

The Lancaster Journal

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.
LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1886. NO 24

For the Intelligence.
FRAGMENTS.
BY THE GLASS BARD.
MARY.—No. I.
My Mary, I will be true,
And touch my trembling hair,
With friendship's sweetest notes of love,
The language of the heart.
Mary, O dear and cherished name,
Oh, how the heart is stirred,
And every fibre seems to thrill,
When that sweet name is heard.
I'm trembled in the sound;
And lead the soul, to that bright sphere,
Where holy things abound.
Who does not love that Heaven name,
That dear, sweet name—Mary?
I'm every land and tongue 'tis heard—
Mary, Maria, Mary.
The name is sacred—and it seems
Composed of peace and love;
'Tis held most dear upon the earth,
And sung by choirs above.
Mary, since that blessed name,
That all revere and love;
Live so, that thou mayest after death,
Dwell in the courts above.

DECEIT.—No. II.
The violet thing of the earth,
Is friendship's love the sweetest;
The demon that betrays his friend,
Is not for earth or heaven sent.
But should descend to regions where
Wild soulless fiends and demons are.
LIFE.—No. III.
Our lives are declining, we're hastening away,
Dark shadows are gathering thick o'er our way.
Each moment that passes, reminds us of death,
And tells us how fleeting is life—but a breath.
Are life and time fleeting so rapidly?—Yes,
Each hour of the pulse beats the number still less.
Each moment that passes away to the doom,
Bears thousands of mortal away to the tomb.
Through thousands may spring into life, in a day,
But only a few will be borne away;
Thus alternately giving, man's general doom,
Is the fate of all living, man's general doom.
To S.—No. IV.
Whose cherubim and seraphim,
Proclaim their songs of love;
And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
And shout—shout—shout—
Oh, there your loved ones dwell in peace,
Where endless pleasures never cease!
THE ROSE.—No. V.
Within a garden's narrow bound,
A freshly blooming rose, I found;
I thought, it did resemble thee, O maid,
Whose lives were happy, free from woe!
I went again, and found it there,
A withered fragment on the stem;
I thought, it then resembled thee, O maid,
Whose path early, like the rose,
LINES.—No. VI.
My heart is set for her that's gone,
My dear, kind sister in the tomb;
She smiled so sweet in time of yore,
She smiled so sweet in time of yore.
EMERALD RING.—No. 7.
'Tis a gem which holds the power to glow—
If lighted lovels keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of Spring,
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
THE RECORD OF A BY-GONE AGE.
Ah, Emerald Ring, hast thou the power,
To tell of those that fell in woe,
Who loved and loved how?
New Providence, 1886.

For the Intelligence.
SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM B. REED.
FELLOW CITIZENS—I am here this evening by the kind invitation of your committee. I am here under the generous and comprehensive call of your meeting, and I am here with as strong a wish as animates any one within the sound of my voice that the ticket nominated at Cincinnati may be successful. In coming here, I am conscious of no separation from the people of West Virginia from existing political organizations, for the great party with which I have solely allied is practically extinct. No one stood by it longer than I did. Those who would prostitute its name for other uses, and even that which is hardly pretended, have no claim on my fidelity, and those who have no change of feeling, and who have any great principle of government, there is something more sacred than a traditional party name—they and there are thousands such around us and amongst us—who, on the great question as to whose hands the trust of our Executive government shall be confided for the next four years, will come with me to vote with me. I am glad to be among the first of the great conservative party of this city, thus publicly to avow adherence to the candidates of the National Democracy. It may be a hazardous step. It may be a sacrifice. But, be it what it may, no one shall say that I am a half-way, timid, hesitating step—that now, after a life of the most decisive politics, I hesitate to do that which every sentiment of loyalty to the Constitution, of clear duty to my native State and to my native city, prompts.—Thus feeling, thus speaking, thus willing to accept of being to me as a private and undistinguished citizen, with no aspiration to gratify, I consider I shall be welcome.

But I have a special and a local object in being here to-night, and wish that what I say could reach every man of business in the community, for, on the ground of mere local interest, I can demonstrate which side Philadelphia ought to take in the issue now before the people. Shall the capital of Pennsylvania, this metropolis so often postponed, so much overshadowed, cast its influence and cast its vote—is it wise, is it patriotic, is it politic for it to throw its vote against a Pennsylvania candidate for the Presidency? Especially is it wise to do so when the vote would in all probability, be cast in favor of a principle of sectionalism against which Philadelphia has always arrayed itself? With aggressive sectionalism in any form, this City of the Constitution never had, and never can have communion, and I cherish the hope that, if Philadelphia hereafter finds herself divided to choose between a merely Abolition cause, or a reform or guise, and the National party, which knows no higher law than the Constitution, and makes its principles conservative of the Union, her citizens will come forward to the support of Mr. Buchanan with as dutiful and hearty a will, as I feel it my duty to do now. Temporary and national considerations may have their influence, but the ultimate result is certain. When Mr. Buchanan was last here, returning from public service to his home, the politicians barred the door against him. No one welcomed him from official lips. Not a man of business, the merchants of Philadelphia took the cause for his efforts to maintain peace, and with it the interests of commerce and peaceful industry. To them he spoke words of genial gratitude and of conservative counsel—and a little child shall lead them—after a while,

now fell, differing as they may from him politically, that the interests of the Nation are safe in his hands. He stands before us too a man of irreproachable private character. If during the canvass about to begin, Mr. Buchanan maintains, as I assure he will, his attitude of dignified moderation, of admonitory reserve to all who are of any quarter urge a contra-ultraism,—if he continues to stand as he now does before the nation the type of conservative statesmanship, with no statement of fidelity to the great party who in honoring him honors itself, as one of its humblest citizens, invite him back to Philadelphia to a new and heartier welcome. I shall be glad to see a Pennsylvania President welcomed in Independence Hall.

This matter of State pride, this local exultation in honors rendered to our own public men, must not be looked on as an illusionary sentiment. Your distinguished guests to-night, from other States, will not think the worse of us for indulging it. It is that which has made Virginia the Mother of Presidents. She nurses her children like a loving mother, and does not bind them out or condemn them without care as to what becomes of them. It was that which made Massachusetts cling to Mr. Webster; North Carolina to William Gaston; and South Carolina to Mr. Calhoun and her other honored son, Wm. Lowndes, (a representative from Carolina, whom it was her pride to send to the Halls of Congress, men of peaceful, gentle chivalry, which hearkened to Kentucky, by devoting that never abated, to Mr. Clay. And now, when for the first time for seventy years, a Pennsylvania Statesman is named for the highest honor in the Nation's gift, have we not a right, nay, is it not our duty to arouse the thinking of the same parent sentiment in our hearts? If the labors of easy self-sacrifice, the readiness to be content with small honors and subordinate offices which has been so long the discredit and shame of Pennsylvania, if all this have not chilled to absolute indifference every natural emotion of honest pride in our bosom, this commonwealth will speak for her honored son in tones which will not soon die away in silence—and from no part, if her feelings and opinions on points of public policy be moderately respected, will there be a stronger and heartier respect than from this her Whig metropolis.

But there is an actual political significance in these nominations, that of Mr. Breckinridge, as well as that of the President, as respects locality, that cannot be overlooked. It is no extreme of territory that furnishes the candidates. They come from the Middle States, from the very center of the Union, for Kentucky, strictly speaking, is no longer a Western State.—They are the representatives of that central hand which enforces the Union, and which, if the Union is severed, must break asunder in ranged edges of contention and wound by the animosity of frontier warfare. Kentucky and Pennsylvania, though with different social institutions, are of the same political parallel of moderation on all national questions, and of unwavering fidelity to the Constitution and the Union. Pennsylvania is one of the Old Thirteen and Kentucky is a Union child—at least their first-born beyond the Allegheny mountains. The beautiful river which washes the shores of Kentucky and on which floats the friendly commerce of so many United States, is formed of Pennsylvania streams. Fanaticism is kept far and never has had a foot-hold in Pennsylvania. In coming here, I am conscious of no separation from the people of West Virginia from existing political organizations, for the great party with which I have solely allied is practically extinct. No one stood by it longer than I did. Those who would prostitute its name for other uses, and even that which is hardly pretended, have no claim on my fidelity, and those who have no change of feeling, and who have any great principle of government, there is something more sacred than a traditional party name—they and there are thousands such around us and amongst us—who, on the great question as to whose hands the trust of our Executive government shall be confided for the next four years, will come with me to vote with me. I am glad to be among the first of the great conservative party of this city, thus publicly to avow adherence to the candidates of the National Democracy. It may be a hazardous step. It may be a sacrifice. But, be it what it may, no one shall say that I am a half-way, timid, hesitating step—that now, after a life of the most decisive politics, I hesitate to do that which every sentiment of loyalty to the Constitution, of clear duty to my native State and to my native city, prompts.—Thus feeling, thus speaking, thus willing to accept of being to me as a private and undistinguished citizen, with no aspiration to gratify, I consider I shall be welcome.

These, my fellow citizens, are some of the reasons which influence my judgment and conduct now. They are not meant to be obtrusively urged on those who may think differently from me. There are other topics rather relating to the past than to the future I should be glad to speak of, but this is not the occasion. In them, and especially on the anti-republicanism of the great political organizations, in my views are well known, for I spoke them long ago; when, as now, timid counsellors advised silence. On all public matters, I am apt to feel strongly and to speak decisively; but I have sought in what I have said to cite no unpleasant fact anywhere, nor to try to please and speak, on a great question of political interest, as an American public man should think and speak, and from the bottom of my heart, Mr. President and fellow citizens, I thank you for the opportunity you have just given me of speaking out what I really believe will be, if it is not now, the true policy of Philadelphia.

For the Intelligence.
ENIGMA.
I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 10, 4 and 13, is a town in South America.
2, 11, 10 and 3, is a division of India.
3, 2 and 11, is an isle in the Irish Sea.
4, 2 and 11, is a river in Europe.
5, 2, 13 and 11, is a town in Asia.
6, 10, 9, 2, 3 and 12, is one of the West India Islands.
7, 5, 4 and 12, is a town in Sweden.
8, 7, 11, 13, 8 and 12, is a town in South America.
9, 7 and 4, is a town in India.
10, 13 and 11, is a cape of the United States.
11, 7, 4, 8, 4 and 5, is a river in North America.
12, 5, 9 and 4, is a county in North Carolina.
13, 2, 5 and 9, is a county in North Carolina.
My whole is the name of a distinguished Statesman.
New Providence, May 27, 1886.

For the Intelligence.
A late Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf, to Mary L. Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them"—after a while,

LETTERS TO MOTHERS,
ON EARLY CULTURE OF THEIR CHILDREN.
BY MRS. L. H. SIGORNEY.
Who can compute the value of the first seven years of life? Who can tell the strength of impressions made ere the mind is pre-occupied or perverted? Especially, if in its wakened state it is fortified by the breath of a mother, will not the seal which she stamps there, resist the mutations of time when the light of this sun and moon are quenched and extinct?

We are counselled on this point by the bluntest analogies. "The husbandman wakes early. He scarcely waits for the breath of Spring to unbind the soil ere he marks out the furrow. If he neglected to prepare the ground, he might as well sow his seed by the way side or upon the rocks. If he deferred the vernal toil the summer suns were high, when his study he have to expect the harvest of the winter store? Is the builder of a lofty and magnificent edifice careless of its foundations, and whether its columns are to rest upon a quicksand or a quagmire? And should the maternal guardian of an immortal being be less anxious, less skillful, less scrupulous, than the husbandman or the architect or the builder of stone? Shall the imperishable glow of the soul be less regarded than the 'wood, hay and the stubble,' that moulder and consume around it?

Mother, take into your own hands the early instruction of your children. Commence with simple stories from the scriptures. Lead to them books of instruction from your observation of mankind. Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the disposition of your child. Lead to them books of instruction, from your observation of mankind. Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the disposition of your child. Lead to them books of instruction, from your observation of mankind. Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the disposition of your child.

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THE DEATH BRIDAL.
Poor Aline, she was so young and so fair, we had been friends from the time we could walk or speak—Claude was her cousin, but no one knew how well he loved her, till he was gone, although he had always been fond of her; but she was the favorite of the whole parish. When Aline was about sixteen, she was to spend a year with some relations in Geneva.

Claude had never told her that he loved her, he was poor, and many a year must pass before he could win her. Then they were both so young, and perhaps he feared to try his fate. I always think he felt that he was not long for this world, and he would not sadden her life by any grief that he could spare her; or perhaps mother Agnace was right. But she was gone and he had not spoken.

Before the winter was gone he died. When he was dead they found on his heart a little case like these party cards in which he had written a few lines to her, and a flower she had given him the day she went away. We did not remove it, but laid it with him in the grave.

In the summer Aline came home. She shall never forget how lovely she looked that day. The joy of her return, and our gladness at seeing her again, had given such life and bloom to her sweet face. We talked of one and another of our friends in the mountain, and of all she had seen and done while away, but she never mentioned Claude. At last, as the evening came, she fell so restless, she begged her friends to come in, and among them Claude's sister. Aline kissed her. "Could not Claude come with you after all those months, said she.

She started and was silent, but one of the others said, "Did you not know that poor Claude is dead?" "My Aline," she uttered but one cry so long and bitter that it seemed her life must go with it, and she fell as if dead.

It was long before we could bring her to herself, and through all that night she never spoke one word, but one fainting followed another until the morning, then she seemed to revive a little, but so wan she looked a mere wreck of what she was last yesterday, and in her eyes shone a strange sort of glitter, like sunlight reflected from ice, so cold and bright. At last she spoke.

"Marguerite, said she taking both my hands, I saw Claude yesterday, do not start, he stood by me when I fell, and he would have a death bridal, and they can never part more."

"No one parted you, dear," said I. "Ah, they did—they did," she answered; "they knew how happy we should be, and they would not let us be." "How?" I asked anxiously. "She looked anxiously at me for a moment, and shook her head without speaking. "She says what is true," said mother Agnace, who had come to help us nurse her.

There are malignant spirits who always try to sadden the heart, if they take the life of one, they watch the other, and that other must marry the dead in his grave, or the spirits cast a spell upon them, and they can never meet after death.

"Marguerite," said poor Aline, "I must go to the priest and bring him. I must be married now, as soon as my wedding dress is made."

"I went to see Father Bernard, for he would not be satisfied. He said her brain was turned by the shock, and she must be soothed and reasoned out of the strange fancy. He came to see her, but after he had made her understand that he would have her give up the idea, she began to pout, and her purpose so touchingly that at last he gave way.

"Poor soul," said he, as he went out, with the tears standing in his eyes, "it is no harm, and may give her rest."

So we arranged all things for the ceremony. I dressed my poor friend for her strange marriage, all in white, with a long veil, and her bridal crown of myrtle and roses, and her old Father Bernard, who had said that she would have him do, with a quiet composure strangely belied by her restless glittering eyes. No one then living had ever seen a death bridal, though some of such rites being performed long ago. But she seemed to know, intuitively, how all should be done. We formed in a procession at the bride's house, as is customary at weddings, and proceeded to the church-yard; there she stood at one side of the grave and Father Bernard on the other. She had two bridal rings—one she wore, the other she placed on the grave—and kneeling down she laid her left hand upon the tomb.

"The priest said a prayer, and those assembled sang the marriage anthem, and we supposed this would satisfy her; but still kneeling, as soon as our voices had ceased, she uttered in a clear, solemn voice, her marriage vows; not in the usual words of our service, but in language so earnest, so full of pathos, that none of us could restrain our tears. Then rising up, she gave the ring that had been on her finger to the priest, who put it on her hand, taking off her own; they lifted up the head-stone from the place, and she put her ring beneath it. When the stone was restored to its place, she made me take off the bridal crown, and she hung over the grave of Claude, and slowly returned to her home.

"She seemed feeble and exhausted, speaking little during the day. At night she called me. "Dear Marguerite, he will come for me to-morrow," he has promised."

"When the first sunlight came into her room she opened her eyes—they were calm and peaceful now, and raising her arms, which a happy smile broke over her face, she said, "Claude! she exclaimed, and her eyes closed forever, while that bright smile lingered on her lips.

We laid her beside him, in her bridal robes; and every year when her marriage day returns, I hang above her grave a bridal wreath of myrtle and white roses.—Poor Aline!

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.
BEHIND TIME.
A railroad train was running along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars passed each other. The conductor was too late, so late, that the period during which the down train had to wait had nearly elapsed, but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there

was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fiery souls were in eternal and because an engineer had been behind time. A great battle was being fought. Columns after columns had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking the west, reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had assembled from across the country, and if it came up in season all would be right. The great conqueror confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it was found that the firm had been overdrawn by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the good. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed that she had brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million of dollars to the insolvents, but it was now too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting had been behind time.

A merchant had been led out to execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, yet even the sheriff felt confident that it would arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down the hill, the steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved partially at the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch making his five minutes too slow, making his hour put off behind time.

It is continually so in our life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the wealth of nations, honor, happiness itself are sacrificed, because some one is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake simply because they are "behind time." There are also others who put off reforming until year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." The allies lost nearly a year at Sebastopol because they delayed a superfluous day after the battle of Alma, and came up too late for a coup de main just twenty-four hours "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth a year, but a title period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided it is being "behind time."—Baltimore Sun.

HAPPINESS.—To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw a hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make one happy; they have always had the power of doing these things never will have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our conduct in teaching these for things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity, or steam, in nowise. And I am utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one, and it seems that it must at last try the right one in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fasting and preaching and fasting, buying and selling pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjure there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold and fought and fasted and wearied its will with politics and ambition, and sold denials, God had placed its rest, happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside and of the clouds of the firmament.

A STRING OF MISAPHS.—A man named Wragg was brought into one of our courts for disturbing the peace. No witnesses appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story. Judge—Mr. Wragg, will you state the facts connected with your arrest? "Mr. Wragg—Certainly, sir. Last night, at 10 o'clock, I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation; suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hag who was crying on the sidewalk. Now, I have a deep aversion to an old hag. In fact, I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hags. It may be because old hags are emblematic of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances and old hags receive the same kind of treatment, namely, kicking. Now, when I got out of my bed, and lay lying on the side-walk, as I did, would have given a kick, and that, sir, is just what I did. I kicked that old hag, and not only that, but I kicked a frightful large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman with sufficient force to cause her to fall in falling, she knocked down a ladder, one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart horse; the horse gave a jump, and the cartman was thrown off his cart; he fell on a bull terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the cartman, who rolled over a nigger rushed out of an alley, and kicked the cartman for falling on his dog; the cartman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but, unfortunately, it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery, and fell into a butter tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I had got up, and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, from which cir-

DECEASED DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE. The greatest variety of medicinal articles ever offered in Lancaster, at Dr. S. Welch's Drug and Chemical Store, 25 North Second Street, in the Store Room in the National Hotel, building, extending from the corner of Market Street to the corner of Second Street. Wholesale and Retail. Medicines for the people. Extracts from the sale as follows: Purely medicinal, warranted to be of the highest quality, and of the most reliable character. No stock of every article in the drug store can be obtained in any first class drug store in the city or elsewhere.

Spices and Extracts, for Family Use. Pure and genuine. Black Pepper, highly concentrated. Pure and genuine. Vanilla, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Nutmeg, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cloves, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cinnamon, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Mace, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cardamom, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Allspice, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Vanilla, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Nutmeg, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cloves, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cinnamon, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Mace, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cardamom, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Allspice, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Vanilla, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Nutmeg, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cloves, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cinnamon, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Mace, pure and genuine. Pure and genuine. Cardamom, pure and genuine. 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