

For the Intelligencer, My Musings. Sweet month, the fairest of the Spring; A mild and smiling face, with smiling eyes, Unto thy pleasures bow, we cling, And revel in thy love's embrace.

Female Beauty. I have often wondered why there were no pretty woman nowadays, while every past age can boast of its Helens. Our generation may number many pretty faces, but it is the only one among the thousands already counted in the past that has no beauties whose names stand recorded imperishably in time to come.

But the problem may be solved. It is the difference in dress—costume does it all. Revive the robing of bygone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and the ugliness of those days; for there must have been a good deal of ugliness, otherwise the beauty would not have so readily approached the hair.

But imagine for a moment all your acquaintances dressed in this way. Would not the majority be frightful? How few faces and complexions could stand that biting lead of the hair, how few forms could show beneath the simple robe, without staid of stiff petticoats; how few arms would be endurable in neandals; how few arms would be the non-day suns and the sharp winds, which would soon turn them to the pattern and form of a worn woman's head.

As we descend the stream of time, the number of celebrated beauties decreases; it is as if the sun were melting away the knowledge of dress and different complexions; had figures and irregular features to have something like fair play shown them. Exigencies of persons meet with some assistance from costumes, and in like degree as the plain women were made to appear plain, were the beauties made to appear more prominent, and the distance between the two parties lessened.

Still, we heard of some so strikingly lovely as to be known to all the world by the name of their eyes; of those we may name "Edith of the Swan Whiskers," so called from the brilliant exposure to the sea-breeze wind which tanned and freckled into freckles the cheeks and lofty ladies of those roddy days; Rosamond the fair—so fair that it was said of her, "none but a jealous and uncharitable woman could have harmed her." Beatrice Cenci, whose beauty was one sludger, so mysterious seems the light in those large and untrodden eyes, soon to close beneath the pressure of so awful a fate, Lucretia Borgia, of the angel face and demon heart; "Mary of Scotland," whose no man beheld without loving, and some few others, until we reached that famous trio of beauties recorded in the letters of Horace Walpole, as the loveliest women of their time, the Misses Gunning.

There is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, leveling, soldier woman, will have coarse, vicious, bawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion "I'll break your neck," will slap your jaws—"I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children is her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public street.

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that great institution for the students of men and manners—between a friend and schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, misanthropic, and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the hearer in a constant tremor. The entire company of insiders—whoever is intimate with these conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, turning their heads, eyes, and ears one way, and their mouths to another.

But the matter with your daughter, said I, "I am a doctor, and we are surgeons, and perhaps we can do something for her." "Wal, now, if ye are doctors jest ye come 'long in an' look!" We dismounted and entered the cabin. The woman went to the bed, which was posted in the center of the room, and turning down the sheet displayed to our astonished vision, lying upon the clay-colored mother, a small specimen of booted lobster looking humanly, about a foot and a half long, evidently a stranger to the country and surroundings, whose span of life could only be measured by minutes, if that, and yet lived an hour.

"Jist look that, stranger; see what you've all right through the house," and pointing to two shot holes in the logs over the head of the bed, he said, "Eight when my gal was the sickest, and two of you've cannon balls come clear through the house, kiverin' the bed all over with splinters and pine knots for a spell."

In answer to our inquiries, the woman informed us that the young stranger had belonged to the "sex divize." "So we asked her if she would like to have it christened," said she. "Which?" said she. We explained as well as possible the signification of the term christen. "Oh, yes; I reckon I would like to have it christened," said she. "Which?" said she. We explained as well as possible the signification of the term christen.

It is a pity to throw away that shining. A young man in England having entertained a tender passion for a young woman, she called for the brilliant exposure to the sea-breeze wind which tanned and freckled into freckles the cheeks and lofty ladies of those roddy days; Rosamond the fair—so fair that it was said of her, "none but a jealous and uncharitable woman could have harmed her." Beatrice Cenci, whose beauty was one sludger, so mysterious seems the light in those large and untrodden eyes, soon to close beneath the pressure of so awful a fate, Lucretia Borgia, of the angel face and demon heart; "Mary of Scotland," whose no man beheld without loving, and some few others, until we reached that famous trio of beauties recorded in the letters of Horace Walpole, as the loveliest women of their time, the Misses Gunning.

Miscellaneous.

Shell-Anna—Born and Christened on the Battlefield. Correspondence of the Madison (Wis.) State Journal. It was during the celebrated flank movement of Sherman from Atlanta to Mobile, that the Madison (Wis.) State Journal.

Wonderful Feats of a Prisoner. The prisoners confined in the jail at Mobile made an attempt to escape last night, but were detected in the attempt.

War Statistics. Dr. B. A. Gould, acting of the Sanitary Commission, has published a report on the comparative ages of the volunteers in the late war. His calculations are made upon the original volunteer registers.

Wedding Tours. Travellers and conductors are beginning to notice on the railroads a more than usual number of spring and summer wedding tours.

Gas Fitting and Plumbing. The subscribers having secured the services of superior mechanics respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. They are prepared to execute all orders that may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices.

Costar's Extremator. A bold song, set to a new tune. For Hats, Mice, Horses, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Moths in Furs and Woollens, etc. Only infallible remedies known.

Legal Notices.

Notice of Paul Sherrick, Decd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Paul Sherrick, late of Lancaster county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call on him at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on or before the 15th day of June, 1866, to settle their claims.

Notice of William Degan, Decd. Letters testamentary on the estate of William Degan, late of Lancaster county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call on him at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on or before the 15th day of June, 1866, to settle their claims.

Notice of Adam Sheffer, Decd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Adam Sheffer, late of Lancaster county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call on him at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on or before the 15th day of June, 1866, to settle their claims.

Notice of Jacob Weaver, Late of Lancaster County, Pa. Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Weaver, late of Lancaster county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call on him at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on or before the 15th day of June, 1866, to settle their claims.

Notice of John H. Huffer, Decd. Letters testamentary on the estate of John H. Huffer, late of Lancaster county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to call on him at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on or before the 15th day of June, 1866, to settle their claims.

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Production of Iron in Great Britain.

In 1841 the total production of iron in the whole of Great Britain was only 19,300 tons. In 1848 the quantity was eight times as much, or 157,000 tons.

Age of Vines. The age to which the vine continues to bear well, ranges ordinarily from 60 to 70 years, often more, and under favorable circumstances of site and soil, it is long-lived. In Glonda, where properly attended to, it will last from 100 to 150 years.

Early Rising. Early rising days, invigorating light in abundance, and healthy checks. This beautiful passage from Bulwer's 'Caxtons,' is worthy of perpetual remembrance: "I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The gladness of a happy child, I doubt if any man can be called 'old' as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And youth—like any word, is a very deceptive, glibly image for any purpose whatever. To conclude neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to go to these meetings. Finally, I never had a wife!"

Professional Cards.

H. SCHAEFFER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SADDLERY, NO. 1 AND 2 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

H. NORTH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 20 COLUMBIA, PA.

DR. J. G. MOORE'S MEDICAL OFFICE, On the South East Corner of North Queen and Orange Streets.

J. B. LIVINGSTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 10 NORTH DUKE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

DR. J. G. MOORE'S MEDICAL OFFICE, On the South East Corner of North Queen and Orange Streets.

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