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"THAT COUNTRY IS THE NOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD,"-BUCHANAN.

VOL. LXIII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1862.

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BY GROUPSANDERLOOM. TEBMS. SUBSCRIPTION.-TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in ad-vance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-ages are paid, nuless at the option of the Editor. ADTENTIEMENTS.-Advertisements, not acceeding one square, (12 lines.) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twonly five cents for each additional inser-tion. Those of greater length in proportion.

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THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL.

BY S. C. MERCER. "Twas nightfall in the hospital. The day, As though its eyes were dimmed with bloody rain From the red clouds of war, had quenched its light, And in its stead some pale, sepulchral lamps Shed their dim lustre in the halls of pain, And fiaunted mystic shadows o'er the walls.

No more the cry of charge! On, soldiers, on ! Stirred the thick billows of the sulphureous air, Stirred the thick billows of the sulphureous air, But the deep moan of human agony, Brom pale lips quivering as they strove in vain To smother mortal pain, appalled the ear And made the life-blood curdle in the heart. Nor flag, nor bayonet, nor plume, nor lance, Nor burnished gun, nor clarion's call, nor drum Displayed the pomp of war, but, instead, The tourniquet, the scalpel and the draught, The bandage and the splint were strewn around, Dumb symbols telling more than tongue could speak The kardish arous here arous a strewn around.

Look, look! What gentle form with cautions step Passes from couch to couch as silently As yon faint shadow flickering on the walls, And, bending o'er the gasping sufferer's head, Cools his flushed forchead with the icy bath From her own tender hand, or pours the cup Whose cordial powers can quench the inward flame That burns his heart to sahes, or with voice As gentle as a mother's to her babe Pours plous consolation in his ear?

She came to one long used to war's rude scenes, She came to one long need to war's rude scenes, A soldier from his youth, grown gray in arms, Now pierced with mortal wounds. Untutored, roug Though brave and true, uncared for by the world, His life had passed, without a friendly world, Which, timely spoken to his willing ear, Had wakened God-like hopes and filled his heart With the unfading bloom of sacred truth. Beside his couch she stood and read the page Of Heavenly wisdom and the law of love, And bade him follow the triumphant ohief Who bears the unconquered banner of the Cross. The veteran heard with tears and grateful smile, Like a long-frozen fount whose ice is touched By the resistless Stan and melts away, By the resistless form and melts away, And, fixing his last gaze on her and Heaven, Went to The Judge in penitential prayer.

Went to The Judge in penitential prayer. She passed to one in manhood's blooming prime, Lately the glory of the martial field, But now sore soathed by the fierce shock of arms, Like tall pine shattered by the lightning stroke, Prostrate he lay and felt the pange of death, And asw its thickening damp obscure the light Which makes our world so beautiful. Yet these He heeded not. His anzious thought had flown O'er rivers and illimitable woods To his far cottage in the Western wilds, Where his young bride and prattling little ones-Poor, hapless lambs, chased by the wolf of war-Watched for the coming of the absent one In utter desolation's bitterness. O agonizing thought! which smote his heart With anguish sharper than the sabre's point. The angel came with sympathetic voice And whispered in his ear-Your down and to the widow and embrace The orphans tenderly within His arms, For human sorrow never ories in vain To His compassionate ears.'' The dying man Drank in her words with rapture; oheering hope Shone like a rainhow in his tearful eyes And arched cloud of sorrow, while he gave The dearest earthy treasure of his heart In resignation to the care of God. And show hoy of fiteen summers tossed

A fair, wan boy of fifteen summers tossed His wasted limbs upon a cheerless couch. Ah, how unlike the downy bed prepared By his fond mother's love, whose tireless l

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. hesitated, the cost pattern was measured voice, 'Edwards must have made a misoff and severed from the piece. take. 'There it is,' came in a satisfied, halftriumphant tone from the storekeeper's bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering her-And the greatest bargain you ever self, yet speaking in a sad voice. 'But lips. had. You want trimmings, of course ?' I'm sorry that it's all right. I have looked As he spoke he turned to the shelf for over it and over it again, and cannot find

> Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing Jacobs sat for some moments with his his hands from an internal feeling of delight and said :

'You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course.'

'My vest is a little shabby,' replied Ja- fool I have been. That fellow, Edwards, cobs, as he glanced downward at a gar- has gone to windward of me completely; ment which had seen pretty fair service. he knew that if he got me on his book, he 'If that's the best one you have, it will would secure three dollars to one of my never do to go with a new coat,' said Ed- money, beyond what he would get by cash wards in a decided tone. 'Let me show down system. Ah, are we happier now

you a beautiful piece of black satin.' for the extra dry goods we have procured ? And so the storekeeper went on tempt- Not a whit. Our bodies have been a little ing his customer, until he sold him a vest better clothed, and our love of display and pantaloons in addition to his coat .--- gratified to some extent. But has all that After that he found no difficulty in selling wrought a compensation for the pain of him a silk dress for his wife. Having inthis day of reckoning ?

dulged himself with an entire new suit, he Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly could not, upon reflection, think of passing was she repenting of her part in the folly by his wife, who had been wishing for a they had committed. new silk dress for more than six months. Tea time came, but neither husband nor

rapidly.

' Can't you think of anything else ?' in- | wife could do much more than taste food. quired Edwards. 'I shall be happy to That bill of a hundred and twenty dollars supply whatever you may want in our had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them

'Nothing more, I believe,' answered Ja- a very refreshing slumber; and in the cobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dol- morning they awoke sober minded and litlars; and he had yet to pay for making his the inclined for conversation. But one coat, pantaloons and vest. thought was in the mind of Mr. Jacobs-

'But you want various articles of dry the bill of Mr. Edwards ; and one feeling goods. In a family there is something in the mind of his wife-self-reproach for called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to her part in the work of embarrassment. send for whatever she may need. Never 'What will you do ?' said Mrs. Jacobs, mind about the money. Your credit is in a voice that was unsteady, looking into good with me for any amount.' her husband's face with glistening eyes, as When Mr. Jacobs went home and told she laid her hand upon his arm, causing

his wife what he had done, the unreflecting | him to pause as he was about leaving the woman was delighted. house ' I wish you had taken a piece of mus-'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the

lin,' said she. 'We want sheets and pillow young man gloomily. 'I suppose I shall cases badly.' have to ask him to wait. But I'm sure I'd 'You can get a piece,' replied Jacobs. rather take a horse-whipping. Good cred-We won't have to pay for it now. Ed-wards will send in the bill at the end of it! He'll sing a different song now.'

For a moment or two longer the hussix months, and it will be easy enough to band and wife stood looking at each other. pay for it then.' Then as each sighed heavily, the former 'Oh, yes, easy enough,' responded his turned away and left the house. His road

wife, confidently. to business was past the store of Mr. Ed-So a piece of muslin was procured on the wards, but he now avoided the street in credit account. But things did not stop which he lived, and went a whole block

here. A credit account is so often like a out of the way to do so. breach in a canal; the stream is small at 'How am I to pay this bill ?' murmured first, but soon increases to a rninous cur- the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work rent. Now that want had found a supply for the twentieth time, as he sat at his source, want became more clamorous than desk, and giving his mind up to troubled before. Scarcely a day passed but Mr. or | thoughts.

Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from Just at that moment the senior partner the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that in the establishment came up and stood an alarming, heavy debt was accumulating | beside him. against them. Well, my young friend,' said he, kind-As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was ly, ' how are you getting along ?' Jacobs not large. He was, as has been intimated, | tried to smile and look cheerful, as he rea clerk in a wholesale store, and received plieda salary of seven hundred dollars a year. 'Pretty well, sir.' But his voice had His family consisted of a wife and three in it a touch of despondency. bundle ? children, and he found it necessary to be 'Let me see,' remarked the employer, prudent in all his expenditures, in order 'to after a pause, ' your regular year is up tomake ends meet,' somewhat independent day, is it not? in his feelings he had never asked credit 'Yes,' replied Jacobs, his heart sinking of any one with whom he dealt, and no one more heavily in his bosom, for the quesoffering it, previous to the temptation or tion suggested a discharge from his place, inducement held out by Edwards, he had business having been dull for some time. regulated his out-goes by his income. By 'I was looking at your account vesterthis means he managed to keep even with day,' resumed the employer, 'and find the world ; tho' not to gain any advantage that it is drawn up close. Have you noon the side of fortune. Let us see if his thing ahead ?' good credit has been of any real service 'Not a dollar, 1 am sorry to say,' reto him. turned Jacobs. 'Living is very expensive, It was very pleasant to have things comand I have six mouths to feed fortable for a little display, without feeling 'That being the case,' said the employthat indulgences drained the purse too er. 'as you have been faithful to us, and heavily. And a weak vanity on the part your services are valuable, we must add of Jacobs was gratified by the flattering something to your salary. Now you reopinion of their honesty entertained by ceive seven hundred dollars ?' Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was good, and he was proud of the fact.-'Yes, sir.' . We will call it eight hundred and fifty. But the day of reckoning drew near and at A sudden light flashed in the face of last it came. the unhappy clerk ; seeing which, the em-Notwithstanding the credit at the dry ployer, already blessed in blessing another, goods store, there was no more money in the -babba 'And it shall be for the last as well as than at the beginning. The cash that for the coming year. I will fill you out a would have gone for clothing when necescheck for a hundred and fifty dollars, as sity called for additions to the family wardbalance due up to this day.' robe, had been spent for things the pur-The feelings of Jacobs were too much chase of which would have been omitted agitated to trust himself to oral thanks, as but for the fact that the dollars were in he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotion. The end of the six months' credit ap-A little while afterwards the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face. to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety .---

in the wide, wide world, and then I was so A STORY OF TO-DAY.

'Now, Martin, I've got everything 'So I thought when I first looked at the stowed away in this bundle, though it was mighty hard work. I've done up them two shirts fit for a king, and I've stowed away padding, silk, &c., and while Jacobs, half an error. Oh, dear, how foolish I have bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece to another until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. never thought of a bill block the reduced for the store th a little batch of doughnuts in one corner, You've got three pair of nice, warm socks, that I knit last summer, that never went 1y on her.' eyes upon the floor. He was thinking on your feet. You must look out and not

wet 'em, whatever comes, for I always 'So much for good credit,' he said at thought your father caught his death cold length, taking a long breath. 'What a the day he felled the hickory tree in the south meadow, for he came home with his soppin' wet, and was so hoarse he couldn't peak a loud word the next day, and before the week was gone the cough set in, which carried him to his grave. You'll remember, Martin, and mind don't get your feet wet?'

'I'll do the best I can, mother. You talk as if you didn't know much about the rough and tumble time we've got to go through, but you mean it all right.'

It was in a large kitchen of a small, old-fashioned country cottage, that these words were spoken. You could not have helped liking the old woman's face, pale

and faded though it was with years, and sickness and care; it had such a good mother look, and was full of kindness and sympathy.

She was poor and old, her husband had long ago laid down on that last brown pillow which the earth spreads smooth for all her children. And around his grave clustered half a dozen smaller ones, sons and daughters who had gone before him.

So Martin Johnson was all that remained to his mother; the hope and staff of her old age. All the tendrils of her love wove themselves around him; and he was a kind, thoughtful, and industrious son, whose highest ambition was to pay off the mortgages on the old homestead, and then to settle down there for life.

But when the summer crops were mostly in, and the winter and the hard times promised little work to recompense for farm abor, he had been induced to join a company of volunteers forming in his town. And now the last hour with his mother had come, and he stands there, the young, brave, stalwart man, and there is a strange weakness about his heart and huskiness in his throat, and he wishes he could get away

without speaking the last word. 'Come, mother,' he says, stowing the large bundle in his deep coat pocket, 'It is high time I was off, so we must say good bye. Take care of yourself, do, and don't go fretting yourself about me. I'll write as often as I can.'

The old woman put her feeble arms about the strong man. 'Oh, my boy!' and the sobs shook her gray hairs, 'you won't forget your poor old mother, that

proud of him, and I loved him so. My little Martin whose yellow curls used to wind around my fingers when he was a baby, crowing in my lap-my little blue-eyed Martin lying away off stiff and cold, with no mother to bend down her face over him when he looked up and called on her the last time-oh, don't say so, my heart will break, moaned the poor mother, as the truth began to dawn more ful-'Squire Farnham was a strong man, but

bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he looked up, for there was a udden fall. Mrs. Johnson had fainted. God help her,' he said. as he lifted her on the bed in the next room. She has said the truth, her heart will surely

break.' Dear reader, on the golden back ground of last summer how many such dark and

terrible scenes have been painted ? Let us, who mourn beloved dead upon the battle-field, be humble, be pitiful and

grateful to God that no blow has fallen upon our homes; and may he drop the dews of His healing on the hearts which have been torn with that anguish for which there is neither help nor consolation.

Marriage and Housekeeping.

BY ASPHALTOR.

When I took a rib and started houseeeping, my mother said, 'Joe, never do something for nothing, and look well after a pack of lazy huzzies that run from house house gathering scandal, and helping their neighbors through with short dinners -for they always happen to 'call' at meal times. Shun them, I say, Joe, or they will bankrupt you, separate you from your wife, and finally drive you out of house and home. Its all true, Joe, what I say. You have only seen the world in miniature vet. I have seen both sides and almost both ends.'

Well, thinks I to myself, the old lady has been behind the curtain- has had bad neighbors, and was growing childish in the bargain. I had rather a liking for a friend now

and then ; but had never yet been to housekeeping. I fancied, however, that I could manage such business tolerably well at the as rolling off a log,' and all the prelimi. same time, but I had everything to learn, and bad tutors to begin with.

My wife was an affable little person and younger than desirable for the head of a family, but she was ' such a dear good soul,' as people say, that everybody liked her. She always had a dollar or so for a chaitable

a loaf of bread for a beggar, and such a heart to help people out of trouble-would the whole Yankee force without firing a

thousand such excuses of the kind would

ring upon my ears from these strolling gun-

boats, that seem to have been formed to

annoy their unfortunate acquaintances and

If my wife was sick, the house would be

about her health and offering their services.

when above all things their very presence

was detested. 'Ting-a-ling-a-ling' goes

but you know, Mrs. Peters, I cannot stay

at home when I can be of service to a sick

friend, and such a friend ! Why, dear me,

neighbors.

Secesh Strategy. The Memphis people are full of glee at the stratagems which they allege have been

carried on by some young man named John Morgan, a Kentuckian. One of his last exploits is related by The Appeal, as follows The heroic young Kentuckian is as full of stratagem as he is of daring. He dis-guised himself as a countryman and took a wagon-load of meal to Nashville the other day. Driving straight to the St. Cloud Hotel, he left his wagon at the door in charge of a trusty follower, and went

into the dining-room of the hotel, where he sat down to dinner opposite Gen. McCook Gin. McCook, I suppose ?' said the dis. guised partisan, bowing across the table. ' You are right, sir,' said McCook, 'that

> is my name." · Well, Gineral, if there's no seceshers about, I've got something to tell you right

here. Looking around, the General requested his new acquaintance to proceed with what

he had to say. 'Well, Gineral, I live up here close by Burke's Mills, right in the midst of a nest of red-hot seceshers, and they swear your of red-not secondry, and so f meal if they soldiers shan't have a peck of meal if they have to starve for it. But. Gineral. I'm all right on the goose, though 1 don't have. much to sav about home. and so I got a

it down here to-day, and it's now out thar in the street, and you can have it if you want it.

wagon-load of meal ground, and I've brung

Gen. McCook was highly delightedexpressed his gratitude to the plain-looking ountryman for his kindness, praised his loyalty to the 'old flag,' etc., and at once ordered the meal to be taken to the commissary of his brigade, and paid for it in gold and silver. This transaction accomplished, the counterfeit wagoner again repaired to Gen. McCook's headquarters, where, after requesting a strictly private interview, he told the 'Gineral' that if he

would send out 150 men to such a place, in such a neighborhood in Davidson county he would guide them right into that f nest of seceshers and traitors,' where they might ' bag' a large quantity of meat and other contraband of war,' besides a num ber of the worst rebels that ever assisted in 'busting up' this 'glorious Union.' Gen. McCook-fell into the snare 'as easy nary arrangements were made, and time and place agreed upon, for the 150 Union

soldiers to meet their trusty guide. McCook's detachment of 150 men kept the appointment faithfully, and of course Capt. Morgan, no longer disguised, was there to meet them ; but unfortunately for institution-a spare dress for a poor friend, them, he was not alone-he had a sufficient number of well armed horsemen to capture

lend her watch or jewelry to a friend at gun. So he took them quietly, and sent any time to ' spout' when she failed to have them swiftly to the rear, to be exchanged

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By his fond mother's love, whose tireless hands No comfort for her only offspring spared, From earliest childhood when the sweet babe slept Soft nestling in her boson all the night Like half blown lily sleeping on the heart Of swelling Summer wave till that sad day He left the untold treasures of her love, To seek the rude companionship of War. The flery fever struck his swelling brain With raving madness, and the big vains throughd With raving madness, and the big veins throbbed A death-knell on his temples, and his breath Was hot and quick as is the panting deer's Stretched by the Indian's arrow on the plain. "Mother ! oh, mother !" of this faltering tongue Shrieked to the cold, bare walls which echoed bac His weilings in the mothan of densite Bhrieked to the cold, bare walls which echoed bac His wailings in the mockery of despair. Oh, angel nurse! what sorrow wrung thy heart For the young sufferer's grief! She knelt beside The dying lad, and smoothed the tangled locks Back from his aching brow, and wept and prayed With all a woman's tenderness and love That the Good Shepherd would receive this lamb Far wandering from the dear maternal fold, And shelter him in His all-circling arms, In the green valleys of immortal rest. In the green valleys of immortal rest.

And so the angel passed from scene to scene Of human suffering, like that Blessed One, Himself the man of sorrows and of grief, Who came on earth to teach the law of love Who came on earth to teach the law of love And pour sweet balm upon the mourner's heart, To raise the fallen and restore the lost. Bright vision of my dreams! thy light shall shine Through all the darkness of this weary world, Its selfishness, its coldness and its sin, Pure as the holy evening star of love, The brighest planet in the host of heaven.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

'Let me show you one of the finest of cloths I have seen in six months,' said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was young man's purse at the end of six months in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

'Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards,' replied the customer, 'the silk and buttons are all I want.'

'Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs-no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to the purse instead of in the storekeeper's show my goods,' said the storekeeper, hand and tempted needless expenditures. drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the proached, and the mind of Jacobs began to counter. 'There,' he added, as he un- rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and folded the glossy broad-cloth and clapped his hands upon it self-complacently ; there As to the amount of this bill, he was in is something worth looking at, and it's some uncertainty, but he thought it could cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, not be less than forty dollars. That was and worth six every cent of it. I a large sum for him to owe, particularly as bought it at auction, yesterday, at a bar- he had nothing ahead, and current expenses were fully up to his income. It was gain.'

'It's cheap enough, certainly,' remark- now, for the first time in his life, that ed Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, down to inspect the cloth; 'but I've no and it seemed at times as if it would almost money to spare just now.'

suffocate him.

· Are you sick ?'

wrong.

husband.

One evening he came home feeling more

What ails you, Jane ?' he said kindly.

'Tell me Jane,' urged Jacobs, ' if any-

Oh, no, oh, no. Nothing of that,' was

the quick reply, 'but-but-Mr. Edwards

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing

band saw that her lips quivered.

'Don't want any money,' replied Edwards, 'at least none from such a man as else all day except his bill at the store you.' Jacobs looked up into the man's face in On meeting his wife he saw something was

some doubt as to its meaning. 'Your oredit is good,' said Edwards,

smiling. 'Credit! I've no credit. I never

asked a man to trust me in my life,' returned the customer. · I'll trust you to half that is in my

store,' was answered.

'Thank you,' said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this, beneath the half-closed lids-her bosom but I've no want of dry goods to that labored with the weight of some pressure, extent. A skein of silk, a dozen buttons thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick ? for my wife, are all I require at present.'

' You want a new coat,' replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs' and examined it closely. 'This one is getting rusty and has sent in his bill.' threadbare. A man like you should have some respect as to his appearance. Let me see, two yards of this beautiful cloth oredit was only for six months. But how will cost but eight dollars, and I won't much is the bill ? send in your bill in six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat. Think question.

of that ! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree.' poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears. While Edwards talked thus he was dis-playing the goods he wished to sell in a husband. (Impossible ! there is some good way to let the rich glossy surface, mistake! A hundred and twenty dollars!

eatch the best point of light, and his quick Never !! eye told him that the oustomer was begin drew it from her bosom. There is the bill,' and Mrs. Jacobs

and if I'll out you off a coat pattern,' said he. taking up a yardstick, 'I know you want up of the long column of figures. There it. Don't hesitate about the matter." were numerals to the value of one hundred Jacobs did not say ' No,' although the and twenty.

'I have come to settle your bill,' said Jacobs.

'You needn't have troubled yourself about that,' replied the storekeeper, though money is always acceptable. The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards, rubbing his hands an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said-'And now what shall I show you ?'

Nothing,' was the young man's reply 'Nothing ? Don't say that,' replied Edwards.

sober than usual. He had thought of little 'I've no money to spare.' answered Jacobs.

' That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount.' · A world too good, I find,' said Jacobs. 'No,' was the simple reply. But her beginning to button up his coat with the eyes dropped as she said it, and her husair of a man who has lost his pocket book. and feels disposed to look well that his 'Something is wrong, Jane,' said her purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction. Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from 'How so? What do you mean ?' asked

the storekeeper. 'My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket,' replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you,' said Edwards, looking serious.

'It's a very plain case,' answered Ja-

"That was to be expected, of course," . This credit account at your store has said Jacobs, with forced calmness. . The induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken one hundred and His voice was unsteady as he asked the twenty dollars out of my pocket; sixty dollars more have been spent under tempta-"A hundred and twenty dollars !" and tion, because it was in the purse instead of

being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now you understand me ?' The storekeeper was silent. 'Good morning; Mr. Edwards,' said

Jacobs. When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you, but no more book accounts for me ?

Wiser will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These oredit accounts are a curse to people with a moderword was on his tongue. While he yet is it can't bed he said, in a troubled pretence, be opened.

Autor & Stone

You'll remember how the morning sun will give away, for payment was never thought never rise, and the night will never fall, in of, nor was anything ever returned that which she doesn't pray God to take care of her boy; and you won't forget the little red covered Bible, I put in a corner of the

'No, I won't forget it. Come now, mother, give me a real hearty, cheerful good bye. Don't look on the dark side .--Maybe I shall be back before the year is over, then if he's done his duty, as a brave man should, and may be get promoted, then you'll be proud of your soldier boy ? 'But you're all I've got, Martin, and if anything should happen to you it would break my heart-it would break it, Marown affairs. tin.'

'Don't talk of anything happening, mother, except what's good. Come now, cheer up, for I want a last smile, instead of a last sob, and there isn't another minute to spare ! Mrs. Johnson swallowed down her sobs,

and drawing down the sunburnt face to her lips, she said with a tremulous smile, ' God bless you my precious boy !' trouble you at meal times, but can never

God bless you, mother !' he could not refuse to take a meal with a friend. trust his voice to speak another word, and although just left the table-one relishes a he dashed away. meal out better than at home-and a

She stood in the door and watched him until he was out of sight, and she saw him brush his hand across his eyes several times before he turned and waved it to her. Once her voice followed after him. ' Now don't forget the doughnuts, Martin !'

'I shan't the next time I'm hungry." ' They were the last words she heard .-A moment later and he was out of sight, and Mrs. Johnson went in and closed the door. God help him !

'Is there any tidings from the war. 'Squire Farnham ?' asked Mrs. Johnson, 'Squire Farnham ?' asked Mrs. Johnson, -left everything just as it stood-and such as that gentleman entered her cottage one a looking house. I have left, to be surepleasant morning in early autumn. Farnham was a bluff, rubicund faced, corpulent, good natured sort of a man. That very morning a short paragraph in the how bad you look-I really fear you are country newspaper had caught his eye, and going into a decline. Poor Mr. Peters, he it ran :

'Martin Johnson, of the 3d Vermont while on guard duty.

the terrible tidings had not reached Mrs. Johnson. He had ridden over to condole the news to the stricken mother as best he things, you must keep quiet-don't allow could

"Well, yes,' said the gentleman, taking so stupid. Shut out-all company and keep chair in the small parlor, and feeling very awkward, 'we've had some news.' There was something in the tone which above all things one wants rest.' made Mrs. Johnson look up with a throb of fear in her heart. 'Is it bad news?' she asked.

' Mrs. Johnson, I am sorry for you from my soul !' said 'Squire Farnham.

Perhaps a woman would have broken the news more tenderly, but the 'Squire was a very blunt man, and did it after his own fashion.

Mrs. Johnson's lips grew very white she came toward the 'Squire, and said in a rapid, trembling voice : 'Have you heard anything about my

boy ? Mrs. Johnson, he's gone !'

She did not shriek or scream-she sat down in the nearest chair, and lifted up nothing would do but actually driving the her withered hands, and while the tears were swimming down her pale cheeks, she cacy and could not be insulted. This ends moaned :

'Don't say so, 'Squire Farnham, don't say my boy has gone. God has got all practice.—New York Atlas ! the rest, I thought He'd leave him to my old age !

No, no, it can't be that Martin's gone that I shall never hear his light, quick body in a letter that we had a great deal eventually drew a prize of Minety-seven step on the walk, or see his dear face come ding at the door. He was all I'd got of belle weather lately.

As time advanced the more I thought of my mother's advice, for I have learned to Labor and Wait. respect her opinions-always taking into Yes; young man, learn to labor ! Don't consideration the goodness of heart of my go idling about, imagining yourself a fine wife, and the possibility of sharpers and gentleman, but labor; not with the hands meddlers one day getting the best of her by merely while the head is doing something too much confidence on her part. Still I else, (nodding perhaps,) but with the whole had faith in her good sense and the purity of soul and body too. No matter what the her motives ; besides I felt's match for anywork be, if it is worth doing at all, it is thing that I should come in contact with, worth doing well : so put your whole mind especially in managing and controling my

to it, bend every energy to the task, and you will accomplish your object. My wife was beloved by everybody, If you are a clerk, with only a small and especially these meddling, living masalary, don't be discouraged, work away, be faithful in all things, keep your eyes chines who grow fat by pushing their long

noses into everybody's business but their open, be strictly honest, live within your own ; for, as my mother told me they began income, labor with your heart in the cause ; to grow troublesome within a few months, patiently wait, and your time will come. and their frequent calls were anything but Other clerks have risen to eminence; why pleasant, and at times, when least expected not you. or wanted-just dropped in-sorry to

If a mechanic, stick to your business, hammer away, let nothing entice you from the path of integrity; keep your mind npon your work ; respect your self ; labor cheerfully, and though small your compensation, ' the good time' is surely comiug, you will yet be appreciated.

Many a mechanic has built the ladder by which he has ascended to high honors. So may you.

If yon belong to any of the learned profesrun down with anxious friends enquiring sions, don't hang out your sign, then fold your arms and go to sleep, expecting to be roused some day and invited to take the highest seat in the land. That is no way the bell again, and off starts the servant to gain distinction, unless it be as a drone ; half-mad. In walks Mrs. Pegram, who but keep wide awake; stir about. You commenced apologizing for not calling bewill improve your health by the exercise, fore-' just heard of Mrs. Peters' sickness if nothing more. If you have no business calls to attend to, drive deeper into your

books; you can study if you can't practice, and be gaining knowledge if not money. Keep strait forward in the path where your feet have been placed : labor with

vour might, mind and strength, and your reward is not far distant. will have such a care should anything se-Whatever be your occupation, make norious occur. You must use my new style haste to be rich ; if you are long gather-

ing you will be more careful about so; it's purely my own invention, and scattering, and thus stand a better chance made of brandy, milk and eggs; half of hf having your old age supportable by the these doctors know nothing. Do you know, industry and prudence of your younger Mrs. Peters, I felt at times like ordering days. It is by drops the ocean is filled yet how vast and deep. The sea-shore is composed of single grains of sand; yet any one to disturb you-some people are how far it stretches around the mighty

yourself entirely seeluded ; don't allow any unwearied labor that fame and honor are one to talk to you, it is so tiresome, when attained. 'And on the screeching jade went without interrup-NF A manufacturer and dealer in quack

tion or intermission, except scarcely long medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation for his (the manu-She continued-' I shall stay at least a facturer's) 'Balsam'. In a few days he week and manage your household affairs, received the following, which we call pretty strong: 'Dear Sir :- The land composing and so stony that we had to slice our potato-es and plant them edgewise; but hearing of th your balsam, I put some on the corner of of a ten-sore field, surrounded by a rail-fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall ensired the field, and the rails were split into fire-wood and piled up half an onnefor I know what it is to be pestered with servants-there's no depending on them.

half an ounce in the middle of a huckleber swamp: in two days it was cleared o planted with corn and pumpkins, and row of peach trees in full blossom through ond will be to put my mother's advice in the middle. As an evidence of its tr mendous strength, I would say that

drew a striking likeness of my eldest so drew him out of simill-pond, drew IF A young lady studying French and J-mylaor

the required amount to lone or rather to give away, for payment was never thought of, nor was anything ever returned that their claws encompassed. Nevertheless I thought I could mould my wife to my own views in due course of time. As time advanced the more I thought of very cleap. Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, the subscriber hopes to have the patronage of his old enstomers, and many new ones. L. BAUM, apr 1 3m 12]

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thereof, and will be represented statute. bis insurance. DIRICT RS-BON, WM. T. Gerhard, President; D. G. Swartz and J. B. Swartzweider, Vice Presidents; Christian I. Lefeyr, Secretary; John Sheaffer, Treasurer; John D. Skilles, Christian Gast, Barton B. Martin and Lawrence Knapp. [ayr 16 3m 14

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MANUAL AND DRILL BOOK, FOR the use of all Volunteers and Millin, revised, cor-rected, and adapted to the distribute of the moline of the present day, by an other in the total States affect and the second day is a second data of the second may is wife in the second data of the second data of the second data of the second data of the may is wife in the second data of the secon blister all over his stomach, drew a load

regalate the basinest weiteles in mallob

Poor Mr. Pegram will find no dinner today,' and she might have added, with all propriety, as usual-' and you know I always make good dinners, topping off with a pudding that leaves my dear good husband in such a good humor. I really fear I shall worry you, but one cannot help giving vent to their feelings. To which Mrs. Peters must say some-

enough to take breath.

thing, however sick and miserable. But jade out of the house, for she had no delithe first chapter in housekeeping. The sec-

Regiment, was shot by a scout last night of gruel ; it's delightful-strengthens one The 'Squire saw at the first glance that with her, and it had fallen to him to break them out of the house. But above all