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VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1868. NO.

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THE OLD PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, $2,000,000,
After paying Losses to the amount of $1,120,000.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

All the Surplus Dividend amongst the Policy Holders every year.

THE ONLY TRULY MUTUAL COMPANY IN THE CITY OR STATE.

For further information apply to
JOHN J. COCHRAN, Agent,
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Furnishing Goods, &c.

HEADQUARTERS
FOR
UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES, COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,
and Gent's ware generally, at
ERISMAN'S,
No. 41½ NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster.

An iwwer ous grosser shtock goods—suitable tor Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we
Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemærmel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-fronts, Pocket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Ebl, Cigar Casa, un onnery fancy articles ons
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(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

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C BOOKS AND STATIONERY. C
SCHOOL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
H STATIONERY, H
E
FAMILY AND POCKET BIBLES,
A BLANK BOOKS. A
P LIBERAL REDUCTIONS TO Merchants, School Directors & Teachers. P
J. H. SHEAFFER,
CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE,
No. 28 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

AN GROSSE VARIETY!
Bicher, Blanks, Bobbeer, Feddera, Dinda, Dinda-glesser, Pencils un
FOMELIA UN SOCK-BEEVELA.
J. H. SHEAFFER'S
Wohlfehler Cash Buch Shtore,
No. 28 Nord Queen Shtrose, Lancaster, Pa.
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BAIR & SHENK,
BANKERS,
NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE,
LANCASTER, PENNA.
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GEORGE WIANT,
BOOK-BINDER
AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,
NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA.
BLANK BOOKS,
For Banks, Merchants, County Offices, &c., made to order.
BOOK BINDING, in all its branches, promptly attended to. [dec 4-3m

Dry Goods.

FURS!
FURS! FURS!
HAGER & BROTHERS have just received an elegant assortment of
FANCY FURS FOR LADIES AND MISSES.
Mink, Sable,
Siberian Squirrel,
Fitch, Ermine,
Water Mink, &c.
—IN—
Muffs, Collars,
Eugenias, Circulars,
Skating Muffs and Boas,
Swans' Down and
Squirrel Ties, &c.

SHAWLS,
in great variety at
HAGER & BROTHERS.
Open and Filled Centre Broche,
Ristori Long Shawls,
Fancy Woolen Long Shawls,
Children's Shawls.
MOURNING SHAWLS.
BLACK THIBET
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
At Lowest Prices.

FALL AND WINTER
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
FOR MEN AND BOYS.
HAGER & BROTHERS offer for sale the largest stock, at lowest prices, all of their own manufacture,
Fine Dress Suits,
Business Suits,
Boys' Suits,
Overcoats,
From the FINEST ESQUIMAUX BEAVER to good ordinary grade.

OVERCOATINGS—
Black and Colors all grades.
FRENCH COATINGS—Black, Brown, Dahlia.
SILK MIXED COATINGS—Foreign and Domestic.
CASSIMERES—New Styles.
BOYS' WEAR—In great variety.
LANCASTER COUNTY SATTINETS—In all colors, and warranted strong.
Just received and for sale, at lowest prices, at
HAGER & BROTHERS.
nov 27-3t*]

Clothing.

JUST OPENED
AT
BEAU MONDE HALL!
PORTICO ROW,
543 PENN SQUARE, 543
READING, PENNA.,
A LARGE LOT OF
BEAVERS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS, &c., &c.,
FOR
WINTER WEAR.
ALSO,
BOY'S CLOTHING,
AND
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS!
LEVI G. COLEMAN, Cutter.
BUCH & BRO.,
no20-1f] PROPRIETORS.

GEORGE B. COLEMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Having leased Erben's old and well-known stand,
NO. 42 NORTH QUEEN-ST.,
Offers to the public an entire new and superior stock of GOODS of every description, which will be made up in the very best and most fashionable style.
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
Of every description, for sale cheaper than they can be had anywhere else in the city. [nov 20-tf

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

1868. 1868.
SHULTZ & BROTHER,
HATTERS,
No. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PENNA.

Latest style Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS in all qualities and colors.
LADIES' FANCY FURS,
We are now opening the largest and most complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's FANCY FURS ever offered in this market, at very low prices.
ROBES! ROBES!! ROBES!!!
Buffalo Robes, lined and unlined; Hudson Bay, Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Fox, Coon, &c.
BLANKETS AND LAP RUGS
Of all qualities, to which we would particularly invite the attention of all persons in want of articles in that line.
GLOVES, GAUNTLETS and MITTS.
OTTER,
BEAVER,
NUTRIA,
SEAL,
BUCKSKIN,
FLESHER,
KID, &c., &c.
Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets, Mitts and Hoods.
PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
no20-tf]

Poetry.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers;
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through tha portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Miscellaneous.

MOTHER HUBBARD'S WARNING.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his house—the haunted house of Mr. R——, very much against his wife's will. It was a very lonely house. It was next to a graveyard, which, though unused, was not very cheerful, and it had the reputation of a ghost. However, Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful to be depressed by warnings, and never intended to be lonely.

"Mother Hubbard," he said, when his wife shook her head over the purchase, "I've got the house cheap, and it is a good one. You will like it when you get there. If you don't, why, then talk."

So the house was bought, and into it the Hubbard family went. There was scarcely a chance for a ghost to show his face in such a family of boys and girls. The rosy-faced master of the house and his little wife had ten of them. It was in view of the eternal cry of "mother," that the jolly husband had dubbed his Martha Jane "Mother Hubbard," using it in jeer at first, and at last because of an old habit. Hearing it, the rest of R—— fell into the way of calling the motherly soul "Mother Hubbard," so that it was more of her name by far than her baptismal Martha Jane.

Having once expostulated and spoken out her mind, Mother Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and scoured and tacked down carpets and put up curtains, and owned that the place was pretty; and as not a ghost appeared for a week, made up her mind that there were no such inhabitants, and even began not to mind the tombstones. So the house was got right at last, and baking day came about. In the press of business they had a great deal of baker's bread, and were tired of it.

Mrs. Hubbard never enjoyed herself setting a batch of bread to raise as she did that which was to be eaten for the first time in the new house.

"For I cannot get up an appetite for stuff that nobody knows who had the making of," said Mother Hubbard, "and all puffy and alumy besides."

So into the oven went the bread, and out it came at the proper time, even and brown, and beautiful as loaves could be.

Mother Hubbard turned them on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread tray, glorious proofs of her skill and of the excellence of the oven, when Tommy Hubbard bounded in. Tommy was four, and at that age one is prone to believe that anything will bear our weight. Tommy, therefore, anxious to see the new made bread, swung himself off his feet by clutching the end of the bread tray, and over it came, loaves and Tommy and all.

Mother Hubbard flew to the rescue and picked up the loaves. All were dusted in the tray but one, that lay bottom upwards under the table.

"A bothering child, to give me so much trouble," she said, as she crawled under the table. "A—oh—ah—dear, dear—oh—my—."

And there on the floor sat Mother Hubbard, screaming, ringing her hands, and shaking her head. The children screamed in concert. Mr. Hubbard rushed in from the garden where he was at work.

"What is the matter, mother?" he gasped.

Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

"Look there and ask me!" she said. "It is a warning, William; I am going to be taken from them all."

And he looked, and he saw a death's head and cross bones, as plainly engraved as could be.

"It is accident," said Mr. Hubbard. "Such queer cracks do come, you know."

But Mother Hubbard was in a queer state of mind.

"The stories about the haunted house were true," she said; "and the spirits have marked the loaf. I am afraid it is a warning."

The loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not dare to eat any of it.

But Mother Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through the village, and the people came to the house all the week to look at it.

It was a death's head and cross bones certainly, every one saw that at a glance; but as to its meaning people differed. Some believed it was a warning of approaching death; some thought the spirits wanted to frighten the people away. The latter supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage; finally she leaned to the belief, and when another baking day arrived, put her loaves into the oven once more, prepared for cross bones, and not to be frightened by them. The loaves baked as before. They came out brown and crusty as she turned each in her hands. There were no cross bones visible; but on the last were sundry characters or letters. What? No one could tell, until there dropped in for a chat a certain printer of the neighborhood, accustomed to reading things backwards.

"By George," said he, "that is curious. That is curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-u-m—resurgum, that is what is on the loaf—resurgum."

"It is what they put on tombs, ain't it?" asked Mother Hubbard, faintly.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard; "but it ain't so bad as cross bones and skulls."

Mother Hubbard shook her head.

"It's even solemner," said the little woman, who was not as good a grammarian as a bread baker. "I feel confident, William, that I shall soon be resurgumed; and what will those dear children do then?"

And now that the second loaf was before her eyes, marked awfully as was the first, Mother Hubbard really grew pale and thin, and lost all her cheerfulness.

"I have a sentiment," she said over and over again, "that the third baking will decide who the warning points to. I believe it is meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I'm getting?"

And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he also began to be troubled.

The third baking day was one of gloom. Solemnly as a funeral the family assembled to assist at the drawing.

Five loaves came out markless; but one remained.

Mother Hubbard's hand trembled, but she drew it forth; she slid it on the table; she turned it softly about. She at last exposed the lower surface. On it were letters printed backwards, plain enough to read this time, and arranged thus:

Died April 2d,
Lamented
By her large family.

"It is me," cried Mrs. Hubbard; "I am to go to-morrow. This is the first. I do feel faint. Yes, I do. It is awful, and so sudden," and Mother Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of husbands.

The children screamed, the cat mewed, the dog barked. The oldest boy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the Hubbards. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mother Hubbard's warning—her call to quit this world.

She laid in her bed bidding good-bye to her family and friends, her strength going fast. She read her Bible, and tried not to grieve. The doctor shook his head. The clergyman prayed with her; nobody doubted that her end was at hand, for the people were very superstitious in those days.

They had been up all night with good little Mother Hubbard, and dawn was breaking, and with it she felt sure that she must go; when clatter over the road and up to the door came a horse, and on the horse a man. He alighted; he rattled at the door knocker; he rushed in; there was no stopping him. Up stairs he went to Mother Hubbard's room, and bolted in.

Every one looked at him; he took off his hat.

"Parding," said he, "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was a dying. That she had warning on her bakings. I came over to explain. You see I was sexton of the church here a few years ago, and I know all about it. You needn't die of skeer just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for there is neither spirits nor devils about, nor yet warnings. What marks the loaves is old Mr. Finkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven bottom, seeing there were no survivors, and bricks were dear. The last folks before you didn't have them printed off, 'cause they made pan loaves, but we were used to them ourselves. Cross bones and skulls in the gingerbread we didn't heed, and I never thought o' caring for the resurgum. So you see how it is, Mrs. Hubbard, and I'm sorry you was skeered."

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his hymn-book. The doctor walked to the window—there was a deadly silence. Mother Hubbard broke it.

"Father," she said, "the first thing you do is to get a new bottom to that oven."

The tone assured the assemblage of friends that Mother Hubbard was not going to die just then.

Indeed she sat up the very next day, and as soon as the oven was re-bottomed, invited everybody to a tea-drinking, at which no one discovered awful warnings on the bread, or ghostly warnings on the gingercake.

THE cattle plague continues to ravage Western Wisconsin.

Father Abraham's Chat.

WM. B. ASTOR is 76, and reputed worth $100,000,000.

BRUTUS S. CLAY, son of Henry Clay, is in Washington.

THE case of Jeff Davis has been continued over to May next.

GOODS can be sent by express in ten days from Chicago to San Francisco.

POOR GRIEST is mad because he did not get the franking privilege last fall.

THERE are more than 3,000 Homeopathic practitioners in the United States.

VERMONT, during the last five years, has had one divorce for every twenty marriages.

TEN cents per bushel is all the corn-sellers get for their grain in Denton, Texas.

IN San Francisco there have been four hundred deaths from small pox in the last six months.

AN old lady in Columbus, Ohio, is in her second childhood, and cutting her third teeth.

The Lock Haven Boom has been purchased by tha Penna. Railroad company. Price not stated.

THE trial of Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell for the murder of Mrs. Hill commenced in Philadelphia yesterday.

KEOKUK, an Indian chief, has sued the United States for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $10,000.

PARIS has a new toy; it is a musical chair which regales one's ears with operatic strains, whenever it is sat upon.

IT IS proposed that Congress make an appropriation to purchase a statue of the late Thaddeus Stevens for the Capitol.

MR. SEWARD, it is said, is making preparations to visit Europe immediately after Grant takes the Presidential chair.

RUMOR has it that Horace Greely has been offered a place in Grant's Cabinet—probably that of Secretary of the Interior.

GENELAL COLE, tried at Albany, New York, for the murder of Mr. Hiscock, for the seduction of his wife, has been acquitted.

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, succeeds the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens as Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations.

GEORGE PEABODY, the American philanthropist, has made another donation of one hundred thousand pounds sterling to the poor of London.

A grand re-union of the western armies is being held at Chicago. Gens. Grant, Shermnn, Thomas and a hoste of our ablest generals are in attendance.

HON. Hannibal Hamlin is a condidate for U. S. Senator, from Maine, in place of Senator Morrill, whose term expires on the 4th of March. He ought to be elected.

JOHN SHAFFER, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., aged one year and eight months, died from hydrpohobia, on the 7th inst. He was bitten in the hand by a mad dog about five weeks before.

IN Doylestown, Bucks county, a true bill has been found against ten men for fraudulent voting. They are all foreigners, and possessed of naturalization papers signed by J. Ross Snowden.

E. A. POLLARD, brother to H. Rives Pollard, who was recently assassinated in Richmond, and author of the "Lost Cause," has, it is said, been appointed to a clerkship in the New York Custom House.

THE Gettysburg *Sentinel* says that deer are unusually plenty in the South Mountain. Two citizens of Gettysburg, one day last week, shot two, and a party from Juniata county killed three in the same neighborhood.

THE *Valley Virginian* says: "It may be said that the hills and ridges in all parts of the valley are alive with wild turkeys this season, and the number killed so far is unprecedented in the memory of the oldest hunters."

A WESTERN farmer stopped in at a newspaper office, and seeing the immense piles of books and newspapers around the editor, said: "I am glad I don't have all these to read; I would rather work." The editor made no reply to this wise observation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Pittsburg *Commercial* points out the dividends of a coal company which explains the high price of that article at this time. He says the Steubenville Coal and Coke Company is declaring dividends equal to ninety per cent. of the capital stock.

THE office-hunters' raid upon President Grant brings to mind Mr. Lincoln's complaint under a similar affliction. "I am like a landlord," said he, "who is so busy renting rooms at one end of the building that he has no time to attend to the fire that is raging at the other end."

THE North Pennsylvania Railroad Company offered to pay all the expenses incurred by those who were injured at the late accident on their road near Bethlehem, and their offer has met with general acceptance. They also presented the sufferers with purses of money.

THERE is an "humble individual" at Washington whose "sands of political life have nearly run out," who is now open for an engagement for any official position, from Alderman to President. With the Constitution in one hand and the flag bearing a star for every State in the Union in the other, he is confident of his ability to give satisfaction. His address is "Andrew Johnson, White House." Letters may be addressed in care of Mrs. Cobb.

CARL SCHURZ is likely to be elected U. S. Senator from Missouri, in place of Henderson, the recreant. "So mote it be."

THE West Chester *Republican* says that the average price of the best farm land sold in that county this fall was from $150 to $160 per acre.

THE Hebrews (Jews) dwelling in the United States number about half a million souls. They have 250 regular Synagogues, of which 30 are in New York city.

A NEW YORK boot black has improved each shining hour and put $6,000 thereby in the Savings Bank. There is an example for Lancaster boot blacks to follow.

BOTH Houses of Congress have now agreed to adjourn over the holidays from the 21st instant, so that but little may be expected either of interest or importance until January.

SPEND your money where you make it. Buy your goods at home. Encourage your own shoemakers, tailors, cabinet-makers, and other mechanics. Let each buy from each other. Patronize home first.

AN exchange gives a simple remedy for colds and hoarseness, as follows: Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two teaspoonsful of white sugar—grate in some nutmeg, and add a pint of warm water, and drink.

A FRIEND from the country suggests that although there will be no bands of Sioux and Otoe Indians encamped on the Capitol Hill at Harrisburg this winter, from present indications there will be plenty of other "Injuns" around.

THE collieries in the Mahanoy coal region, Schuylkill county, stopped operations on Friday, in consequence of a strike among the miners. As coal had a downward tendency last week, the "coal ring" take this method of keeping up the price.

THERE was left for record in the Clerk's office of Cecil co., Md., last week, a mortgage given by the Columbia and Port Deposit Railroad Company for the sum of two and a-half millions of dollars, to secure bonds of the Company, the stamps on which amount to twenty-five hundred dollars.

THE Chicago *Post* bids good-bye to "our President" as follows: "Andrew Johnson's message—stolen by somebody in advance of its delivery—(and a very poor steal at that)—will be found on the inside of this paper. We regret to encumber our columns with so much unprofitable reading, but, thank Heaven! It is Andy's last howl."

TWO old bachelors of Indianapolis, Indian, made a novel bet on the election. The loser was either to marry within six weeks or forfeit five hundred dollars. The Seymour bachelor is now trying to save his five hundred dollars by finding somebody who will marry him. He has not yet been able to find her. Indiana girls don't like to be hugged by copperheads!

A SPECIAL despatch to the Philadelphia *Press* states that "No doubt now exists that Mr. Stanton will decline to enter General Grant's Cabinet under any circumstances. He has already regained much of his practice as a lawyer, which he sacrificed during the war, and it is well known that his future arrangements have been made with an evident design not to have anything to do with political affairs."

J. S. MARTIN, from Brooklyn, N. Y., and on the way to Shippensburg, Pa., committed suicide by hanging himself to the door-knob of his room at the State Capitol Hotel, at Harrisburg. Deceased was about fifty-five years of age. Between four and five hundred dollars was found on his person. It appears that the deceased left home about two weeks ago for New York city, to get some money to pay his hands—carpenters. He had not been heard from until his family received news of his death. His remains were taken home.

THE Lewistown *True Democrat* says: We hear it reported that on Friday last, while Geo. Rittenhouse, Absalom Wagner, and others, of Granville township, were hunting deer in Licking Creek Valley, a pack of eight or ten wolves gave Mr. Rittenhouse chase. He fired, breaking the leg of the foremost, and fired again, breaking its jaw. The rest of the hunters coming up with the dogs, Mr. R. was enabled, after some difficulty, to finally dispatch the ferocious "varment." It is said to have measured six feet from the tip of the tail to the nose.

A LITTLE child was buried in Lewistown, Pa., thirteen years ago. The grave was recently re-opened. The entire upper portion of the body from the little thighs had returned to the native "dust," nothing remaining to indicate the *form* of a human being, while from the thighs downward was the most perfect model of the plump, beautifully rounded limbs of a babe; everything delineated to perfection—perfect as in life—yet solid and white as Parisian marble; even the little shoes preserved upon its feet as at the closing of the little coffin thirteen years ago.

THE Philadelphia *Press* says: We are informed that there is at one of the medical colleges of this city a lady who is endeavoring to have a water-snake taken from her stomach. She says that she swallowed it several years ago while drinking from a hydrant. It has grown quite large, and consumes so much of the food that the woman takes that she is most dreadfully emaciated. Some tales are told about it that seem almost incredible. Suffice it to say that efforts are being made by the physicians to extract the unwelcome intruder alive. If relief is not given soon the unfortunate woman must surely die, as she is daily becoming weaker.