate and present to Lord
Elgin; I also respectfully requested him
clearly to make known that the true doc-
trine is here extensively both seen and
heard. From henceforward, Chinese and
foreigners may together unite in rever-
ing the one holy system of religious wor-
ship. How is this not excellent?

Now as to the merchants of your honor-
able countries, who are in China trading,
I, myself, for their benefit, am willing to
make treaties with your several plenipo-
tentaries conforming to those already
made, and thus extending the benefit to all
the merchants. The custom laws, duties
and taxes also to be such as are already
prepared. Most certainly there shall be
no increase, that availing that Chinese
and foreigners are one-body in their great
designs. Again the sacred book, the scriptur-
es which your honorable countries' mis-
sionaries have translated for us, must be
extensively circulated among all, however
many, many, giving them to public
functionaries, and besides to those of late
use, that they may obtain the means for a
minute investigation of the subject, then
proceed, in the end, their minds may
become assured from their present state of
stupidity, which would prove a most
pitiful event. I most earnestly hope that the
obscure letter formerly written has reached
its destination.

STUDY OF THE FAIR.—A story is told
of the great French satirist, which finely
illustrates his knowledge of human nature.

He was travelling in Germany, in entire
ignorance of its language and currency.—
Having obtained some small change for
French coins, he used to pay the coachmen
and others in the following manner:

Taking a handful of the numismatized speci-
mens from his pocket, he counted them
one by one, into the creditor's hand, keeping
his eye fixed all the time on the rec-
eiver's face. As soon as he perceived
the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the
last coin he deposited in the hand and returned
it with the remainder, to his pocket.

He afterwards found that in par-
ticipating this method, he had not overpaid for
anything.

THE WEDDING.—The body is well
thing, we are carrying a better one.

Kind words can never die.

THE DIRT RATES.

The Ottomans, or Dirt-Mates, who
dwelt on the Orient, are great dandies,
though they wear no vestige of clothing.
To make up for this, however, they are
very particular about painting their bodies.
The greater part of the day is often spent
by them in a single dressing, with one or
two helpers to assist in the operation; and
they are a sort of pickaninnies, intended to
last for a lifetime, but a costume certain to
be disfigured or entirely washed off at the
first exposure to a shower. When an Ottomac
wishes to appear in a full dress, he
first gives himself a pricking of red. Over
this red ground is then formed a lattice
work of lines of black, with dots in the
center of every little square or diamond.
If the gentleman be rich enough to pos-
sess a little 'olive,' which is a beautiful
lake-colored red, he will then feel all the
delight of a fauboule dandy, and with
half a pound of turtle-oil rubbed into his
black dress, he will regard himself dressed
"within a inch of his life."

The Ottomac lived on oranges, meat,
and various sulphurous antiseptics, but dur-
ing hard times actually ate dirt.

There is nothing nourishing in a day—

There is nothing—nothing—nothing—

—nothing—nothing—nothing—

VALLEY SPIRIT.
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 20, 1861.

Geo. M. JEFFRIES,
Publisher and Proprietor.

County Convention.

In response to the call of the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee a large and highly respectable portion of the Democracy of Franklin County assembled in the Court House, in the Borough of Chambersburg, on Friday, 15th inst., to consider, and submit their views on, the present fearful crisis in our national affairs, and to appoint delegates to a State Convention of the Democratic party to convene at Harrisburg on the 21st instant.

The Convention was composed of the county's best men and its proceedings throughout were characterized by the utmost harmony and good feeling.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. JOHN ORR, of Southport township, and organized by electing Hon. WILSON REILLY, President; Hon. JOHN ORR and PHINNIS EACHUS, Esq., Vice Presidents; and G. M. SPRINGER and W. H. BLAIR, Secretaries.

The President on taking the chair briefly and appropriately stated the object of the meeting. His remarks were listened to with deep interest and afforded the liveliest satisfaction to his hearers, and met the hearty approval of all Democrats in attendance on the meeting. He impressed upon the chairman, that the voice of the Democratic party of Franklin county, should also be heard in the present crisis. You are here to-day in pursuance of our call. The presence of so large a number of Democrats from almost every section of the county, indicates the unusual interest, that you feel in the objects of the Meeting.

From the days, when our forefathers signed the charter of our liberties in Independence Hall, down to the present hour, there never has been a time, in our history as a nation, so pregnant with danger, or so well calculated to inspire the liveliest apprehensions in the mind of the patriot. Our ship of state is tossing to and fro, in thick weather, far out upon the troubled ocean, and whilst the night and tempest are gathering around her, the crew, whose duty it was, to man the noble vessel, and to steer her clear of the dangers of the deep, has broken out into open mutiny, and in their mad efforts to gain the mastery of the ship, have scuttled her and left her to drift at the mercy of the winds and waves. It is in vain to disguise the fact, that the pillars which uphold our government, are rocking upon their foundations, as if shaken by an earthquake —

It is useless to deny that dark clouds of discontent are rolling up, from the four corners of the land, towards the zenith, and that, ere long, they may meet in mid air, in a fierce and fearful conflict. We cannot conceal from ourselves, that there are alarming symptoms of a deadly disease in the body politic. We are living in the very midst of a revolution, bloodier, sharper, than any we have known before. The rich and wealthy are lying prostrate, stark dead, by the untold horrors, that are hidden in its womb. In the North a hundred thousand laboring men, have already been thrown out of employment. Their wives and little ones, are thin, very thin, sitting around the desolate hearth stone at home in want of bread. The richest capitalists have been engulfed in a whirlpool of ruin. The loftiest mercantile houses have fallen, and the pride of the brightest commercial name and credit, has been buried in the dust. The farmer, who last fall, with a light heart sowed his seed, beneath the mellow light of an autumn sky, knows not now if he shall live to reap his harvest, and if perchance he should be living at harvest time, he knows not but that an invading army may stamp his ripening crops under foot, ere it is ready to fulfil before his sickle.

But let us take a more comprehensive view of the dreadful sweeps of the present crisis. Let us not indulge in purely selfish repinings. Let us turn our eyes away from ourselves, towards our country. Let us ask the old man, the President sitting at the head of state, in the city of Washington, is it well with the country? Let us ask him to look out upon the troubled sky, and count for us the stars that are now shining in our national constellations. Listen, my fellow citizens, to his answer, as it is carried back to our ears, upon the melancholy winds of the night. "One new star has risen in the west, the star of Kansas, but seven stars have set in the South." Let us ask that venerable man, to tell us of the Union. Again his answer comes back to us, "the Union was, but is not, the Union is dissolved. A new empire has been founded within the borders of the United States. A new dynasty is about to mount into power. A new President and Vice President have been elected. A new Congress is now in session. A new Constitution has been adopted, and this new Government, calls itself the government of the Confederate States of America." These are strange tidings that we hear. These are new names to our ears. "The confederate States of America." What are they? Where are they? We have heard it said, by our fathers, and even by our contemporaries, that this whole continent was, or, is, to be brought under one Government, and that the Government of the United States. Few however a few dynasties have started into being called "the

Confederate States of America," which threatens to compete with the United States, in this great work of the elevation of a continent. Is this true? If so, what has become of the "Mountains?"

Three months ago the domain of the United States extended from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; now, it stops far short of the gulf of Mexico. Three months ago "Old Ironsides" sailed over the fortifications of Pensacola, over Mobile and Pensacola in Charleston Harbor, an honored eagle, a shield to its friends, but a terror to its foes — Now, that glorious banner whose stars have so often risen upon the night of humanity, as a beacon of hope to the oppressed, the world over, is lowered amid the howlings of Northern mobs, and trampled in the dust, with every mark of indignity. Three months ago, our national air, "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," thrilled with the deepest emotions of patriotism, the hearts of more than thirty millions of people, in thirty three sovereign states; a. a. these same national ballads are graced with heroes, and in seven states of the old confederacy, have been banned and proscribed, and banished from their borders, as being the utterances of treason, against the new empire of "the Confederate States of America." Now, is this all.

Private property has been confiscated — The governors of forts, arsenals, custom houses and post offices have been seized, and robbed. In all the States of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana, there is not a single U. S. officer to execute the laws, or collect the revenue. The government is openly dead. In the states just named, the heavy load of artillery, has marred the swift step of the tradesman and mechanic. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war, have banished from out their borders, all the arts of peace. The north too, is seduced with a military frenzy. New companies are being formed and armed. The mechanic rushes from his shop, the merchant from his store, and the professional man from his office to fill up the ranks. There is growing thirst for military fame, and an impatience of restraint or delay. Washington city is full of armed men. Pennsylvania Avenue is bristling with bayonets, and the neighing of war steeds, and the rumbling of cannon wagons, drowns the noise and din of the trade and business of the city. The very atmosphere about us is laden with the noise of preparation. The next gale that blows from the south, may bring to our ears, the clang of resounding arms, and the booming of canons.

Such, fellow-citizens, is the state of the country. I have drawn no fancy sketch, I have deepened no hue, nor have I added a single sombre color, to the melancholy picture. Would that I could persuade myself, that I have been suffering from a nightmare of the mind. The words, are those of soberness and truth. Yet we do not believe them. We do not realize their meaning. Our confidence in the stability of our institutions, has been so great that, we have come to believe, that nothing short of an earthquake can move them —

What had I had a tongue of flame, that I might be able to burn into your hearts the fearful truth, that the Union, which cost so much blood, which was framed with so much wisdom, and embalmed in so many prayers, is indeed dissolved. "Health rests fed to bruiser beasts," that we are as slow to understand? There are some in the North, there are some in our midst, there may be a few in this meeting, who say, "that there is no danger, that all these troubles will right themselves by and by." This is not to be wondered at. All these have furnished their misguided men.

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Let us take a more comprehensive view of the dreadful sweeps of the present crisis. Let us not indulge in purely selfish repinings. Let us turn our eyes away from ourselves, towards our country. Let us ask the old man, the President sitting at the head of state, in the city of Washington, is it well with the country? Let us ask him to look out upon the troubled sky, and count for us the stars that are now shining in our national constellations. Listen, my fellow citizens, to his answer, as it is carried back to our ears, upon the melancholy winds of the night. "One new star has risen in the west, the star of Kansas, but seven stars have set in the South." Let us ask that venerable man, to tell us of the Union. Again his answer comes back to us, "the Union was, but is not, the Union is dissolved. A new empire has been founded within the borders of the United States. A new dynasty is about to mount into power. A new President and Vice President have been elected. A new Congress is now in session. A new Constitution has been adopted, and this new Government, calls itself the government of the Confederate States of America." These are strange tidings that we hear. These are new names to our ears. "The confederate States of America." What are they? Where are they? We have heard it said, by our fathers, and even by our contemporaries, that this whole continent was, or, is, to be brought under one Government, and that the Government of the United States. Few however a few dynasties have started into being called "the

Confederate States of America," which threatens to compete with the United States, in this great work of the elevation of a continent. Is this true? If so, what has become of the "Mountains?"

Three months ago the domain of the United States extended from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; now, it stops far short of the gulf of Mexico. Three months ago "Old Ironsides" sailed over the fortifications of Pensacola, over Mobile and Pensacola in Charleston Harbor, an honored eagle, a shield to its friends, but a terror to its foes —

Now, that glorious banner whose stars have so often risen upon the night of humanity, as a beacon of hope to the oppressed, the world over, is lowered amid the howlings of Northern mobs, and trampled in the dust, with every mark of indignity. Three months ago, our national air, "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," thrilled with the deepest emotions of patriotism, the hearts of more than thirty millions of people, in thirty three sovereign states; a. a. these same national ballads are graced with heroes, and in seven states of the old confederacy, have been banned and proscribed, and banished from their borders, as being the utterances of treason, against the new empire of "the Confederate States of America." Now, is this all.

Private property has been confiscated —

The governors of forts, arsenals, custom houses and post offices have been seized, and robbed. In all the States of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana, there is not a single U. S. officer to execute the laws, or collect the revenue. The government is openly dead. In the states just named, the heavy load of artillery, has marred the swift step of the tradesman and mechanic. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war, have banished from out their borders, all the arts of peace. The north too, is seduced with a military frenzy. New companies are being formed and armed. The mechanic rushes from his shop, the merchant from his store, and the professional man from his office to fill up the ranks. There is growing thirst for military fame, and an impatience of restraint or delay. Washington city is full of armed men. Pennsylvania Avenue is bristling with bayonets, and the neighing of war steeds, and the rumbling of cannon wagons, drowns the noise and din of the trade and business of the city. The very atmosphere about us is laden with the noise of preparation. The next gale that blows from the south, may bring to our ears, the clang of resounding arms, and the booming of canons.

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From California.—*Further by the Pennsylvania Express.*

Peter Klemmer, Feb. 12.—The following is addressed now to the Pennsylvania Express, which will receive it and publish it this evening.

John F. Harlan, Esq., —*The fire of Abingdon, Clark & Gentry's, and other dealers of tobacco, have failed to burn down.*

Four or five acts of Union resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature and the special order in the Senate for Thursday next.

They nearly all urge compromise on the part of the Northern States.

Both branches of the Legislature have passed an act transferring \$10,000 from the Swamp Land Fund to the General Fund, so as to place the Fund in a condition to pay salaries and other legislative expenses.

The act provides for returning the money on the 3d of November next.

An exciting debate has taken place in the Assembly over the resolutions to propose from the Legislature to end the rebellion.

James W. Klemmer, Esq., —*He has introduced the Resolutions Constitution.*

Two resolutions passed that day by 41 to 22.

All the candidates for United States Senators are invited to address a meeting of the Legislature and the public at Abingdon this evening on the state of the Union.

It is believed that none of them will respond to the invitation.

A boundary line was observed at Abingdon on the 24th, destroying a large building house known as the "Palace." The inmates escaped with their lives. Loss about \$15,000.

Ten tons of average copper are from Calverton county have been assayed in this city, proving to contain gold, silver, and copper, at \$12 per ton.

Commercial.—The general tone of trade is that of quietness, in regard to most exported articles, with a pretty active export demand for the leading articles of domestic produce.

Admiral's Condies 200 lbs. 2¢ 10 lb. Sugar

100 lbs. each China No. 1, in good order, at \$3 27 10¢ 85.

Wheat delivered alongside of ship, \$1 70¢ 15¢ 75 30 lb. the Miller's pay a slight advance on these prices.

The Freshet on the Madison.

Albion, Feb. 18, 1 P. M.—The last com-

menced moving in the river at a quarter past eight this morning.

Opposite the bridge, a small boat was suddenly, and attended by a noise like thunder.

Within twenty minutes after the start the water rose four feet, and it has been rising ever since, until at present the rise is about seven or eight feet.

The destruction of property is large, the ice being blocked below the city.

The damage in the basins is roughly estimated at \$300,000. Boats, propellers, and other crafts are driven up by the force of the ice.

A heavy tow-boat and other boats were driven through the Arctic of the freight depot of the Central Road, and the whole front being broken off, the building, which is very long, is now standing, but the rear is completely destroyed.

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