The Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

COOPER, SANDERSON & CO.

H. G SMITH, J. M. COOPER,

WM. A. MORTON, ALFRED SANDERSON

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable all cases in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

☞All letters on business should be addressed to COOPER, SANDERSON & CO.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 67. LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1866. NUMBER 17.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; ten per cent. increase for fractions of a year.

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

PATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by the column:

One column, 1 year,	$100
Half column, 1 year,	60
Third column, 1 year,	40
Quarter column,	30
BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less, one year,	10
Business Cards, five lines or less, one year,	5
LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—	
Executors' notices,	2.00
Administrators' notices,	2.00
Assignees' notices,	2.00
Auditors' notices,	1.50
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less, three times,	.50

Poetry.

The Bore in the Sanctum.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes but never goes.

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manus ript,
And gives his caudid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes his leave.

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote,)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my best cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
Or themes like these away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong,
I'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Where'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
In vain I scowl or pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door;
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

The World is Full of Beauty.

There is beauty in the forest,
Where the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow,
Where the flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft blue beam above;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the fountain,
Singing gaily at the play,
While rainbow hues are glittering
On its silvery, shiny spray.
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murmuring softly through the grove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the moonlight,
When it sleeps upon the sea,
While the blue, foam crested billows
Dance and frolic joyously;
There is beauty in the lightning gleams
That o'er the dark waves rove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a loving eye,
In the warm blush of affection,
In the fear of sympathy;
In the sweet, low voice whose accents
The spirit's gladness prove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love!

Literary.

Gaspar Morgan's Temptation.

Cold, hungry and ragged was Gaspar Morgan as he stood looking in at a famous bake-shop in Boston. His little cold nose was flattened against the great window-pane, his blue fingers were thrust into pockets that had seen better days, and his bare toes just touched the frosty pavement, as he stretched up, gazing wistfully at the temptingly arrayed "goodies." Within, John, the baker's boy, was busily dealing out hot loaves and nice, fresh looking cakes to the crowd of customers.

"Oh, ain't them cakes jolly!" cried Gaspar, in his delight, forgetting himself and speaking aloud. "Wouldn't I like to be a baker's boy! Oh my! see the feller cram down the gingerbread! If 'twas only me. Crackie!" and Gaspar executed a gymnastic in anticipation, and then put his face to the window again. He was so busy talking to himself that he did not notice the mirth of a little old man, almost hidden in a huge fur overcoat, who was standing in the shadow near by.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Gaspar, as he saw a servant loading a basket. "Wouldn't it be nice to carry home that basket to mother and little Sue! How mother would cry, and Sue would eat like a house afire!" and Gaspar took his nose away from the window to watch the servant and basket descend the steps. But just then a portly man with a market basket on his arm came pulling clumsily up the steps, and, running against the servant, upset the basket and nearly capsized its bearer.

"I'll teach you better manners, you great lumbering lubber!" cried the servant furiously picking up his scattered purchases.

"Ho, Ho!" said the great man good-naturedly, "nearly putting an end to ye, hey! Well don't lose your temper!"

"Lose my temper!" exclaimed the other, fiercely. "You'll pay for that!" and he rushed after him into the shop.

Gaspar was a highly amused witness of the scene, and was giggling, "all to himself" by the large window, when he caught sight of something white on the pavement, and, with a cry of joy, picked it up.

"Crackie! if it ain't a whopping big loaf of bread! Warm as an oven, too! Won't mother and Sue have a feast!" and the little fellow danced for joy. All at once his countenance fell, and he looked saddily around. He had been well taught by his pious mother. She had often told him she would rather starve than take what was not her own. These words came to him now. There was a great struggle going on in Gaspar's heart just then. The good at last triumphed, and, with a smothered sob and a very determined look on his face, he went bravely into the shop where the wrathful servant and the man were still disputing. "Here, mister," said he, pulling the servant by the sleeve, "here's your loaf of bread you dropped!"

"My bread! you young rascal!" cried he, glad to vent his spite on some one. "How much have you stolen beside?"

"For shame!" said the corpulent gentleman.

"That's all the thanks I get," muttered Gaspar, as he trudged hungrily and sorrowfully homeward. But when almost there he heard a quick step behind him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder. Turning, he saw a small gentleman in a big fur coat.

"Well, my little man," said he, pleasantly, "why did you not carry home the bread to mother and little Sue?" Gaspar turned very red, and the merry old man burst into a fit of laughter.

"Ho, ho!" he almost shouted. "Thought you didn't know somebody was looking at you all the time." Then he added, gravely, "Give me your hand, my boy. I saw it all, and it's lucky you did not yield to the tempter. I should have nabbed you quick as a wink, if there's anybody I'm down on it's a thief."

"I hope I shall never do so again," said Gaspar, confusedly.

"I'll risk you," said the man. "Now take me to your home, and I'll help you, or my name isn't Nicholas Grum!"

Gaspar told his new friend his sad story, how his father had died and left his mother to take care of the children, —how she grew sick, and Susie cried for bread.

But it would take a long time to tell what a kind friend Mr. Grum was to the poor family. He hired new and better lodgings, and little Susie, a black-eyed girl, soon grew plump and joyous. As for Gaspar, he forgot his desire to be a baker's boy with his first good dinner. But his noble friend got him a situation in a store, where, by his honesty and strict attention to business, he finally rose to be partner, and is now a well known merchant of Boston, whose real name we have not given.

Catching a Widow.

Obadiah Barton was going to be an old bachelor, so all his friends and acquaintances said, and they all felt an interest in his welfare—at least all who had female-relatives of a marriageable age.

Obadiah was a well to-do city grocer, with an established business, and had been very diffident for years with regard to the fair sex; not that he had no eye for beauty or desire for a pleasant home, but the fact was when he was a youth and a clerk in his father's store, he fell desperately in love with a confectioner's daughter, who dealt out such smiles and sugar plums near by. As his father was supposed to be rich, she returned his love with all the ardor of a blushing damsel of seventeen. Thus matters progressed favorably for a time, until his father suddenly dying, and his estate proving insolvent, the confectioner's daughter promptly cut him and married a rich widower of forty-five.

That matrimonial manœuver put Obadiah out with the fair sex, and he turned his attention to trade, and, after a term of years became well established.

Meanwhile he had grown miserly, and now wished to get married, that he might have some one to manage the affairs of the household; servants were so pilfering, and boarding was so high, he concluded that the best economy was to get married. But whom should he choose, for the experience of his boyhood led him to infer that getting married was a matter of choice, now that he had acquired a competency.

Girls were so giddy, he said, and loved to dress extravagantly, and be going to balls and concerts and theatres. That would never do.

A widow was the one. He concluded that they had experience in houskeeping, and would not be so careless or extravagant; so he began to look around sharp for some young widow.

One day an acquaintance of his, Mr. Leroy, said to him.

"Why don't you get married, Mr. Barton? You are rich enough to support a wife."

"Well, I suppose I ought to, but I don't know where to find a wife. If you think I ought to get married, you must find me one."

Now this was the very request Mrs. Leroy was seeking after, so she said:

"Oh, I can find you one that will please you."

"Ah! who is she?"

"Oh, an acquaintance who is visiting me now."

Now the truth was, the lady in question was a cousin of Mrs. Leroy's, and they had thoroughly considered the chance of getting the grocer.

"How old is she?"

"Only about thirty; but then she is a widow, perhaps you might object to that."

"Well, I don't know. Who was her husband?"

"John Thornton; used to keep a grocery store up town."

"Oh, I knew him. He died last year. Left some property, didn't he?"

"Yes—some."

"He did not leave any children did he?"

"No, but I must be going. Call around some evening and see the lady."

Obadiah now sat down to consider on the position of affairs. He had been acquainted with Thornton and had called at his house, and recollected that he had a fine looking wife. He knew that Thornton was a thriving tradesman.

"I wonder if Thornton left her his property?" he soliloquised. "Must be—he has no children; anyhow there's a chance for it."

The next evening he called at Mrs. Leroy's, arrayed in his best, and was introduced to Mrs. Thornton, who was dressed in a plain, but neat calico dress, and very industriously sewing on a vest for Mrs. Leroy.

"Industrious and economical," thought Mr. Barton.

They chatted pleasantly for a while, when one of Mrs. Leroy's daughters spoke of a new play at the theatre the previous evening.

"You ought to have gone, Mrs. Thornton," said she.

"Oh I do not approve of the theatres; besides I can never find time to go," said she.

"A very sensible woman," thought Obadiah who shortly after left.

His calls became frequent. At length he proposed to the widow and was accepted. They were quietly married, and the next day his spouse proposed a short trip to Niagara.

Obadiah demurred somewhat, saying he could not very well leave his business; but his bride began to pout, and inwardly groaning he appeared readily to consent.

He began a series of uncomfortable reflections when he beheld his wife's travelling costume—silk dresses, velvet cloaks and hats and rich jewelry began to appear from her trunks.

Her trip of a week somehow lengthened into three.

One day, shortly after his return, when he came home to supper, he found three little girls, from the age of eight to twelve, seated with his wife.

"Who are these children?" he inquired.

"They are my daughters by my first husband Mr. Lane—Adeline, Josephine, Angeline, arise and salute your new papa."

"But—but—where do they live?"

"Why here, my dear! Where should they live but with their new father?"

Obadiah was dumbfounded. Here was something more than he bargained for.

A further investigation proved that Mr. Thornton had left all his property to a younger brother. In vain did Obadiah expostulate; the children had gained a foothold and they kept it.

"Confound the luck! they are all girls!" was Obadiah's last soliloquy.—"If they were boys, I could have employed them to some purpose; but girls! Why didn't I follow the advice of old Weller? Hang the widows! Why didn't I marry an old maid?"

Getting in at Night.

"The door was locked when I got home," said Tom, "and how to get in without waking the governor, was the difficulty. I knew he'd give me particular fits if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The backyard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of the governor's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in the corner furthest from the window, and I hoped I should be able to get in and through the room without awakening her, and then I had comparatively an easy thing of it. So getting a plank from a neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and 'cooned.' All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse suspicion in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up I threw it off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful whine hound ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced as if he intended to split his throat at it, and an old woman in her night clothes, with a candle in her hand, appeared at a window across the street. I knew that I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows, the candle gave enough light to have very probably discovered me. Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or two, popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up his eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before it and the dog settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hand on the sill, sprang in, and with my legs hanging out stopped to listen. Yes, she was in that room, for I was sure I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg and then the other, drew them around, and putting them down to the floor was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was withdrawing them, when another yell broke out at my feet; the old maid jumped from her bed, crying "murder!" And the mocking bird started again. A little darkey was lying on her back under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and of course, woke her up. I decided in a moment what to do. The house would be aroused, and I was caught to a certainty, unless I could get to my room before the governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little negro was screaming; so I started for the door, made three steps, struck a chair, tumbling over, of course making the awfulest racket you ever heard in the "dead hour of night," in a peaceable house. The nigger and old maid screamed louder than ever, the mocking bird whistled louder than a steam whistle, and they made a chorus as loud as Jullian's.

I reached the door, however, and quietly and quickly opened it, and just got into the hall in time to see the old gentleman open his door, with a candle in his hand, and came hurrying up the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the governor, reached the door, opened it, and went in, and in the meantime there was all sorts of confusion and enquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though from where I stood I heard every word of the inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they could not make much out of it. The little darkey was too frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth and the upshot of the business was that they concluded she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving her a sound shaking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors from the windows, went down to his room again.

"So far, so good. I had now to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room which is in the second story of a brick building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another halfhour to settle down again, I started.

'Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs at midnight without making a noise? You may try it all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are sure to wake everybody. I had gotten nearly to the bottom when a little dog came trotting up the entry towards me, yelling furiously. A suppressed 'come here, Zip' silenced him, for he recognized me; but the little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the neighborhood, having learned to take the cue, of course joined the chorus for the third time."

I ran along the passage, reached the door, unlocked it, just as the governor roused the second time, opened his door and seeing a man escaping from the house by the back way, of course cried 'thieves! thieves!' and made a rush for me. I was too quick for him though, I opened the door, sprang out, made for the door that opened in the room below mine, and just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my head went a brick, and a voice that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor. Tompkins joined the governor in the cry of 'thieves! thieves! murder! murder!' I was safe though.

'Running up stairs I 'shelled' myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed sound asleep in half a minute.

'Wasn't there a row though! I never heard so many dogs before—the mocking bird, of course was outdoing all previous effort—the chickens began to crow—Tompkins, next door, was hallooing 'thieves!' and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of noises, and talking among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling 'Tom! Tom!'

Tom, fortunately, was sound asleep, snoring.

"Tom!' cried the old man, in a voice that would have aroused a man from an epileptic fit.'

"I judged it prudent to awaken then, and jumping from my bed, raised the window, rubbing one eye, and looking particularly frightened (which I wasn't,) then asked:

"Why, father, what in the world's the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house," was the reply: get your gun and come down—be quick."

"He's in the room below you," halloed Tompkins. "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or more men in the yard, armed with guns, pistols and sticks,

'The governor led the attack; opening the door, he called:

'Come out here, you house breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to resist I'll blow your brains out!"

'Nobody came, however.'

'Watch the door while I go in,' and I was told to look sharp and shoot the rascal if he came up stairs. A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

"He's up stairs then!" said Tompkins, 'for I'll take my bible oath that he didn't pass that door.'

"But up they troopped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no burglar there. The strictest search even looking under a boot, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was examined, then the house, and every body was tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the night and ordered not to go to sleep on my post under penalty of a flogging."

"The articles missing, on a thorough investigation the next day were two pies and an old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under the carpet; but the pies have never been recovered. On oath I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but the case didn't come before a court and I remained quiet.

"Didn't the local editors loom, though! One of them elongated himself through a half column and headed the article, 'A Diabolical and Attrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder,' describing with graphic particulars the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss L—— and her servant, complimented the coolness of R. Tompkins, Esq., and perorated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the policeman.

"It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchman used to stop at our front door and listen, during his rounds, for a month after.—The excitement died away, after a while; but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise."

A Few Words About Visits.

The Modern Idea of Hospitality.

The poetry of the world is fast dying out. Love means a good bargain. Devotion means going to church in the morning on comfortable Sundays, and hospitality—well, we are forgetting what that does mean. It is a tradition, the rounding period of our grandmothers' epitaphs.

I am a maiden lady, a little ancient, yet not old. I teach all the year round, except in vacations. Last winter a married schoolmate living in N—— wrote me a pressing invitation to visit her. "Come any time," she said. "We are always delighted to see you; only be sure and come, dear M." I am not credulous in the matter of invitation, having certain horrible examples of imposition ever before my eyes; but this one I really thought I must accept. The summer vacation came, and a bright June day brought me to the home of my friend. I spied her as I came near the house drawing her baby in the yard, looking very fresh and pretty in her bright pink dress. I hurried a little, all ready for a warm embrace. Lo! the tips of her fingers, a tiny kiss on one cheek, and, "I'm very happy to see you, Margaret," in a tone that means, to sensitive ears, "I will be polite, but I wish you were in Joppa." My heart sank, but there was no help. Into the house I must go and there must I stay ten mortal days. The invitation mood had passed off.

I resolved to make myself useful, and began vigorous embroidering of baby hoods a crocheting of baby-sacks; but I soon made the pleasing discovery that all this was calculated upon beforehand. These were things that visitors would be likely to do! I did think in time to refrain from adding to the washing and ironing, and expressed the utmost indifference to certain rides and excursions which were proposed in the evident hope that I shouldn't wish to go. The price of provisions was discussed at the table in a way that made me afraid to take a second cup of tea or piece of cake, though the basket was always passed with the gingerbread side towards me.

The ten days came to an end. I packed my trunk with a lighter heart than I had felt since I unpacked it, stretched my conscience woefully to say what a pleasant time I had had, and sped away with unutterable reflections. After riding five or six hours in cars and stage, the reflections were somewhat dulled by a decided sensation of faintness; for you must know that the custom of putting up luncheon for departing guests is quite obsolete. No matter if you are well aware they will have no chance to get even coffee and cake before night. Ask them no questions.—Bid them good-bye with a smileing face. Urge them to come again very soon, and say "This has only been a call; we want a long visit next time" Then shut the door, and give a sigh of relief that that is over at last.

There are myths about sharing the last crust with a friend. There was certainly something in the geography about savage tribes, who reverenced even a mortal foe under the title of guest. Alas for the romantic faith of childhood. They had probably reckoned the value of the venison steak they had eaten, after they had gone. Don't be too indignant on the general subject. You know very well you didn't dare to ask your old friend George White home to pine with you yesterday, though you hadn't seen him before in a dozen years. You didn't like to risk the storm with madam. It wasn't in her plan to have company to dinner that day. She's a very systematic housekeeper. I told you I was an old maid, but I did once have brothers and sisters and a home, like other people; so I'm not so unpractical as you think. I know the hidden mysteries of housekeeping—the biscuit made in a hurry for unexpected company, the tirade from Bridget, who "won't stir a step to carry wather up stairs after doin' all this day's ironin;" I know the hurry to finish sewing before the arrival of guests and the hurry after they had gone to make up the lost time; but to grudge all this effort was not the custom when I was young. To tell you the truth I think it was the religion in our little home that made it so easy to entertain guests in season and out of season. The mothers cheerful self-forgetfulness only emphasized the father's serious voice, reading at prayers. "Use hospitality without grudging." It rarely occurred to us to think at the trouble of company. If we did we were soon ashamed of it, and as for the visits of real friends they were the great delight of the year. How unsophisticated—how old-fashioned we were!

Gail Hamilton has a sensible chapter in "A New Atmosphere," on public meetings, anniversaries, &c., where the heavy burden of entertaining falls on already overtasked housekeepers. Sensible as it was, we recoiled a little in reading it because it seems to us the tide sets quite too strongly that way already. We know well the headaches and various miseries that result from the usual sweeping and dusting and cooking and smiling of these anniversary occasions. We know, too, the parting look of gratitude, the warm pressure of the hand, the tearful eye that somehow strangely reminded one of the distant music, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

After all, it is a fancy of ours that we don't live just to have as easy a time as possible, and that generous hospitality needn't be confined to the rich. It reflects no great honor on our common nature, if the struggle to make small means meet high prices must blunt our affection, cool our ardor, and change the genial, graceful courtsey of hearty friendship into a mere calculation of trouble and expense. No matter on what "hamely fare we din," or how often the "hodden gray" has to be made over; do let us welcome our friends with simple old-time sincerity to share it just as it is. If we can't have all the new magazines on the table, or many pictures on the walls, we can be so truly affectionate, so thoughtful of our sister's comfort, so thoroughly hospitable, in the true, old sense of the word, that there will always be in their memories a halo round our plain, quiet home. If we can have all these comforts for ourselves, it argues a miserable, indolent selfishness not to rejoice in sharing them with our friends. We want another Mrs. Opie to write a new chapter on 'White Lies,'—the lies of invitation, —and a new apostle to preach on the beauty of ministering.

The Mute Detective.

"No dogs admitted, sir," said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance; "you must leave him behind if you go in." "Very well," said the young man, stay about here, Prince, till I come back!" and he joined the crowd within. By-and-by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when, behold! the chain had been snapped in two and the valuable time-piece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed through his mind. So, stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter and gained permission to take the dog in for a minute or two. "Look here, Prince," said he, "you knowing dog, my watch is stolen," and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. "Do you understand, old fellow? In there, sir, is the thief. You find it, my good doggie, and I'll get you a famous treat. You understand, do you?" Prince wagged his head and tail, and gave his master a wonderful knowing look, and then the two stole quietly into the place.

Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling away at this one's coat and at that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat skirt of a genteel looking man, and could not be shaken off. The young man quietly made known the case to the bystanders who gathered around him, and had the thief's pockets duly searched. Six other watches were found upon him, which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which their rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on again. Prince selected out his master's property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all agreed that he merited as good a dinner as a dog could have. A good beef bone and a bowl of milk, however, abundantly satisfied all his wants, and then he was just as ready to do the same favor over again.

The Three Sleeves.

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard. I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted her mamma, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sleeves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it, dear. In the first place, is it *true?*"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Parry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story; and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you cannot prove it is true, is it *kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma; but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it *necessary?*"

"No, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking; and strive more and more to imitate the meekness of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Japanese Uses of the Fan.

Neither men nor women wear hats except as a protection against the rain; the fan is deemed a sufficient guard from the sun, and perhaps nothing will more strike the newly-arrived European than this fan, which he will see in the hand or the girdle of every human being. Soldiers and priests are no more to be seen without their fans than fine ladies who make of theirs the use to which fans are put in other countries. Amongst the men of Japan it serves a great variety of purposes; visitors receive the dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar imploring for charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may have obtained. The fan serves the dandy in lieu of a whalebone switch; the pedagogue instead of a ferule for the offending schoolboy's knuckles; and, not to dwell too long upon the subject, a fan presented on a peculiar kind of salver to a high-born criminal, is said to be the form of announcing his death doom; his head is struck off at the same moment that he stretches it towards the fan.

—As people grow older they require less sleep, and often find it difficult to get as much as they do require. A plausible theory to account for the trouble some persons experience in falling asleep at the time they deem it desirable is the disproportion between the degrees of fatigue of the mind and body at the hour of retiring. A person of sedentary habits, who uses his brain throughout the day instead of his body, will often find that while the former is wearied out and requires repose, the latter needs exercise instead of rest and is so restless in bed that it will not permit its immaterial companion to sleep. If a man of active mind be employed during the day in heavy manual labor, that though requiring no exertions of mind, must have sufficient attention to prevent thought upon other matters, he will find at night that his unwearied thinking apparatus will remain wide awake in spite of the craving of the worn out body for rest.—The reason of this and its remedy are quite apparent, though many cannot understand why after laboring industriously all day, they cannot sleep at night. In persons of active mind and sound body accustomed to consecutive thought, the equilibrium of fatigue must be observed, but it does not matter to those who never use the thinking faculties sufficiently to induce weariness. The mind, in such cases, is always ready to fall asleep when the body does.

Miscellaneous.

The Freedmen.

General Steedman's Mission in the South —The Labor Question in Virginia.

[Richmond Correspondence of the New York Herald.]

RICHMOND, Va., April 13, 1866.

By order of the War Department a commission of inquiry has been issued into the working of the Freedmen's Bureau in the South. The commissioners appointed are Major General J. B. Steedman, of Ohio, and Brigadier General J. S. Fullerton, of Missouri, who, as General Howard's former adjutant general, is of course especially familiar with the objects contemplated by the organization, and with the internal workings of the system. The investigation will probably be pursued over all the Southern States from Virginia to Texas, and will embrace the extent and character of the relief afforded to freedmen in the past, the amount of assistance deemed necessary in the future, the effect of the system on the relations of the white and negro population, its cost to the country, and the necessity or otherwise of its continuance. The entire social system of the South, under the new order of things, must thus be brought upon the carpet, and much valuable information as to the changed relations of capital and labor in the Southern States will of necessity be elicited.

Richmond, where all the peculiarities of the old *regime* centred and converged, and where the negro population is perhaps denser than in any other part of the South, was naturally selected as the starting point of the commission. Generals Steedman and Fullerton arrived in this city on Tuesday last, and on the following day commenced their labors. Opinions have been sought from all classes and shades of persons—Rebels, regenerated and unregenerated, Unionists, officers of the Bureau, negroes, and "poor whites." The Commissioners have held themselves accessible to every one having information to give, and have evinced a determination to make the investigation as complete and as searching as possible.

A COLORED OPINION.

Among the first persons consulted on the subject was a venerable darkey, in a Joseph's coat of many colors, and no breeches or hat to speak of, who, pausing in his labor of clearing among the *debris* of the great fire to have a look at the Yankee strangers, was accosted with the inquiry, "Well, uncle, how are you getting along?" "Berry well, massa, berry well." "Plenty of work, eh?" "Well, sa, there's work sure enough for them as likes to do it." "Well, do you think you freedmen can get along without assistance?" "No, sa, I don't." "Then you think it necessary the Freedmen's Bureau should continue?" "Not by a d——d sight!" returned the venerable darkey, and without further loss of time resumed his shovelling.

GENERAL OPINION.

It must be confessed that this aged negro's view of the matter is very largely shared by the population of Richmond. The Freedmen's Bureau is regarded with dislike, more or less intense, by the entire people. Of Col. (now Brevet Brigadier General) Brown, the Assistant Commissioner in charge of affairs, every one speaks in terms of high respect. By his administration he seems to have achieved the difficult feat of conciliating every one and offending no one. It is evident, therefore, that the unpopularity of the Bureau does not arise from any maladministration at headquarters. Other causes account for the dislike. Prominent among these is the feeling that the Bureau is a part of the "army of occupation," as the United States troops are termed, and a standing intimation that the Southern people are not to be trusted. It is Thad. Stevens and Wendell Phillips and Sumner present in the flesh, a living embodiment of the extreme radicalism which brought on the war and is now keeping the South out of the Union. So it is hatred with a hatred "not loud, but deep." The better class of citizens, including those most prominent before and during the war, commit no overt act against the Bureau, and neither seek to aid nor to impede its labors. But they are all of one accord in wishing to see the military occupation at an end and civil authority once more restored. They assert that it fosters idleness among the negroes, and creates antagonism between the white and colored races. On the other hand, many Union men are in favor of its continuance, and express a fear that should the organization be removed, the negro, by taxation, by vagrant laws, and by a thousand other acts of oppression, would be reduced to a condition of servitude worse than that from which he has been lately freed.

LABOR IN THE OLD DOMINION.

One-eighth of the slave population in the South reside within the limits of the State of Virginia. There were half a million slaves in the State before the war, and that number has not been lessened since. During the winter months the Bureau administered relief to nearly ten thousand persons. The number now on the books is considerably less, and the diminution is constantly going on. Many of the negroes, it is found, are returning to their former masters, and wherever they have been kindly treated they have shown a disposition to resume work at fair and reasonable wages. In such cases the new system has been found to work advantageously both for masters and men. When the evacuation of Richmond was ordered one of the largest tobacco growers in the district called his slaves round him and briefly told them, "You are free and so am I." Practically the result has justified his anticipation. He has been enabled to get more work done by fewer hands and at less expense. One of the great difficulties experienced under the new system has been to convince the negro of the obligation upon him to support his wife and children.—Cæsar had been accustomed to change his wife at convenience and leave massa to dispose of the children, and the new arrangement comes hard on him. A darkey from another State, who recently set out to visit his old home, strongly opposed the suggestion that he must take with him his wife and five small children, on the ground that he'd brought no women or children with him and "wasn't a gwine to take none back." The planters, generally, accord to the negro the highest praise both for his conduct during the war and since. The only trouble the Bureau has had has been with the negroes to whom it has been represented that the lands on which they were temporarily located were their own. These have been found hard to deal with, and the work of dispossessing them of the property on which they had squatted has been in some cases attended with serious disturbances. The experiment of introducing white labor into the State has been a failure, as far as Virginia is concerned. Land is poor, the planters are poor, wages are low, food scanty, and no Bureau aids the white laborer. About fifteen hundred emigrants, principally Swedes, have entered the State. Some of them have applied to the Freedmen's Bureau for transportation back.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 16.

Under the shadow of Jefferson's tomb, (said tomb, by the way, being in a state of woeful dilapidation), with the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains stretching away in the distance, with fertile soil and promising crops rapidly recovering from the effects of the March drought, there are fewer signs of the ravages of war in this district than perhaps in any other part of Virginia. The relations of the two races also have suffered little or no disarrangement. The negroes have passed from slavery into freedom so quietly and so peaceably that an outsider visiting the district can hardly believe that any such social revolution has been effected. One day in Albemarle county is sufficient to efface five years of radical misrepresentation. The facts developed so far by General Steedman's commission of inquiry are utterly inconsistent with the views of Congress and the statements of the radical press. So much has been said and written about the natural antagonism of the two races, about the prejudice existing among the white population against the black, and of the necessity of maintaining some go-between to secure justice to the negro, that I was prepared to find some bitterness existing and to witness some cases of injustice and oppression. Like Mr. Scrouge, when he waited on the ghost of Christmas to come, I was "prepared for something, but not for nothing." Nothing is what I have found—absolutely nothing of ill-feeling and bitterness; and I scarcely know how to record it. Everywhere I have yet been I have found the most kindly and friendly relations subsisting between blacks and whites. I have seen former slaves working cheerfully for their old masters, still calling them "massa" as of old; former masters supporting the aged and infirm of their former slaves; perfect reliance on the other. Outrages, such as have been described in the Northern papers, committed by white men upon negroes, have undoubtedly occurred; but they have been exceptional cases, and are no more indicative of the general sentiments of the population than are stray porter-house shooting affrays indicative of the moral state of society in New York.

A REPRESENTATIVE PLANTER.

In the Charlottesville district there is a large colored population engaged exclusively in agricultural pursuits. About forty of the principal planters waited this morning upon General Steedman, and discussed with freedom their position and prospects. One of the number—Mr. W. P. Farish, a leading Virginian, who served as Colonel in the Rebel army—related his experience, which may be taken as a fair example of the general feeling of the people. He stated that at the end of the war he had one hundred and eleven negroes, most of whom he still retained in his service, as well as several house servants who pleaded poverty and begged to be allowed to remain on the plantation. Only last week he sent his wagons over to Buckingham to bring over another set who had no other claim upon him but that they were the father and mother, brothers and sisters of his shoemaker. All of these negroes were now working for him at monthly wages, without written contracts, and were working contentedly and well. "I have changed my opinion entirely," said Colonel Farish, "regarding the negroes. I used to think they would never make valuable members of society. But they have behaved so admirably during the war, they have shown so much good feeling towards the white population, so much good feeling has been exhibited by the whites towards them, and the new order of things has worked so happily and so well, that I have changed my views entirely. The presence of the Freedmen's Bureau, though it is to well administered here, duly tends to promote bad feeling among the vicious." In these views all of those present concurred. One or two gentlemen acknowledged that the Bureau had been of considerable service in the past, but considered that its continuance longer than another six months would only tend to introduce elements of discord where none now existed. I conversed subsequently with a number of colored people and found that they were every whit as satisfied with their former masters as their employers were with them, and were no more anxious for the perpetuation of the Freedmen's Court.

Charlettesville may be an exceptional place; this remains to be seen; but certainly, so far as this district is concerned, labor and capital have adjusted themselves in accordance with the fixed laws of supply and demand with great rapidity and most beneficial results.

VIRGINIANS TEACHING A COLORED SUNDAY SCHOOL.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of the good feeling prevailing in the community I witnessed on Sunday afternoon. In a large school-room under the Baptist church, about three hundred colored children, of all shades, from nearly white to ebony black, were assembled, and thirty or forty white persons, many of them belonging to the first families in the country, and most of them the sons and daughters of former slaveholders, were engaged in teaching them. The superintendent of the school was Mr. A. P. Abell, of the National Bank.—Among the teachers were Miss Ann Gilmore, sister of Governor Gilmore; Mrs. Thompson Brown, wife of a Colonel in the Rebel army, and Mrs. H. P. Loutham, widow of the late Professor of Richmond College, and a number of ladies connected with the Albemarle Female Institute, Clear away in one corner of the room a distinguished and learned law professor of the Virginia University (Professor Minor) was laboriously engaged in teaching one bright-eyed little darkey his letters, and quite a number of the students of the University were pursuing similar avocations. The children learn with wonderful aptitude, and have already made considerable progress. They are taught spelling, reading, and singing, and it is intended soon to add writing and cipherring. Thus has the education of the blacks been going on for some months past, and meets not only with no opposition from the old slaveholders, but is done by their express desire and with their active co-operation. As many as five hundred children have been in school at one time, and the average daily attendance is nearly three hundred.

FROM LYNCHBURG.

The same correspondent writes from Lynchburg, Va., as follows:

The record of Lynchburg only differs from that of Charlottesville by being, if possible, a little more satisfactory