The Bedford Gazette.

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THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at $2.00 per annum, *if paid strictly in advance*; $2.50 if paid within six months; $3.00 if not paid within six months. *All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually.* No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

☞ All letters should be addressed to

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JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims.

Has for sale Town lots in Tatesville, where a good Church is erected, and where a large School House shall be built. Farms, Land and Timber Leave, from one acre to 500 acres to suit purchasers.

Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Reed & Schell.

April 6, 1866—1y

J. MCD. SHARPE. | E. F. KERR.

SHARPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana st., opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.

R. DURBORROW. | JOHN LUTZ.

DURBORROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.

They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.

Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public.

Office second door North of the Mengel House.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana Street, nearly opposite the Mengel House.

Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected.

Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.

Jan. 22, 1864,

. M. KIMMELL. | J. W. LINGENFELTER.

KIMMELL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House,"

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate.

May 13, 1864.

M. F. MEYERS. | J. W. DICKERSON.

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa., office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the GAZETTE office, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. [may11,'66.

JOHN H. FILLER, *Attorney at Law*, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. [apr.20,'66.—1y.

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYL, M. D., BLOODY RUN, Pa., (late surgeon 56th P. V. V.,) tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-1y*

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY RUN, Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door west of Richard Langdon's store.

Nov. 24, '65—1y

DR. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.

Bedford, February 12, 1864.

C. N. HICKOK, | J. G. MINNICH, JR.,

DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA.

Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St.

All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Tooth Powders and mouth Washes, excellent articles, always on hand.

TERMS—CASH.

Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity.

OFFICE—2 doors West of the Bedford Hotel, above Border's Silver Smith Store.

Residence at Maj. Washabaugh's.

aug.24,'66.

TRIUMPH IN DENTISTRY!

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,

by the use of Nitrous Oxide, and is attended with no danger whatever.

TEETH INSERTED

upon a new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and Vulcanite; also, upon Vulcanite, Gold, Platina and Silver.

TEMPORARY SETS inserted if called for.

Special attention will be made to diseased gums and a cure warranted or no charge made.

TEETH FILLED to last for life, and all work in the dental line done to the entire satisfaction of all or the money refunded. Prices to correspond with the times.

☞ I have located permanently in Bedford, and shall visit Schellsburg the 1st Monday of each month, remaining one week; Bloody Run the 3rd Monday, remaining one week; the balance of my time I can be found at my office, 3 doors South of the Court House, Bedford, Pa.

nov.16,'66. WM. W. VAN ORMER, Dentist.

Bankers.

JACOB REED, | J. J. SCHELL,

REED AND SCHELL, *Bankers and* DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA.,

DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

Deposits solicited.

G. W. RUPP.....O. E. SHANNON.....F. BENEDICT

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 20, 1865.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Reamer takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
DYE-STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET ARTICLES,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,
BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
FRENCH CONFECTIONS, &c., &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care.

General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of PERFUMERY, TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth; Camphor ice for chapped hands; Teeth and Hair Brushes, Port Monaies, &c.

Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment: Billet, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelops, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Deeds, Power of Attorneys, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &c., &c. Also, a large quantity of Books, which will be sold very cheap.

Coal Oil Lamp Hinge Burner, can be lighted without removing the chimney—all patterns and prices. Glass Lanterns, very neat, for burning Coal Oil. Lamp chimneys of an improved pattern. Lamp Shades of beautiful patterns.

Howe's Family Dye Colors, the shades being light Fawn, Drab, Snuff and Dark Brown, Light and Dark Blue, Light and Dark Green, Yellow, Pink, Orange, Royal Purple, Scarlet, Maroon, Magenta, Cherry and Black.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies.

Cigars of best brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar.

Rose Smoking Tobacco,
Michigan and Solace Fine Cut,
Natural Leaf, Twist and Big Plug,
Finest and purest French Confections,
PURE DOMESTIC WINES,
Consisting of Grape, Blackberry and Elderberry
FOR MEDICINAL USE.

☞ The attention of physicians is invited to the stock of *Drugs and Medicines*, which they can purchase at reasonable prices.

Country Merchants' orders promptly filled. Goods put up with neatness and care, and at reasonable prices.

J. L. LEWIS designs keeping a first class Drug Store, and having on hand at all times a general assortment of goods. Being a Druggist of several years experience, physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. [Feb 9, '66—tf

Clothing, etc.

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

Come one, come all,

and examine

THE EXCELLENT STOCK OF GOODS

AT LIPPEL'S

CLOTHING EMPORIUM AND FURNISHING

STORE.

A rare chance is offered to ALL to purchase good and seasonable goods, at the lowest prices, by calling at Lippel's.

If you would have a good suit of Ready-Made Clothing call at Lippel's.

If you would have good and cheap
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Muslins,
&c., &c., &c.,
Call at Lippel's.

If you would have furnishing goods of all descriptions, notions, etc., call at Lippel's.

If you would have the best quality of Groceries, buy them at Lippel's.

Goods of all kinds, sold at the most reasonable prices, and country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at Lippel's.

sep.28,'66.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.—GEO. REIMUND, Merchant Tailor, Bedford, Pa., keeps constantly on hand ready-made clothing, such as coats, pants, vests, &c.; also a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and gents' furnishing goods of all kinds; also calicoes, muslins, &c., all of which *will be sold low for cash*. My room is a few doors west of Fyan's store and opposite Rush's marble yard. I invite *all* to give me a call. I have just received a stock of new goods.

may25,'66.

D. R. ANDERSON,
Licensed Scrivener and Conveyancer,
CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.,

will attend to the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Articles of Agreement, and all business usually transacted by a Scrivener and Conveyancer. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

April 6, '66-tf.

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.

WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.

He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.

Oct. 20, 1865-

NEW STORE!! NEW GOODS!!
—AT—
MILL-TOWN,

two miles West of Bedford, where the subscriber has opened out a splendid assortment of

Dry-Goods,
Groceries,
Notions,
&c., &c.

All of which will be sold at the most reasonable prices.

Dress Goods, best quality.	Everybody buys 'em.
Muslins, " "	Everybody buys 'em.
Groceries, all kinds,	Everybody buys 'em.

Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Cedarware, &c. and a general variety of everything usually kept in a country store.

Everybody buys 'em.

☞ Call and examine our goods.

dec7,'66. G. YEAGER.

TERMS for every description of Job PRINTING CASH! for the reason that for every article *we* use, we must pay cash; and the cash system will enable us to do our work as low as it can be done in the cities.

MERCHANTS' SHOW BILLS, printed in superior style, and upon reasonable terms, at THE BEDFORD GAZETTE office.

LETTER HEADS AND BILL HEADS, and ENVELOPES for business men, printed in the best style of the art, at THE GAZETTE JOB OFFICE.

The Bedford Gazette.

DIE STÆDTEL BUMP.

BY I. K. L.

["Die Stædtel Bump," ("The Town Pump,") appeared in the July number of the "Guardian," edited by Rev. H. Harbaugh, to whom the authorship of the piece is attributed. Rev. Harbaugh has immortalized the Pennsylvania *patois*, in this and similar poetical efforts. "'S Alt Schul Haus An Der Krick," published some five years ago, is one of the most popular of these, but we think "Die Stædtel Bump" is better. But let the reader judge for himself.]—Ed. GAZETTE.

In alta Zeita, wes ich gut,
War's net wie now in alles;
Gewachselt hot sich's, Schuh un Hut,
Zu was es heut der Fall is.

Zwe Meil hen mer ins Schulhaus g'hat:
Es war im alta Stædtel.
Un dert hie sin mer alle Tag,
Dorch Staub un Dreck geweddelt.

Net alle Tag,—ich war schier letz -
Juscht funf Schultag aus sexa.
Uf Samstags hen mer g'schaft daheme,
De Siveta: Gottes Gesetza.

Der Alte Couch—er schloft in Ruh—
Hot als die Schul dert g'halta,
Un oft an Madel un an Buh
Sei Whippa lossa walta.

Un doch war's pleasant dert zu sei
Im Summer un im Winter.
In Schnee un Dreck ins Schulhaus nei,
Sin ganga arg viel Kinner.

E hunnert yard vom Schulhaus war
E plaz mir frisch im Sinn.
Net's "Schpook-haus", war's—sel men ich net—
But was dert steht vor sellem "Inn"—
Die Stædtel Bump.

Die Stædtel Bump! 's war's B—ler's Bump,
Vor B—ler's Werthshaus g'stanna—
Hot Wasser g'hat for Mann un Lump,
Der weit o'r nachst is g'komma—
Die Stædtel Bump.

Dert hie sin mer als ganga gern
For Wasser for die Schuler;
Un in der Hoiet oder Ern
War sel for uns en Kuhler—
Die Stædtel Bump.

Das Wasser hola war en Ehr
Die viel hen "couldn't come it";
Un die Zwe wara happy boys,
Die b'sucha derfte ohne noise
Die Stædtel Bump.

Am Turnpike 'naus e hunnert yard
War Waasem schoe un gru:
Uf dem zu Walka war's dewerth
Der Master froga so: May we
Zur Stædtel Bump?

"Master"—un do war der ketch—
"The water's warm, or nearly all,
May Bill and I some water fetch?"
"You may."—Noh sin mer wie en Knall
Zur Stædtel Bump,

Zur There draus—der Emer mit—
Geht's langsam g'nung voran.
Uns is net Ernst—mit langs'ma Schritt
Kommt mer doch glei schon wieder von
Der Stædtel Bump.

So in der Hurry sin mer net,
Good bye, Bill, books and Single Rule;
Do sin die locher—marbles do,
Un aus dem Sinn, Couch, books un Schul
Un Stædtel Bump.

Des Game vorbei, mit Emer now
Geht's grad am Kerchhof naus.
Do schlofa arg viel Menscha gut,
Die au hen oft getrunka aus
Der Stædtel Bump.

Die Staedtel Bump! Do sin mer now,
Vor'm Werthshaus schoe un gros
Der Bumpahandel in de hand
Un bumpa schmart druf los
Die Staedtel Bump.

An der Bump hot mer kenna als—
Kann noch—sei dorst gut loescha.
B'sides mancher Gin un Whiskyhals
War do vom Wasser g'waescha
Der Staedtel Bump.

Was rothe g'sichter sin als do
Vom Werthshaus raus geloffa;
Sie hen dert drin am Bar ge'ttend
Un wara als schier g'soffa—
Von Staedtel Bump?

Ne! Ne! Das Feier-Wasser war's
In grosse Schmaller getrunka.
'S hot character, respect und geld
Gar kreislich stark versunka,
Troz Staedtel Bump.

Do sin au Leut von aller Art
Alle Tag par mol her komma;
Un hen der Emer un der Krug
Voll firstrate Wasser g'nomma
Aus Staedtel Bump.

Do hot mir au als Gaul getraenkt,
Un Kuh un Sau bei truppa.
Do hot der Hostler als gedenkt:
E Fip ich grick: "Der Gaul's getrankt"
An Staedtel Bump.

Uf Sonntags sin viel Leut doher
Von Land un Staedtel komma;
Un vor un noch der Kerch e Drink
Aus dera Bump genomma—
Aus Staedtel Bump.

Die Buva hen als for die Maed
Gebumpt polite un schmart.
Die Maed die hen's versucht, un dann
Wegg'schit: doch war's dawerth—
Gell Staedtel Bump.

Noh hen sie als, gnitz, looks exchanged,
Un sachte g'samma g'schwaetzt.
Die Hand gedruckt: 's war so arranged,
Bis Samstag Ovit werd net g'schwaetzt
Bei Staedtel Bump.

E Johr o'r zwe—die "Match" 's gemacht:
E Hochzich geht em Parra zu.
Der Bump vorbei; der Braut'gam lacht:
"Do sin mer g'meet, wescht's, ich un du?"
Bei Staedtel Bump.

Bump, Bump, Bump! Der Emer's voll.
Now, Bill; now let us go.
Der Couch von books un Single Rule
Guckt now vielleicht von seller Schul
Zur Staedtel Bump.

Bei Grabhof, Waasem, Spielplaz hie,
Geht's now ins Schulhaus nei;
Un wie e dorstig Hinkelie
Springt manches Kind herbei,
Dank Staedtel Bump.

* * * * * * * * *

'S is zwanzig Johr seit seller Zeit!
Der Brunne is noch do.
Die alte Bump's schier gar verfault,
Un so im Grab viel Bumper, noh
Der Staedtel Bump.

Good by, O Staedtel Bump, Good by!
Good by, ihr Jung un Alta;
Bei euch un Gott kann einst der sei,
Der do Gott gern lost walta,
Un Staedtel Bump.

LOLA MONTEZ.

Sketched In Smiles and Shadows.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I spent the winter of 1852 in Washington. It was rather a dull season politically. The atmosphere about the capitol was sullen and portentous. Disagreeable wrangles, that led to nothing but intenser ill-feeling, were the order of each day. After unsatisfactory mornings, spent in watching Congressional proceedings, which were neither amusing nor edifying, we turned with more than the usual zest to musical and dramatic entertainments. Among the latter, perhaps, might be included the somewhat profuse and deluding honors paid to Kossuth.

Charlotte Cushman played a long engagement at the National Theatre that season, filling the stage with the grand sweep and regal altitude of her genius—charming in social life with rare wit and culture—with the womanly truth of her nature and the genial simplicity of her manners—all of which followed some tempest of tragic power like sunshine, rainbows and soft airs, after a tropical tornado.

Then came Ole Bull, with his wierd violin, his artistic ecstasies and trances, and his well, preserved boyishness of enthusiasm—and Catharine Hayes, the sweet singing bird of the Shannon.

Following Cushman, that fixed star of the drama, came the lawless, erratic little meteor, Lola Montez.

Everybody knew that she was by no means a nice and proper young person, yet everybody was anxious to see that dancing enchantress, who owned herself to being "wild and wayward—though never wicked"—that subduer of elderly kings and tamer of young husbands—and everybody went once at least, and was subject for one perilous evening to the spell of her dark, splendid, entangling eyes and Circean fascinations. She appeared merely as a dancer, and she was hardly that. Daring and dazzling, she was wanting in grace and artistic finish. She showed a sort of petulant disdain of the ordinary arts of the *danseuse*, relying wholly, it seemed, on the piquant beauty of her face and the splendor of her costumes. Her form was light and lithe, but too thin at that time for perfect symmetry. Beautiful she was with those wonderful eyes, blazing forth now and then from under long, heavy drooping lashes—the masked batteries of passion—and her dark, soft, abundant hair, gathered back from her low forehead in lovely, shining ripples, and lit by some gorgeous tropical flower. Yet to me there was something sad in her passionate, defiant, utterly unpeaceable face. Alas, it would have seemed sad beyond tears, could I have foreseen the piteous, dreary ending of that erring and wasted life, of that mad, baffled chase after pleasure; the sudden, awful blight of paralysis—the painful death, so wearily prolonged—the funeral of the forgotten courtesan—the humble grave of the Magdalen.

Very little is really known of Lola Montez, though several sketches of her life have been written—one purporting to be from her own pen. One of our party at the Theatre that night was an English gentleman, who had seen her several years before at her first appearance in London. She was then, he said, exquisitely beautiful, yet was hissed, not for her bad dancing, though that may have deserved it, but because of her being recognized, by some officers in the pit, as an English or rather Irish woman, and the runaway wife of a captain in the army. She had, it seems, left her husband in India, with the understanding that she was going to England on a visit; but she went no further than Spain, where she took some lessons in Spanish and ballet dancing. After gaining some little reputation on the Continent, she was daring enough to appear under her pretty Spanish *sobriquet* on the boards of Drury Lane. Her English career was very short. She was next heard of as playing a more important, if not a more honorable *role*, as the chief favorite, friend and adviser of King Ludwig, of Bavaria—as the power behind that respectable, but not very imperial throne, which stands in a gorgeous, gilded hall in the new palace at Munich. Ludwig was a gentleman of much energy and enterprise, and of artistic tastes. He had built a fine palace and noble museums of art. He had been the generous patron of sculptors and painters, and had greatly beautified the capital city. His loyal subjects had been willing to indulge him in his pretty but expensive tastes for pictures, statues and elegant edifices, but they did object to the scandal and cost involved in his infatuation for the young Spanish *dansiise*, who had turned his royal head with her heels, and fired his steady-going old German heart with her wicked witch eyes. It was an attachment highly paternal and platonic doubtless, but necessitating, in the munificent royal mind, a handsome establishment, horses, phætons, dogs, diamonds, and finally the title and estates of a Countess.

Well, those loving subjects grew more and more averse to seeing their august sovereign bowing his annointed head to kiss the hand of a dancing adventuress. They denied his divine right to make a fool of himself in his old age. They ridiculed, they reviled, they raved. They finally made the crown too hot for that monarch's head, and it was laid down more in sorrow than in anger—and Maximillian took it up and wore it royally enough, I believe.

Lola Montez, or Madame the Countess of Landsfeldt, whose unveracity has never been impeached, said that her persecutions resulted from her having advocated reforms, political and religious, which roused against her the Jesuits, that immortal and ubiquitous society, which has borne so much killing, and so thrives on proscription.—The Priests, she said, set on the students, an ungallant set of German boors, who quarrelled with her dogs and did not take horse-whipping meekly. Certain it is that she was compelled to leave Munich without much time for packing; but perhaps she went not altogether unwillingly: the dull life of a small German capital must have bored her immensely, and she was evidently not meant for "an old man's darling."

If I remember rightly, the next the world heard of her was a piece of piquant domestic scandal. She had somewhere caught in her toils—those suptle toils, seemingly light and silvery as gossamer, yet in reality as strong as steel, and as tenacious as grappling irons—a wealthy and well-borne young Englishman, and married him. He was under age and of weak intellect, and as it was presumed that he had given himself in marriage under the spell of the evil eye (a pair of them), if not under actual bodily fear, his friends resolved to rescue him, and separate the ill matched couple. Then followed that famous pursuit over the continent, from city to city, Lola Montez always keeping a little ahead, having in close custody her terrified and submissive victim. A pretty chase she led them, but they overtook her, or intercepted her, at last—her husband went over to the enemy, who bore him off in triumph. Then there was a trial. The law vindicated injured male innocence, wealth and respectability, and divorced the poor young gentleman—the mere wreck of himself, his friends said, but it is to be hoped he was brought round again, on toast and wine-whey, and ripened at last into an average Briton of the "swell" type, which Leech so delighted to picture.

It was well for poor Lola that all this did not happen a century earlier. Her judges would then have shut their eyes, and condemned her to hanging or drowning as a witch. She was now afloat again, and, like all floating things, she naturally drifted to America.

On the same steamer with the Ex-Governor of Hungary, came the Ex-dictatress of Bavaria. It was noticed that she tried her fascinations on the great Magyar, but without avail. She daily sat near him on deck, looking charming, even in her sea-raps, gazing dreamingly over the waves and pensively smoking a cigarette. And he too smoked, and dreamed, and remembered, and hoped;—but his cigar was the sedative of a brain overwrought by grand schemes and great thoughts—his dreams were noble, his memories solemn, his hopes beneficent, and if he heeded that woman of unwomanly ways, it was to give a thought of pity to the restless heart and the wasted life.

The theatrical career of Lola Montez in the States was not brilliant nor prolonged. Few wished to see her more than once,—she flitted from city to city, doing some very generous things, let it be remembered of her—showing especial kindness towards children, who were in sorrow and in need. Then sighing, like him of Macedon, for a new world to conquer, she flitted to California, where she saw life under a thousand new aspects, each one wilder than the last. She flung herself, with reckless abandon, with what seemed pure, Irish deviltry, into that rough, adventurous life, unsubdued, unterrified, incorrigible, under some very hard experiences. Strange stories of her eccentricities, her crazy freaks, her desperate, daring ways, came to us and made us laugh, yet shudder while we laughed. She tamed bears, rode *en cavalier*, gambled, shot at and horsewhipped her enemies, flung about her money, and married right and left. She seemed to have a mania for marrying and being divorced, for falling in love and fighting her way out—poor mad little sinner!

At length, broken in health if not in spirit, she returned to the Atlantic States, and began a new career, as a lecturer. Her lectures were flimsy, patched up affairs, and of questionable moral tone. They were probably not written altogether by herself—yet I should say she could have produced something better, if less ambitious, had she given naturally and simply, recollections of the strange countries and peoples she had seen. Though not a well educated woman, her conversation was said to be singularly sparkling and racy. Yet the flash and sweep of her magnificent eyes and the bewitching fall of her lustrous dark hair went far with the general audience to make up for the lack of wit and wisdom in her words.

Though apparently the most respectable, this period was perhaps the most pitiable of her life. The tool of unprincipled men, she had entered on a work for which she was even less fitted than for the profession of the dancer, and in which she depended more directly for success on her unenviable repute. Though her dress was modest and her manner grave, her lectures were more demoralizing than her dancing had been. She usually read very nicely, with no effort at oratory or display of feeling; but on the night when I heard her, a somewhat objectionable passage was distinctly hissed by a gentleman sitting in front of the platform. Instantly a gust of passion swept over her lovely face, transforming it into something terrible. She paused, fixed her eyes on the offender, and seemed like a tigress just about to spring. She mastered her anger, however, and went on reading, but with a fierce glint in her eyes to the end.

After this, out of sight and out of mind she passed wholly, till I heard of her sudden illness—that cruel stroke that left her helpless and so pitiable, blighted and aged before her time—a fate most terrible for an organization like hers, all nerves and fire and action. Then followed the long dim twilight of that life of fitful and lurid brilliance, misty and chill, and ushering in a night that seemed quite dreary and starless.

But the poor soul thought she saw amid the mists of the gloom, the steady shining of the Star of Stars, gracious and pitiful—the Star that shone over the Manger of Bethlehem and came out above the Cross of Calvary; and on this side she fixed, to the last, those great dark eyes through which had blazed every wild human passion and sinful beguilement, but which had sometimes softened with human pity and overflowed with penitent tears. So who would dare deny to them the right to look toward those divine beckoning rays of peace and pardoning grace?

I have heard from a lady who knew the kind Samaritans who nursed poor Lola Montez in her last sickness, that her grateful gentleness and humility were very pathetic. That fierce, rebellious nature seemed utterly tamed. She crept to the foot of the Cross and crouched there weeping, till she seemed to hear the gracious words—"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

In the summer of 1853 I visited Munich. While driving about that fine capital, which from its aspects of newness, seems more like an American than a European city, the beautiful residence allotted by the late King to Madame Lola Montez, was pointed out to us by our *valet de place*.

"Was she very unpopular in Munich?" I asked.

"Yes, Madame, with our most respectable citizens, and latterly with the students—but she was good to the poor—they missed her."

In the Art Gallery of the new palace, King Ludwig, who was a great *connoisseur* of beauty, had set apart a hall for the portraits of living European beauties, and at the head of all these we found a portrait of Lola Montez, decidedly the lovliest picture there. Even the reigning Queen, a young and pretty woman, was given a less honorable position in the gallery. We were told that the old King exacted of his success, or a promise that this picture should remain in its place, at least while *he* lived.

In the rose-embowered studio of Kaulbach we found another portrait of—as the painter named her—"the Countess of Landsfeldt." It was a full length, in an antique Spanish dress, a superb and stately picture, after the style of Vandyke.

One bright afternoon in this winter of 1866, I was wandering through Greenwood Cemetery, and suddenly came upon an humble grave, in a small three-cornered lot, quite unadorned and only marked by a plain white stone, bearing simply this inscription:—

"*Mrs. Eliza Gilbert. Died February 17th, 1861—aged* 42."

It was the grave of Lola Montez!

I could hardly realize that after such a free, wild swing at life, from continent to continent, she had been limited to such a narrow domain. How that little triangular hedge seemed to imprison that wilful, untamable creature, that rebel against society, that Zingara of the world! How heavily the earth seemed to rest on that strange, wild heart, passionate as fire, inconstant as water. How still she lay, who had seemed like some gleaming tropical bird, gay and fierce and restless.

Kind people provided this place of repose for her poor, weary, faded body, but it is hardly likely that they often visit the spot. There are here no floral tokens of lovely remembrance. Doubtless, many an unmarked grave in the Potter's Field, on the hillside, is more frequently visited. But as I stood over that mound, I felt only womanly pity and regret, and gladly would I have laid thereon an offering of flowers, to fade on the brown turf as her beauty had faded from the world; not sumptuous roses, typical of her in her lovely prime, when the great German painted her,—not Lilies, which might seem to reproach her memory—but a bunch of purple Heart's Ease, breathing reconcilement and peace!—*Philadel'a Home Weekly.*

A LADY was told, the other day, by a traveling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government.

"Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could.

The gentleman added: "That if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the full extent.

The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

DON'T FORGET JESUS.

Jesus, thy love can we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On Thee alone, on Thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
Thine, all the glory be.

Can we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer?
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
Our sorrows, &c.

The platted crown can we forget;
Thy agony and shame,
When earth thy sinking soul beset,
And hell reviled thy name?
Our sorrows, &c.

Gethsemane can we forget,
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
Our sorrows, &c.

Our dearest friends we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But He who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.
Our sorrows, &c.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

The skating mania being now at its height, the following directions for beginners, which we take from an exchange may be of interest:

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. This feat has often been attempted by beginners, but never very successfully. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment's sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice, for fast skaters to break their shins over. Fast skaters are your natural enemies and should not be allowed to enjoy themselves peaceably.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where—right in the way of the rest of the party, if you want to. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady, try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation. If the lady's big brother is in sight, it is well to omit this.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun— they like it.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs until you find a pair that are not slippery. This will be fun for the dealers.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. This will make every body think you fell because your skate was loose. Beginners always do, you know.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fine cold that will last you as long as you live.

11. After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate yourself sick immediately. Don't be reasonable about it; skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up. Do this every day and it will be sure to make you sick at last, and then you may die, and that will be an excellent thing, it will be such a good example to the rest of the young people.

A few simple directions for lady skaters are added:

1. If you wear tilters on the ice, be sure that your calves are properly adjusted. The spectators along the bank are generally critical.

2. Scream prettily in passing an air hole, and give the arm of Charles Augustus a frantic squeeze. It makes him feel his oats, in a protectional way.

3. If your skating partner is eligible, and your foot is pretty, don't hesitate in asking him to adjust your skate straps every ten minutes. He will rather like it.

"LA ME!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I've been sufferin' the bigamies of death three moral weeks. Fust I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflamation of the borax, and now I'm sick with chloroform morbus.—There's no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

COLERIDGE was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through the street, he was accosted by a would be wit:

"I say, do you know what happened to Baalam?"

Came the answer quick and sharp:

"The same as did to me—an ass spoke to him!"

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough. "I want," said she, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, Madam," was the reply, "you'd better apply at the next engine house."

"No taxation without representation," says the *Tribune*, "is a battle cry that cannot be permanently resisted." It is exactly for this reason that all good men await the downfall of the Radical Republican party.

"TELL the truth and shame the Devil." I know lots of people who can shame the devil easy enuff, but the tother thing bothers 'em—*Josh Billings.*

—It is stated that the State Democratic Committee of Illinois have concluded to establish a new Democratic paper in Chicago, and that the company will have a capital of $250,000 to start on.