VOLUME 65.

rector died, and another came down

scarcely ever seen to smile.

man's presence.

their breast.

whom he asked with any interest.

days she changed her opinion.

house indignant and tearful.

for she never spoke of Leigh.

flowers.

your hair."

and paled as she spoke.

others?" I asked.

fair young maiden. Her figure was

LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1864.

NUMBER 31.

## Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Age. LINES

Inscribed to Abraham Lincoln upon his Procla mation selling apart August 4th, 1864, as a day of "Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer." How few the years since Peace this people blest With fruitful labor and with bounteous rest; Since Saubath bells, that called the land to prayer, Smote the sweet stillness of the Summer air, And all our borders o'er, from year to year, No harsher music broke upon the ear— From the broad grain fields of the Northern

The prosperous farmers drove their loaded The fair savannes of the Southern land The last savanas of the Southern land Teerned with the tillage of the negro's hand— The simple neuro, laboring with the light, And cheering with the dame his happy night— His faithful heart was to his master bound, No thought had he beyond his daily round Of simple duties—all unskilled to know That he who reared and fed him was his foe!

Strange to our souls were battle's dread alarms, Only old men had heard the clash of arms, And that in wars that made and kept us tree When all the States were  $\theta$ ne for Liberty.

We watched the peaceful Summers come and wane, The bursting fulness of the golden grain— We marked the days, and told the passing nours On dials garlanded with fruits and flowers But now, behold how changed the happy plain! The reaper falls where once he cat the grain-furrows, once yellow with the ripening bread. Rot with the harvest of the untimely dead—The sodden meadows, red with gloastly strife, Give graves to those to whom they once gave The simple slave, torn from the fields he tilled. Is bought by craven Yankees to be killed—Sent in their stead to play the warrior's part, And drive the bayonet to his master's heart! The blackened chimney, totlering to the earth, Snows ghastly token of the ruined hearth. Each sun goes down upon some some of death Where mangled sufferers gasp for failing breath—.

Each morrow sends the inexorable dart Which breaks and blights some peaceful, happy heart. Widows who wail at eve, at noon were wives; Each nour dooms helpless babes to orphaned ore we note the months by what they The fruits of Summer, and the flowers of

The fruits of Summer, and the passing years, By what they loke we mark the passing years, The gloony dial watch with darkening fears, Count hours by butchered friends—the brave and good—And score our calendar insheatiers' blood. Oh! babbling lester, who, with bar-room tales Can point a joke on Misery's hideous wails, Who, when Antitalm's await field my spread With grounny wounded and with murdered dead.

th groaning wounded and with murdered dead,
setched out no heighing hand to lift or save,
smooth the ghastly pathway to the grave;
the not a word of cheer or friendly nod,
tsouthe the victims to your party god,
it drowned the piteonseries of numan woth the campenial miste of "din Cone";
thours tike this, of anguish and despair,
or doze to stummon smitten hearts to prayer
the to invoke the beggies whetch to list
ment the poor feaf moy left but is his has!
if we down and their bedset to heave the
group of the most party of the cone;

ray that God will give and bless the hand t brought tims cutn on our stricken land? Jest if you will—let fishib true bassoon Amuse the lessure ofter error bathoon; Let puns go round—let not the baggiter hai While stiffless slaughter than a baggiter bath.

gate; Fill up your shambles, seize on legions more To idead and gate when the But, while the broken heart its wee endured insult not sacred grief with halm of yours.

"How long! Oh, Lord! how long!" the widow He had been at one of the principal "Patience!" (a voice breathes in her ear who

which the nation of this throned foel.

"A people's flat, rung flom sen to sea,
"Will seal his doom and make a people free.
Eack to the fifthy purfleus whence he came.
Will skulk, disguised, this wretched spawn of
Shame;
Hated, despised, scourged by a twofold rod,
The scorn of millions and the curse of God!

JAS. F. SHUNK. York, Pa., Aug. 4th, 1861.

· WHITE VIOLETS.

It was a bright morning in June when Lilly Cleve sat chatting with her g. andmother in the comfortable library of Holly Bank. She was a merry-hearted maiden of but eighteen summers, and her tongue and thoughts went running from one subject to another with astonishing rapidity, as she twisted and untwisted, twined, netted, and crossed the bright threads of silk which her active fingers were fast forming into a hand-They were discussing the intended

amusement of the evening, which was a large pacty to be held at The Laurels, the handsome mansion of Beaton Summers, the one colltary wealthy bachelor of the little village of Ellsworth, in the pleasant county of Kent. Of course, Lilly was going, and she was now anxiously expecting the wreaths she had ordered for this special occasion, and which she began to feel certain would not come in time, though it was still early in the morning.

brought in, and off she fluttered to try | met her, and at first his attentions anon the contents before the large mirror in her own room. Presently she was down again, with an exquisite wreath warned her of the Leigh pride, and, as passing away, was on her cheek, and in

'See; grandmamma!" she cried. think I like these the best, though this wreath of wild flowers is very beautiful. Let me see. Yes, I think I will take sank within me with fear for her future. the yiolets, they are so delicate, they suit my dress so exactly, and then they are as simple as possible. What do you think, grandma-which would you choose?

Well, Littly, to be candid, I would like you to choose any but the violets." "Why, grandma? These violets please me; besides it is the season for them.--Dear grandma, don't you like violets?" "Yes, my dear, I like violets very much indeed; but they always make me sad, and I should not like to see you going to a ball in violets, darling-indeed I should not.

"Oh, that is very strange, grandma. she cried, hurriedly, and her face flushed You like them, they are very beautiful, and yet you would not like to see my hair dressed with them!"

"Not so strange as you think, love, for they always remind me of time and persons long past, and the memories are sad ones.'

very dear to me, almost as dear as you

are, Lilly, and her sad end makes me

father, who was in the army.

the news came that he had fallen, doing

his duty as became a British officer. My

very sorrowful."

pered softly. Because they were put there. "I did not think sad memories could "'Put there. Effic!" said 1; 'by be connected with violets," returned whom, darling? Nay, don't tremble so, Lilly; "they always speak to me of don't fear me.' hope, and spring, and beauty.

" 'By Adolphus Leigh, "And to me, also, they speak of those "I was very much annoyed, and she things," said her grandmother; "but seemed to feel that I was: for, lifting they tell, too, of a hope cherished, a

"Oh, not these, not these, auntie!"

"She threw her arms round my neck,

and hiding her face in my breast, whis-

her little head proudly, and throwing spring blighted, and a beauty that faded her curis back, she said, 'And he has away; they reminded me of my mother, asked me to marry him, and I have and, later, of a fair young girl, who was promised that I will. In one year he will claim me, and acknowledge me as Leigh. 'Should all welcome his coming his wife, and support me against all his grand friends, and-and-

'My mother died when I was a little "She broke down and sobbed in my girl, and my nurse took me in to see arms; but it was not from sorrow, or her; and, when she raised me up to shame, or regret; it was pure joy; so I give her my last kiss, I saw that beausoothed the poor motherless girl, and tiful white violets were in her hands, encouraged her to tell me all-for to and resting on her cold brow; and from whom else could she tell her little sethat hour I felt a childish love and reverse crets? for, as she said, the very thought erence for the sweet, saintly blossoms. of her father hearing of it made her "Well, time passed on, and when I tremble, for she knew he would not was twenty-three, I married your grandthink it a fit match for his daughter, Some holding it wrong for the eagle to mate little time after your mother was born, with the dove. .

"When Effle grew calmer, she told me all-how young Leigh had wooed

was in India, and both my sisters were ling her curls with flowers, asked her to brown curls, Effie waited his coming. married; so, having no strong ties to be his. I saw that she was quite fascisever, and being quite independent, I nated, and loved him truly. Her sweet came to my husband's native village, face flushed, and her large eyes beamed which I loved dearly for his sake, to find as she spoke of his beauty and talent; a home. I was warmly welcomed by how brave and noble and grand he was; all who had known him; for, wherever how he loved her, and had sworn by he went, he was loved and honored, and his honor to claim her in a year, but days of my life in this little cottage, cheered and brightened by your dear mother's love, and waiting patiently and hopefully for my summons to join have her taught painting at Rome, that face. grand old cradle of the art, and how "A few months after I came fiere the

very, very happy they would be. from London to fill his place. He was was but a brilliant day-dream, never to reached the spot where we were standa grave, silent man, who bade fair to be be realized. Still, I could not find it in more feared than loved by his parish- my heart to tell her so; she was so ioners, and he fulfilled his many duties trustingly happy. She went about as faithfully and well, and none could say though treading on air, and laughed a wrong word against our new pastor. and carolled like a bird. She was al-He brought with him a beautiful young ways lovely, was my sweet Effie; but turned his head away, but not before he wife-the very opposite to himself-fair, then the happiness beaming from her and delicate and lowly. She won the eyes made her seem lovely beyond he had seen poor Effie's glad look of love, hearts of all by her gentle beauty, and mortal loveliness. Strangers passing and the sudden death pallor, that stole her sweet, low voice. She was greatly through the village would stand amazed over her face as her eyes fell on that loved by the villagers, and the roughest at finding such a delicate flower-such other. Her little hands elenched at the and most surly of the men would listen a rare gem-in our homely village.

meekly to her while she spoke of their "Love has worked many charms, but sad ways, and told them of the great none stronger than the changing of this | never spoke nor moved till the carriage hereafter. But she had been with us quiet, retiring girl, into a brilliant, little better than a year, when she died, laughing, merryhearted spirit, and thus leaving the rector a little blue-eyed drawing father and daughter closer todaughter, as her parting gift. It was gether than they ever were before, for then that his gravity changed into in her new-found joy, Effic became Effic was lying in my arms stiff and sternness. For three days and nights more loving and demonstrative in her cold. She had broken a blood vessel, he shut himself up with the d-ad, seeing no one. On the fifth day, which brow relaxed, and the firm lip softened from her lips and clotting her long was Sunday, he came amongst us once and smiled on her as they had never curls. more, and performed his duties quietly seen to smile since her mother's death; and calmly, but from that hour he was and father and daughter then, for the first time, learned how deeply and truly "The little girl grew up gentle and the one loved the other. And who shall oving. We had named her Effic, after | say that this glimpse of June sunshine her dead mother, whom she had never on his ice-bound life was not a kind and seen; and though it was evident to all merciful dispensation of an all-wise that our minister loved his child, at Providence? The pretty, quiet Rectory times her presence seemed more than ( was brighter and more cheery than it he could bear, and he would put her had ever been; the grave minister grew gently from him. And then she would softer and kinder; and Effic, the good com- to me, and weep out her little grief bairy who had worked these changes, on my bosom. As she grew older, his went about like a sunbeam, gladdening her head with pillows, we opened the sternness frightened back her love, and and cheering and comforting wherever coldness came up between them daily; her bonny young face was seen.

he loving her ardently, with a love such "So the weeks and days rolled on as a father can but feel for an only child, and some three months after young While he who expect it steps, in Soct , rn and she trembling and fearing the grave Leigh had declared his love, when the November days were dark and dull, "So the time passed on, bringing with the dead leaves carpeting the many changes, streaking my dark hair | woods, and the keen blast moaning with white, and changing Effic into a over the hills, and sweeping down with a shrill cry through the old trees, he graceful and fragile, almost too fragile told Effic that he must leave her for a for this world; and her pale young face, time and go to London, but that he with its large blue eyes, was beautiful would be back early in the spring.

as a fairy's. Thick brown carls swept "Under the old ash at the plantation Eille was the fairest flower by our vil-pearl, and she gave him one of her long, peak. He asked her if she felt happy, lage, and more like than ever to her thick, brown ones; and then, after angel mother. Every spring sac would many kind, loving words, and bright oring me a bunch of the first white vio- promises, he kissed her fondly, and rode less she could find, and I loved her as slowly away. As the poor little thing stood watching him wistfully, a shower "One day carpenters and gardeners of dead leaves fell around her, and woke her from her dresmines - Sad and Jr. fit it up for the young lord's return .- | pirited she turned homewards, and went to her own room, to cry away her schools and at college; and when his theart pain, at this unlooked-for separafather died, two years before, and the tion; and that burst of grief over, she estate fell to him, he went traveling was as bright as ever.

about on the continent, so that we knew " For the first month or so, long lovnothing at all about him except that he ling letters came regularly three times a was a Leigh; and the old wives did say | week; then they were shorter and that no Leigh ever quailed before mor-colder; then there was a long dreary tal man, or ever took a wife without interval of silence; and they ceased breaking, at least, one woman's heart. coming altogether; but still Effic would Still, it was a grand old family; so when not believe him false. He was ill; he he came home, floral arches, covered was prevented from writing by busiwith mottoes of welcome, led to the hall; ness; he was anything and everything and young maidens in white strewed his but inconstant.

path with flowers. There were grand i " Her step grew slower, and her cheek doings in the village; all were dressed paler; yet she kept trusting and waitin their best, and wore white favors in ling; she would not believe that he could be untrue to her. She would sit "The rector would not allow his for hours in her little room, twining his daughter to take any part whatever in dark curi round her fingers; reading these festivities. He was of an old family his long letters, that breathed the most himself, and his pride would not permit ardent love, and finding excuses for his him to bow at the great man's feet. So silence. Or she would come to me, and Effle stood apart from the rest in her sitting on a stool at my feet, as you are simple straw hat, without favor or flower; now, Lilly, she would lay her head on of any kind; and yet her's was the mysknee, and talk to me about him; only face in all the throng on which the how good and honorable he was, and young lord gazed admiringly, and about how certain she felt that he would never break his word.

"Efficeame to tell me about it, for I " I was sure that all this had not gone myself; and she said that I vain trusting, and I would have told he was a tall, slightly-built young man, . her so many a time, but she looked so with large dark eyes, and closely curl- | delicate and fragile, I feared to darken ing black hair, handsome, but withat ther young life more than she could bear. scornful-looking. She did not seem to I used to tell her that if ever he was think much of him then, but in after | untrue, she should not despair, for that she was young and beautiful, and would 'The Leighs were famed throughout soon find a worthier lover; but she the country for their pride, subtlety and would only shake her head, and say, eloquence, and this one did not belie that if he was untrue she knew she At length the wished-for box was the name. Wherever Effle walked, he should die, for she loved him so well: "I felt so too, poor young thing, for noyed, then gratified her. I saw that the same feverish brightness, and heetic she was beginning to like him, and I glow, that had marked her mother's of violets laid daintily and effectively I put it, the Leigh treachery, and for her eyes, and I saw that she was not the first time in her life, Effle left my long for this world. It is ever so, child, ever so; the fairest blossom rades, and

"Then I saw that 'like' was not the 'the brightest eye is dimmed, while such word: Effic loved him, and my heart as I am spared by Death. "One beautiful afternoon in She came next day and made friends | June, as we say together in the little again, and for the first time since she summer-house at the end of the garden, was a child she kept a secret from me, the church bells suddenly began ringing merrily, the people flocked out of "One evening in the summer Effic their houses, and the whole village came in, her face flushed, and her hands seemed to start into life and bustle all full of white violets. She began arrang- at once. In an instant the thought ing them in a vase, and I saw that her struck me that young Leigh had come curls were looped up with the same home unexpectedly, and I looked anxiously at Effic. Her whole face was lit "Why, Effie," I said, "you are quite up, her eyes beaming, and her cheeks decked out to-night. Put those violets glowing, while, half risen from her seat, in the vase, too, they will wither in she stood, with her long, flossy, golden curls thrown back from her face, listening eagerly to the sound. And as the shouts and cheers of the villagers fell upon her car, she sank back on her And why not these, child, as well as chair, with her little hands clasped, and the bright tears banging on her long

> "Oh, auntie, auntie! he is come back! he is come back! I always told you he would. O, I am so happy-so very, very happy."

· · · Poor Effic, she was much changed since the winter. We had hoped that the fine warm days would have set her up again, but they did not; and, though complaining of no pain, or decided illness, she was gradually sinking.

"I feared the effect of this excitement on Effle in her weak state, but she insisted on being taken to see young and she alone hang back?' she said, and she got so excited and determined over it, that I thought thwarting her would be more injurious than otherwise; so, wrapping her long cloak closer round her, and drawing her little hand through my arm, I walked with her slowly down the village street, and out into the green lane that led to the hall,

down which the carriage would pass. "The rectory garden ran along one side of the lane, and as the crowd approached we stepped into the garden to be out of the way; and leaning over the little gate, with the sunshine flickering father had long been dead, my brother her in the grand old woods, and, wreath- curious network of shadows on her the reply. through the tall poplars, and tracing a hold of you." "I believe so, too" was

"My own heart beat fast as I watched the carriage slowly drawing nearer and nearer, and thought of the coming meeting. I had many doubts in my own mind, but Efflets face was divine

in its loving faith. Her lips were slightly parted, and her blue eyes were I have spent some of the pleasantest that her father was to know nothing of looking earnestly and lovingly forward it till he came to ask her of him. He to eatch his first glance; for, after all told her how he would take her to the his strange silence, there was not a continent, show her everything, and shade of distrust or doubt on her sweet

"Shouts, loud and long, went up ery, very happy they would be. from the crowd, and amidst the waving of caps and handkerchers the carriage ing. It was then I saw, for the first time, that Lord Leigh was not returning to his home alone.

"As he came near the rectory his sallow cheek paled and flushed, and he had seen us watching him, not before gate for support, and her face grew dark and rigid with excessive pain, but she with its occupants passed on.

"A hearty cheer went up from the enthusiastic villagers for the 'new lady of Leigh,' and before it had died away manner towards him, and the stern and the red tide was swelling slowly "We carried her carefully into the

bed, and then sent off directly for the doctor, but before our messenger could possibly have got to his house he came He had heard of her illness from off to us. He did all in his power for Effie, but her life was ebbing, and no human hand could stay it. "After some time Effie so far revived

as to be able to sit up, and supporting window that she might look for the last time on the old familiar objects. She asked faintly for her little writing desk; it was given to her, and then she asked to be left alone for a time. "When we came in again Effic was

lying back, looking much exhausted, but peaceful and happy. Her father went and knelt by her side, with her poor wasted hand in his, while I sat by her smoothing the pillows and pushing back the thick curls from her forehead. She smiled lovingly upon us, and stroked her father's large hand with her down to her waist; and at Aventeen, the parted from her, and gave her a black two small ones, but she was too weak to and she pointed to the West, bathed in purple glory, and whispered, ' Mother,'

The strong man was now weak, and with sobs he strove to repress for her

"Slower and slower, fainter and fainter came the poor girl's breath, and as the crimson glory of the setting sun shrouded the earth in its many colored folds, her pure spirit departed. Softly, very softly and tenderly, had the kind reaper, Death, taken our flower-so gently that he hardly felt her going. she was too fair and beautiful for earth and he had carried her to bloom in Paradise. >

"The rosy light played and flickered across the white cheek, making it look so life-like that we started up in hope but alas! it was only a stray sunbeam kissing the smooth brow, and we felt that our Effie had indeed gone from us. "Closely twined round the white fingers of one little hand was a thick black curl, and the other held, (lightly clasped) a bunch of withered violets.

True and forgiving to the last was our gentle Effie. "I felt that a father's grief was too sacred to be looked upon; so, fondly kissing the cold lips and smoothing down the little hands, I stole from the room, and left him alone with his dead.

'Ah, me!-our hearts were heavy as we laid Effie to rest beside that mother whose love she had never known, and where white violets now blossom around her little grave, and scent the passing breeze with their fragrance.

"The poor rector never recovered from the shock, and three months afterwards he went to join his loved one

"Lord Leigh did not long enjoy either peace or happiness. Some short time after his marriage with the high-born Lady Agatha, she eloped with a former lover, leaving him to bear, as best he might, his shame and deep remorse that had never left him since the death of Effie. He could not meet the gaze of his neighbors; so he shut up the old hall and went abroad, no one knew whither. Two years ago word came that he was dead, and the property passed to a distant branch.

"And now, Lilly, you see why I looked so sadly on the flowers; they call up so many pictures of the past by their gentle beauty, that any thoughts of merriment in connection with them

ar upon my feelings." When the old lady had finished her tory, the fair girl stole softly away, with the large tears gemming her long lashes; and as she laid aside the delicate flowers, she, too, felt that it would have been out of place to bring the delicate blossoms into the glare and glitter of a ball-room, sacred as they were to the memory of the departed.

A Woman's Desert.—The following illustrative idea of what constitutes a desert in a female mind, is taken from novel entitled 'Marriage:' Douglas saw the storm gathering on

the brow of his capricious wife, and, clasping her to his arms, he said : "Are you, indeed, so changed, Julia, that you have forgotten the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed; but I-I did not know what a desert was; or at least I had formed rather a different idea of it." "What was your idea of a desert?

Do tell me, love." "Oh! I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtle, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give parties, and be free from the cares of crying babies."

A good question for a debating ociety. Which is the most delightful operation: "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night.

A minister, putting his hand on young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed -"My son I believe the devil has got

THE OLD STORY. My heart is chilled and my pulse is low. But often and often will memory go, Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow-Back to the days when I loved you so, The beautiful long ago.

I sit here dreaming through and through, The bilssful moments I shared with you— The sweet, sweet days when our love was new, When I was trustful and you were true— The beautiful days, but few. Blest or wretched, fettered or free, Why should I care how your life may be, Or whether you wander by land or sea? I only know you are dead to me. Ever and hopelessly.

Oh, how often at day's decline,
I pushed from my window the curtaining vine,
Io see from our lattice the lamp-light shine;
Type of a message, that half divine,
Flashed from your heart to mine. Once more the star-light is silvering all; The roses sleep by the garden wall— The night bird warbles his madrigal— And hear again through the sweet air fall, The evening bugle call.

But summers will vanish and years will wane, And bring no light to your window pane— No gracious sunshine nor patient rain, Can bring dead love back to life again— I call up the past in vain. My heart is heavy, my heart is old; And that proves dross which counte I watch no longer your curtain's The window is dark and the night proves dross which counted gold; no longer your curtain's fold, adow is dark and the night is cold. And the story forever told!

THE GOLDEN PRIZE. "Attention, young ladies."

Forty young girls, varying in age from twelve to seventeen, simultaneously looked up from their books, and, with glances of curiosity, regarded Madame De Lancy, of whose boarding school they were all members. Having secured their attention, the teacher proceeded: "You are aware, young ladies, that our semi-annual exhibition is appointed for the twenty-fourth of this month, or three weeks from to-day. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I desire it nouse, and laid her on her own little to appear as well as possible. A part of the exercises will consist of essays, the best six that have been written during the term being selected. In order to excite your emulations, and induce you some neighbors, and had come straight to exert yourselves more than you other-

wise would, I offer this gold pencil as a prize, to be given to the writer of the best essay, by a member of this school. They are to be handed in in a fortnight from to-day, and the decision will be announced the day before exhibition. I will add that the manuscript must be perfectly neat, and that a blot will be considered sufficient to exclude from competition."

The gold pencil which Madame De Lancy held up was elegant and without doubt costly.

It was natural that more than one of the girls should have felt a strong desire to possess it. Yet most hoped against expectation, feeling that there was only one present who would probably bear off the coveted prize, much as they might exert themselves.

This fortunate one was Miriam Hamilton, a brilliant, dashing girl, with coniderable beauty, and not a little talent. She was generally considered a "genius," being able to make a showy as lowly as a little child; and as the recitation after a slender preparation. dying girl spoke, his whole frame shook | In truth, she was little disposed to exert herself, confiding in her reading making it her boast.

It could hardly be said that she was favorite. She was too imperious, and too exacting of admiration for that. Yet, by a sort of tacit consent, the chief place in the school was assigned to her. At recess she remarked to a companion who expressed her admiration of the prize:

"Yes, it is very pretty. It will be just the thing for me to wear at my birth-day party." "When will your birth-day come? On the twenty-seventh, three days

ifter the exhibition." "Then of course you will exert yourself to get it." "I shall write for it," said Miriam, proudly, "but I conceive that it will be

hardly necessary for me to exert myself particularly, Marian Trevor." "Oh, no, certainly not," said her complaisant friend. "Everybody knows you are the best writer in school." Standing at the distance of a few feet sufficently near to hear every word that

was said, was a plain girl, dressed in a cheap calico, whose appearance contrasted strongly with the rich attire of the brilliant Miriam. An expression of pain swept over the face of Jane Ashton, as she heard these words, and she said to herself, despon-

dently, "Of course Miriam will get the prize. Why should I be foolish enough o hope for it? And yet I would like to get it. It would please Dr. Herman so much. She fell into a reverie. We will im

prove the time of her self-communion by mentioning briefly the outlines of her history.

In the first place she was poor. It needed only a glance at her plain dress to assure one of that. How then did she happen to be in attendance at Madame De Lancy's fashionable boarding school? She was not there as a boarding scholar. A few day scholars were admitted, and she was one of these Even the high rate of tuition would have been too much for her slender means, but this was defrayed by a young physician, Dr. Herman, who had taken an interest in her. She had at first, with considerable independence, de clined his generous proposal, but he promised her that when she became a teacher—the goal of her ambition—and had saved enough to make it perfectly convenient, he would permit her to repay him. On this condition she ac cepted his offer, with grateful thanks, and entered the school. Yet none the less did she feel grateful to the kind physician who had extended her the helping hand which no one else would have been inclined to do. None the less did she pray for his health and happiness every night upon her knees. And now she was ambitious to show

him that his kindness was not thrown away. For this only, and not to gratify any ambition of her own, she hoped to carry off the prize.

She was not very hopeful of it. Miriam Hamilton had enjoyed the advantage of the school twice as long as she .-Miriam had talent and brilliancy. Jane was not sure whether she had or not. She knew that she was not brilliant or quick. She could not get a difficult lesson in fifteen minutes, as Miriam had frequently done. Whatever success she had achieved had cost her hard, persevering labor. But as she began to feel despondent in calculating the chances of success, this passage came into her mind: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Besides, if she did not win the prize, she would at least have the benefit of trying. She resolved to enter the list—to do as well as she possibly could, and then quietly leave the result to time.

" Are you going to write for the prize, Jane!" asked one of her fellows. The questioner was Marian Trevor, already mentioned as a sycophantic admirer of Miss Hamilton. She ran straight to her idol to tell her

of Jane Ashton's intention. "Let the beggar write!" said Miriam, in accents of strong contempt. "It'll on them as they get bigger.

not interfere particularly with me. Do you think there's any chance of gaining the prize over my head, Marian?"

"Gain the prize over! She might as well undertake to climb up to the moon with a ten-foot ladder!" Miriam smiled a smile of self-satisfied

approval of this adulation, and dismissed the subject from her mind. Meanwhile Jane Ashton lost no time in selecting a subject for her essay. She felt that in order to stand any chance of

> Her design was to weave in as many prominent instances of this trait as her reading should supply, and enforce her view by appealing to their examples. It was not long before she became very

much interested in her self chosen task

and when at length she completed it, it

was not without a degree of pardonable pride that she surveyed her work. Meanwhile Miriam Hamilton did not hasten to undertake her task. She was not disposed to exert herself. When the question was asked why she delayed so long, she answered with confidence, One day will be enough to write mine. I don't pretend to 'dig' like some folks.

Thank goodness, I am a rapid worker." Finally, she selected as her subject the not uncommon one-"A Parallel be tween Washington and Napoleon." She was influenced in the selection chiefly by the thought that it would be less trouble to write upon this subject than any other. Certainly her heart was not in it, nor was she one in any way fitted to comprehend and appreceiate the character of Washington.

However, to do her justice, it must be acknowledged that her essay was a very good one, considering the amount of time and labor she had expended upon it. She had the faculty of easy and smooth expression, and to the superficial reader her essay would seem very good.

Only the day before the essays were o be handed in, rumors reached Miriam that Jane Ashton had written a very superior essay. Some of the girls had seen it, and were confident that she would gain the prize. Until this time Miriam had not felt a doubt of her own success. Even now she thought that the merit of her rival's essay must be much exaggerated, still the possibility of Jane's success was enough to fill her with uneasiness, and she determined to find out through her flatterer, Marian Trevor, how good it really was. Accordingly, Marian borrowed the essay, and secretly showed it to Miriam. She read it with ill-concealed dismay. It was much better than her own. spite of her self love, she could not help seeing that, nor did Marian's deprecating remarks at all blind her to the fact. Without betraying her disquiet, she requested Marian to return it, and then formed her plans.

She remembered that Madama Da Lancy had warned her that a blot would exclude an essay from competition.-The thought inspired her with a design of unutterable meanness.

That evening she stole into the school room, and creeping to Jane's desk took out the essay which Jane had written with such great care and neatness, and daubed one of the inside pages with ink. This done, she hastily left the school room, and without one thought of her meanness, thinking only with exultation that the prize was now her's beyond a doubt, she retired to bed.

The next morning the essays were handed in. Jane did not again open her's, and therefore was not aware of the fatal mark which distigured one of the fair pages. She was in excellent spirits, for she knew she had done well Miriam might have done better, but at all events she had done her best, and that consciousness would remain, even if she failed to obtain the prize which

she so ardently desired. Day succeeded day, and at length the morning arrived when the prize was to e announced. All eyes were fixed on Madame De Laney, when she arose, and said:

'Young ladies, you are aware that hree weeks since, I offered a prize of in elegant gold pencil to the writer of the best essay. I am very glad to find that there has been such an interest manifested, as is indicated by the number presented. Thirty essays have been handed in to me-all of which, I am glad to say, indicate more than ordinary pains on the part of the writers. But the first in point of excellence, is one the subject of 'Self Reliance,' by Jane Ashton."

There was quite a sensation. Jane blushed with pleasure, while poor Miriam turned white with astonishment and mortification.

"I thought," she said aloud, "that a blot was sufficient to exclude an essay from competition."

"Well," said Madame De Lancy, calmly. "Was not Jane Ashton's essay blotted?"

"How do you know?" inquired Mad. De Lancy, with startling emphasis. "Good heavens! I have betrayed myelf!" thought Miriam, appalled. "Young ladies," said the teacher, "a mystery is unravelled of which I have

been seeking a solution. A week since,

in passing the door of the school room,

I saw a girl at Jane Ashton's desk. In the darkness I could not distinguish the person, but supposed it Jane her-When, however, I examined her self. essay the next day, and saw the fresh blot, I was led to suspect a plot. Not until this moment, however, have I guessed who had the meanness to conspire against her. I assigned her the prize, because the blot was not due to her carelessness. Jane Ashton, come forward and receive the prize you have so richly merited."

Miriam rushed from the room in blending rage and mortification, and the next morning sent for her books. She couldn't endure the ill concealed contempt with which many who had once flattered, now looked upon her. Jane Ashton wore her honors meeklv. Her school days are now over, and she is the beloved wife of the young

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site of a new graveyard, when the first remarked; "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second, "if my life is spared, I

physician at whose expense she was

A cotemporary suggest that There is something irrepressibly sweet in little girls,"-to which the Louisville Journal adds—"And it keeps growing ducts unsold and still remaining in the

will.

amuse her, and I flatter myself it will The Internal Revenue Law-Important

The following instructions concerning the special income tax duty under the nary joint resolution of July 4, 1864, have just been issued by the Commissioner of In- Fire in the Rear; or Bill Jones Among In cases where it becomes necessary,

In cases where it becomes necessary, under the regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, to require a new return of the income of the year 1863, the attention of assessors and assessors are secretary to receive the secretary of the secretary that the secretary tha sistant assessors is especially directed to those points in which the former rulings

success, it would be necessary to do her best. After considerable reflection, she decided to make choice of Self Reliance and its important bearing upon the individual character and upon success in dividual character and upon success in including the total value of his crop harvested and a profit realized upon a sate of stock. The 117th section of the act of June 30, 1864, requires such income to be estimated by including the increased value of live stock, whether soid or on hand, and the amount of sugar, wood, butter, cheese, Perk, beef, mutton, or other meats, hay lead grain, or other vegetable or other productions of the estate of the farmer sold during the year, for which return is made, not including for which return is made, not including any part thereof unsold or on hand at the close of the year.

the close of the year.

To ascertain the income resulting from a farm under this provision, it will be necessary to estimate the value of the live stock on hand at the beginning of the transport and tracket the result. the year, and to add thereto th the year, and to and thereto the amount pard for animals which are held alive at the close of the year. The sum thus ob-tained will be deducted from the amount obtained by adding the estimated value of the live stock held at the close of the ear to the amount received for animal year to the amount received on annual solid during the year, the amounts received for meats and vegetables, the productions of the farm solid during the productions of the farm soid daring the year, or consumed by the farmer or his family, or consumed by animals kept for purpose of pleasure. The difference thus obtained will be character in some, and will be subject. and will be subject to the proper deduc tions for the cost of carrying on the farm.

No deduction can, however, be allowed for the cost of hay or grain oroduced upon the farm and consumed by cattle employed upon the form. In other respects, the same rules will be observed in estimating the income of a farner as that of other persons.

Income from Nates of Real Estate.—
The rule heretofore acopted by this office is modified by the provision in the Hoth section, that net profits realized by sales of real estate purchased within the year, shall be chargeable as income, and that losses on sales of real estate purchased within the year, shall be deducted. that of other persons.

ducted.
Non Resident Crizens.—Citizens of the United States residing abroad were taxable, under the former law, at a higher able, under the former raw, at a regree rate than residents, but only upon the annual gains, profits, or income, rents, and dividends accruing upon any property, securities and stocks owned in the United States. If ne act of J the 10, 1841 makes no distinction in this respect, and axes non-resident citizens and otal in excess of 8300, from whatever

Source derived.

Income from Accordis-ments, -1 inder the act of June 30, 1864, no deduction is allowed on account of income from advertisements on which a tax has been paid.

Income from United States Staurities. all respects, like other income Exemption of Ston.—The new lew oro-vides that only one reduction of .600 shall be made from the aggregate in-

sman be made from the description of any family, composed of parents and minor children, or husband and wife, except in such cases where such separate income shall be derived from the separate and indi-vidual estate, gains, or labor of the wife-The "separate individual estate" here

intended is such as belong to the wife in her own right, and is not subject to the control of the husband. If he can re-cover it by law, and apply it, when re-covered to his own use, or if he can sell or assign it so as to pass a title to purchaser, it is not covered h purchaser, it is not covered by the privilege. The wages and continues of animor child belong, in general to the father, and constitute a part of his income. Where the child is thoroughly mancipated from the dominion or hi father, the gains of his labor are ect to his father's control, but this can rarely be the case where he composes a part of his father's household.

Repairs.—The deduction to be allowed for repairs is limited by the new law to the average paid out for such purposes. for the preceding five years.

Public Character of the Lists, + The atrention of the assessors is particularly called to that pertion of the regulations issued by the Secretary of the Treasury which relates to the publicity to begive

to all the assessment lists The Commissioner of Internal Reve nue has just made the following important decisions in regard to the liability of manufacturers to license and to pay excise dues :

.Under the act of July 1, 4862, persons or corporations making articles for their own use or consumption, and not for sale or for others, were not liable to be assessed for a manufacturer's license; but under the act of June 30, 1864, such persons or corporations who shall manufacture, by hand or machinery any goods, wares, or merchandise, exceeding annually the sum of \$1,000, are liable to assessment for a license, and cannot lawfully continue to manufa ture without being first duly licensed. 2. Under the act of July, 1862, manufacturers were exempt from taxation hacturers were exempt from accasion whose annual product did not exceed six hundred dollars, but when it did exceed that sum, they were taxable on the entire amount produced and sold, or results of the content of the moved for consumption. Under the act of June 30, 1864, section 93, manufacwhose product does not exceed the rate of six hundred dollars per an-num, and is made or produced by the labor of such manufacturers or their

labor of such manufacturers or their families, are exempt from excise duty. When the product exceeds such rate, and does not exceed the rate of one thousand dollars, they are to be assessed and the duty paid. Refined petroleum, refined coal oil, gold and silver, spirituous and mait liquors, manufactured tobacco, and snuff and eigars, are not entitled to any ex emption; but in all cases, the entire product of such manufacture is subject to assessment and payment of duty

Decision in reference to articles manufactured prior to the passage of, and also articles made taxable, by the act of June 30th. 1864:

All manufactures and productions in the possession of the manufacturer or producer, or his agent or agents, on the 1st day of July, 1864, and on which the duty imposed by any former excise law has not been paid, are to be assessed ac-cording to the rates of duty provided by the act of June, 1564; and all manufactures and products upon which no duty was imposed by any former acts, and which were not removed from the place of manufacture or production prior to 1864, are to be as-

sessed in like manner. Where money has been paid to a colector, in anticipation of an increase of duties, upon manufactures in possession of the manufacturer or producer, such payment cannot be admitted as a discharge of liability for the tax. returns are required to be made "of the products and sales on delivery." Any payment for duties prior to the time when returns could be required could have no object but to evade the higher have no object but to evade the higher rate of tax which the whole country knew was about to be imposed. The provisions of the fourth proviso of the 173d section of the act were intended to prevent such object from being answered. All products and manufactures, therefore, in possession of the manufacturer or producer, or his agent, on the first day of July, for which no return had been made of duty paid, must be assessed at the rate required by the late act. And even if return should have

Executors' notices.

Administrators' notices.

Assignees' notices.

Auditors' notices.

Auditors' notices.

three times," ten lines, or less, three times, ducer, or his agent, the returns will erly be treated as premature, and as furnishing the necessary prelimi-ground for the assessment or pay-

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

fractions of a year.

REAL EARATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GREERAL ADVERTISING, 7 cents a line for the
first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

PATENT MEDICINES and other advers by the
column:

ATENT MEDITINES AND OTHER EQUERS 1
COLUMN, 1 year,
Half column, 1 year,
Third column, 1 year,
Quarter column,
BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less,

one year, Business Cards, five lines or less, one

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—

ment of the tax.

the Girls. The following story, contributed by a country friend to the N. O. Dena, is too good to be lost; "though," says the Deita, "its raciness may not accord with the exalted tastes of the Miss Nannyites who dress the legs of their tables in frilled pantaletts, and faint over a nude

cherub:" Old Squire Parish was an hospitable old soul. Every Friday evening it was the delight of the girls at the Academy and the boys at the schools and college to go to old Squire Parish's farm, about six miles from town, and stroll in the woods, bathe in the creek, search the orchard and hen nests, and turn everything about the premises upside down. And old Squire Parish would sit in the chimney corner, pipe in mouth, and tell them stories about the first settlement of the country, and how "Old Hickory" had whipped the Indians-for the old Squire had been in Jackson's army-and never let the boys off without at least one story about the "old man," as the Squire de-

lighted to call the General. One Saturday, about the middle of the afternoon, Bill Jones, a wild harum scarum young man of sixteen winters, rode up to the Squire's door, and hatled the house. His summons was answered Ly that black young rascal Josh, who told Jones that the boys were gone squirrel hunting; "but you better befieve, Massa Bill," continued Josh," that the gals is carrying on high. Why, Massa Bill, you can hear 'em squaiming up here." Jones soon learned that the girls had gone to their usual bathing place, which was at the foot of a high precipice, and only approached by that side by a solitary foot-path, which was guarded by "Dinah." On the other side of the creek lay a broad sand-bank, so that none could approach it without being seen. Jones had been to the squire's house so often that he knew all ils stories by heart, and it was almost impossible to find the boys in the woods, so he determined to have some fun out of the girls. About a quarter of a mile up the creek lives "Old Aunt Judy," and there Jones and his attendant, Josh, immediately proceeded. While Josh went to the old woman, and for a fourpence purchased the largest gourd in her possession, Jones slipped behind thegarien, and threw off his clothes; then cutting of enough of the handle end of the gourd to admit his head, and making two holes for his eyes, he slipped it on his head, and jumped into the stream. So soon as the gourd reached the point above the bathing place it commenced floating towards the shore until within Income derived from interest upon a few yards of the bathers, when it drifted igainst a limb which overhung the tream and lodged. If Jones had looked through the loopholes, (he swears he didn't,) ne would have seen a sight that would have made the gourd itself blush. On one rock were three or four swimmers, alternately squatting down and rising up on their heels, and imitating the cry of the bullirog, and when one would say "chug" they would all plunge into the water, frog fashion. Atanother place they were trying to duck each ther; while a third party was leading, by force, into the water a coy damsel, who had been too modest to undress before so many folks. But Jones' gourd did not remain long unnoticed in the water, and the damsel who espied it sailed up to it, and with a slight resistance it came off, and disclosed the curly icad of Bill Jones. Miss Betsy screamed and Bill Jones yelled. Miss Betsy and the other bathers rushed up the bank, and Jones, in his fright and confusion, followed them. Here the girls turned on him, seized him and threw him on his face, twined his arms around a sapling, and having bound his hands with a kerchief, Jones lay defenceless in the power of his captors. The girls now leisurely dressed themselves, and then each provided herself with a trim birch or villow rod, and without further ceremony began applying it to the back, ides, and legs of poor Jones. Jones wisted and Jones writhed; he drew himself up and spread himself out: he begged and he prayed. But in vain. His captors were insensible to pity, unil their arms were fatigued, and their ods frayed into ribbons. Alas, for poor Jones; he was not yet to escape. His tormentors provided themselves with fresh instruments, and stationed themselves in a row along the footpath from Jones' tree to the water's edge; and on the rock from which he was to plunge was posted a stout country lass, whose strength be had often tried to wrestle, and whose endurance he had often tested in a "bran dance." At last he was released, and told he must run the gauntlet. He could not but comply. Straightening himself up and drawing a long breath he started at full speed, as he thought, but at every step something touched him that accelerated his motions, and when he was about to take the last final leap, such a blow fell on his rear that the sparks flew out of his

eyes, and he bounded half across the tream at one leap. The rock has been known as Jones' leap ever since. Without stopping to see any more of ais fair friends, Jones hastened to Aunt Judy's cottage, dressed himself, gave Josh a thorough kicking, borrowed a sheepskin from Aunt Judy, mounted his horse, and rode slowly back into town. And from that day to this Bill Jones has never shown his face, nor any other part of him, in good old Squire Parish's house, nor the stream that runs

CHILDREN .-- A friend of ours-a pubisher-once thought of republishing a Christmas story from a large collection which he had imported. He made his selection, and gave the balance to his little son to read. Next day the boy rushed to his father with one of the stories in his fist, and with glowing face and sparkling eve- exclaimed: father! this is the story for Christmas; it's a real stunner, and will take down the world!" The father published both. His boy's selection went through four editions: his own still lies unsold on his

by its door.

shelves. We know a little chubby-faced boy. who, being taken down town, and suited to a new lacket and pants by his father. made the following remark as they were about to take the cars for home: " Now, father, you have spent so much money on me to-day that I can't bear to have you spend any more, so you just jump in the car and ride home, and I'll trot along on the sidewalk and save you three cents." There was thoughtfulness for an eight-year old!-Exchange.

A despairing man tears his hair. been made of any manufactures or pro-An enraged woman is wiser—she tears possession of the manufacturer or pro-

her husband's.