WM. A. MORTON.

ALFRID SANDERSON

Loetry, From the American Monthly, (Knickerbocker,

The Susquehanna. O River of the winding shore! Could I but tell thy beauties o'er, ow many a stream that now, perchance as high renown in old romance, r was, when yet the art was young, i verse, by ardent poetsung, Should be eclipsed by thee!

The earth has nowhere greener fields Than thy refresh ng moisture yields; Though loftier mountains bind the Rhine, None are more beautiful than thine; Health through thy fertile valleys roams, And virtue bissess all their homes, With pure felicity.

by banks are rich with standing corn, by golden wheat is still unshorn; the rich clover feed the kine, 'neath the chestnut's blithely gay, I redelent of new-mown hay, Comes tripping o'er the stile.

My home has been among thy hills; Thy music, Susquehanna, fills My soul with vast and pure delight, Whether thou glidest still and bright, Or whether, when autumn rain Pours down thy mountain slopes amain, Thou roll'st majestic by.

I seek not Arno's shelvy side, And Bonnie Doon shall ne'er divide My steadfast heart and hope from thee; Among thy wildnesses I see, Unwritten romance. But, oh! where The wizard hand that now may dare To st.rt the forms to life?

Oh! would that I could bring once more Van Campen to thy winding shore; And o'er the hill at shut of day, Upon the war path urge his way; And make each creek and hillside rife With war whoop shrill, and sound of strife, And deadly revelry! The hope is vain. The not for me, Weird Susquehanna, to set free And clothe again in human mould The shades that nightly stalk each wold; Mare they passbeyond my kar

And ere they pass beyond my ken, Wave over them the magic pen, And bid them live for aye. Mine is a less ambitious role;
And though I oft at evening stroll
Along the path across the hill,
And see the shadows quickly steal
Athwart my way, with quiet tread
I wonder on, still spirit-led,
To reach the rippling shore; To reach the rapping shore,
Whose sparkting waters met my sight
When first my eyes beheld the light;
And, when at last, I take my rest,
Then lightly on thy sinking breast
I pray my kindly loam shall press,
And fold me in that long caress
Which the last trump shall break!
LENNI LENAPE.

Literaru.

Translated for the Daily Intelligencer.

Zita: a Fairy Tale. In the days when the fairies still had power over the inhabitants of the earth, and the elves still dwelt in the woods and fields, there lived an old woman who had two daughters, who were rethey were alike in person, so much so, apart, they differed completely in character and disposition; for while Zita, the elder, was haughty and ungentle,

endeared her to all who knew her. often tried, but in vain, to correct the and indulgent. Zita began to wonder faults of her eldest child. Nothing, however, that she could do or say had | last, but she resolved that as she was any influence over the self-willed Zita, who, vain of her beauty, spent all her time admiring herself in the brook, or twining garlands of flowers to wear; while her mother and the industrious Blanche constantly labored for the

maintenance of the family At length, in despair about the conknew that the fairy would assist her, for she was always ready to help those who were truly deserving, and besides this the old woman had once been able was the god-mother of the two sisters, though, for some reason or other, this was unknown to them, nor had either of them ever seen her.

Good-will listened attentively to the mother's story. "If I can," she said, "I will certainly aid you. But I must first judge for myself what will be necessary for me to do, and even if my actions and their consequences should punishment was nearly ended. She seem harsh, remember that all I do is had entirely regained her former beauty for your daughters good. Return to your home, and say nothing of this;

only leave the rest to me." The next morning, while Blanche and her mother were seated at the door, both busily spinning, and Zita, as usual, doing nothing, but complaining of the heat; they saw a little old woman evidently very poor, leaning on a staff, approach them. She spoke to them very politely, and asked leave to rest for a while. Blanche immediately hastened to bring her a comfortable chair, and a glass of milk and riece of bread, which she offered to the old woman saying at the same time, "I am sorry, good mother, that I cannot offer you better fare, but it is all we have, and you are heartily welcome to what little we can

The old woman thanked her, and turning to Zita, asked if she would not | plained. And know, Zita, that you bring her a bunch of the lovely flowers which grew in the cottage garden .-Zita carelessly answered that "if she wished the flowers she might gather | ordered, both to prove you and for your them for herself." But the mother, indignant at this rudeness to the poor woman, ordered the girl to bring immediately as beautiful a nosegay as she could. Zita, not daring to disobey her mother's express command, obeyed sulkily, and returning, was about to throw the blossoms into the old woman's lap-when her shabby clothes changed the most gorgeous apparel, her wrinkled face to one of youthful beauty, her staff to a magic wand; and the fairy Good-will stood before the aston-

ished party. Blanche and her mother were about to throw themselves on their knees, when the fairy stopped them. "I do not wish such homage from you," she said. "Your kind reception of me, while in disguise has proved the goodness of your hearts, and $\hat{\mathbf{I}}$ wish to reward you for it. To you, Blanche, I promise happiness and contentment; to you," turning to the mother, "the removal of your greatest evil. As for you, Zita, your conduct to-day has sufficiently proved to me what you are, and I shall take you away from the mother and sister, whose kindness you do not seem able to appre-

Good-will then turned to Blanche, who, in spite of the fairy's promises to her was weeping bitterly. "Do not," she said," afflict yourself for your sister, the time of her absence from you will depend altogether upon herself. She must be corrected for her faults, and so soon as she shall learn to think and care for others, she shall be restored to

Touching Zita with her wand, the fairy disappeared. But the touch of the wand had effected a wonderful change; Zita found herself in a farm yard, which she had never seen before. Her dress was shabby and faded, her hands rough and catching a glimpse of herself as she looked around, in the horse pond, she discovered an immense hump between her shoulders. Nor was this all; for the very first steps that she attempted to make showed her that she was lame. She sat down and cried with vexation But ere many minutes had elapsed, she heard a loud, shrill voice calling :

"Gretchen! Gretchen!"

Not dreaming that this was intended for her, Zita sat still. But she was not ong allowed to remain in quiet, for after repeated calls, a cross-looking woman came up to her, and giving her a push. bade her answer, when next she was called, and then, putting a pail in her hand, sent her off to the spring to draw water.

Zita was about to refuse to obey, when the sight of a rod which the woman held, made her hasten to the spring .-The rest of the day passed slowly, in hard labor, in which Zita, despite her reluctance, was compelled to bear her part, for she and the cross woman were the only persons on the farm.

Day after day went on, in constant labor, and hard fare, and Zita, weary and exhausted, for she dared not disebey her harsh mistress, was glad at night to creep to her humble couch .-Still, though she was compelled to be industrious, her conduct in other respects had not changed, and she was as unkind to the poor people who came to beg, as it was in her power to be.

She had been nearly a year at the farm-yard, when one morning a poor boy, ragged and barefoot, happened to pass while Zita was eating her simple breakfast. Nearly starved, he looked greedily at the bread, and Zita, struck by a sudden feeling of compassion, placed the loaf in his hands. At the same moment, she heard a voice, saying, "Kind deeds bring their own reward," and getting up to return to her daily labor, she found that her lameness had wholly disappeared, and that she her life. She was, however, surprised to see that no one seemed to observe the slightest change in her, but she was so much pleased herself, that the increased ease with which she moved, rendered

her tasks that day light in comparison. Finding that one kind action had produced such a marvellous result, she resolved to try the effect of constant goodness, but she found that such resolutions are easier to make than to keep. Some days she seemed to have little or no difficulty in being gentle and obliging, and on those days the hump on her back would decrease in size; other days again, all her old faults would return, nowned throughout the country for and then the unsightly hump between their beauty and grace. But, though her shoulders would regain its original dimensions. But Zita was determined indeed, that you scarcely knew them | to succeed, and the conquest over herself became daily greater, her deformities gradually began to disappear, and, stranger to tell, her labor, which had the kind and obliging manner of Blanche | been the hardest drudgery of the farm, became lighter and more pleasant, and Now the mother of the two girls had her mistress' conduct to her was kind how long her present situation was to now so much happier than she ever had been before; that she would always follow her present course, and never relapse into the bad habits which had

brought her so much unhappiness. During all thistime, Blanche and her mother had lived quietly at the cottage. Industrious and contented, their lives duct of Zita, the mother determined to | flowed peacefully on. Though Zita's ask the assistance of the fairy Good- absence had greatly increased their hapwill, in reforming her idle habits. She | piness, their kind hearts longed for the day, when, cured of her faults, she should be restored to them. But their quiet life was soon to cease, for one day, while Blanche sat spinning at her cotto render service to the fairy, and she | tagedoor, a young and handsome knight,

who passed, fell in love with her, and, after a short time, she became his wife. In her exalted position, Blanche preserved the same good qualities which had always been so conspicuous in her. Everyone loved her. And Blanche and her mother thought and said, that to complete their happiness, they only needed their poor Zita. And Zita's -her trial was nearly over. For one poor woman, whom she had nursed through a severe illness, the grateful creature wished her every hapriness. 'I thank you for your good wishes, was the reply of the once haughty girl, "but until I am again restored to my mother and my sister, I can never be

happy or contented." Scarcely had the words been uttered than Zita found herself in the presence of those whom she had so longed to see. And oh! how gladly was she welcomed! how joyfully did she meet them! but 'ere more than kisses had passed between them, the fairy Good-

will stood before them. " Madam," she said to the mother 'I restore your daughter corrected, I hope, of the faults of which you comhave done well, I can say it, for I myself have been your mistress, and every thing which has befallen you I have good. Persevere as you have begun, and you will truly find that 'kind deeds

bring their own reward."" And ere they could thank her Good-will had disappeared. But the good effects of her care of Zita never were lost; she became as much beloved as Blanche, and she was now as good and unselfish as she had previously been haughty and disagreeable.

After awhile, she married the brother of Blanche's husband; and they all lived happily all the days of their lives, but Zita never ceased to be grateful to the good fairy who had been so instrumental in promoting her welfare. And, in after years, when she saw in any of her children the faults which had caused her to be so severely tried, she would tell them her story, and how the fairy Good-will had punished her.

The Tongue. A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue

vividly red on the tip or edge, or down he centre, or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental disease. A tongue red at the tips, becoming brown, dry and glazed attends typhus state. - The inmates of the Monastery of

St. Catherine of Siena Sicily, have had narrow escape. About fifty monks had retired to the large dormitory of that establishment, when the wall of the building suddenly fell in, burying them alive. Happily, assistance was soon procured, and all the monks exceptone, unfortunate man, were rescued from their perilous situation. It was, however, found impossible to extricate a certain Brother Auselm, the first who gaveithe alarm, from the debris that had allen upon him, until four hours had elapsed, when only his dead body was dug out of the ruins.

-Never marry without love, nor love

The Two Cowards.

"I was a coward! We were both cowards!' So spake our old law tutor, Moses

Drake, and thus he continued: "We had graduated from Harvard Laban Adams and myself-and had commenced the practice of law. We were neither of us married, though we were anticipating that event. We had Price; "and if you fire together you a case in Court-a case of trespass. Adams was for the plaintiff and I for the defendant. It was a weak and foolish complaint and Adams should not have taken it up. It was merely a case of extortion. The plaintiff held a rod shape of a bit of knowledge concerning a private misstep of a former time, and the present complaint was only a seemingly legal way in which that other power was to be used for the purpose of ppening the poor man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick, and obtained the ruling out by the court of a scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of course I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very bad case, my strictures cut home. I gaind the verdict for my client and people laughed at the folled plaintiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer.

"Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the chagrin I had caused him. He had laid it up against me, and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party, where the gentlemen drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met, and a third person made some could walk as well as she ever did in remark upon the old trial, whereupon a fourth person laughed and said I had done a great thing. At this Adams flushed and made an impudent reply. The reply was addressed to me and I answered it. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I had made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately told

me that I was a liar! "I had been drinking wine and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard, cowardly word fell upon my ear my passions overcame me. struck Laban Adams in the face and knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him there in that company; but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected Adams would strike back but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this consideration may not have influenced him. His friends drew away and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cold breeze fanned my brow, and eased the heated blood away from my brain, I was sorry for what I had done; but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done, but I had not the courage for that.

On the following morning a friend named Watkins, called upon me and presented a note from Laban Adams.opened it and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gentleman I would do so. If I was willing, I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do? What I ought to do was very plain. The lessons of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such an offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another; and if he rejected that, I could have simply turned from and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done. But I had not the courage to do that-I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me and that the especial friends of Adams would point at me the finger of

day as she was giving some flowers to a thought I would be brave before the So in the cowardice of my heart, I world, and I accepted the challenge.

"The sooner it is over, the better, remarked Watkins. " ('ertainly," I responded. "Let it be on this very day at sunset, upon the river's bank, directly beneath the White

Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make further arrangements." " And the weapons?" " Pistols." And so it was fixed. An hour after-

wards I found John Price, a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter the work as though he loved it; but he did it because he fancied that I was determined and in case of accident his professional services might be of value.

I knew that Adams was a good shot, and he knew that I was the same, for we had practiced much together; so that there was no advantage to either party in the weapons.

After dinner Price came to me, and told me all was arranged. Everything had been fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his second would be on the appointed ground at the appointed time. After Price had gone, I sat down and wrote two letters. What a coward I was to write them! One was to my mother, and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour, I shudder with horror-the hour I wrote to my mother and my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever! And for what? Aye-for what? Because I had not the courage to be a bold, frank man; to obey my God and the laws of my country! I was to bow before a wicked

spirit-to offer my blood to folly, and my hand to murder! White-Heart Ledge was a light, perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark, where a mass of white quartz appeared, half-way up the ledge,

in the form of a heart. Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time Laban Adams made his appearance. We were both anxious to be thought brave men. He did not speak to me. Our seconds conferred awhile together, and then Price ame to my side.

"Must things go on ?" I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied; for I did know. He informed me that if I would make

the least overture of peace, he felt sure that Adams would accept it. "I think," he said, "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him, and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar!" "I know he did, and I know he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong upon both sides. Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without explanation."

No; I would not do it! And why not? I wanted to do it! My heart LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1865. dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to

do it. God speaking through His son, urged me to do it. The law of the land urged me to do it. And yet I would not. I was afraid

that men would say I was a coward. O, what a precious coward I was! "You are both good shots," added

may both fall." But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation. I told him I was ready. He went back to Watkins, and pretty

soon they measured off the groundtwelve paces. We were to stand back over the back of the defendant in the to back, those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word one, we were to raise our pistols at the word two, and at the word three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure no angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was within me to drop my pistol and offer him my hand. I was sure he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deep, damning wrong, than do that simple Christian act of

love! Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts; but we offered no word and they proceeded. The word one was given. I cannot tell the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brothers; in a moment more we were to offer our hands to the infernal stains! I thought of my college days, when Laban Adams had been my friend and chum; I thought of the holy love which had been beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate; and I thought that in one short moment more the black pall might cover

it all! Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word two. He evidently hoped the last fatal word; but that word was

never spoken. As we raised our pistols, a sharp, ago nized cry, as from a breaking heart, burst upon the air, and in another moment two light shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner-Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols lay, undis-

charged, upon the ground. Two gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love had led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, had guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she feared something of this kind from the first. She nad only to whisper her suspicions to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were

These two warm spirits, with their cries and their tears, melted the joy crust, and our hearts found the surface. "O, in God's name, be enemies no more ?" implored Clara. " By the love you bear me-by the

memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heavencast forth the demon from your heart!" prayed Mary. In an instant I resolved to be a man.

With the arms of my beloved still circling me, I stretched forth my hand; but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our aands met midway.

"I have been a fool," said Laban "And I have been a fool and a coward, because I dare not do right," "Aye," cried Laban, "we have both

been cowards." "And," I added, "had it not been for hese blessed angels, we might have been omething worse.

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends; and they who had saved us from great crime en tered upon the life-path with us, and have blessed us ever since.

Aim at Something. Arthur Gilman, in one of his public addresses, tells what he calls "an Andover story." One day, he says, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding, somehow or other, getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire and it was all destroyed-ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country," &c. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and comment ng upon it. "What a loss!" says one Why, the deacon will well nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on speculating, one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire. looked and asked: "Did he hit the Owl?" That man was for getting at the point of the thing. Let all public speakers

in the pulpit and elsewhere, heed the noral. Did you aim at something, and did you hit what you aimed at? No matter about the splurge, and the smoke, and the hay-"Did you hit that owl?" The Greenland Violins. A missionary stationed in Greenland, wrote some years ago: "In the house of a helper-brother, with whom I stayed over night, on one of my visits to the out-dwellers, I saw two violins hanging on the wall. I took one of them, which was small and neatly made, and found that it had a very sweet tone. 'Where did you get this violin?" I asked. "My son made it," was the reply. The boy is only fourteen years old. I took the other from the wall, and supposed that it had been imported from Europe, because it was beautifully finished, and had a very good tone. I asked again, 'But where did you buy this one?" 'Buy?' said the helper; 'I made it myself.' While I still kept my eyes fixed on him in astonishment, he took the violin out of my hand, and played, very correctly, some of our hymn tunes. When I expressed my pleasure and surprise, he complained of having no more hair for his bow; 'for' said he, 'my wife will not part with any more, and indeed I have deprived her of so much, that she is determined to keep the little that is left.' Thus his wife had furnished him with hair for his bow, and the seals with strings for his violin

-A lady passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board:--"Horses taken in to grass.--Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of the price. He answered: "You see ma'am the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short not? I wanted to do it! My heart tails are so commented by them that they can hardly eat at all." How They Go to Bed.

The difference between a mau and a woman in disposition, finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the noment when either of them retires to The young girl trips to her chamber,

to her, first locks the doors, and arranges the window curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer-by or belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when en dishabille. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full head, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a "horrible burglar," or "desperate ruffian, in big whiskers and crisp black hair." ('arefully, with her delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a diminutive peep into the half-emptied trunks, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson; much less an

ordinary robber. Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of "the skill and linen conventionalities of society." First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thraldom of pins and combs, and "does it up" more completely. Then off comes the little collar, and the light vapory cloud of lace she calls her undersleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white, plump arms by a couple of India rubber strips. Next, the "love of a spring silk" dress is unfastened in front. Then sundry waist strings and button-straps are loosed, and

lo! what a collapse, like that of Lowe's big ballon. She stands like Saturn in the centreofrings. There they lie upon that one of us would relent—but he the soft carpet, partly covered by the hoped in vain. Only a breath held back linen underfixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now on the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of gaiters and the disrobing of those fair, swelling limbs of her stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee-down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb inserted at the top of her stockings, pushes it down-down over the heel, and the cotton rests besides the prunella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of her position.

There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face now, as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night-cap, ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom, and the shoulders in the folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down-very, very low-and the little form the yielding couch, and the angel go

off into the world of dreams. Now, in the room directly over her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in his way, pulls off his boots and throws them in a corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lay there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie at, rather than on the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity, to let down the curtains, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed, like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay-curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, stretches his limbs, out, swears at the tucking in of the bed clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is-asleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.-

Isn't there a difference in style?

A Touching Incident. In 1860, a young lad was sent from Charleston, S. C., to be educated at a distinguished school near Latrobe, in his State. About the same time, a sister was sent to New York city for the ame purpose. These were children of | The lads turned, not well pleased at the a widow lady in affluent circumstances iving in South Carolina. Shortly afterward, the rebellion breaking out, all communication was cut off with the South, and it was impossible for the children to hear from home. In the course of time the young man's funds run out, and though he was urged by the proprietor of the institution to remain and pursue his studies gratuitously, he was too high-spirited to do so; but declared his ability and willingness to earn his own livelihood. In the meantime, owing to some circumstance, he and his lost all trace of each other. She engaged in teaching in New York, and he came to Johnstown and went to work bravely and cheerfully. The sister advertised in the Philadelphia and Pittsburg papers for information concerning him, and in reply received a letter from one signing himself "E. Jones," to the effect that he had been sent to the penitentiary for horse-stealing. In distress, the young lady visited the Governor to have him pardoned and released, and was told that he could do nothing without knowing the particulars, and to ascertain these she went to the Western Penitentiary to examine into the matter, where, to her relief, she found that here was no truth in the report. She then renewed her advertising and inquiries, and at length succeeded in tracing him to this place, where she learned that he was still living and employed at the Iron Works. She sent him word that she was here at a hotel and desired to see him. He stopped work immediately, and before meeting her went to the barber shop to be shaved washed and spruced up, in order to look something like he was in his earlier days .-The sister learned where he was-her better judgment gave way to the impulse of feeling and emotion, and she repaired to the shop, ordered the barper to suspend the operation of

having, threw herself her knees before him, embraced and kissed him in the presence of all the bystanders, and then took him to her room unwashed and unshaved, that she might in a more retired way, renew the ardent manifestations of a sister's undying love. O, what a lesson this teaches! Only a mother can love more intensely than a sister. Here she realized that he was still alive, still guiltless of crime and unstained in character and undisgraced by the fiendish report that he had met a felon's fate.—Johnstown Democrat.

- General McDowell has suppressed newspaper in California.

Thrifty and Careless.

Two girls sat in Mrs. North's nursery one cold January evening to enjoy the comfortable fire. The maid of all works was busy beside the evening lamp repairing an old gingham apron. It was a very unpromising piece of work when and with the cautious timidity peculiar she began, but she worked away with a cheerful good will, and soon its appearance was greatly improved. Susan might, it is true have bought her a new apron without any inconvenience; she had three hundred dollars out at interest, a legacy from her grandfather, but she prudently let it remain where it was, content with receiving her interest from it every year, and supplementing it with her earnings. Many had said to her they would not live out, now they could do better. "Why not invest her money learning a trade, which would be far more genteel?" But Susan was stout and hearty, work agreed with her, and sewing did not. She felt that if she did her duty and deported herself properly, she would be as much respected doing housework as if

sewing for a living. The children were all asleep, and the nurse was rocking leisurely beside the fire, while a trunkful of unmended clothes lay untouched in her room "Before I'd patch an apron! Susie," she said, laughing; "I know you will be an old maid, you are so particular,"

"I would rather patch than wear ragged clothes," said Susan good naturedly. "I will not wear a torn dress if I can help it, but I have one which has a whole breadth made up of darns and patches. I wore it last winter through, and it will make good carpet rags, now.'

Jane rocked and laughed away at her prudish companion, and Mrs. North, who was knitting by the table, remarked to Jane that it would be an excellent thing if she would follow Susan's ex-

ample. "I learned a lesson in economy when a young girl, which I never have forgotten, though it was from a very simple thing. I was spending the night with a young friend, when her sister-in-law had occasion to cut out a new dress for her child. They were poor people, but she took down a roll of carefully ironed pieces of stout cloth and laid them out on her patterns, studying carefully over them, to see how she could piece out a lining to the best advantage. She was neither miserly nor parsimonious; she was only frugal, and her frugality was the secret of the family's prosperity.-The dress looked just as neatly when it was done, as if the lining had not been made out of half a dozen pieces. Her husband is now Judge P---. If his and with a quick twist of her fingers wife had been a wasteful, untidy woman, he would never have had the means nor the heart to rise in the world.

"Girls you may set it down as a fact, that a woman who is not prudent and economical will never secure a comfortable living, even if she marries a man with ever so lucrative a business. If there is not thrift at home, there will never be a cheerful, comfortable look about anything. You know Mrs. Herron is always fretting because her husband does not get on in the world. She has a drawer full of finery, china-ware and the like, she is saving up until she shall get a better home and have a parlor." Her husband makes good wages, but it will be a long time I am afraid before she will get into that coveted house. She thinks it "mean" to practice the small economies-to warm the fryingpan and save the little drippings of suet, to piece out linings, make over old clothes into lesser ones for the children. She will have a new sett of cheap jeweliv every little while, that she look like other folks.' Now there are plenty of other laboring men who make no more than he, who have now a little home and garden of their own, all acquired by their industry and frugality. "I read a little book when a child written by a great German writer called Zschokke. The title of it was "Mend

the hole in your Sleeve." It began, I believe, with an account of two boys sitting down on a bench under the trees, telling what great things they would be and do when they were men. "You will never be anything," said an old man who was seated near them. interruption to their bright day dreams. "I see that you have a hole in your sleeve," said he. "A boy that is going to be anything when a man, will not have a hole in his sleeve. If his mother or sister cannot mend it for him, he will mend it himself." The book follows the history of one of the lads, who took that as his motto, and the history abounds in useful suggestions and hints about mending all manner of bad, thriftless ways. I never knew any one read it without being influenced by it to repair and set in order their own posses-

sions, whether they were little or much. "Depend upon it, girls, careless, untidy people will never be thrifty, never get before-hand in the world. They live in constant discomfort, and have a thousand times more trouble for want of wellmended and promptly made garments than thrifty people ever have in putting theirs in order.

Johnny Steele.

Here is a story about Johnny Steele the adopted son of the Widow McClintock, who recently died. The most of her property Widow McClintock willed to her adopted son, John Steele, or ''Johnny'' Steele, as he is usually called, a young man now twenty-one years of age, of good natural abilities, but uneducated as to how to apply them. He had been a teamster over the hills and through the gullies of Oildom when this "streak of luck" came upon him, and made him worse off in fact. He immediately dropped the lines and put on good elothes—all right so far—and has since led a very dissolute life all over the country. For some time, it is said, he went around with a band of minstrels. Walking up Broadway, one day, he saw a pair of fine horses and carriage. He stopped the driver and inquired how much he asked for the whole rig. The driver said \$12,000, whereupon "Johnny" hauled out the amount, and handing it to the driver, jumped in for ride. Having had ride enough, and taking a fancy to the driver he made him present of his recent purchase. At another time he is said to have purchased the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia in an extravagant freak. He gambled with John Morrissey, and paid \$600,000, it is said, for the amusement, Morrissey's experience being too much for him. He has had numerous narrow escapes from losing his too easily gotten wealth by N. York and Philadelphia sharpers. Where he is just now no one seems to know. Some say he is dead, but he will probably turn up some day, per-

haps again as teamster.

Miscellaneous.

The Trial of Mrs. Perrine. Washington, Monday, May 8. The trial of Mrs. Betty Perrine, arrested for colliding and consorting with Major Harry Gilmore and his men some months ago when they captured two railroad trains between Baltimore two failroad trains between Baltimore and Philadelphia, was commenced to-day before the Military Court of which Brig. Gen. Chapman is President, and Col. N. P. Chipman Judge Advocate.— Governor Thomas Corwin, Minister to Mexico, is counsel for the accused.— This is a very peculiar trial, and severa circumstances connected with it attach to it an extraordinary interest. The

to it an extraordinary interest. The accused is quite young, not over 22, and the widow of an officer on General Lee's staff. She is also handsome, and her beauty is rendered quite spirited by the defiance with which she faces the stars and eagles of the court, and the quiet way in which she nods when witnesses which she nods when with way in which she nods when witnesses testify to her sympathy for the rebels. Whether such a bearing tends to convince the Court of her innocence, is another question. She is reported very wealthy, is the daughter of Judge Lee of Baltimore, and one of the leaders of the secesh aristography feelings and the secesh aristocracy, fashions and politics of that city. Another circumstance is the singular interest which General Dix is said to take in the case he having once examined and dismissed it. The following is an abstract of the

testimony taken to-day on the part of the Government: Surgeon Delevan Bloodgood, United States Navy, sworn. Was a passenger on the last train captured by Maj. Gilmore; recognized the lady as one whom he saw there; first noticed her pointing out her personal baggage to be spared she exhibited great exhibitation and pleasure at the capture, and recognized many friends and acquaintances among the robbers. He saw her point out to the rebels many articles below it the rebels many articles belonging to himself and others, saying they belong

ed to Union officers and might be convenient for them—Gilmore's band—to have such as military uniforms, swords, evolvers and shirts; saw her offer rebel officer a table cover from a trunk for a saddle-blanket; heard her declare arnestly that she was exceedingly glad to see them, and she expressed great gratification. She was with them several hours and pointed out to them Capt. Schermerhorn's baggage; also saw her offer a roll of bills to a rebel private her offer a roll of bills to a rebel private who refused them saying he had enough. She was with the rebels most of the time, and I heard was of the party that took a pic-nic with them under the trees. Mrs. Perrine pointed out a large bundle belonging to an officer, and told the Rebels it ought to be opened and distributed. She sat with the Rebels on the trunks outside the cars, and on the trunks outside the cars, and chatted with them, handing them books, papers, and other things interesting or valuable. There was a great deal of onfusion. Never saw Gilmore before Heard accused say how well he looked, and how he had changed. It was understood that these ladies were traveling from Baltimore and going to Newport, Rhode Island. There was a man with these ladies whom I supposed was Lee. Mr. Hanna, Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, was there. He has now resigned and lives at Cleveland, Ohio. I was in uniform at the beginning of the affair, but afterward disguised myself. Thought from general appearance and conduct of accused that she consorted with the counsel for accused objected to successification.

Witness must confine himself to facts. The President replied that it was obviously impossible to describe all the expressions of joy or define the

exact dilation and contraction of the pupils of the eye. Counsel waived his objection for the present. Witness testified that he gave this statement before Gen. Dix. Mrs. C. E. T. Clark, sworn—Resides in Burlington, Vt.; was on the train captured last summer by Harry Gilmore. Had not noticed the accused at that time until Venezieron. that time until I saw some person break open a box, and I said was it not a shame; the accused then jumped up rom a box where she was sitting with a rebel officer, and said, no, it was not a shame, it was right; I asked her if it vas right to steal. She said yes, it was right to steal from the Government. Afterward she and other ladies, said to Atterward sne and other ladies, said to be rebel sympathizers, went off with rebel officers, and I was told they had a pic-nic. We went down on board a gunboat and I told the officer all about

her conduct. Here counsel for accused desired that the case go over till Friday, which was agreed to. Two lady friends were in agreed to. Court with the accused, all being in deep mourning. Mrs. Perrine did not exhibit any signs of emotion or embar-rassment, but is cheerful to the very verge of good taste. She prompts her distinguished counsel with considerable distinguished counsel with considerable skill. It is stated that Gen. Dix has written her aletter volunteering his services as witness, and covering his photograph, which she cherishes with justifiable pride. The General is summoned accordingly and will probably testify eccordingly, and will probably when the case is resumed. Mr. Hanna ormerly Paymaster in the Navy, is also summoned. The accused is kept under arrest.

The Price of Coal.

The New York World says: Coal has gone down about four dollars per ton all over the country. A few per ton all over the country. A few weeks since the poorest kind was selling at retail in this city at thirteen dollars er ton; it is now advertised at eigh dollars. The fall in gold, the stoppage of the great government factories of arms, the withdrawal of the navy demand, and the certainty of abundant labor in the future, all have had their affective in the future of the control effect in bringing down the price. coal companies have been compelled to reduce the price of labor to three dollars per day, which has caused a general strike on the part of the miners; but the latter cannot help themselves, and must work, or other laborers will take their place. Railroad tolls must soon come down; and, altogether, we doubt whether coal can be held at over seven

dollars per ton after the 1st of June. A Sharp Retort. The La Crosse Democrat is responsible for the following good thing: At one of the hotels in our city, the landlord said to a boarder: "See here, Mr .--, the chambermaid

found a hair-pin in your bed, this morning, and it will not answer." Well," replied the boarder, found a hair in the butter this morning, but it did not prove you had a woman in it."

The two men looked at each other for about ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering on the peculiarities of circumstantial

-I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend quizzing another. "Conservative, my father was conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant, my father was a protestant," was the answer. why are you a bachelor?" so other. "Because my father wa said the other. "Because my father was a-oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions. When Dr. Johnson asked the

widow Porter to be his wife, he told her

candidly that he was of mean extrac-tion, that he had no money, that he'd had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself though she had fifty relations who deserved harging. served hanging. So they made a match Love is not ripened in one day no

many, nor even in a human lifetime.— It is the openness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed it must rest in that with in the Divine which underlies every other To be true it must be eternal as God himself.

Administrators' notices,... Administrators' notices,... Assignees' notices,... Auditors' notices,... Other "Notices," ten lines, or less, three times,... The Mexican Enterprise and Our Neu-

BATES OF ADVERTISING

ATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by the

year,... LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES-

ERTISEMENTS, \$12 a year per lines; ten per cent, increase for

trality Laws. The New York World says: There is movement in certain quarters to induce soldiers, discharged from the victorious armies of the United States, to go to Mexico, and fake part in the affairs of that country. The ultimate or proximate object of these expeditions may or may not be a worthy one. At any rate, it will, as we have said before, be useful to all concerned to understand the law touching participation in affairs of foreign people, before they matur

their plans. heir plans.

In the year 1818, the Congress of the United States, passed an act to preserve the neutrality of the nation, and that act being still in force President Johnact being still in force, President John-son, is bound by oath of office to see that it is faithfully executed.

Its first section provides that if any citizen shall, within our territory, accept and exercise a commission to foreign prince or people, in war, by land or sea, againstany prince or people with whom we are at peace, he shall be fined and shall be imprisoned.

and shall be imprisoned.

The second section provides that "if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, enlist or enter himself, or hire or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, to go beyond the limits or jurisliction of the United States, with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince, state, colony, district, or people, as a soldier, or as a marine, or seaman," he shall be fined

and imprisoned. The sixth section of the same act provides that "if any person shall, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begin or set on foot, or provide states, begin or set on foot, or provide or prepare the means for any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or peo-ple, with whom the United States are at peace, every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined and imprisoned,'

etc.
Now, it is not a crime, under this act, he courts haveheld, to leave this coun try with intent to enlist elsewhere, in a foreign military service; nor to transport persons out of the country, with their own consent, who have an intention of so enlisting. In other words, to constitute a crime under the sections constitute a crime under the sections we have cited, persons must enlist here, or be hired or retained here to go abroad, with the intent of so enlisting elsewhere. The law punishes all kinds of contracts made here which contemplate or look to military service elsewhere, against a ruler or people with whom we are at peace. And, it will be observed that the law visits the same penalty upon the person who procures or hires another to enlist as upon the

person who is enlisted.

We do not wish our brave boys in blue We do not wish our praye boys in one to run thoughtlessly into the meshes of the law, or to be induced to go therein by stupid persons like Mr. Allen, who writes in the Evening Post, and seems to be laboring under the delusion that one side or the other in Mexico has

a right to recruit in our country.

Our advice is to wait till the government gives the word, and then, with Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and Sheridan to lead the way, we will make short work of everything north of the isthmus and, if need be, the islands of the waters about the gulf. And right here, the overnments of Great Britain ought to understand that on this continent, they must do every proper thing to concili every proper thing to concili-ate, and thus strengthen the hands of President Johnson to keep the peace If, however, they seek collision with us, it will take but a few rude words from them to bring it on, and then there will be no pause. Foreign nations must remember that the present President of the United States present he United States is a statesman who the United States is a Samesman who believes in the people, and that the masses in the United States are quite ready for a little bayonet practice in Mexico, or around our isthmian crossing.

Happiness. The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness s one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain, all efforts for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously

prought nigh unto us. Don't Complain.

Don't complain of your birth, your raining, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something if you only had a different lot or sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plans, and knows what you wanta great deal better than you do. The very things that you must deprecate as fatal limitations and obstructions are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances and discouragements, are probably God's opportunities and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience. Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his word, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your own good, but

really consistent with it. A Particular Irishman.

One of the city colporteurs of Cincinnati, some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor benigted ones about the town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an insolated building of humble pretensions, he opened the door without the

ceremony of knocking, saying: "Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of the letter-press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied: "Yes, be jabers; a whole section if you give a good title; but I'd like to know if there be much fever'n ague here to brother a poor divil?"

-A country paper once said: "E. . Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing henroosts. If he does ot desist, we shall publish his name.' This is equal to the minister at the camp meeting who said, "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and crosseyes, doesn't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation.

colporteur retreated

- The loyal State government of Virginia which has hitherto had its seat at Alexan dria, is to be removed next week to Richmond, where Governor Pierpont will begin the reconstruction of civil authority throughout the Old Dominion, county by county.