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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. III. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1870. No. 14.

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 50
2 weeks...	1 20	1 90	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 60	3 90	7 00	12 00	20 00
2 months..	2 75	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	33 00
3 months..	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	55 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 50
Administrators' Notice	2 00
Assignees' Notice	2 00
Auditors' Notice	1 50

SPECIAL NOTICES—Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Seven cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

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.

On and after Monday, Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave the Penn'a Railroad Depot, at Lancaster, as follows:

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
Pittsburg Ex.	12:51 a.m.	Cincin. Ex.	12:15 a. m.
Pacific.....	2:40 "	Phila. Express	3:40 "
Emigrant Tr.	4:28 "	Fast Line.....	6:42 "
Mail.....	11:15 "	Lanc. Train.....	9:30 "
Mail No. 2, via Columbia.....	11:15 "	Columbia Ac., (arrive).....	1:25 p. m.
Fast Line.....	2:35 p. m.	Pacific Express (leave).....	1:35 "
Columbia Ac...	2:45 "	Southern Ex (leave).....	4:10 "
Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac (leave).....	5:54 "
Lanc. Train..	7:34 "		
Cincin. Ex....	10:50 "		

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, NOV. 22, 1869.

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 2.00, 5.35, and 8.10 a. m., and 12.20 noon, and 2.55 and 11.00 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10.15 a. m., 12.05 noon, 3.35, 6.35 and 10.00 p. m., and 6.00 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 2.30 and 5.35 a. m., and 12.20 noon trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.55 and 4.10 p. m., the 2.55 train stopping at Lebanon only; the 4.10 p. m. train stopping at all Stations, and making connections for Philadelphia, Pottsville, Columbia, and all intermediate stations between said points only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.40 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.00 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.00 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 5.40, 9.00 a. m., and 3.05 p. m.; Herndon at 9.30 a. m., Shamokin at 9.40 and 10.40 a.m.; Ashland at 7.05 a. m., and 12.30 noon, Tamaqua at 8.33 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 8.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottsville at 5.40 a. m., passes Reading at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10.20 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m., passing Reading at 7.40 p. m., arriving at Pottsville at 9.30 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 7.15 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m. 3.10 and 5.30 p. m.; returning, leave Schwenkville at 6.10, 8.12 a. m. and 12.45 noon, connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9.00 a. m., and 6.20 p. m. for Mt. Pleasant, arriving there at 10.20 a. m. and 7.20 p. m., returning, leave Mt. Pleasant at 7.00 and 11.00 a. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading R. R.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a. m., and 2 05 and 5 02 p. m., returning, leave Downingtown at 6.30 a. m., 12.45 noon, and 5.15 p. m., connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5.00 and 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,) leave Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.35 a. m., 4.10 and 11.00 p. m., and Reading at 12.43, midnight, and 7.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, at 7.20 a. m., and 12.55 midnight, for New York and at 9.40 a. m. and 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., Nov. 22, 1869. (dec3-tf

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1869,

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Lancaster.....	8:15 a. m.	Reading.....	10:30 a. m.
"	3:10 p. m.	"	5:30 p. m
Columbia.....	8:10 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:00 p. m.	"	5:30 p. m.

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7:15 a. m.	Lancaster.....	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:15 a. m.	Columbia	9:35 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:30 p. m.

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South; on Palladelphia and Reading Railroad, and West on Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8:15 A. M. and Columbia at 8:10 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.

☞Mileage Ticket Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

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

nov26-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Su[illegible]

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868.

EDITORS EXPRESS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The Doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business.

H. B. PARRY.

W. M. WHITESIDE,

DENTIST.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

EAST KING STREET,

Next door to the Court House, over Fahnestock's Dry Goods Store,

LANCASTER, PENNA.

Teeth Extracted without pain by the use of (Nitrous Oxide) Gas.

no20-tf]

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

SMITH & AMER,

PRACTICAL HATTERS,

No. 25

EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ALL KINDS OF

HATS AND CAPS.

☞All orders promptly attended to.

F. SMITH,
CHAS. H. AMER.

aug13-1y]

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]

Safes.

HERRING'S CHAMPION SAFES.

THE BURNING OF EARLES' ART GALLERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO., 629 Chestnut street.

GENTLEMEN: We have just examined, with the very greatest satisfaction, our Safe, purchased of you some years ago, and which passed through our destructive fire last night.

We find the contents, without exception, entirely unharmed, merely slightly damp, and we feel now in a condition to commence our business again, having every book perfectly safe.

We shall in a few days require a larger one, and will call upon you.

JAMES EARLE & SONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27, 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO.

GENTLEMEN: In the year 1856, I unfortunately was in business in the Artisan Building, which was destroyed by fire on the 10th of April. I had then in use what I supposed was a Fire-proof Safe, but upon opening it I found everything was destroyed, and fire burning therein.

You will recollect, gentlemen, there were several of your Safes in that fire, also several in the fire at Sixth and Commerce streets, the next May, five weeks afterwards, all of which upon being opened proved they were fire-proof indeed, as I witnessed the opening of the most of them, and in every case the contents were preserved, while Safes of other makers were partially or entirely destroyed. I at once concluded to have something that I could depend upon, and purchased one of your Safes.

The Safe I purchased of you at that time was subjected to a white heat (which was witnessed by several gentlemen that reside in the neighborhood) at the destruction of my Marble Paper Factory, 921 Wallace street, on the afternoon and evening of the 24th inst. After digging the Safe from the ruins, and opening it this morning, I was much pleased to find everything, consisting of books, papers, money and silverware all right. I shall want another of your Safes as soon as I can get a place to continue my business in. I could not rest contented with any other make of Safes.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
Marble Paper Manufacturer.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES, the most reliable protection from fire now known. HERRING'S NEW PATENT BANKERS' SAFES, combining hardened steel and iron, with the Patent Franklinite, or SPIEGEL EISEN, furnish a resistant against boring and cutting tools to an extent heretofore unknown.

FARREL, HERRING & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN, NO. 251 BROADWAY, COR. MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

HERRING & CO., CHICAGO.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN, NEW ORLEANS.

oct8-1y*]

Varnishes, &c.

AUG. REINOEHL. JAC. REINOEHL, JR.

A. & J. REINOEHL,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

COPAL, WHITE, COFFIN, BLACK AND JAPAN

VARNISHES,

LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE, &c., &c.

NO. 109 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

(In the Keystone Building,)

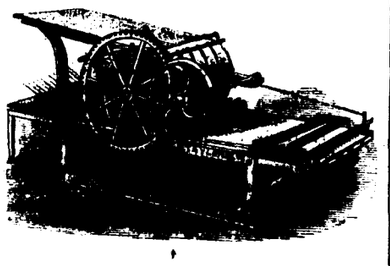
LANCASTER, PA.

Also, Mahogany Boards, Veneers and Mouldings of different sizes and patterns. All kinds of Turning, such as Bed Posts, Table Legs, Spokes, Hubs, Felloes, &c., &c., &c.

Also, AXLES, SPRINGS, &c. [jan 8-1yr

Printing.

JOB PRINTING.



THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PLACE

To get all kinds of

JOB PRINTING DONE,

IS AT THE

FATHER ABRAHAM OFFICE,

No. 13

SOUTH QUEEN STREET,

Two Doors North of Express Office.

ALL IN WANT OF

POSTERS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND-BILLS,
CARDS,
BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BLANK CHECKS,
PAMPHLETS,
NOTES, &C.

Will find it to their interest to give us a call.

RAUCH & COCHRAN,

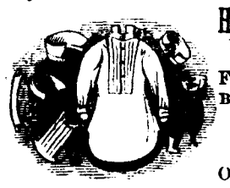
NEWSPAPER, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,

LANCASTER, PA.

jy23-tf

Furnishing Goods, &c.

BEST KID GLOVES.



H. M. LECHLER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Fine White Shirts,
BOSOMS,
COLLARS,
CUFFS,
Patent Spring
OVER GAITERS,

NECK TIES, BOWS, REGALIA,

—AND—

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. Formula of Management and list of prices sent on application.

(A PERFECT FIT WARRANTED.)

A fine assortment of

UNDERCLOTHING,
LADIES MERINO VEST,
SUSPENDERS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
GLOVES, HOSIERY,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
PERFUMERY,
POMADES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
WALKING CANES,
UMBRELLAS, &c.

NO. 35 EAST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS ONLY.

[sep27-1y]

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES,

COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,

and Gent's ware generally, at

ERISMAN'S,

No. 41½ NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster.

Am ver ous grosser shtock goods—suitable for Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we

Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemmemel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-fronts, Pa[illegible] Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Kehl, Cigar Ca[illegible] onnery fancy articles ons

E. J. ERISMAN'S,
41½ North Queen Street, Lancaster.
(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

Hotels.

U. S. HOTEL,

OPPOSITE PENNA. R. R. DEPOT,

HARRISBURG, PA.

W. H. EMMINGER & CO.,

mh18-1y] Proprietors.

Poetry.

WINTER.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt;
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees,
Bending counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses, that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smoothe and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops,
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depth's serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Miscellaneous.

THE GENTLE HAND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When and where, it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter, and a night's lodging, at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to darker shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shown with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck and a low word spoken.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested upon his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly—

"We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly, "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively, that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer, in a preemptory voice, giving the reign a quick jerk as he spoke.

But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained.

A stout lad came now out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the sweet maiden's voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratifications.

And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his silly brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly—

"She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

Was that indeed the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father's explanation was, doubtless the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent instanced in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand."

DESCRIPTION OF A QUADRILLE.

It is described thus by a young man who tried it: "We both bowed to both of us, and then to t'other; then the fiddle tuned and the thing started. I grabbed her female hand, she squeezed mine, we both slung each other, then changed base clear across the room, jumped up and down ever so many times, then my dear and me dozed-a-doe and hop-scotched home again (from a foreign shore,) then we two forwarded, four ladies changed, we X over, turned around twice, shasayed sideways, I backed to place, she dittoed, side couple to the left, side couples turn gentlemen, side couples turn ladies, ladies turn side couples, head couples turn side couples, all hands around, back again. First feller takes opposite gal, slings her around, take your own gal and t'other feller's gal forward and back, twist both gals two times, sling 'em to opposite feller, let him do the same as you, and back again to the places; light gentleman balance to heavy lady, heavy lady duplicate, promenade all gals to the centre, fellers catch hold of each other's hands, bob up and down, arm over, ladies stop, jump up and down, each feller takes his lady back to place. Right gentleman spin right lady, right lady spin left gentleman; all twist each other, do it again, over, repeat, once more, keep it up, all turn t'other backwards, sideways, each couple swing t'other couple, cross over, back again to our seats."

HE only is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest and dares do it—that is master to his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.—*Dr. Fuller.*

A REMINISCENCE OF "FIFTY-SEVEN."

The late Julian Legrand, a famous Paris merchant, was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life; and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:

"During the financial crisis and crash of fifty-seven, when great men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed at the condition of its own affairs. The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of bills receivable and bills payable—and his report was, that twenty thousand pounds (speaking in English currency) of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that, we must go by the board; the result was inevitable. I went among my friends; but in vain. The amount of money we needed was not to be had. Men who held gold would not let it go, save upon solid security; and the only security we could give was our word and our honor, for the many thousands due us were as nothing in that hour.

"Two whole days I strove and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear the voice of our junior sounding the terrible words, 'Our paper is protested!' when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced. He was of middle age, with a frank, genial face; and though I fancied there was something familiar in his earnest, kindly look, yet I could not call him to mind in any way.

"M. Legrand," he said, taking a seat near my desk, "I hear that you are in need of money."

"The very face of the man inspired confidence, and I told him just how I was situated."

"Give me your own note of hand, at one year, without interest, for $20,000, and I will give you a cheque for that amount."

"While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued thus:

"You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the superintending school committee of Mezieres. I was a boy at the school. My father was dead; my mother was poor, and I was but shabbily clad, though clean. When our class was called up to recite on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of the rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by. I blundered and stammered, and quivered with shame. But it was not as I had thought. In the end you passed by all the others and came to me. You laid your hand upon my head and told me I had done very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me that the way to honor and renown was open to all alike—no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point in my life. From that hour my soul has aspired; and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and I am wealthy; and I now offer you but a poor return for the soul-wealth you gave to me in that bygone time."

"I took the check," said Legrand, "and drew the gold; and the house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my promissory note?"

We could not guess.

"In the possession," he told us, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned granddaughter! Oh! hearts like that man's heart are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

LIFE WITHOUT AN AIM.

Those of you who are familiar with the shore, may have seen, attached to the inundated reef, a creature, whether a plant or animal you could scarcely tell, rooted to the rock as a plant might be, and twirling its long tentacula as an animal would do. This plant-animal's life is somewhat monotonous, for it has nothing to do but to grow and twirl its feelers, float in the tide, or fold itself up on its foot-stalk, when that tide has receded, for months and years together. Now, would it not be very dismal to be transformed into a zoophyte? Would it not be an awful punishment, with your human soul still in you, to be anchored to a rock, able to do nothing but spin about your arms or fold them up again, and knowing no variety, except when the receding ocean left you in the daylight, or the returning waters plunged you into the deep green depths again, or the sweeping tide brought you the prize of a young periwink or an invisible starfish? But what better is the life you are spontaneously leading? What greater variety marks your existence, than chequers the life of the sea-anemon? Does not one day float over you after another just as the tide floats over it, and finds you much the same, and leave you vegetating still? Are you more useful? What real service to others did you render yesterday? What tangible amount of occupation did you overtake in the one hundred and sixty-eight hours of which last week consisted? And what higher end in living have you than the polypus? You go through certain mechanical routines of rising, and dressing, and visiting, and dining, and going to sleep again, and are a little roused from your usual lethargy by the arrival of a friend, or the effort needed to write some note of ceremony. But as it curtseys in the waves, and vibrates its exploring arms, and gorges some dainty medusa, the sea-anemone goes through nearly the same round of pursuits and enjoyments with your intelligent and immortal self. Is this a life for a rational and responsible creature to lead?