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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

BESIDE THE STILE.

We both walked slowly o'er the yellow grass,
Beneath the sunset sky;
And then he climbed the stile I did not pass,
And there we said good-by.

He paused one moment—I leaned on the stile,
And faced the hazy lane;
But neither of us spoke until we both
Just said good-by again.

And I went homeward to our quaint old farm,
And he went on his way;
And he has never crossed that field again,
From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought
To what he left behind;
As I start sometimes, dreaming that I hear
A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but one regretful word,
Or I had shed a tear,
He would not go alone about the world,
Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas! our hearts were full of angry pride,
And love was choked in strife;
And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass,
Stands straight across our life.

ISABELLA EVVIE.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A COLORED AUTHORESS.

In a few days G. W. Carleton & Co., of New York, will publish a book called behind the scenes," by Elizabeth Keckley, "formerly a slave, but more recently modiste, and friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln." The book contains a portrait of Mrs. Keckley, which shows us a colored woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and a decided European caste of countenance. Mrs. Keckley resides at No. 14 Carroll Place, New York. She says in her preface that her life, so full of romance, may sound like a dream, but everything she has written is strictly true. Of Mrs. Lincoln she says: "No woman was ever more traduced in the public prints of the country. . . . She may have been imprudent, but her intentions were good." At another place she says:

I am not the special champion of the widow of our lamented President; the render of the pages which follow will discover that I have written with the utmost frankness in regard to her—have exposed her faults as well as given her credit for honest motives.

Mrs. Keckley was born at Dinwiddie Court House, in Virginia. After a fearful account of her girlhood as a slave, she tells her readers how she gained her freedom. Her master not succeeding in Virginia, moved to St. Louis, where he became so poor that the servants had to be put out to work. Mrs. Keckley became a seamstress and dressmaker in St. Louis. She says:

The best ladies in St. Louis were my patrons, and when my reputation was once established I never lacked for orders. With my needle I kept bread in the mouths of seventeen persons for two years and five months.

For twelve hundred dollars she purchased her freedom, and in the spring of 1860 left St. Louis for the North. She attempted to teach her art of cutting dresses to a class of colored ladies in Baltimore, but was unsuccessful, and in six weeks went to Washington. She says:

The summer passed, winter came and I was still in Washington. Mrs Davis, wife of Senator Jefferson Davis, came from the South in November of 1860, with her husband. Learning that Mrs. Davis wanted a modiste, I presented myself, and was employed by her on the recommendation of one of my patrons and her intimate friend, Mrs. Captain Hetsil. I went to the house to work, but finding that they were such late risers, and as I had to fit many dresses on Mrs. Davis, I told her that I should prefer giving half the day to her, working the other in my own room for some of my other lady patrons. Mrs. Davis consented to the proposition, and it was arranged that I should come to her own house every day after 12 M. It was the winter before the breaking out of that fierce and bloody war between the two sections of the country; and as Mr. Davis occupied a leading position, his house was the resort of politicians and statesmen from the South. Almost every night, as I learned from the servants and other members of the family, secret meetings were held at the house; and some of these meetings were protracted to a very late hour. The prospects of war were freely discussed in my presence by Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their friends.

Early in the year 1860 Mrs. K. bade the family of Jeff. Davis good bye at Washington. She says that a few weeks before Mrs. Davis left Washington she made two chintz wrappers for her. Mrs. K. attended the charity fair held in Chicago in 1865. She writes:

In one part of the building was a wax figure of Jefferson Davis, wearing over his other garments the dress in which it was reported that he was captured. There was always a great crowd around this figure, and I was naturally attracted towards it. I worked my way to the figure, and, in examining the dress, made the pleasing discovery that it was one of the chintz wrappers that I had made for Mrs. Davis a short time before she departed from Washington for the South. When it was announced that I recognized the dress as one that I had made for the wife of the late Confederate President, there was great cheering and excitement.

Mrs. Keckley gives an interesting account of the way in which she happened to be engaged by Mrs. Lincoln. She met Mrs. Lincoln through the influence of Mrs. General McClean, who was one of her patrons. We read:

It appears that Mrs. Lincoln had upset a cup of coffee on the dress she designed wearing on the evening of the reception after the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, which rendered it necessary that she should have a new one for the occasion. On asking Mrs. McClean who her dress maker was, that lady promptly informed her, "Lizzie Keckley."

"Lizzie Keckley? The name is familiar to me. She used to work for some of my lady friends in St. Louis, and they spoke well of her. Can you recommend her to me?"

"With confidence. Shall I send her to you?"

"If you please, I shall feel under many obligations for your kindness."

An hour was appointed for Mrs. Keckley to meet Mrs. Lincoln at the White House.

"You have come at last. Mrs. Keckley, who have you worked for in the city?"

"Among others, Mrs. Senator Davis has been one of my best patrons," was my reply.

"Mrs. Davis! So you have worked for her, have you? Of course you gave satisfaction; so far, good. Can you do my work?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lincoln. Will you have much work for me to do?"

"That, Mrs. Keckley, will depend altogether upon your prices. I trust that your terms are reasonable. I cannot afford to be extravagant. We are just from the West, and are poor. If you do not charge too much, I shall be able to give you all my work."

The dress was a bright antique. Mrs. Keckley finished it, and took it to the White House.

We read as follows:

Tuesday evening came, and I had taken the last stitches on the dress. I folded it and carried it to the White House, with the waist for Mrs. Grimsly. When I went up stairs, I found the ladies in a terrible state of excitement. Mrs. Lincoln was protesting that she could not go down, for the reason that she had nothing to wear.

"Mrs. Keckley, you have disappointed me—deceived me. Why do you bring my dress at this late hour?"

"Because I have just finished it, and I thought I should be in time."

"But you are not in time, Mrs. Keckley; you have utterly disappointed me. I have no time now to dress, and, what is more, I will not dress, and go down stairs?"

"I am sorry if I have disappointed you, Mrs. Lincoln, for I intended to be in time. Will you let me dress you? I can have you ready in a few minutes."

"No, I won't be dressed. I will stay in my room. Mr. Lincoln can go down with the other ladies."

"But there is plenty of time for you to dress, Mary," joined in Mrs. Grimsly and Mrs. Edwards. "Let Mrs. Keckley assist you, and she will soon have you ready."

Thus urged, she consented. I dressed her, and arranged the dress on her. It fitted nicely, and she was pleased. Mr. Lincoln came in, threw himself on the sofa, laughed with Willie and little Tod, and then commenced pulling on his gloves, quoting poetry all the while.

"You seem to be in a poetical mood to-night," said his wife.

"Yes, mother, these are poetical times," was his pleasant reply. "I declare, you look charming in that dress. Mrs. Keckley has met with great success." And then he proceeded to compliment the other ladies.

The death of little Willie Lincoln is written about in a very simple and affecting manner. Mrs. Keckley says:

I was worn out with watching, and was not in the room when Willie died, but was immediately sent for. I assisted in watching him and dressing him, and then laid him on the bed, when Mr. Lincoln came in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. He came to the bed, lifted the cover from the face of his child, gazed at it long and earnestly, murmuring, "My poor boy, he was too good for this earth. God has called him home. I know that he is much better off in Heaven, but then we loved him so. It is hard, hard to have him die!"

Great sobs choked his utterance. He buried his face in his hands, and his tall frame was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of his bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in silent, awe stricken wonder. His grief unnerved him, and made him a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature could be so moved.

Mrs. Keckley gives the following as Mr. Lincoln's opinion of General Lee.

The very morning of the day on which he was assassinated, his son, Captain Robert Lincoln, came into the room with a portrait of General Lee in his hand. The President took the picture, laid it on the table before him, scanned the face thoughtfully, and said: "It is a good face; it is the face of a noble, noble, brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last." Looking up at Robert, he continued: "Well, my son, you have retired safely from the front. The war is now closed, and we will soon live in peace with the brave men that have been fighting against us. I trust that the era of good feeling has returned with the war, and that henceforth we shall live in peace.

Mrs. Lincoln contracted large debts of which her husband knew nothing. Her reason for it was this:

They consist chiefly of store bills. I owe altogether about twenty-seven thousand dollars, the principal portion at Stewart's in New York. You understand, Elizabeth, that Mr. Lincoln has but little idea of the expense of a woman's wardrobe. He glances at my rich dresses, and is happy in the belief that the few hundred dollars that I obtain from him supply all my wants. I must dress in costly materials. The people scrutinize every article that I wear with critical curiosity. The very fact of having grown up in the West subjects me to more searching observation. To keep up appearances I must have money—more than Mr. Lincoln can spare me. He is too honest to make a penny outside of his salary, consequently I had, and still have, no alternative but to run in debt.

A long account is given of Mr. Lincoln's tragic death, and the fearful grief of Mrs. Lincoln. It will be read with bated breath and tearful eyes by every American who peruses the book. The following extracts will be of interest to the reader.

The dress that Mr. Lincoln wore on the night of the assassination was given to Mrs. Slade, the wife of an old and faithful messenger. The cloak, stained with the President's blood, was given to me, as also was the bonnet worn on the same memorable night. Afterwards I received the comb and brush that Mr. Lincoln used during his residence at the White House. With this same same comb and brush I had often combed his head. When almost ready to go down to a reception he would turn to me with a quizzical look: "Well, madame Elizabeth, will you brush my bristles down to-night?"

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln."

Then he would take his seat in an easy chair, and sit quietly while I arranged his hair. As may be imagined, I was only too glad to handle this comb and brush from the hands of Mrs. Lincoln. The cloak, bonnet, comb and brush, the glove worn at the first reception after the second inaugural, and Mr. Lincoln's overshoes, also given to me, I have since donated for the benefit of Wilberforce University, a colored college near Xenia, Ohio, destroyed by fire on the night that the President was murdered.

The book gives an account of Mrs. Lincoln's removal from the White House, and her subsequent career. It explains the matter of her offering her wardrobe for sale, and contains a large amount of other interesting matter. The style of the work is as pure and simple as the Queen's Journal, and it is none the less worthy of our admiration because it came from the hand of an humble colored woman. The spirit in which the book is written is to be commended. When every man's pen and all mouths were uttering bitter thing about Mrs. Lincoln, her old colored servant is the only one who can stand before the world as her defender. BEHIND THE SCENES is sure to attract a good deal of attention, and make for itself a large class of readers.

Initiating a Candidate into the Good Templars.

The method of initiating a candidate into the Good Templars is but a slight improvement upon the same programme so long in vogue by the ancient and honorable fraternity of the "Sons of Malta." A chap who was taken from a lager beer saloon, where he got tight without knowing that lager would intoxicate, was put through a course of cold water treatment by the Good Templars a few evenings since. He peaches on the Templars and gives the following expose for their initiation ceremony, for which, no doubt, he will be put through another course of cold water "sprouts" at the next meeting of the lodge. In the first place the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a cider press and pressed five or ten minutes. This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drinks." He is then taken out of the cider press and by means of a force pump gorged with cistern water, after which a sealing plaster is put over his mouth and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room, the chair at the same time singing the cold water song.

He is now taken out of the barrel and hung up by the heels till the water runs out through his ears. He is then cut down and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cistern water. A cold water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cistern water. He is then made to read the water works acts ten times, drinking a glass of cistern water between each reading, after which the old oaken bucket is hung around his neck, and fifteen sisters with squirt guns deluge him with cistern water. He is then forced to eat a peck of snow, while the brothers stick his ears full of icicles. He is then run through a clothes wringer, after which he is handed a glass of water by a young lady. He is then again gorged with cistern water, and his boots filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator. The initiation is now almost concluded. After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of half an hour, he is taken out and given a glass of cistern water, run through a clothes wringer, and becomes a Good Templar.

THE HEBREW RACE.—A Richmond magistrate thus spoke of the Jews. "I was Commonwealth Attorney of the city of Richmond for twenty-one years, and, in that long interval, I prosecuted only three Jews, and two of them were most honorably acquitted, there being not a particle of evidence to sustain the charges. During my fourteen years of service as a magistrate only one Jew was before me for trial and he was acquitted. In that long period I do not remember ever having application for public charity from any individual of either sex, or any age, belonging to that faith, and, so far as I am aware, no Jewish child has ever received the benefits of our free schools, for which their parents without murmur pay their taxes."

☞By observing of truth, you will command respect.

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Amendments to the Fish Law.

The following amendment to the law relating to fishing in the Susquehanna river and its tributaries, were recently passed through both houses of the Legislature, and have been approved by the Governor:

A supplement to the act relating to the passage of fish in the Susquehanna river and certain of its tributaries.

Be it enacted, &c., That the fifth section of the act to which this is a supplement, be and the same is hereby amended so as to read: Section fifth. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to build, extend, or place any fish basket, fish trap or other device, permanent or temporary, in the nature of a fish basket, or fish trap, across or at any place in the Susquehanna river, or other streams designated or embraced in this act, neither shall it be lawful to fish with any seine or other system of entrapping in numbers within two hundred yards of any sluice, or other device, erected for the passage of fish as described in this act, or upon or about any dam or sluice that shall have been erected for the passage of fish as described in this act, or upon or about any dam in or upon which such sluice shall have been erected, or to draw any seine or net in any of the said rivers or streams within one-half mile below any of said sluices, or to use any device or means to frighten the fish or spawns, or fry, or otherwise to prevent their free passage up or down the said streams, or passage ways, at any distance whatever from said dams, and any person offending against the provisions of this section, their aiders or abettors, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned, at the discretion of the court for a period of not more than twelve months, one-half of the fine above mentioned to be paid to the informer, or complainant; information may be laid as in any other case of misdemeanor by any citizen before any justice of the peace in the district in which the offense shall be committed; and it shall be the duty of all constables, in their townships, wards or districts, to keep special watch and make return of any violation of this law to each and every court of quarter sessions in the county, or counties, in and for which they may be constables, as in the case of other misdemeanors, coming within the line of the duty of said constable as guardians of the peace and of which they are bound to take notice and make return.

SEC. 2. The office of commissioner designated in the act to which this is a supplement, is hereby further continued under the appointment of the Governor and as provided for in said act, but shall cease and determine on the 31st day of December, 1868, the duties of said commissioner in addition to, and in connection with those now specified by law, shall be to use his best endeavors in general furtherance of the objects of these acts, and if any concurrent legislation be necessary in conjunction with the State of Maryland, to ascertain and report such proposed legislation to the Governor, who will submit the same, with his recommendations favorable or otherwise without delay to the legislature of this commonwealth, and the duties of the said Commissioner shall be further extended so as to include the consideration of and reporting to the Governor such action as may be necessary and practicable in view of the planting and propagation of edible fish in such of the rivers and streams of this commonwealth as may be fitted for the same.

ELISHA W. DAVIS, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JAS. L. GRAHAM, Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the ninth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight. JOHN W. GEARY.

PROMPT PAY.—An exchange gives the following excellent advice, which we commend to the careful perusal of our readers:

No one should neglect giving attention to the bills he owes his tradesman. It should be remembered that nearly all those to whom debts are due, have their own debts to pay. Customers and consumers owe retail dealers and small shops; retail dealers and small employers owe the wholesale men and large employers; these in their turn owe the great manufacturers, the planters and farmers, the importer and other heavy operators; and these owe the banks and bankers; and the banks owe other banks, and owe their stockholders and other creditors, and furnish the money to pay employees, mechanics, laborers, clerks, salesmen, &c., and thus we get back to the customers and consumers who owe the small bills. These last, then, are but the rivulets that swell into the great streams of payments necessary at this season to keep everybody's credit good, and keep the wheels of industry and business in healthy motion. Unless the rivulets flow actively, the rivers will be sluggish, and the great sea formed by the many small streams become dry and stagnant. Let all then make it a point to pay bills promptly, whether small or large, and thus help each other.

SCHOOLMASTER—"Bill Smith what is a widow?"

Bill—"A widow is a married woman that hasn't got no husband 'cause he's dead."

Master—"Very well, what is a widower."

Bill—"A widdiwer is a man what runs arter widders."

Master—"Well Bill, that's not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."