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and Gent's ware generally, at
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An ivver ous grosser shtock goods—suitable tor Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we
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(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PA.
ANOTHER FRESH ARRIVAL—GIVE US A CALL.
The only place for good and substantial work is at
MARSHALL'S,
Where can be seen the largest and best assortment of Men's and Boys'
BOOTS AND SHOES
ever brought to this city. Ladies', Misses' and Children's plain and fancy Shoes, Balmorals and Buttoned Gaiters.
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WEAR WELL.
no 20-1y]

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CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
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Olsfort uf hond, an fully 'sortment fun commony, feiney un French Tsucker-sach; Niss; Frichta, grossy un kleany kuchn, &c.
Parties un Families supplied uf kortzy notice un fairy terms. [no 20-1m

Poetry.

"GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT."

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

All hail! Unfurl the stripes and stars!
The banner of the free!
Ten times ten thousand patriots greet
The shrine of Liberty!
Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,
An undivided band,
To elevate, with solemn rites,
The ruler of our land!

Not to invest a potentate
With robes of majesty:
Not to confer a kingly crown,
Nor bend a subject knee;
We bow beneath no sceptred sway,
Obey no royal nod;
Columbia's sons, erect and free,
Kneel only to their God!

Our ruler boasts no kingly rank;
No ancient, princely line;
No legal right to sovereignty,
Ancestral and divine;
A patriot, at his country's call,
Responding to her voice;
One of the people—he becomes
A sovereign by our choice!

And now, before the mighty pile
We've reared to Liberty,
He swears to cherish and defend
The charter of the free!
God of our country! seal his oath
With thy supreme assent,
God save the Union of the States!
God save our President!

Miscellaneous.

Written for FATHER ABRAHAM.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

PART II.

About forty years ago my mother needed a new carpet for the parlor. According to time-honored custom, she invited her lady friends of the village to a carpet rag sewing. Old coats, pants, jackets, vests, petticoats, et cetera, had been carefully saved for a year or more to meet such an emergency. On the day before the sewing, mother made ample preparations, by baking and cooking, to treat her lady friends with an abundance of good things. At the appointed hour they came, and a glorious time they had during the afternoon. The huge quantity and great variety of old clothes was soon converted into cut and sewed carpet rags, ready for the weaver, and in a few weeks more the family rejoiced over a beautiful new carpet, with rich stripes of red, green and yellow, giving our parlor a splendid appearance. The furniture consisted of the said new carpet, a dining table, settee, half a dozen chairs, a house clock with a seven feet high case, a ten-plate wood stove dated 1781, four or five eight by ten inch pictures—likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Hamilton—a bureau, and a four feet long wood-chest behind the stove. The spinning-wheel, when not in use, was also recognized as an article properly belonging to the parlor.

Forty years ago our sisters were taught by their mothers to perform regular household duties. They were required to bake bread, make beds, knit stockings, spin wool, flax and hemp, wash dishes, milk cows, gather eggs, churn butter, feed pigs, peel potatoes, plant corn, cook sour-kraut, make hay, hoe corn, scrub and sweep rooms, shake carpets, wash clothes, boil soap, go to market and rock the baby. Young ladies now-a-days learn to dress in the most extravagant and ridiculous style, read novels, study fashions, attend balls, spend the old man's earnings, enjoy the luxury of seeing mother do the work of the household, and faint at the sight of a wash tub, a scrubbing brush, a piece of country soap or a crying baby.

Forty years ago, boys at the age of fourteen or fifteen were bound out among strangers to learn trades, and serve terms of years as apprentices—generally until they attained the age of twenty-one years, when the young man received, according to contract, either an extra suit of clothes, a set of tools, or in lieu thereof, from thirty to forty dollars in cash as a "freedom gift." During apprenticeship he was required to rise very early in the morning, and work from eleven to thirteen hours a day. Some apprentices had their daily tasks before them, and received regular pay for doing "over work," which enabled them to earn from fifty cents to one dollar a week, and lay up money which in some cases enabled them to step into business at twenty-one. Boys frequently reserved the right during apprenticeship to spend a few weeks in the country, every year, to work at haymaking and in the harvest fields, and earn for themselves from sixty-two and a-half to eighty-seven and a-half cents a day.

Young men of to-day are treated much more tenderly, if not with more wisdom. Instead of directing their attention to useful trades or occupations, they generally go for situations in Hotels, Restaurants and Offices. Hundreds and thousands commence the study of Law, Medicine or Theology without the least regard to their natural fitness for such professions. Trades, requiring actual labor, and calculated to develop manhood and lead to honor and usefulness, are carefully avoided and shunned, as occupations only to be followed by some inferiors. As a natural consequence our so-called respectable young men of to-day spend much of their time in driving fast horses, drinking fifteen and twenty-five cent brandies and whiskies, and smoking cigars costing, not twenty-five cents per hundred as in olden times, but from five to ten and twenty-five cents each. It is a lamentable truth that thousands and tens of thousands of our young men of the present time are entering manhood as drunkards and gamblers, and finish themselves as such at twenty-five and thirty! This startling truth must very soon engage the serious attention of all good and right-minded people, to the end that the fearful tide of dissipation may be reversed and the safety of the rising generation assured.

Forty years ago, spirituous liquor was considered an article of refreshment, and those only were licensed to retail it who were amply provided with house room and accommodations for strangers and travellers. In other words, taverns only, affording accommodations, such as meals, lodgings, horse feed and stabling, could receive license to sell strong drinks. To permit tippling and loafing about bar-rooms, forty years ago, was an indictable offense, and punished as such to the full extent of the law. No young man under twenty-one years of age would think of stepping up to a bar and calling for a drink, for if he did, in most cases he was promptly ejected from the premises.

To-day we find our towns and villages full of mere drinking shops and drunkard-making institutions. The hotel-keepers who furnish the necessary accommodations for strangers and travellers, and who, to carry on a legitimate, necessary and respectable public business, find that they can no longer depend upon the profits of the bar to assure success in business, and to sustain themselves they must increase their profits on meals, lodging and other hotel accommodations. The drinking branch of the hotel business is rapidly passing into the hands of mere drinking saloon keepers. These are provided with comfortable arm-chairs, private rooms for card-players, and other contrivances calculated to attract and entrap the young, who, night after night, waste their time and means, and hasten with all possible speed to their inevitable doom. Strong drink is no longer looked upon as an article of refreshment, and to be sold only as such to strangers and travellers, but it is now within the reach of all, from youth to old age, only to demoralize and destroy. The fearful increase of intemperance is not the work of the hotels, but principally of the thousands of imported drinking shops in our cities and villages throughout the land. The use of coculus, indigus, strychnine and other deadly poisons, in making lager beer and intensifying whiskey, in addition to the natural tendency of alcohol, is now carrying more people to the grave than war and all other unnatural causes combined ever did during the same period of time.

Forty years ago, Mr. Brown, the father of a family up country, concluded to make his better half and youngsters especially happy by laying in a stock of substantial New Year's gifts. He didn't believe in spending money for candies and toys, except about three to six cents for a tin rattle, a jumping Josey or a squealing pig for the baby. He took an inventory of the wants of the family, and started for town early in the morning—a distance of six miles—where he could buy to better advantage, he thought, than at the village store kept by Smith. He bought his goods, and his bill was substantially as follows:

8 yds. Calico (dress for Wife) 10c.....$	80
Muslin, thread, trimming, &c.....	30
4 yds. Casimer (suit for Billy) 45c.....	1.80
3 " do. do. Peter) 40c.....	1.20
5 " Calico, (dress for Sally) 10c.....	50
3 " do. do. Kitty) 9c.....	27
2 " do. do. Baby) 10c.....	20
6 " Red Flannel, at 25c.....	1.50
4 " Check for aprons, at 12½c.....	50
Sundries—thread, needles, tape, &c..	40
1 piece Muslin, 32 yds., at 8c.....	2.56
Total .....$	10.03

Here we have the black and white to prove that a wife, two boys, two girls and a baby were newly clothed, and thirty-two yards of muslin bought for general family use, all for $10.00. And it must be remembered, too, that the goods bought were fit for anybody to wear, and quite up to the then standard of fashion, and much admired by the lady friends and neighbors who came in on the evening of that day to congratulate the Brown family upon their splendid new rigs. They were unanimously of the opinion that Smith, the village storekeeper, was no better than he ought to be, as he charged a "levvy" for calico not a bit better than that bought by Mr. Brown for ten cents.

We all know, from highly interesting experience, what ten dollars will pay for to-day. The amount is barely sufficient to buy a plain bonnet; it takes all of ten dollars to buy a pair of good pantaloons. Ten dollars is about what it takes to enable a fast young man to go on a single "bust." It will buy a plain dress for a lady; it will buy two bottles of Jersey Cider, mixed with some drugs to resemble Champagne wine; it will buy three or four bottles of whiskey which cost a shilling a quart forty years ago; it will buy two hundred or perhaps three hundred cigars, equal in real value to the common kind which were bought for twenty-five cents per hundred forty years ago.

Reaping with the sycle was the usual way of gathering our grain crops forty years ago. A good reaper could cut about a third of an acre in one day. About that time grain cradles were introduced, enabling a man to cut about two acres in a day, and owing to the scarcity of laborers the cradle was preferred, although reaping was the most economical, as there was much less wasted by reaping than by cradling.

Now cradling wheat or rye, or mowing grass, is behind the age. The mowing machine moves round the field, cutting away and gathering the crop, from ten to twenty acres a day. And laborers used to thresh grain—about ten bushels per day, for which they received sixty cents, three meals and three "jiggers" of whiskey. How many bushels are now run through a machine I am unable to state.

An industrious and sober day laborer working on a farm forty years ago, could make, save and lay up money on forty cents a day. This may now seem hard for some people to believe, yet it is true. The laborer, having a family, entered into a contract with a farmer to live in his tenant house and work for him all the year round for forty cents a day, and boarding, except at haymaking and harvest, when he was to receive seventy-five cents a day. By the terms of the contract he paid from fifteen to twenty dollars rent for his dwelling, garden, stable, and one acre of ground. He was also entitled to one load of hay, and pasture for a cow during the summer season. The laborer kept a cow, a lot of chickens and several pigs. His acre raised all the potatoes he needed, and from thirty to fifty bushels of corn. His poultry furnished an abundance of eggs, and his cow enough of butter—even at 12 to 15 cents a pound and the eggs at eight and ten cents a dozen,—to buy all the groceries he needed for his family. His wife—an economical, plain, tidy and industrious housekeeper—earned enough with the spinning wheel and needle to clothe herself and youngsters, and at the end of the year this humble laborer, out of his forty cents a day, actually saved from thirty to fifty dollars, which he put on interest, and at the end of the second year of such industry and economy he had a hundred dollars, and in the course of six or seven to ten years he had money enough to pay an instalment on a farm which he bought, and which was entirely paid off in six, eight or ten years longer. There are plenty of independent and intelligent farmers in Pennsylvania to-day, who, with wives as help-mates, commenced life by earning forty cents a day in the manner stated. We all know what forty cents a day will do now. It is the least amount with which a hard-working mechanic will foolishly enter a lager beer saloon to pay for the luxury of getting himself overloaded for the night, with a feverish thirst for more in the morning, and a severe head-ache besides.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOVE SECRET.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"EDWARD is to be in London next week," said Mrs. Ravensworth; "and I trust, Edith, that you will meet him with the frankness he is entitled to receive."

Edith Hamilton, who stood behind the chair of her aunt, did not make any answer.

Mrs. Ravensworth continued—"Edward's father was your father's own brother. A man of nobler spirit never moved on English soil; and I hear that Edward is the worthy son of a worthy sire."

"If he were as pure and perfect as an angel, aunt," replied Edith, "it would be all the same to me. I have never seen him, and cannot, therefore, meet him as one who has a right to claim my hand."

"Your father gave you away when you were a child, Edith; and Edward comes now to claim you by virtue of this betrothal."

"While I love the memory of my father, and honor him as a child should honor a parent," said Edith, with much seriousness, "I do not admit his right to give me away in marriage while I was yet a child. And, moreover, I do not think the man who would seek to consummate such a marriage contract, worthy of any maiden's love. Only the heart that yields a free consent is worth having, and the man who would take any other is utterly unworthy of any woman's regard. By this rule I judge Edward to be unworthy, no matter what his father may have been."

"Then you mean," said Mrs. Ravensworth, "deliberately to violate the solemn contract made by your father with the father of Edward?"

"I cannot receive Edward as anything but a stranger," replied Edith. "It will not mend the error of my father for me to commit a still greater one."

"How commit a still greater one?" inquired Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Destroy the very foundation of a true marriage—freedom of choice and consent. There would be no freedom of choice on his part, and no privilege of consent on mine. Happiness could not follow such a union, and to enter into it would be doing a great wrong. No, aunt, I cannot receive Edward in any other way than as a stranger—for such he is."

"There is a clause in your father's will that you may have forgotten, Edith," said her aunt.

"That which makes me pennyless if I do not marry Edward Hamden?"

"Yes."

"No—I have not forgotten it, aunt."

"And you mean to brave that consequence?"

"In a choice of evils we always take the least." Edith's voice trembled.

Mrs. Ravensworth did not reply for some moments. While she sat silent, the half closed door near which Edith stood, and towards which her aunt's back was turned, softly opened, and a handsome youth, between whom and Edith glances of intelligence instantly passed, presented the startled maiden with a beautiful white rose, and then noiselessly retired.

It was nearly a minute before Mrs. Ravensworth resumed the light employment in which she was engaged, and as she did so, she said—

"Many a foolish young girl gets her head turned with those gay gallants at our fashionable watering-places, and imagines that she has won a heart when the object of her vain regard never felt the throb of a truly unselfish and noble impulse."

The crimson deepened on Edith's cheeks and brow, and as she lifted her eyes, she saw herself in a large mirror opposite, with her aunt's calm eyes steadily fixed upon her. To turn her face partly away, so that it could no longer be reflected from the mirror, was the work of an instant. In a few moments she said—

"Let young and foolish girls get their heads turned if they will. But I trust I am in no danger."

"I am not so sure of that. Those who think themselves most secure, are generally in the greatest danger. Who is the youth with whom you danced last evening? I don't remember to have seen him here before."

"His name is Evelyn." There was a slight tremor in Edith's voice.

"How came you to know him?"

"I met him here last season."

"You did?"

"Yes ma'am. And I danced with him last night. Was there any harm in that?" The maiden's voice had regained its firmness.

"I didn't say there was," returned Mrs. Ravensworth, who again relapsed into silence. Not long after, she said—"I think we will return to London on Thursday."

"So soon!" Edith spoke in a disappointed voice.

"Do you find it so very pleasant here?" said the aunt, a little ironically.

"I have not complained of its being dull, aunt," replied Edith. "But if you wish to return on Thursday, I will be ready to accompany you."

Soon after this, Edith Hamilton left her aunt's room, and went to one of the drawing-rooms of the hotel at which they were staying, where she sat down near a recess window that overlooked a beautiful promenade. She had been here only a few minutes, when she was joined by a handsome youth, to whom Edith said—

"How could you venture to the door of my aunt's parlor? I'm half afraid she detected your presence, for she said, immediately afterwards, that we would return to London on the day after to-morrow."

"So soon? Well, I'll be there next week, and it will be strange if, with your consent, we don't meet often."

"Edward Hamden is expected in a few days," replied Edith, her voice slightly faltering.

Her companion looked at her searchingly for a few moments, and then said—

"You have never met him?"

"Never."

"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish."

A shadow passed over Edith's face, and she answered in a voice that showed the remark—the tone of which conveyed more than the words themselves—to have been felt as a question of her constancy.

"Can one whose heart is all unknown to me, one who must think of me with a feeling of dislike because of bonds and pledges, prove a nearer or a dearer friend than"—

Edith did not finish the sentence. But that was not needed. The glance of rebuking tenderness cast upon her companion, expressed all that her lips had failed to utter.

"But you do not know me, Edith," said the young man.

"My heart says differently," was Edith's lowly spoken reply.

Evelyn pressed the maiden's hand, and looked into her face with an earnest, loving expression.

Mrs. Ravensworth, to whose care Edith had been consigned, on the death of her father, had never been pleased with the unwise contract made by the parents of her niece and Edward Hamden. The latter had been for ten years in Paris and Italy, traveling and pursuing his studies. These being completed, in obedience to the will of a deceased parent, he was about returning to London to meet his future wife. No correspondence had taken place between the parties to this unnatural contract; and from the time of Edward's letter, when he announced to Mrs. Ravensworth his proposed visit, it was plain that his feelings were as little interested in his future partner as were hers in him.

During the two or three days that Mrs. Ravensworth and her niece remained at the watering-place, Edith and young Evelyn met frequently; but, as far as possible, at times when they supposed the particular attention of the aunt would not be drawn towards them in such a manner as to penetrate their love secret. When, at length, they parted, it was with an understanding that they were to meet in London.

On returning to the city, the thoughts of Edith reverted more directly to the fact of Edward Hamden's approaching visit, and, in spite of all her efforts to remain undisturbed in her feelings, the near approach of this event agitated her. Mrs. Ravensworth frequently alluded to the subject, and earnestly pressed upon Edith the consideration of her duty to her parent, as well as the consequences that must follow her disregard of the contract which had been made. But the more she talked on this subject, the more firm was Edith in expressing her determination not to do violence to her feelings in a matter so vital to her happiness.

The day at length came upon which Edward Hamden was to arrive. Edith appeared, in the morning, with a disturbed air. It was plain to the closely observing eyes of her aunt, that she had not passed a night of refreshing sleep.

"I trust, my dear niece," she said, after they had retired from the breakfast table, where but little food had been taken, "that you will not exhibit towards Edward, on meeting him, any of the preconceived and unjust antipathy you entertain. Let your feelings, at least, remain uncommitted for or against him."

"Aunt Helen, it is useless to talk to me in this way," Edith replied, with more than her usual warmth. "The simple fact of an obligation to love puts a gulf between us. My heart turns from him as from an enemy. I will meet him with politeness; but it must be cold and formal. To ask of me more, is to ask what I cannot give. I only wish that he possessed the manliness I would have had if similarly situated. Were this so, I would now be free by his act, not my own."

Seeing that all she urged but made the feelings of Edith oppose themselves more strongly to the young man, Mrs. Ravensworth ceased to speak upon the subject, and the former was left to brood with a deeply disturbed heart over the approaching interview with one who had come to claim a hand that she resolutely determined not to yield.

About twelve o'clock, Mrs. Ravensworth came to Edith's room and announced the arrival of Edward Hamden. The maiden's face became pale and her lips quivered.

"If I could but be spared an interview," she murmured. "But that is more than I can ask."

"How weak you are, Edith", replied her aunt, in a tone of reproof.

"I will join you in the drawing-room in half an hour," said Edith, speaking more calmly.

Mrs. Ravensworth retired and left Edith again to her own thoughts. She sat for nearly the whole of the time she had mentioned. Then rising hurriedly, she made a few changes in her attire; after which she descended to the drawing-room with a step that was far from being firm.

So noiselessly did she enter the apartment where Hamden awaited her, that neither her aunt nor the young man perceived her presence for some moments; and she had time to examine his appearance, and to read the lineaments of his half-averted face. While she stood thus observing him, her countenance suddenly flushed, and she bent forward with a look of surprise and eagerness. At this moment the young man became aware that she had entered, and rising up quickly, advanced to meet her.

"Evelyn!" exclaimed Edith, striking her hands together, the moment he turned towards her.

"Edith! my own Edith!" returned the young man, as he grasped her hand, and ventured a warm kiss on her beautiful lips. "Not Evelyn, but Hamden. Our parents betrothed us while we were yet too young to give or withhold consent. Both, as we grew older, felt this pledge as a heart-sickening constraint. But we met as strangers, and I saw that you were all my soul could desire. I sought your regard and won it. No obligation but love now binds us."

The young man then turned to Mrs. Ravensworth, and said—

"You see, madam, that we are not strangers."

Instead of looking surprised, Mrs. Ravensworth smiled calmly, and answered—

"No—it would be singular if you were. Love-tokens don't generally pass, nor familiar meetings take place between strangers."

"Love-tokens, Aunt Helen?" fell from the lips of Edith, as she turned partly away from Hamden, and looked inquiringly at her relative.

"Yes, dear," returned Mrs. Ravensworth. "White roses, for instance. You saw your own blushing face in the mirror, did you not?"

"The mirror! Then you saw Edward present the rose?"

"And did you know me?" inquired the young man.

"One who knew your father as well as I did, could not fail to know the son. I penetrated your love secret as soon as it was known to yourselves."

"Aunt Helen!" exclaimed Edith, hiding her face on the neck of her kind relative, "how have I been deceived!"

"Happily, I trust, love," returned Mrs. Ravensworth, tenderly.

"Most happily! My heart swells with gladness almost to bursting," came murmuring from the lips of the joyful maiden.

A LAUGHABLE yet historical incident occurred on Wednesday a week, at the Treasury Dept., in Washington. An officer of the War Department called for the purpose of obtaining a special deposit which had been left in a box in the Treasurer's vaults. The supposed box was found, bearing Adjutant General Townsend's mark and seal, and a locksmith sent for. After a great deal of trouble the box was opened, and the special deposit was found to consist of an old scarf and water-proof cloak, with a letter from an officer of Wilson's cavalry division, certifying that they were the articles composing the female costume of Jeff. Davis when captured. For over three years they have occupied a safe corner among Treasurer Spinner's gold coupons and greenbacks.

SOUTHERN leaders, we are told, profess entire satisfaction with the election of Grant. This is unquestionably wise, but the query prompts itself, Will not these men be equally satisfied with any course resolved on by the American people with determination and decision?

THERE are twelve New York city clergymen receiving over ten thousand dollars a year for their clerical services, and a hundred ministers in the same city who do not receive over one-tenth that amount each.

ONE of General Grant's first acts upon arriving at his headquarters in Washington was to order the destruction of several bushels of letters which have been sent to him in relation to officers, &c., which had been opened and briefed by his staff. No record of them was kept.