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The Poor Musician and His Mate.

great festival in the large park at Vi-

enna. This park is called by the people

the Prater. It is full of lovely trees

splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure

houses. At the time of which I am

speaking there were people there, some

young and some old, and many stran-

gers, too. And all these who were

there enjoyed such a scene as they had

probably never beheld before. Be that

as it may, the Prater was almost covered

with the crowds of people. Among the

number were organ grinders, beggars,

and girls who played on harps. There

stood an old musician. He had once

been a soldier, but his pension was not

enough to live on. Still he didn't like

to beg; therefore on this particular fes-

tival day he took his violin and played

under the old tree in the park. He had

a good faithful old dog along with him

which lay at his feet, and held an old

hat in his mouth so that passers by

might cast coins in it for the poor old

On the day of the festival which I

have now mentioned, the dog sat before

him with the old hat. Many people

went by and heard the old musician

playing, but they didn't throw much in.

I wonder the people did not give him

more, for he was truly a pitiable object

His face was covered with scars received

long gray coat such as he had kept

ever since he had been in the army .-

He even had his old sword by his side,

and would not consent to walk in the

streets without carrying his trusty friend

with him. He had only three fingers

on his right hand, so he had to hold the

bow of his violin with these. A bullet

had token off the two others, and al-

most at the same time a cannon ball had

taken off his left leg. The last money

he had, had been spent in buying new

strings for his violin, and he was

now playing with all his strength the

old marches he had learned so often

when a boy with his father. He

looked sad enough as he saw the

multitudes pass by in their strength and

youth and beauty, but whenever they

laughed it was like a dagger to his soul

for he knew on that very evening he

would go to bed supperless, hungry as

he was, and lie on a straw couch in a

little garret room. His old dog was

better off, for he often found a bone here

and there to satisfy the cravings of

hunger. It was late in the afternoon

his hopes were almost like the sun-

they were both going down together.

He placed his old violin down by his

side, and leaned against an old tree.

The tears streamed down his scarred

cheeks. He thought that none of that

giddy crowd saw him, but he was much

mistaken. Not far off stood a gentle

man in fine clothes who had a kind

heart. He listened to the old musician,

and when he saw that no one gave him

anything, his heart was touched with

sympathy. He finally went to the dog,

and looking into the hat saw only tw

little copper coins in it. He then said

"My good friend, why don't you play

"Oh!" replied the old man, "my

dear sir I can not; my poor old arm is

so tired that I can't hold the bow; be-

sides I bave had no dinner, and have

The old man wiped his teeble hands

The kind gentleman with whom he

talked resolved to aid him as best he

could. He gave him a piece of gold and

"I'll pay you if you will loan me

"Oh," said the musician, "this piece

of money is worth more than a dozen

"Never mind," said the gentleman

"Very well you can do what yo

The gentleman took the fiddle and

bow in his hands and then said to the

"Now, my mate, you take the money

and I will play. I am sure people will

Now, was not that a singular musical

ssociation? They had just become ac-

quainted, and immediately entered into

an arrangement to work together for

the public. The strange gentleman be

gan to play. His mate looked at him

with great wonder; he was so stirred

that he could hardly believe it was his

old violin that such beautiful sounds

came from. Every note was like a pearl

The first piece had not been finished

sight, and hearing such wonderful mu-

sic, stopped a moment in curiosity

Every one saw that the fine looking

gentleman was playing for the poo

By and by the people began to drop

money into the hat, and the old dog

seemed delighted to receive so many

pieces of gold for his master. The circle

of hearers became larger and larger.

Even the coachmen of the splendid

per were thrown into the hat by old

What in the world could be the matter?

piece of money into the hat, had struck

him on the nose, and he came very

near letting the hat and money fall.

But it soon became so heavy he could

"Empty your hat, old man," said the

He pulled out an old handkerchief

and wrapped the money in it, and put

and we will fill it again for

not hold it any longer.

man, but none knew who he was

pefore the people, observing the strange

I only want to hire it one hour."

to the old musician.

little prospect of supper."

your violin for one hour."

fiddles like mine."

old man:

will," said the owner.

give us something."

One beautiful summer day'there was

VOLUME 67.

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1866.

yourselves happier.

so that when he should get to be an old

Now, I believe that there were two

happy men that night in Vienna. Of

course, the poor old musician rejoiced

more value to him than all his money was the consolation that somebody had

proved a friend to him. For it does us

all good to know that we have friends,

even though they are of no farther ad-

vantage to us. There was another who

was happy, and that was the good man

man he might have good friends.

NUMBER 14.

Inside of the White House.

respondence Cincinnati Commercial (Republican.) WASHINGTON CITY, March 23.
Coming to Washington on business, I was requested, by friends in the West, to find out "how matters stand here," and report. I said, "I will." It was a all directions. They don't stand in the comprehensive intellect," to settle this little misunderstanding between Con-gress and the President,) rushing to the room of the Hon. Mr. Save-the-cour try with such speed that small boys might have played marbles on his hor zontal coat-tails, to inform him that "Andy Johnson was a d—d traitor.'
He had that moment heard, from a most reliable African, who was just from the White House, that he (the said African) had heard from the ser-yant girl, in the kitchen, that Mr. Con-

to appoint William Lloyd Garrison to the Collectorship at New York. "I tell you we're betrayed, and the coun-try is ruined!" exclaims Judge Puffey. "I myself saw a man from Alabama in the President's ante-room!" and, approaching the Hon. member, whispers in his ear: "Two copperheads had an interview with the President yesterday they were Sunset Cox and Wash McLean, of Ohio." The Hon. M

The mos

mens—he sees snakes. Then, on the other hand, with flash Then, on the other hand, with flashing eye and burning cheeks, the President is warmly, earnestly and intelligently defended. To these charges they respond: "You're a d—d fool; there isn't a purer, truer man on this earth than Andrew Johnson." "Did ngle instance, he has gone he any principle or sentiment he has eve avowed! Place your finger upon single act of his that is untrue to th to the country or the party that elected him.
'Admit that his speech of February 2 "Admit that his speech of February 2" was unwise and in bad taste, yet ever

in that, where is the sentiment of principle that the Union men of thi country do not, or at the time of hi election, did not, indorse?" And al

It is a Babel of opinion here—a political chaos. No two prominent men think alike. Congress is very weak and powerless, because there is no unity of purpose or action in that body.

WHAT CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE THINKS The Chief Justice is frank and out spoken in his opinions. He believed that the President is honest and patri otic, but that he started wrong

work of restoration or reconstruction that having builded upon an untenable foundation, his superstructure, his policy, must fail and fall. Mr. Chase feels a warm personal friendship for the President, and feels a deep sympathy for him in the trials and labors that are apon him. He would be glad to con sult with the President and aid him in the solution of these difficult questions but the President does not seek his ad vice, and probably distrusts him, and he therefore cannot volunteer his opin-ions or aid.

Mr. Chase does not think that Congress and the President will ever

monize. MR. SEWARD. Mr. Seward is equally free in the expression of his opinion on the present status of affairs. He is essentially conservative, and with the President in hi policy. He believes that the Souther people are acting in good faith in thi

work of reconstruction; that they are from their past history and life, acting as we must expect they would act; that, with their feelings and knowledge, we could have anticipated nothing else.—
They cannot change in a day. Their principles, feelings, and beliefs, are the growth of years. He believes that all will come out right; that the Union party cannot be destroyed, as there will always be in this country a majority of its people in favor of the unity and in-tegrity of this republic, and who will find means to make known their wishes for the maintenance of the Constitutio and the principles upon which this gov-vernment is based. The name of this party is very immaterial. He says that f you look at the class of men who hav en elected as members of Congre been elected as members of Congress and Senators from the reconstructed States, you will find that they are no secessionists, and never were; that they fought this heresy in the beginning and only went with their States wher they were forced to go, citing the example of Stephens and many other leading men who have been elected from the different States of the South, whose last votes in their Legislatures were cas against secession, and whose last speech es before the war took place were in de nunciation of separation, and that not one of the old original secession ists—the extreme fire-eating Disunionists of the are the prominent representative men

South—had anywhere been elected to office; but that those who are elected of the Southern country, and just such men as we must expect to be elected to represent the sentiments of their people; that they are now working in good faith that they are now working in good latte to bring their States back to their old relations with the general government, and that they ought to be admitted to Congress, and that the test oath ought o far revised and remodeled as to permit these men to take their seats in Congress. "As for me," says Mr. Seward, "I am constitutionally one of the hopeful kind. Dean Swift," said he. "who was something of a statesman well as a divine, said that in every government there were two classes of men—those who always believed in and hoped for the very best, and those who always despaired of any good and feared the worst; and that the truth was about half way between the two. I belong constitutionally, to the former class but, sir, my reason, judgment and ex-perience, and my trust in God, all lead me to believe that this nation is but entering upon her great and glorious career

I have a firm faith in an over-ruling Providence that will bring us through this contest, as it did through the strug gle of arms just closed." MR. DENNISON Mr. Dennison, Postmaster General,

Miscellancous.

very large contract, and I am not able to fill it. After several weeks of faith-ful search and investigation, I am enabled to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that I don't know "how contradiction, that I don't know "how matters stand here," neither does any other living man in Washington or elsewhere. Matters don't stand here—they move. They don't move in any given direction, but are striking out in and directions. They don't stand in the morning as they did in the evening, and when the day closes again a new base has been reached. Skirmishing is the order of the day; guerrillas and jaybruer of the day; guerrillas and jay-hawers abound. Several times I have been nearly knocked down, run over, trampled under foot, and gobbled up by the excited Judge Puffey, of Swellville, Spread county, Massachusetts, (who came to Washington to use his great influence and exercise his "broad, comprehensive intellect." I teacht this

federatus, a Colonel in the rebel army during the war, was to be appointed Collector of the Internal Revenue at Mobile; that the President, when wait ed on by himself and a delegation o ed on by himself and a delegation of the most prominent, influential, and loyal citizens of Swellville, had declined

McLean, of Ohio." The Hon. Mr. Save-the-country sinks back in his chair, raising his hands to Heaven, exclaiming "My God!"

Pass through any crowd at the street corner or at Willard's and you will hear excited discussion and contention. The excitement does not abate; each day but adds fuel to the flame. The most but adds fuel to the flame. outrageous charges are made openly against the President on the streets, and by the clerks in the Departments

"Andy Johnson is as great a traitor," exclaims one, "as Jeff. Davis." Another exclaims, "He's drunk half the time, and don't know what he's doing

the catastrophe were investigated, upon the table was found a will by which five years, yea, all his life, to turn several thousands of frances were left to traitor now?" "Show me where, in a

mers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his ex-

"I say, you have all told whopping oig yarns, now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York State, on the Genesee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I began to mow-sun about an hour high-and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field, and walked back, or as we say, "carry my swath." Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I ust thought, as the meadow was just a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did so, and there was one hundred! That, gentleman, is what York State folks call a big day's work."

"So you walked two hundred miles hat day, did you?" asked one farmer. "And mowed half the time you were

er, "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can.

Women.

vomen: There are three classes of women-

First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class

getting less every year.

order a house and are not mere drudges; who adorn it, and are not mere drudges; but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their function as house keeper wife and

A Contrast. An exchange says that of all men politicians should not rush too precipi

subjoin the following: Brownlow in 1856.—I assert without fear of successful contradiction, that sla very only could have worked that im

provment, and that the preservation of the relation of master and slave is es sential to the continued and futur elfare of all the negrorace of the South assert that American slavery is

the past shows to every candid mind that slavery has conferred no benefits upon Tennessee. It has been a stumb-ling block in the way of her advanc-ment. Her people have felt the effect of its degrading influences, and her crowth and proscript had been retard.

The Man Who Guillotined Himself. [From the Courier des Etats Unis.]
The validity of the will of a person who has committed suicide is at this moment under discussion in the courts

of the kingdom of Naples. now that he was out of want: but of Mr. Convreux selected for himself a singular manner of dying-he guillotined himself. We borrow the following details from the correspondence of the Temps. The writer, Mr. Ezdan, obtained them from Mr. Jammi, consular

agent of France at Castellamare.

Mr. Convreux, a man of about fifty. Boucher. How could he go to bed that four years of age, had chosen for himnight without thanking God for putting it into his heart to bekind to the friend less, starving soldier? Next to the benefit which our good deeds confer, is that which they confer on ourselves. Now, children, this is a big world. Look around you, and you will always

Last Trial of Fidelity. An officer of the French army, during the reign of Napoleon, having incurred the suspicion or resentment of the Emperor, thought it expedient to abandon his country, and take refuge in one of the Austrian provinces, and there he became advised of and initiated into a society, the object of whose formation in his country's battles, and he wore a | was to hurl to the ground the Colossus, whose arm smote and governed the whole continent of Europe, with a scepter of iron. One day a letter was brought to him containing the usual signs and passwords of the society, and requiring him to repair on the following night to a secluded spot in a forest, where he would meet some of his associates. He went, but he found nobody. The orders were repeated four times; the officer sought the appointed place with no better success than the first. On the fifth night of his appointment at the rendezvous, after waiting some time, he was on the point of returning, when loud cries suddenly arrested his atten-

Drawing his sword, he hastened to the spot whence they seemed to proceed, and was fired on by three men who, on seeing he was unwounded, instantly took to flight; but at his feet lay bleeding corpse, in which, by the feeble light of the moon, he in vain sought for returning animation. He was yet bending over the dead man. when a detachment of chasseurs, summoned apparently by the noise of the pistols that had been discharged at himself, came up suddenly and arrested him as the assassin. He was loaded with chains, tried the next day, and condemned to die for his supposed crime. His execution was ordered to take place at midnight. Surrounded by the minis ters of justice, he was led, at a slow pace, by the light of torches, and the funeral tolling of bells, to a vast square, in the center of which was a scaffold environed by horsemen. Beyond these were a numerous group of spectators, who muttered impatiently, and at inter-

vals sent forth a cry of abhorrence. his sentence was read, and the first act of the tragedy was on the point of fulfilment, when an officer let fall a word of hope. An edict had just been promulgated by the Government, offering a pardon and life to any condemned criminal who should disclose the members and secret tokens of a particular association, the existence of which the Frenchman, to whom these words were addressed, had lately became aware of and of which he had become a member. He was questioned, but he denied all knowledge; they urged him to confess with promises of additional reward-

his only reply was a demand for immediate death-and his initiation was completed.

All that passed was a terrible trial of fidelity. Those who surrounded him were members of the society, and every incident that has been described from the summons to the last moment of expected death, 'was only a step in the progress of the fearful experiment by which they sought to determine the trust-worthiness of the neophyte.

Chinese Widows.

Widows are obliged, by custom, to wear a white, black, or blue skirt, when they wear any skirt at all. They are not allowed to dress in a red and gaudy skirt, as though they were married and their husbands were living. Hence the expression, "marrying the wearer of a white skirt," applied to a man who marries a widow. Poor families sometimes arrange to marry one of their sons to a widow, when they feel themselves unable to procure a girl of good character, on account of the necessary expense ncurred in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small. It is considered a dis grace to a family for one of its sons to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful carriages begged the people inside to step on the part of the widow to consent stop and hear the music. Still the to marry again. No rich and fashionmoney increased. Gold, silver and cop- able family ever marries a son to a widow. A widow is not allowed to ride and young. The old dog began to growl. in a red bridal chair en route from her residence to her intended husband .-One gentleman as he dropped a large | She must employ a common black-covered chair, borne by two men. Many families, which have a widow connected with them, are exceedingly unwilling that she should marry again, on account of the dishonor which such a procedure would bring upon them, and especially upon the memory of her deceased husand. Generally his relatives, if in good circumstances, prefer to assist in her support, or support her entirely, than

> In a town in Connecticut, not long and thriving widow. She has not only kept good her estate, but has increased Daniel left her."

One day the "income man" came along and carried off some of that little hoarded treasure, and she wept as she counted out the bills on which her part ner's fingers had once rested—so sacredly does the heart cling to memories of the

A few hours afterwards she was at the table kneading bread, and evidently thinking of the lost one, when her niece said:

"Aunty, now you're prosperous and well-to do,' let's get some pretty tomb stones for good uncle Daniel, you know stones for good uncle Daniel, you know that he has none at his grave." Aunt Keziah lifted up her doughy

"Jane, if they want anything Daniel at the judgment, they can find him without a guideboard. I tell you he'll be there on time!"

self, some years back, a residence in a hotel of Castellamare, upon the delightful hill called Qui-si-sana. (Here one

recovers health.) To the public, he appeared but a simple, inoffensive lunatic; his madness was ever veiled by a taste for literature and art; he touched the find that you can do something to make piano and romances. Within himself this world of ours better, as well as he was a prey to two fixed ideas—to lead a life of chastity, and to die without suffering pain. The influence of the former had induced him to imitate the famous sacrifice of Origen; the second led him to guillotine himself. He read everything that had any bearing upon the sacrifice of the guillotine. Well thumbed pages were found in his rooms: in which it was discussed whether the

head of the person guillotined sees and feels after execution. There is reason to suppose that he arrived at the conviction, that mode of death is easy. In this belief he erected a handsome guillotine in the doorway which opened from his parlor to his bed-room. The important feature in his invention was a sliding axe, which he loaded with one hundred and thirty-two pounds of lead. He tried the instrument on several animals. It was afterward remembered that he had often carried into his rooms cats and chickens which

had been no more seen. When he had satisfied himself as to the excellence of his machine, he proceed to ornament it. He set it in a frame of two red curtains, gracefully drawn apart; between the curtains and under the fall he planted firmly a table with steps leading to it, and covered all over with a black cloth. He placed a white and soft pillow near the corner of the table, upon which vas to rest the severed head. Everything being in rediness, toward half-past nine o'clock in the evening, he played upon the piano a hymn to the Virgin, of his own composition. He dressed himself in white flannel; he ascended the steps of his little scaffold, and extended himself upon his back, looking upward, so that he might see the instrument of death fall upon his neck. It seems that, to be able to see better, he even placed light upon a piece of furniture near by. He touched the cord which retained the suspended ax-the ax fell and at a blowstruck off his head, which separated itself but little from the trunk and rested in an easy position upon the white pillow prepared to receive it .-When the room was entered the next morning, and all the horrible details of

servants of the hotel. It is this will which is now being contested before the civil court of Castellamare. The relatives of Mr. Couvreaux are attempting to upset the will as the act of a lunatie. The employees of the hotel assert its validity.

A Good Day's Work. Out in Michigan, a number of far

perience.

walking?" said another. "So it seems," replied the great mow

Theodore Parker, in one of his "sernons," uttered the following, touching

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estates. Similar toys, I suppose will one day be more cheaply manufac tured at Paris, Nuremburg, at Frank fort-on-the-Main, and other toy shops in Europe, out of wax or papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and hat all attempts to elevate women kind.

But there are domestic women who

their function as house-keeper, wife and

tately into print. As a warning, we

blessing to the negro slaves in parti-

growth and prosperity had been retarded by the exclusion from her borders of both capital and educated labor.

ical affairs; but, with the eye of hope, he penetrates beyond this cloud and sees the sun of triumph lighting up the sees the sun or triumph lighting up the view. He does not believe that the President intends or desires to separate from the Union party, but that the present contest is something like the Wade and Davis attack upon Mr. Lincoln, with the exception that Mr. Johnson deep not show the wrighter and son does not show the wisdom and equanimity manifested by Mr. Lincoln, in his contest. He believes Mr. Johnson is equally pure, true, and patriotic, and desires very earnestly that unity and harmony may speedily come. He desires to remain in his present place, and will work to recipion hereony.

and will work to maintain harmony and to keep that place; but it may be put down as a fixed fact, that wherever the President goes, Mr. Dennison will always be found within the lines of the Union party. Mr. Dennison is gentle-manly and yielding, to a fault; but un-derlying all this softness and placidity there is a granitic strata that is genuine and true, and that can always be trusted.

MR. SPEED, ATTORNEY GENERAL,
is unqualifiedly with the Radicals of

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Congress on the question of negro suf-frage, and opposed to the policy of the President. Mr. Speed is discreet in the expression of his opinions; does not un-necessarily harass or oppose the Presi-dent, but stands firmly by his convictions of what he believes to be the true

MR. STANTON.
Mr. Stanton is reticent, looks a good way ahead, and under no circumstances will exercise his power to put men untrue to the Union party or the country into place and power. He is staunch and true, but politic; is inclined to stand by and go with the President, but does not agree with him in all his measures and policy. In a conversation with a gentleman the other day he said: "I cannot promise you this action for the future; my tenure of office is uncertain could not remain here, and would not

It has been urged upon Mr. Stanton by members of Congress, to hold on to the office till he is put out; if a struggle comes between the President and the Cabinet, not to yield an inch, for that the Senate would not confirm any successor whom Mr. Johnson might ap-THE FACTS.

drunk; is temperate and abstemious in all his habits; does not touch liquor of any kind, and has not since the day of

He is not going over to the copperheads, nor is he going to appoint any man to office who was not with the

ter look out for the executive axe, for it will surely fall.

mination to sustain and carry through that policy, all other considerations must go down. To that "policy" he would sacrifice the Union party, were it necessary. He would sacrifice any and all personal friendships—yea, his very life would weigh nothing in the scales against his determination to carry it through. Why? Because he has, after long days and weeks and months of earnest thought, study and prayer,

him in judgment, we can but admire his Spartan heroism and dauntless

courage.

"What is the President's 'policy,' upon which he is risking so much?" many inquire. "What is this chimera, this phantom, this ignis fatuus 'policy' that is leading the President in this wild

That I cannot fully answer. His nessage, veto, and speech will best give t. The principal ingredients of that

by the general government.

right to determine for themselves the qualification of voters, and that the general government can no more inter-ere with that right in South Carolina than in Massachusetts.

Fifth. He is opposed to negro suffrage at this time; thinks they are unfitted for, and have not the requisite capacity to intelligently exercise that sacred yet dangerous privilege.

MY CONCLUSION.

Congress and the President will never

harmonize. They will remain a and divided even unto the end. into the camp of the enemy—the dis-unionists. The fact remains—they are separated. My own conclusion is, that Congress, under the lead of those old paramentarian Radicals, has gone a

little too far and too fast, and got away from both the President and the people; that the President has stood still since the day of his election, and has failed to keep pace with the progress of the peoole.
The President will use all the power

and will cut off those who are against him. For this he cannot be blamed. A new deal will probably be made in the Cabinet, Secretaries Stanton and Harlan, and Attorney General Speed are notoriously opposed to the President. They are inharmonious elements in the Cabinet at this time. Secretary Harlan Cabinet at this time. Secretary Harlan it is alleged, is in intimate and daily communication with the Radicals in Congress, and is in substance acting the part of spy and informer of the measures and movements of the President. In the new deal, Mr. Seward, Mr. McCulloch, and Mr. Dennison would probably be retained. They are in harmony with the President: stand by and support him against the Radicals. Stanton, Harlan, Speed, and Mother Welles will probably retire. The latter to her tea and warm corner. I am satisfied that no man can act as mediator in this con-test—the man who attempts it will be ground to powder between this advancing glacier Congress, and this immova-ble mountain, "the greatest of the An-

of Commerce of date during last week. We adopt the language as exactly fit. We warn the people that at a very early day the country will be startled with a sudden advance step in the progress of the revolutionary scheme, unless the traitors be in the meantime discouraged by popular demonstrations of constitutional loyalty.—National Intel-

Boetry.

For the Intelligence The Fatal Tragedy.

In Washington the deed was done— The tragedy was played— The Nation's Chief most honored one, There cold in death was 1 id. When Southern Reb's had sued for p And Grant had victory won; No sooner hostile war did cease, Than tragic play begun.

Sad was the scene that fatal day, In the Dramatic throng; There was no time for merry play, No time for mirth and song.

The country bled at every pore,

With life and treasure lost; And tho' the cruel war was o'er, Too dearly it had cost. Behold! the fair, the gay, the proud, And Ruler of the Land;

With deadly aim a charge is fired, Which pierced the victims head; And Abraham Lincoln there expired, And lies among the dead. Assassin bold, amidst the crowd

(Whose weapon did not miss;) C'xultingly exclaims aloud, Sic Semper Ty-ran-nis. Sadsbury township, April 2d, 1866.

Literary.

Shadow and Sunlight. It is a wearisome old world, I said to myself the other morning, as I sat by my chamber window; a deceitful world, full of fair promises that are always broken, of bright anticipations that are never realized. I thought of the long wail of anguish that is evermore rising from the earth; of the broken homes, the bleeding hearts, the crushed hopes. I remember that every time the clock ticks, some soul, gasping, groaning, agonizing, is torn from its frail body and sent forth naked and shuddering

into the mysterious future. Here a bride with the marriage vow scarce on her lips-the orange flowers that wreath her hair unfaded-isstricken down. Death claims her for his bride. and they fold her pale hand over the still bosom, and the sunshine and the glory of the earth seems buried in her

Little children around whom many fond hopes clustered, all by the way. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, loose their warm clasp of our hands, breathe a few faint words of fareing us nothing but sad memories and multiply in the graveyard, and the va-

cant seats by the fireside. Is it not a weary world—a lonesome world? Then I thought of the long catalogue grows longer and blacker; how man hates and persecutes his brother man, until the blood of many a muidered of the gross ignorance and superstition ift river, or burying it in the ground

even while its sweet, pleading eyes are turned to her for protection. And again I thought of the high as pirations that find no fulfilment-the broken day dreams-the restless search after happiness-of the many who seek,

the few who find it.

something to fill the soul's deep yearning, and finding but "cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." A weary, weary world. But hark! what was it that brought the glad tears to my eyes, and made me

say involuntarily: Life is pleasant-life is pleasant, and God is good! It was but a bird's song-a wild swee carol from the elm tree, but it thrilled through every gloomy corner of my heart, carrying sunshine with it and spanning my clouds with the bow "Hallelujah!" cried my

exultant soul, "for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." It is a glorious world to live in-a beautiful world, for God made it; and from the frozen North to the burning tropics, he has crowded it with scenes

of beauty. Out on the wild prairie, where none but angels can see it, he has planted the wild flower, and painted its tiny petals as none but God could paint them. Away in the green forest, where the breath of the pines is sweet, the sunshine falls cheerily through the thick boughs, and the old woods are vocal with life-happy life. Everywhere, in the air, in the water and on the earth

are myriads of joyous creatures who know no care, no sin, no fear. And among men, who will say that even now more of sorrow mingles with

their lot than joy. True, there are sad hearts, but so are there many happy ones. Every night as the sun bids good bye to one smiling village after another, thousands of little children, with folded hands and quiet hearts, kneel by a mother's side, and in different languages pray to the one good Father in Heaven; then peacefully fall asleep to wake with fresh glee in the

second, but around how many death beds angels stand waiting; and when the poor, glazed eye closes on the loved of earth, does it not open on Him who tasted death for every man? True, the world is full of sin and suffering, but its soil has been trodden by

the cross of Him who knew no sin, and the Prince of Peace shall yet reign King of nations. True, we are striving always to drink at the broken cisterns, but if we will we may come to the fountain of the living waters; and above the turmoil of life is heard ever the voice of the world's Re-

deemer, saying, "If any man thirsts,

let him come unto me and drink." "Thanks, little bird, for your morning carol. Go sing it to other sad hearts, and teach them that God is good, and

life is his gift. Rather Pointed. Mr. Reese, the well-known street preacher, was accosted by a would-be wag the other day, with the following

question: "Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatter "Certainly I do."

"Well, sir, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or "Yes, it was a female." "How do you know that?"

"W bechy, ause," said Reese, looking the chap in the face, "I see the male is still —A woman in Binghampton, N. Y., recently stole \$1,400 and hid it in her waterfall. It was several days before the constable could find it out.

A Light in the Window. High on a lone mountain where tempests fought their howling battleswhere winds lifted high the surging billows which in time of storms came breaking their force against the rocky walls to the ocean, stood a fisher's cot. A simple cot, facing the mysterious It was low of itself, but high above all else, with but a single window. Here lived a fisher and his loved. A bold, daring, fearless man, who trusted in God, and in the morning went forth to gather finny treasures from the wondrous depths of the ocean which at times lay in sunlit smiles before him; anon dashing at the base of his high retreat, madly howling because his home could not be reached. In the morning he went forth. Fondly to his heart pressed he the watcher left be-With more than human tenderness, he left a parting kiss on the lips of her he loved, a sentinel to guard the

treasure his humble home contained.

'And now darling, good bye. Duty calls me forth on the bosom of that wondrous deep spread out before us. It is but a frail bark in which I venture, yet in skillful hands, guided by a cool brain, propelled by a man of nerve, it is safer than an iron clad man of war. My heart is left with thee to guard. I go forth to toil for her love. If the day be calm, early will I return, and thineshall be the lips to welcome—the eye to smile upon me-thine the heart in which I'll rest when finished are the weary labors of the day. Should storms arise-my voyage be delayed-the tempest overtake and death dispute my passage back to thee, in this little window looking out upon the fathomless deep, high above the homes of others, place a light and let it burn so long as the night and tempest shall last. I will watch. Piercing the gloom will it reach me. High will I look-surely will I see it-with brave heart, a will of iron and a muscle of steel, will I fix my eye upon this my star, and rowing to reach my heart, will battle on till the light be reached and

thy earnest heart shall let me in. Good bye my darling one!" Forth went the bold fisherman. The day was clear, the ocean waves sang well, and pass over the cold river, leav- along the shores, sported on the white sands, kissed the coyish shells, reached darkened homes. The green mounds up to caress the drooping branches of rock bound tree, played hide and seek around the corners of jutting rocks, or rolled away in the little caverns where away from the deep blue billows left behind they could tell to each other stories of crime that with each day's record of the past and join hopes for the future. Out upon the deep went the fisherman Out and away. The day rolled itself up to join the army of the past. The loved Abel calls to God from the ground; of one on the hill was happy and sang the the prison houses that dot the earth, hours away, for her heart was light and each with its share of crime, and the and her faith perfect. The duties of the wickedness that no prison bars confine; home were done. The window was kept clear. The lamp was made ready. that fill the world-the deeds of dark- With the noon came a bugle call from ness-done for righteousness' sake; of the sea, calling the truant waves back the Pagan mother throwing the child to their lines. The shells were left God has committed to her care into the alone. The little caverns were desert-The hardy boughs in rocky clefts were left trembling in the wind. waves gathered in strength—the sky was overcast by clouds darker than funeral pall—the bugle blast became a hurricane-the sun was lost to viewnight came on and the brave fisherman

was far at sea, battling for life and love, his back heavy with freight for the Fame, pleasure, learning, all have their votaries-thirsting, panting for loved one on the cliff. "A light in the window!" Steady! Now, fisherman, has your star shone through the clouds. There is a light in the window! Gop bless the one who sits and trims the little lamp—her eyes now downcast—now peering out to pierce the gloom. The window is small but the lamp is bright

behind it, and from its intensity reaches far out over the clenched billows. God bless the one who has faith! The seconds roll into minutes-the minutes are strung on the voice of the blast and form links reaching down into the fathomless well. He will come! He will see the light. He will make for its brightness. The storm howls and it beats against the fisher's cot. The night has grown fearfully dark. The fury of the ocean is aroused. Look yonder! Far out from the cliff! Now rising high on the crest-now lost in the billow Ah! Once again in sight! Steadily boldly, fearlessly onward to the light in the window. How it nerves-how it guides-how it gives strength when needed. Pull away, bold man! Every dip of the oar brightens the light .-Every wave ridden over is a victory. Every trough of the sea you come out rom is a conquest. There is a spirit

The light is steady—not here and there but steady, and each moment growing brighter as the waves are conquered. Nearer, nearer! Yet nearer! * * * The bark is moored—the freight secured—the narrow path has been climbed—the door opens from without. Still by the window! Peering into the darkness, trusting, for faith is of God, still tending the light in the win

ruiding and protecting. Pull away.

the watcher by the window-a life is saved. Still the light burns. The window is True, a dying groan is heard every closed. It is not late. The fire burns brightly on the hearth. The sentinel on the lips has been relieved! Safe in each other's arms are the watcher and wrestler with death. The storm may howl now-the bark is moored. The night may be dark, but the cot on the

dow. The howling blast goes by. The

door opens. Oh, GoD in heaven! bless

hill is warm and doubly lighted. There is a revel in the capitol-manse there is a wilder revel of joy in the united heart of those on the hill. That cot is more of a mansion than the world dreams of. The watcher and the rower are rewarded-their hearts are together, their labor is done. * *

How clear the morn! The ocean lies asleep far below, resting from the con flict of yesterday-the battle is wonthe sunbeams play around the door and rest on the window sill where so lately sat the lamp. See yonder! Arm in arm wandering along the shore are the heroes of the night, happy and rewarded. Boldly the fisherman climbs—care fully he leads the way—springing from rock to rock with her he loves in his arms, resting on his strength, he climbs high up the mountain sides-they rest on mossy ledges and with full hearts

look back to the light in the window!

* * * * * * Years dropped from the hand of God into the abyss of time. The treacherous ocean never again lured the bold man from his home, for the taking of the day when storms shook themselves out around him were enough for a lifetime. His boat was saved, for by it he had saved that for which he toiled. The story of strength became known. By cottage fires and by castle board he

was spoken of and called at last to help guide the ship of state over reefs and billows. But the cot on the mountain was never forgotten. The fisher and his loved went to other scenes-arm in arm, heart to heart, true to each other, full of most wondrous love and with the perfection of faith in their hearts. She wore his image—he wore hers and an anchor jewel she had given him once upon a time before he made the last venture on the deep, and more potent than magic wand was their love to each.

The little cot was left alone and saved, for its mission was done. The good nymphs and fairies of the deep, in love with her constancy and his bravery, made that cot their palace, and ever after kept a light in the window for the guidance of others. When night comes, look abroad and see the lights in the windows kept trimmed by some loved one. But not all the windows are visi-There are those of the heart where working or sleeping the light of love is kept brightly burning for some one who. God bless her, is the fairy light of

A Capture by General Morgan. Not many months before the outbreak of the late war, I noticed in the columns of the Cynthiana News, among the distinguished names that graced the national halls of legislation, the name of a young gentleman from one of the distant States of the West, with whom I had been associated in earlier days, as

fellow-students and inmates of the same institution. In his college days he was a young man of unusually prepossessing appearance, and consequently, a general favorite among the opposite sex. But no powers of fascination, emanating from their gentle and winning maneuvers. could succeed in reaching the impervious heart of their favorite. On many occasions, when reminded of his ungallant bearing toward his admirers, he was wont to declare his purpose of spending his days in bachelor seclusion,

the sentinel I leave on thy lips to guard dismembered from the cares and troubles a wife and family are sure to entail. But he, like many others who have made similar resolutions, proved to be nothing more than human, and in the gay circles, which the society in Washngton City always affords, he was destined to meet one that would captivate his heart, and at whose shrine he was a willing and ardent devotee. For this ady, beautiful, attractive and accomplished, had unwittingly won his affections; and he relinquished his resolution to worm out a lonely and unprofitable existence, determined to offer her his hand and his heart. But, it is said, the course of true love never runs smooth;" an illustration of which is

found in the history and misfortunes

of our enamored hero. The excitement at Washington City consequent upon the withdrawal of the Southern States and the resignation of their representatives in Congress, was at its height, and in the presence of his stern responsibilities and its overwhelmng dangers that threatened on every side, a Congressman, intent upon the preservation of his country's peace, ound this rather an unfavorable period to engage his thoughts and time in the ruiet and peaceful services of gentle Cupid. While maturing in his mind a plan for the pacification of his country's troubles, and successful in his achievements, realizing in anticipation the plaudits of his countrymen, and the commendation of her whose approbation it was his glory to meet, this young lady, whose father, too, had been a member of Congress, suddenly disappeared from Washington City, and repaired to her

home in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, within the lines of Bragg's army. When the young Congressman became aware of her departure, without the possibility of reaching her home, which was separated from him by a wall of bayonets, his anxiety and chagrin may well be imagined. Despite the obstacles that, were between him and the object of his love, he resolved to seek her, even through the dangers of bloody war, and offer her the heart she had so completely won. How could he succeed in accomplishing his purpose? As the only hope of success, he determined to join the army of the Cumberland, which was then moving in the direction of Murfresboro, the lady's home. He solicited and obtained an appointment on the staff of one of Rosecrans' Generals. He had been serving in his new position but a short time when the memorable and sanguinary battle of Stone River

was fought, the result of which placed the army of the United States in possession of the city of Murfresboro. His anxiety to capture that place from other than patriotic motives, could only be expressed as he did it when the

news reached him of its capture-in the most hearty outbursts and exclamations of joy and hope. Elated with the hope of seeing her whom his soul adored, he hastened to enter the fallen city, to learn the startling fact that General Morgan, without the aid of sword or sabre, had carried off the coveted prize, crushed his hopes, and captured the hand and heart of hear for whose sake he had mounted the warrior's steed and faced the dangers of

the battle-field. The reader need hardly be informed that the young lady who had banished from his mind his old notions of bachelor bliss, and who had now so cruelly disappointed his hopes, was Miss R-y the daughter of the Hon. Mr. R--y, Congressman from Tennessee, and now the widow of Gen. John Morgan, Before she became the wife of Gen. Morgan she was ardently attached to the cause of Southern independence, and, I have been informed, on one occasion, presented a beautiful flag to a Tennessee regiment, on which was inscribed the mot to "Victory or Death," and accompa nied it with an address, during which she pointed in eloquent allusion to the motto: and. I have been told by one who witnessed the regiment in a charge that was subsequently made, that, crying as with one voice, "victory or death!" the regiment, as one man

swept over the enemy's breastworks to ictory and to glory. -A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring State says: "We do not look as well as usual to-day on ac-

-It is said that everything in nature

nas its equivalent; but we know of

sprang upon their feet, and, in serried

phalanx, and with matchless valor,

nothing that is equal to a woman's curi osity. -Earn money, save money, and you will have money.

oaches said "I know him: It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist .count of the non-arrival of the males. It is just like him. He saw the old

-We should like to know how the world can wag without a tail. prayed God might bless good Boucher, Connubial Affections

it in his violin bag. The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" in reat joy. He played first one tune, and then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last, he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd. "Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?" A certain person sitting in one of the

finally came to an end. The hour was

ended, and the muscian handed back

the violin to the old man.

The people then gave three cheers for Roucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed he folded his hands and

man needed help, and he determined to

help him in the best way he could."

hat she should marry the second time.

ago, lived Aunt Keziah, an industrious it much in value, and she loved to refer to it as " the little home that poor dear

departed

hands and emphasized this touching ex pression:

blessing; a blessing to the non-slave holder of the South, a blessing to the civilized white race in general, and a ular.

Brownlow in 1865.—The history of

sees everything couler de rose; believes that Congress and the President will harmonize; that just at this time there is a dark cloud in the political horizon which casts sombre shadows upon polit-

principles in this contest.

a change may take place any day. if required to make any appointments, or to aid in any act contrary to my principles and convictions."

First. The President does not get

union party during the war.

Third. He is going to have every man who holds office under him support him and his measures, his "policy," as set forth in his 22d of February speech, his veto, and his message. Those who do not support him, and do take sides with the radicals in Congress, had bet-

Fourth. Andrew Johnson is as honest a man as lives on the earth. He is just as combative and stubborn as he is yea, precious as the breath of his nos-trils, in his "policy." Before his deter-mination to sustain and carry through

of earnest thought, study and prayer, concluded that the salvation of his country and welfare of the people depend upon it.

However much we may differ with

policy are:

First. That the constitutional rights of the States and the people thereof shall not be infringed or trampled upon That the States have the

Third. That whenever a member of Congress from any one of the thirty-six States presents himself for a seat in Congress, and can take the oath precongress, and can take the court passeribed for each and every member of that body, Congress has no right to exclude him; that Congress can prescribe clude him; that Congress can prescribe rules that will apply to all its members, but cannot invidiously legislate against members from sections of the country, or that only apply to a part of that body or a part of the States.

Fourth. He does not believe in the doctrine of "State suicide."

Congress and the President will never narmonize. They will remain asunder It is immaterial how this separation s caused—the result is equally danger ous in its consequences to the party in power. It may be charged, on one side, that the President has switched off the party track, and on the other hand, that Congress has followed the lead of these crazy Radicals until they have run them

he has, in the way of patronage and in-fluence, to bring men to his support, and will cut off those who are against

The President is environed with pitfalls dug by men who, in the disappointment of their mad ambition, would at the same time dig the grave of our political system. We believe that the period is critical, beyond precedent. If the Radicals carry Connecticut next week, we may look for development which will aronse the country. The above we extract from the Journal of Commerce of date during last week.