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JOB PRINTING
Of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

FATHER ABRAHAM

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1869. No. 21.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 Sq.	2 Sqs.	3 Sqs.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
1 week....	$ 75	$ 1 40	$ 2 10	$ 3 50	$ 6 00	$ 11 00
2 weeks...	1 20	1 80	2 70	4 50	8 00	14 00
3 weeks...	1 50	2 20	3 30	6 00	10 00	17 00
1 month...	1 75	2 50	3 90	7 00	12 00	20 00
2 months..	2 75	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
3 months..	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	50 00
6 months..	7 00	11 00	16 50	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 year.....	12 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	120 00

Executors' Notice.....$2 00
Administrators' Notice.....2 00
Assignees' Notice.....2 00
Auditors' Notice.....1 00

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REAL ESTATE advertisements, Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Five cents a line for each additional insertion.

☞ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and despatch.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave the Central Depot as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Cincin. Ex....	12:17 a. m.	Erie Mail.....	1:50 a. m.
Phila. Express	5:12 "	Phila. Exp...	2:40 "
Fast Line.....	7:02 "	Mail.....	11:15 "
Lanc. Train...	9:05 "	Fast Line.....	2:35 p. m.
Day Express.	1:45 p. m.	Columbia Ac.	2:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac..	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "
		Lanc. Train...	7:20 "
		Cincin. Ex....	10:45 "

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
ON AND AFTER
THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1868,
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Lancaster.....	8:00 a. m.	Reading	10:20 a. m.
"	3:25 p. m.	"	5:40 p. m.
Columbia	8:00 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:20 p. m.	"	5:40 p. m.

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7:00 a. m.	Lancaster.....	9:15 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:00 a. m.	Columbia	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	9:25 a. m.
		"	8:30 p. m.

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South; on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and West on Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster and Columbia at 8 A. M. connects closely at Reading with Train for New York.

Tickets can be obtained at the Offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street, New York; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 13th and Callowhill streets, Phila.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.

Trains are run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.
E. E. KEEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
nov 20-tf]

READING RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1868.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3.50, 5.55, 8.10 a. m., 12.40 noon, 2.05 and 10.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad and arriving at New York at 11.00 a. m., 12.20 noon, 3.50, 7.00, 10.05 p. m., and 6.15 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3.50 a. m. and 10.50 p. m. trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.05 and 4.10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 p. m. train making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.10 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.10 and 8.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.35 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 a. m.; Ashland at 7.00 a. m., and 12.30 p. m.; Tamaqua at 8.30 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7.10 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.15 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 8.10 a. m. and 12.45 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., the 8.00 a. m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.50 a. m., 4.10 and 10.40 p. m., and Reading at 1.05, 3.00 and 7.15 a. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.55, and 7.31 a. m. for New York; and at 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
READING, PA., Dec. 14, 1868. [dec18-1td&w

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 6:20 and 11:40 a. m., and 3:20 p. m.

Leave Wrightsville for York, at 8:00 a. m., and 1:00 and 6:30 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:15 a. m., 1:05 p. m.; and 12 midnight.

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:30, 6:25 and 11:35 a. m., and 2:20 and 10:15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG.
GOING NORTH.
At 8:35 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m.
GOING SOUTH.
At 3:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p. m.
dec11-tfd

Photographs, &c.

GOLDEN GIFTS.

Parents to Families,
Father to Daughter,
Mother to Son.

GENTLEMEN TO LADIES.

When the light has left the house, memoria such as these compound their interest.

GILL'S SUPERB PHOTO.

Miniature or Opal Pictures, admitted to be the best in the city, and no superior in the State. Constantly increasing demand and great experience in this style of miniature give us greater facilities and better results than any establishment outside of large cities.

STEREOGRAPHS OF HOME VIEWS for the Centre Table. Also, prismatic instruments.

Large Colored Work by some of the best Artists in Philadelphia and elsewhere, in the high, est style of the art. India Ink, Pastille, Crayon, and colors, at

GILL'S CITY GALLERY,
jan 1-1yr] No. 20 East King-st.

Hotels.

U. S. HOTEL,
OPPOSITE PENNA. R. R. DEPOT,
HARRISBURG, PA.
—o—
W. H. EMMINGER & CO.,
mh12-1y] Proprietors.

Claim Agency.

JAMES BLACK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIM AGENT,
No. 56 East King-st., Lancaster, Pa.

Being duly licensed as a Claim Agent, and having a large experience, prompt attention will be given to the following classes of claims:

BOUNTY and PAY due discharged Soldiers and *Sailors.*
BOUNTY (additional) to Soldiers who enlisted for not less than 2 or 3 years, or were honorably discharged for wounds received.
BOUNTY (additional) to Widows, Children, or Parents of Soldiers who died from wounds received or disease contracted in said service.
PENSIONS for invalid Soldiers and Sailors, or to their widows or children.
PENSIONS for fathers and mothers, brothers or sisters of deceased soldiers, upon whom they were dependent.
PENSIONS and GRATUITIES for Soldiers or their Widows from Pennsylvania, in the War of 1812.
PAY due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil employees of the Government.
PAY due for horses lost in the United States service.

CHARGES.—Fees fair and moderate, and in no case will charges be made until the money is collected. [dec 25-1yr*

Insurance.

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,
no20-tf] P. O., Lancaster, Pa.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
ORGANIZED IN 1846—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
NUMBERING OVER 60,000 MEMBERS.
ASSETS--$23,000,000,
Acquired by prudent and economical management of twenty-two years, without the aid of a single dollar of original capital.
Its dividends have averaged over 50 per cent. annually.
The Income from annual interest alone is more than sufficient to pay all its losses.
A. B. KAUFMAN, General Agent,
No. 1 Krample's Row, East Orange st., Lancaster, Pa.
dec 18-1f]

WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
OF
NEW YORK,
NO. 160 BROADWAY.
J. F. FRUEAUFF, General Agent for Penn'a.
NORTH QUEEN STREET,
(Above J. F. Long & Son's Drug Store.)

This Company offers more SOLID and REAL inducements than any other Life Insurance Company in the country.
Send or call and get a Circular.
Active solicitors, male or female, wanted in every township in the State. [jan 1-6m*

Sewing Machines.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE,
FOR
EVERYBODY!

As a Holiday Gift to a Sister, Wife or Friend they are unsurpassed.

The Farmer wants it for his Family.

The Dress and Cloak Maker prefers it.

The Seamstress wants it, because its work is sure to give satisfaction.

The Tailor has long ago decided it to be the best for his business.

The Carriage Trimmer cannot do without it; and the Shoe Fitter finds that, after all, the HOWE is the machine for him.

Sooner or later, everybody will have the HOWE MACHINE.

Every Machine is warranted.

Every one may be the possessor of one of these unrivalled machines, as we endeavor to make the terms of sale suit all our customers.

We earnestly invite all, whether they purpose purchasing or not, to call and get specimens of the work executed by us on the HOWE MACHINE, and compare it with the work done by other machines. We are willing to abide by the result.

C. FATE, Agent,
dec 18-tf] 25½ North Queen Street.

Book Binding.

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

Poetry.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Right in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long enslaved,
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold! the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being.

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God.

There was the human chattel
In manhood taking;
There, in each dark bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmer,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising, all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning;
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?
Make time your sole avenger,
All healing, all redressing;
Meet Fate half way, and make it
A joy and blessing.

Miscellaneous.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

"I'll keep a light in the window, Sandy, till ye come back."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy, standing at the door in an uncertain slouching kind of a way, "I—I might be late."

"It's dark along the lane," said the mother, "and a bit of candle light would be ill-spared, if you got a tumble by it. I'll keep the candle burning till you come back."

She was a very hard featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and, as she talked, she worked on, ironing the linen she had washed and starched, and heaping it like a snow drift, in a great basket beside her. Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, yet Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be "steady," was not Sandy's forte. On, ever and always, to the river side, where the other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland, "whiskers," by name, to "fetch." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but evenings at the store, they were worse; and the decent washer-woman shivered as she listened for her boy's home-coming steps at night, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler's boys and drink too much.

Peeler's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now, as Sandy stood in the door, so tall and fair, and bony, the mother's heart grew light. "He'd be sure to settle down and help her with the bairns some day," she said. No doubt of that; he was a bit of a boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle into the window to light the boy along the lane at his home coming. The candle burnt itself away and sunk into the socket, and the very wick smouldered out, leaving only smell and smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him. The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his own home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember with a pang, these words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich, and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so, but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and the restraint gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then when the storm was at its height, and far in the distance the lamps of some tall light-house shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice saying, "I'll keep it burning till ye come, Sandy." Now and then amidst the yarns and songs of the forecastle merry making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymn handed down from the time when the old Convenantors worshipped God and defied man amongst the purple heather. They never lured him home to her though.

The years rolled on, and even this one sting of conscience ceased its paining. In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts, and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout. His cheeks were bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed, he came to be an officer—first mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that sort of life that drives the thought of mother from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew when his pay jingled in his pocket, women who did not blush to receive the lavish gifts of the jovial sailor. He was not niggardly, nay—once he emptied his last remaining dollar into a beggar's hand. It happened to be a prettyish beggar girl, and he had gone on a year's cruise, shoeless, and during shipwreck, or when the Agamemnon found a sister vessel in distress, Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go back to the eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, never.

Five years were gone, and ten, and fifteen and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore, a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths; when the Agamemnon came after a long and stormy voyage just within sight of the coast—within sight of its light house, at least, for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible. Battered with storms already, bruised by the waves, wounded by rocks, still the Agamemnon fought her way homeward; by the morrow eve sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave weary mariners—for once at least all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy, and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood awhile leaning over the taffrail, smoking and thinking, if he ever thought. It was an evil lingering for the Agamemnon. A spark from the cigar held in unsteady hands, regarded by eyes no brighter for recent draughts of brandy, makes its way somehow, wind-borne, or demon-borne, into the places where the cargo of the vessel had been stored away, and at the dead of night they of the midwatch saw stealing through the planks beneath them red and yellow tongues of flame. The vessel was on fire!

"Fire! fire! fire!" the word rang its way to Heaven, shouted by every tongue on board.

The scene that followed beggars description. None who lived to remember could ever forget it. There was no hope from the first, none, save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it? Oh, who can forget it? The old man pointing to the lights on shore and crying:

"I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain was deathly pale, showing that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every soul on board, forgetting himself, and vowing to sink with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clinging to him; the mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child, going home to its grand parents, wonder stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger. Amidst them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scenes around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair, and the grip of Hercules. So all the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all afloat. All gone into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most over."

"Aye, aye, lad," said the captain, "Give us your fist. We've sailed together a good while now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate. "Try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor, "I go with her. No wife waits for me, no child. She's my wife and children, all in one. Try you, I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. Then came blindness and silence and the time passed for him.

* * * * * * *

At last there was a sound again. The sound of waters. Light, the red lamps of the light house. Feeling, that the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence had saved Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long while. Bruised and weak, still he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well known rocks kissed by the struggling moonlight. The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the light house signals, perhaps, was singing a Methodist hymn,

"There's a light in the window for thee brother,
There's a light in a window for thee;"

and then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said, "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the house, yet who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness the sailor staggered up the river path—through the changed streets and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now—but at its end, or he dreampt, Sandy saw a candle gleam. He drew near. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth; and in the window of his old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited trembling; and the door opened; at it stood an old, old woman, with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern strong features and her blue eyes still.

"What's this?" she said, in her Scottish accent; and he answered.

"A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter."

"Come in," she said, "come in and warm ye. It's a bitter night. The candle led you here, no doubt. It's burnt these twenty years. Ye wonder at that? I'd a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him. I've a fancy it will wile him back, yet; and I've gone without bread many a time to keep it burnin'. The others are all dead; but I'll not believe he's gone:—and I said I'll keep a light till ye come back Sandy—and I will."

And then he flung himself upon his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see him again. And if you go thither, they will point you out the little cottage window at which, strong in her faith for his return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for all the nights of twenty years—that, and the mansion where, with her son, now married and Captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him.

UNITED AT LAST.

The following most romantic, yet well authenticated story, comes from Ohio. After reading it, we can almost believe that sweetest of all stories, Evangaline, to be a truth, and not a poetic fiction:

In 1840, Henry Leffingwell, a young mechanic, living near London, was accused of larceny, tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years of hard labor in the penal colony of Australia. His wife, believing him to be innocent, prepared to follow him, to remain near him during his confinement, and to be the first comfort and cheer him when his time expired. But the ship on which Mrs. Leffingwell embarked encountered a fearful storm and sunk; the passengers and crew barely escaped upon a raft. They were picked up by an American ship bound from New York to China, where the wife found herself farther than ever from her destination. Through the kindness of friends she obtained a passage to Cuba, and thence to Australia. A year and a half had elasped meanwhile, and how was she to know of her husband's locality. Each convict in Australia receives a number, by which only he is known to his keepers; and as Mrs. Leffingwell did not know her husband's number, all her inquiries were useless. Yet for four years she persevered—supporting herself the while by menial labor—when one day she read in a newspaper an account of her husband's release, the real perpetrator of the larceny having been discovered. She made immediate inquiries, only to learn that the object of her search had left the island for the United States two weeks after his release. To follow him was her desire, but her means were scanty. Yet at the first possible opportunity, which was in 1847, she took passage to New York, where she remained some years, with her mission still unaccomplished, though she made every exertion to find her husband. When the war broke out she responded to the call for nurses in the hospitals, and faithfully tended the wounded.

In one of the hospitals at Washington, Mrs. Leffingwell took care of a soldier who had known her husband well. She learned he was in a Pennsylvania regiment, and wrote to him at once. But the letter never reached its destination; and after weary waiting, the devoted wife went to Pittsburg, only to learn that her husband's term of enlistment was over, and his identity again lost. Advertisements proved of no avail, and time crept slowly on. A short time ago, hope having quite died out, she unexpectedly heard that her husband was living near Cincinnati. She started at once to go to him. He also had been apprised of her coming, and as she alighted from the cars at Cleveland to procure refreshments he met her. They started at each other instantly—twenty-eight years has silvered the head of each, and left lines of care upon their brows—then, regardless of the gaping crowd, with a simultaneous impulse they rushed into each other's arms. At the latest accounts the trials of the past were forgotten, and happy in the present, they had departed in the train for Cincinnati. Whether during all these years, the husband had also been searching for his wife, history doth not reveal.

Father Abraham's Chips.

GREEN PEAS have made their appearance in Savannah.

THERE are said to be over 16,000 Freemasons in Georgia.

AT the New York Metropolitan Hotel guests are carred up and down by a vertical railway.

WALL street is one of the smallest streets in New York, yet its influence is felt all over the world.

THE Newark Courier thinks the whole velocipede subject is being rapidly propelled into the ground. So it ought to be.

MINNESOTA does not allow any of the school fund to go to schools from which colored children are excluded.

THE newspapers say that the prospect for a fine peach crop in Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey is excellent.

THE members of the Legislature have badged Postmaster Knipe, Harrisburg, for doing his duty. Pity the same cannot be done to them.

A NEW YORK thief did a kind business for a Brooklyn congregation by stealing a bag of manuscript sermons from its pastor the other day.

GEN. Sherman announces a good resolution in his purpose to send *all* army officers away from Washington, and thus prevent the army from being used as lobbying politicians for corrupt purposes.

ABOUT seventy thousand Odd Fellows are expected to participate in the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Order, which is to be held in Philadelphia the 26th of April inst.

TOWNSHIP clerks are required to make out and publish a complete statement of the financial condition of their townships within sixty days after the annual elections, or submit to a penalty of fifty dollars.

IT is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider. That's what many visitors to Washington during the past month have realized—and some that didn't visit it, as well!

IT is certainly very agreeable to those who care for the financial condition of the country to be able to reflect upon the fact that the public debt has been reduced during the month of March by the amount of over five millions and a half of dollars.

THERE are two kinds of public men at Washington and throughout the United States at the present time; one that steals, and the other that is afraid to stop them. Of the two, the thieves are, perhaps, preferable to the cowards.

IT is said that since Grant has shown his preference for Quakers to manage Indian affairs, all the Indian ring politicians have suddenly become possessed of broad brim hats and drab coats. But the trick won't go down. Grant will lift their hats and display the cheat.

SOME personal friends of Secretary Stanton propose to present him with a sum of money as a testimonial of regard for his great services and sympathy in his present, and it is feared permanent loss of health. For this purpose a subscription has been put in circulation in Washington.

A MALICIOUS writer says, that some lawyers make a great fuss about the value of their time, and with reason, because they charge folks not for what they do for them, so much as for the time they take in doing it, which is one great reason why law-suits are so prolonged.

OUR exchanges say that the disease known as chicken cholera prevails to an alarming extent in many sections of the country. A great many remedies have been resorted to, by way of checking this malady, but without much apparent benefit.

IN some of the Episcopal churches in New York on Monday, there were excited contests at the elections of Wardens and Vestrymen for the ensuing year. The issue was Ritualism and Anti-Ritualism, and with varied success in different churches. In some cases the attendance of the police was required.

NEVER chase your own hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will presently see half a dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely towards him, receive it with a graceful acknowledgment, and place it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done him a favor. Try it.

THE Legislature having refused to make an appropriation therefor, the dedication of the Mexican Soldiers' Monument, at Harrisburg, has been indefinitely postponed. Although only some $1,200 was asked for the payment of the expenses of the dedication, it is understood the Legislature is still engaged in efforts to secure an appropriation of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for the payment of illegal supernumeraries.

HOW brittle are friendships welded only by political cement. No man did so much for the nomination of Vice President Colfax, as Mr. Defrees, as all who were at Chicago can certify. Now the defeat of Mr. Defrees as public printer has broken that friendship, Mr. D. complaining that the Vice President made no effort to secure his re-election. It is said that Mr. Colfax considers it undignified in him to take any part in office getting, while his old friend thinks he has had too much bolstering from others to now shelter himself behind official dignity. That's the way of the world. Get a fellow in position, and ten chances to one he will "cut" the man who put him there.