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Poetry.

APAIl letters on business should be dressed to Cooper, Sanderson & Co.

0, Brightly Beams the Sammer Sky. O, brightly beams the summer sky, And rarely blooms the clover; But the little pool will soon be dry— The summer soon be over! O, light and soft the west wind blows, The flower-bells gently ringing; But blight will full upon the rose, Where now the bee is swinging!

A smile is on the silver stream-A blush is on the flowers; But the cloud that wears a golden gleam Will waste itself in showers! O, little hearts with gladness rife, Among the wavy grasses!— A deeper shade will fold your life Than o'er the meadow passes!

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom! Unburdened save by singing! Pale Grief shall leave his seal of gloo Where kisses now are clinging! O, hope is sweet! O, youth is near! And love is sweeter, nearer! O, shield the little hearts from wrong,

O, crown with joy the brows of youth, Before those browners older! O, touch with love the lips of truth, Before they cease their singing! For the little pool will soon be dry— The summer soon be over; Though brightly beams the summer sky, And rarely blooms the clover!

Biterary.

My Mother's Grave. It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. Mychildish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often klased in an excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yes terday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem

pains my heart, and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violent ly; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be

spared to me; but they told me she

would die.

a trifling one-but the thought of it now

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged, and fretful;-I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water; I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good-night; but when alonein my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother!" I couldn't sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was

for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! she never spoke morenevet smiled upon me again-and when I to shed the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I might die, and be burled with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she prgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back, and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will bite like a serpent, and sting likean adder.

Hark Ye, Girls !

It is nigh time that somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time; certain class of you; and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell quaff for wheat, and there is danger that some of the foolish "gudgeons" will be sadly taken in. It may not be your fault that you be-

long to the one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one which engrosses much of your time or attention. Your venerable mother of Eten memory, was called a "help for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you to live in the half idle, half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gew-gaws with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine saucer -this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls and veritable break and meat.

The plane and the lace frame are well in their places and so are ribbons and frills and tinses—but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a bedblanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies, but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, forgetting the bedtassels and curtains, forgetting the deta-stend. Suppose a young man of good sense and of course of good prospects to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, to catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrawd mother or managing brothers to help you to find a market.

and the second second

A Widow's Sollloquy. How dreary! Shiver in heart and tremble in body! How cold the world is! There is no sun, no hope, for my life lies buried beneath the sod of a warner country then this. Once I had a liappy home. Once I was a loved wife. The morn and the noon and the night came, and with each came a kiss

wile. The month and with each came a kiss of love—a strong arm— a strong heart, a fresh blossom from the buds of hope. The birds sang in the trees—the rivulet went laughing on its way—the grass nodded to grain and the grain nodded back to the grass—the flowers climbed up the lattice as my children clambered up into my lap or romped with their father as he rolled on the floor in play with his pets after the work of the day was done for him.

And I sang as I worked. And I was happy in my loves and my hopes. We labored and prospered. The fields grew in size—our home became more beautiful—my boys grew to be young men. in size—our home became more became into both the ful—my boys grew to be young men, and my heart swelled with pride as I looked upon the home and loved ones. We earned more than was required to support us—the cattle lowed in the pastures—the horses stamped in the stables that the borse beaut and other in the -the chickens chased each other in the

yard—our celler and pantry were full—there was grain in the barn, and strong hands to gather more. The fife and the drum! To save the Union! Our flag was insulted! Our country was in danger!
Our liberties were in peril! Oh merci-Our liberties were in peril! On merciful God, how my heart rebelled against the unnatural strife! I listened to glib tongues—I was told by specious pleaders that the Union was in danger—it was pounded into my brain from the pulpit—it was prayed into me by a so-called man of God—I was educated to late those who had never harmed me mine—I graw wild and helped buckle or mine-I grow wild and helped buckle

the sword upon my husband's side, and illied the knapsack for my son.

The horrite iffe and drum!

Men with glib tongues said the men must go—but the men with glib tongues.

went not!
The fife and drum drowned the of the birds. The long lines of blue tramped by—huzzus ront the air—my husband, whose head so oft had been pllowed on my breast—where a nusband, whose head so oft had been pilowed on my broast—whose arms had in love encircled me; my son whose life was my life, went forth to preserve the Union!

In the stillness of my room I went and ornyed. My pillow was wet with tearf—my heart grew sad—the dust seemed like powder—the days were so long /—the nights were so full of horrid dreams

Ireams.

The horrid life and drum. They drowned the song of my birds They drowned the song of my birds—
they made my heart wild.
The lightning seemed like flashes
of bayonets! The thunder was but
the echo of bursting shells! The hollow wind was the groaning of those
who were dear to me—who were
stolen from my arms to preserve the

I prayed!
But my minister was off in the army, or at the hustings.

But tears would not still my aching I asked those who enticed my loved ones away—but they were too busy counting money to answer me!

Gone!

I knew it! I dreamed it! The news son! One died in hospital, with no one to care for him. My husband, whose lips so oft were pressed to mine—whose heart had been so close to mine. My husband who knew me and who I knew as well be died where my arms could so well—he died where my arms could not enfold him-where my kiss could not give him new life—where my hand could not smoothe back the hair from

his forehead!

Oh, the horrid fife and drum!

And my son! He died—he was killed on the battle field. A bursting shell tore his head open, that head I so often patted and looked upon with pride. It tore away the lips I had often kissed. And he fell on the sod—he lay so still in death, side by side with the ones I was taught to hate—the ones who were not our natural enemies! And the ironshod foot of a cavalry horse went grashing through the heart of my dead shod foot of a cavalry horse went crashing through the heart of my dead boy, as he lay dead on that bloody field! That heart which held my image—that heart which was lost to me for-

ever. OH, Gon!
How I wept—and prayed! I gave them to my country. They were sent forth by me—I helped prepare them for the sacrifice—I saw them go—I heard the horrid fife and drum—they said my country called—I believed and sent them forth. And they said 'twas well—that they died to preserve the Union!

Now they tell me the Union is not preserved! Then why was I robbed of my treasures? The ones who wanted my loved ones to go are still here my loved ones to go are still here—but they say the WAR to preserve the Union was a failure. I am but woman-I know not much of politics -but I know I am a widow—that my loved ones are gone—that my heart is dark with sorrow-that the tax gatherer is taking all that we earned before the war—that I am called upon to pay taxes, expenses and even interest money to support the bond-holders who were enriched by the blood of my loved ones, and to hear night and morning the echo of the horrid fife and drum, and to ask myself and others what we, what you or I have gained by giving our loved ones to the saorifice which we are told divided instead of restored the Union?

I am a poor widow —I do not under-stand politics, but I want some one to tell me what I have gained, and why I must beer all the taxation as I have borne the sorrow?-La Crosse Democrat.

Next to being a bride herself, every young lady likes to be a bridesmaid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and, much to the credit of their courage, fair spinsters are not at all afraid of catching it. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid, you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as a victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up." Her fair assist-

ants provide themselves with pungent essence lest she should faint at the "trying moment," which, between you and me, she has no more idea of doing than she has of dying. It is true she sometimes tells them she "feels as if she would sink into the earth," and that they respond, "poor dear!" and apply the smelling bottle; but she nevertheless goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortitude. In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the fragile and lovely weman at his side; but nobody thinks of groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony to "steady his nerves," the advice is given superciliously, as one would say: "What a spoony you are, old fellow!" Bridesmaids may be conidered as brides in what lawyers call "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking to that day of triumphant

hope they may not be disappointed. Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make engineers bile the water on shore. In her opinion, all the bustin is done by gooking the steam on board.

The Reward of Courtesy.

A TRUE ACCOUNT. A few years since, on a radiantspring A few years since, on a radiantspring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintent dent in attendance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

two men inquired of the supermit dent in attachance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about if you please," said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the two strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend every party that comes along. I'll thank you

party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking

questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of the reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part

haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing, and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors, but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungraa gracious refusal than with an ungra-

a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."
"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall have better luck here;" and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head eterk apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewed with iron, brass, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old rusty heels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders into the principal

workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along, with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of the boiler, the lark looked at his watch tapped his foot clerk looked at his watch tapped his foot against an iron tube, and showed other eigns of impatience, whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked: "We will not detain you any longer, sir," and with his friend

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly a half-mile in silence, when one of them pointed to an humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and work-shop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our companion. "said Mr. Wolf.

They entered, and found at the desk middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and counting-room.
"We want to look over your works,
if you have no objection," said Mr. Wolf.
"It will give megreat pleasure to show
you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing
a bell, telling the boy who entered to
take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained
to the strangers the whole process of
constructing a locomotive engine. He howed that he divided his labors be

constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for

security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and un-

suspicious manners.
"Here is a man who loves his profes sion so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," said Mr. Wolf. "I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.
"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed
your visit," said the mechanic, "and I

shall be glad to see you again."
"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed. Five months afterwards, as the

chanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs and all sat down.
"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia, to visit St. Petersburg."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"
"From the Emperor? Impossible!"
"Here are your credentials."
"But, gentlemen," said the now agated mechanic, "what does this How have I earned such an honor,"
"Simply by your straightforward
courtesy and frankness, combined with
professional intelligence," said Mr.
Wolf. "Because we were strangers you with coldness or distrust. You saw we were really interested in acquainting ourselves with your works, and you did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we breught. You measured

duction we brought. You mensured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we might have exhibiu. The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards removed his wh establishment there. He had Imperial orders there for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this pros-perity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret Agent of the Czar of Russia.

Nice Gingerbread. The following directions are furnished to the Agriculturist by one we know to be a good housekeeper-who has a healthy family as evidence of good cookery-with the remark that " they make a gingerbread equal to the best article from the professional bakers:" Two teacupsful of molasses and 20 tablespoonsful of melted lard, are added 7 teaspoonsful of soda dissolved in 8 teaspoonsful of boiling water. 2 teaspoonsful pitying him, poorfellow! If one of the of crushed alum dissolved in 8 tablespoonsful of boiling water, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, and a little salt if the lard is fresh; the whole well stirred together. Then four teaspoonsful of cream of tartar are mixed thoroughly with a pint or so of flour, and stirred in quickly, with enough more flour added to make a dough as soft as it can be conveniently rolled. weakness when it shall be their turn to Bake in a quick oven. Some may obbe "poor dear creatures," and other-wise sustained and supported as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us ject to the alum, but a teaspoonful or two in a large milk-panful of cakes is but a homopathic dose at most, and no more "mineral" than the salt used in all food. It gives the gingerbread the peculiar lightness of that made by bakers. Those who eschew alum must buy nothing at the baker shops.

A Female Assassin in Paris Dressed in Men's Clothing.

[From a late Paris Letter.] The proprietor of a furnished hotel in the Rue de l'Universite anneared before the Minister of Police, and informed that functionary that a murder had been committed in his (the hotel keerer's) house. On the previous evening, he said, a stranger had taken a room, stating his residence to be Melun, and his purpose to spend two or three days in Paris. After ordering his baggage to be carried to his apartment, the new comer went out, giving notice that he was going to the Odeon Theater, and should not return to the hotel until the termination of the performance. Near midnight he re-appeared, accompanied

by a young and very pretty woman, dressed in male attire, who, he said, was his wife. The next morning, at an early hour, the pretended sposa left the house, requesting that her husband might not be disturbed until her return, which would be in about an hour. At noon she was still absent, and, hearing nothing stirring in the room occupied by the gentleman from Melun, the landlord began to feel uneasy, and rapped at the stranger's door. Receiving no answer from within, the hotel keeper sent for a duplicate key to the apartment, upon entering which the young man was found lifeless upon his bed. A doctor

brief examination of the body, declared blow on the left temple, inflicted by neans of a blunt instrument. It was evident that the assassination had been committed by the woman in male attire, and every effort was made by the police to discover her whereabouts, but ineffectually. A month subsequently, another murder was perpetrated under similar circumstances,

except that on this occasion the victim, also a traveler, had gone to his room quite alone. At a late hour, however, an effeminate-looking young man came down stairs, and was let out by the porter of the hotel, who remembered the fact on the following morning when the crime was discovered. This affair caused great excitement in Paris, and redoubled exertions were made by the police to ferret out the mysterious assassin, but still without result. Eleven days afterward a third victim perished in precisely the same manner as the preceding two, and in the course of a few months no less than twenty men

that the murderous blows were all inilicted by the same hand. Stung to the quick Fouche, the Minister of Police, set all his spies to work, and offered a large reward for the discovery of the author of these unparalled

lost their lives by means so exactly

identical that no doubt was entertained

crimes. One evening a certain B., a member of the Secret Police, but who had the appearance of a provincial gentleman, was passing through a narrow street of list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless let us try," some, equivocal-looking youth. B. stopped, and said to himself, "That's a woman in male garb. If it should be

> At the same moment the handsome stranger also turned and smiled encour-

agingly. mured the delighted spy. "Now, if I they will but give up affectation, and "That settles the question," murmanage things cautiously, my fortune is made." And retracing his steps he

accosted the unknown: "I have something very particular to say to you," whispered B., with a knowing leer, "but it is not possible for us to alk freely on the public street. Might I not invite you to accompany me to my hotel ?"

"I suppose you take me to be a woman?" was the reply, in a soft voice. 'You are quite mistaken, my good Sir! I don't mind having a chat with you, however; where are you staying?" "In the Rue de l'Universite!"

"Indeed! I am too well known to go there." "I am on the right track," thought

the spy, "Well, then," he said aloud, "we will go wherever you like." "Come," replied the other. And, crossing the river, the pair

presently entered a small hotel on the Place du Chatelet, engaged an apartment, and ordered supper to be served in their room.

"If I am to remain with you during your stay in Paris," said the young woman, who no longer attempted to conceal hersex, "you had better have your baggage brought here."

B., overjoyed at the opportunity thus offered to lodge the necessary information at the Central Police Station near by, at once assented to this suggestion, and declared that he would go himself pay his bill, and bring a box of silks he had at the other hotel. After an hour's absence he returned, accompanied by two porters, carrying on their shoulders a large and apparently heavy box, which they deposited in a corner of the

room. The supper previously ordered was now served. "Your walk must have made you thirsty," said the young woman, pouring out a glass of wine for her companion. "But, before you sit down, have the kindness to give me my handkerchief, which I have left over there on

the sofa," Suspecting some trick, B, while crossing the room, watched his new acquaintance closely, and saw her throw powder into the glass of wine, which, instead of swallowing, he dexterously managed to spill on the carpet. In few moments he showed signs of drowsiness and began to murmur incoherent words. Drawing the syren near him, he felt something in her pocket which excited his curiosity. Upon asking what it was she produced the object-a beau-

tiful little hammer. "This," she said, "is an opiate of the most powerful description. I'll show you presently how it puts people to

sleep. B. had fallen to the floor, in an apparent state of complete unconsciousness. Stooping over him, the murderess raised her anticipated victim's head, placed it in the most favorable position to render the intended blow effective, and had already raised the pretty little hammer, when suddenly the box in the corner flew open, with a loud noise, and a grip of iron seized her uplifted

arm. On the trial, which took place shortly afterward, the female assassin alleged in her defense, that she had been ruined by a villain, and had sworn to be revenged upon the entire male sex. This romantic story, however, did not prevent her conviction and subsequent death on the scaffold.

Precents for Young Men.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN. On the score of age I have no modesty at all, and I do not scruple to acknowledge that I was eighty years old on the 29th of February last. Of course I am slightly deaf, and my sight is a little dim, my walk is feeble, and my grandchildren joke me because I cannot hear the prattle of their lisping tongues. But my tongue is still free enough, and, although four-score years have made me forget all who have wronged and injured me, I have a perfect memory still for every kind word, every generous act, every happy moment, which has thrown joy upon my life.

It would be useless for me to speak of the old Revolution, the war of 1812, or the flery enthusiasm of the war with Mexico, for have we not in our memories the pains and sorrows of a later and more terrible struggle, ended now in disappointment, humiliation, and defeat? Old times are sadly altered and in speech and dress and manner there have been so many changes that my head fairly turns as I endeavor to record them; but whether in pig-tails and furbelows, or broadcloth and braided tresses, human nature is pretty much the same. When I was young, training and hard work were indispensable to success, but now we are all born Presidents, Generals, Poets and States men. The young men of the day are was hastly summoned, who, after a wise in their generation; they have exthat death had been produced by a hausted the well of knowledge, and, if you will but believe them, you will for sartin. Why, you know me, don't come to the conclusion that if there is one thing which they do understand, it is the nature, habits and instincts of woman. Ah! me, the world was not so wise in my young days, and women then were always loved, honored, and respected. The young men say they love them now; but how about the respect and honor, my children One stripling, with the faint down of adolescence yet upon his lips, says he

has studied the "ladies"-save the mark! He may have done this, for, my word for it, he has not studied anyhing else. Jeering, joking, and sarcasm, will not do, if we wish to see this dear old State again the mother of warriors and statesmen. Think of broke in: leorge Washington, Monroe, Jefferson, or Madison, at fifteen years of age, smoking short pipes, talking ribald nonsense, making morning calls, leaving enamelled cards with the grinning servant, swinging tiny canes, and sighing for the ladies! Why, the mothers of the venerable dead would have birched them soundly if they had dared to think of such a thing; but then those noble mothers were not so wise as the moth-

ers and sons of this progressive age. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that a man's true character can be always truly divined from the manner in which he behaves when in society of gentle, loving women. Those who are boys now will become fathers, and perhaps grandfathers, if they don't kill themselves prematurely by smoking bad eigars, or die of inanition; and it is one of my last desires to see these young men appreciate the high and noble work that lies before them. Let them think of what Virginia has been, and that they must make her a name among nations, or also a by-word and a reproach. If

remember that their mothers and sisters are women, there is still more hope left. want to see the boys all happily married, and, if they will allow me, and not laugh at the old-timey ways of the old man, I will teach them the way to matrimony in a few short and easy lessons Precept 1.-In all that you say and do concerning ladies, be honest and sincere! They can tell the ring of truth, and they like it better than the ring of gold, to which it usually leads. Never

mind about smooth words and rounded periods; only be sincere, and you are sure of respect and friendship, if you cannot always obtain love. Precept 2.- Do not make a lady contemptible in herown eyes by overwhelming her with flattery and panegyric. Too much honey will kill the stoutest fly, and confidence and regard, which flourishes best in adversity, are easily killed by an excess of sweet talk. A woman of seuse knows her own value, and you can best show that you appreciate the purity of her mind and the brightness of her intellect by being pure and bright yourself. A compliment

expressed; and if you wish to flatter a lady, let it be by actions rather than by I cannot get accustomed to this new fangled kerosene, or petroline, or whatever it is; perhaps because my sense of the unpleasant is keener than that of in its integrity, for its whole vast surthe men of 1866; and now the lightwood burning cheerily in the wide old chimney, or else, may be, the memory of that dear wife, that true helpmeet, over whose last resting-place the violets bloom, has filled these eyes with tears. At this moment I can write no more. I do not say farewell, but only a kind

implied is far more forcible than one

Reality and Romance.

good night.

A San Francisco paper tells of a young physician who led to the altar in 1843 a young lady, but a few months after the marriage ceremony he was arrested for having procured a "subject" from a neighboring graveyard. The officer granted the bridegroom a few moments private conversation with his wife, which he improved by making his escape to California. During his wanderings up and down the earth he neglected to correspond with his wife, who, believing him dead, married again. After a time he learned this fact, but it was not until he read an account of the death of the husband of his wife still lived and cherished her memory as green as when he kissed her lips in parting nineteen years ago. He told her that he was still free, and asked her to come and enjoy with him the large fortune he had accumulated. The wifewidow received the letter, and while she read, the early love returned, and did, arriving in California in due time, and was met on the wharf by the old husband, who conducted her to a hotel, where they were remarried.

---Talleyrand used to say that Englishmen had thirty-nine religions and only one sauce, to which an Englishman replied that the French had thirty-nine sauces and no religion.

A youth who had returned from the city was asked by his anxious father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh, yes, I was guarded by two policemen part of the time,"

A musician informed the public in his sermons, when requested to stick bills that a variety of other songs might be expected, "too tedious to mention.

Was the reply.

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied that "scattering shot wife in a twinkling."

Miscellaneous. How Much Makes a Man Rich. "To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, formerly Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the

richer." To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy re lated the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning, at my office, by a rough specimen of a back-woodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?"

"I replied that was my name." "Bill Marcy?" said he. I nodded as

"Treed to live in Southport, didn' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know

who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. "That's what I told 'em," cried the back-woodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; "I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out

you, Bill ?" I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before; and so I remarked that he had a famillar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together, thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose."

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he "Oh! yes you are I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller-for a long time; and the next time we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have a heap of money, and I am glad of it-glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad atschool, and I knew

that you would come to something." I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled ipon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh! yes," said he; "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees vince themselves that it is God's will and cleared more land than any othe in the whole State."

"And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourare the Virginians who in the future | self worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satis-

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straghtening himself up,) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash!" He was rich, for he was satisfied.

An Elegant Extract. "The sea is his and he made it." Its majesty is of God. What is there more sublime than the trackless desert, all surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, foaming sea? Power resistless, overwhelming power in the careless, conscious power of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful where its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds and the thunderbolt, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continent of the earth, occupying two thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays, and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty face is uniform; in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one meridian spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime-who can sound it? Its strength is sublime -what fabric of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged song or its ripple, or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against some toiling vessel's side, lulling the voyager to rest with its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmur on some sheltered shore. What is there more magnificent, than the quiet or the stormy sea? What music is there, however artful, which can be compared with the natural and

unchanged melodies of the resounding вев? Its beauty is of God. It possesses i determined to remain dead to her, and in richness of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dies of the that he wrote to her, stating that he wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves on its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it; and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it, in showers or diamonds and she determined to join him, which she glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, when they dance to and fro with the breeze and the waves through the live long night. It has a light, too, of its own, soft and streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre like that which is shining very dimly above. It harmonizes in its own forms and sounds both with the night and day. It cheerfully neglects the light, and unites solemnity with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven.

The Mormons-How Brigham Young's

The new work on the Mormons gives the following: "The internal arrangement of affairs at the Harem is very similar to that of a young ladies' boarding-school. Each woman having her own room, her af-fairs are all centred there. The culinary department is under the control of such of the wives as Brigham from time to time appoints. She is the stewardess and carries the keys. A cook is em-ployed—generally a man—and several servants besides, who are all under the

control of the stewardess.
"When the meals are prepared and rendy the bell rings, and each woman, with her children, if she have any, files down to the dinner-table, and is seated as before stated. "Each, on rising, has her children to

attend to, and get ready for breakfast this over, she commences the business of the day, arranges her rooms, and sits down to her sawing or other work, as the case may be.

"A sewing machine is brought into requisition, and one of the number appointed to use it. For the benefit of those who want a sawing machine of

those who want a sewing-machine, it may be well to state how this one was procured. One day a man from St. Louis came to offer one for sale, stating that his price was ninety dollars. Brig-ham bought it, promising to pay the man whenever he should call. The man being poor, called in a few days. He did not get his pay. He called again a number of times, with the same result. One of the wives became quite indignant, and said: 'If I was in his place, I would never ask it from one so high in the place of the place of the wives he was a large than the said and the said again. the priesthood. He had better give it to him than ask pay of him.' The poor man never received his money, and as soon as he could get the means, left the Territory. This is the manner in which the Prophet becomes possessed of much

of his property.
"Most of the women spin and make their every day clothing, doing their own coloring. They are quite proud of the quantity of cloth manufactured in their establishment every year. All work hard, and take very little out-ofwork hard, and take very little out-of-door exercise. Parties and the theatre are the favorite amusements. At the theatre, Brigham and one or two of the favored wives sittogether in the 'King's box,' but the remainder of the women and the abilder at the world with the state of the s and the children sit in what is called Brigham's corral.' This is in the par quette, about the centre of the area The Prophet goes down once or twice during the evening to the corral, and chats for a few moments with one and another, but in a short time he can be

een beside his 'dear Amelia' again.
"At the Mormon parties much gayety prevails. Appearances are maintained, somewhat, by paying more respectful deference to the first wives on such occasions. Gentiles, with whom the saints are on good terms, are well received and kindly entertained at these parties, and all ioin in giving themceived and kindly entertained at these parties, and all join in giving themselves up to the influences of mirth and festivity. Dancing is not only a favorite amusement, it is more; it is cultivated to such an extent that it becomes a pas-

"Brigham's women, though better clothed than formerly, still work very hard. They are infatuated with their religion, and devoted to their husband. If they cannot obtain his love, they content themselves with his kindness, and endeavor to think themselves happy. As religion is their only solace, they try to make it their only object. It does not elevate their minds, it deadens their they should be slaves.

"A music-master, a dancing master, and a teacher of the ordinary branches of an English education, are employed in the family school. Also a teacher of French. His children have much better advantages than any other in the terri tory. Dancing and music are the lead-ing accomplishments, and everything else is made subordinate to these."

Studying Politics Under Difficulties. An old farmer in the interior of Ohio writes to the Cincinnati Commercial, among other readable matters, the following, which is too good to be lost, and

too true to be forgotten: too true to be forgotten:

One day, some time ago, John had been to the station for me, and brought home a paperthat was filled with a great many speeches, that had been made about a bill that our President had seen fit to disapprove of. Well, I took the papertomy corner, and, although it was all in very small print and tried my good wife got tired of my forever sitting there, pouring over those long "borations," as she termed them, and sail that I would do well to be reading my that I would do well to be reading my bible more, and such productions less "Wife," said I, "the kingdom of heave isn't in any particular danger just now, but my country is." After that she said nothing more about it to me. But the more I read in that paper the more bothered I became. I read a long speech by Mr. Henry Beecher, who ems to know so much about every

thing but divinity, and I liked it because he supported our President, and our President, I thought, must be in a our President, I thought, mast be in a very trying position now-a-days.

Then I was upset by Mr. Phillips, who went into Mr. B. like I have seen little boys attack hornets' nests in the winter time. "If such men differ," said I, who will decide? I had always before thought these two would agree though the earth split.

Then I turned over the leaf wrong

Then I turned over the leaf wrong and commenced on the latter part of somebody else's speech. I liked it so much that I read on and on until I finished it. "Surely," said I to myself, "surely we have got one good and true man in the land." The tone of the speech reminded me of the good old-fashioned "farewell address" of General Washington, and I thanked God and Washington, and I thanked God and took courage.

Then I hunted up the beginning of the speech, and could not believe my eyes when I saw Alex. H. Stephen's name

to it. I thought it must be Thaddeus Stevens, as he was "Union," thought the composition was very much unlike the style of the gentleman from Pennsylva-

ia.
"Wife," said I, "look here; my glasses are a little dim; is that Alex.

I.?"

"Alex. H." said she.

"Not Thaddeus," said I.

"Not Thaddeus," said she.

"Is the last name spelt with a 'v,' or with a 'ph?'''
"Ph," said she "and what are you reading rebel speeches for, I'd like to know. He's the Vice President of the know. He's the Vice President or the Confederacy, and ought to be hanging

to a sour apple tree instead of being loose and making borations." loose and making borations."

[My wife is a little nebulous about names and titles, but is a thoroughgoing Union woman, and hates rebels with a perfect hatred. She was a chairman of an aid society during the war, and many a time I've waked up in the night and found her still sitting by the dying fire, knitting socks for the poor soldiers who were "a-lying out on the cold ground with nothing but their knapsacks and pontoons to cover them."]

them."]
Then I found that the speech was addressed to the Georgia Legislature, and I knew that "Thad. Stevens would never take the trouble to tell erring people how to go right, though he is great on abusing them when they go wrong."

A first-rate joke took place quite lately in our court-room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said: "You have the treat on her worked on a who cross-examined her, said: 10 assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born." Says she, "I do." "Then," said the lawyer, "what did he do the first year?" "He miked," said she, and the lawyer

evaporated. There is a phrenologist near the docks, who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head. He makes his examinations with a gimlet.

BUSINESS ADVENTEREERS, 313 a year-per square of ten lines; ten per cent, increaseign fractions of a year. REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, said Gris-REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, inside Cris-REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, inside

ERAL ADVENTISING, 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

PATHET MEDICINES and other adver's by the

column:
One column, 1 year,
Half doftimn, 1 year
Third column, 1 year,
Quarter column,
Bullaries Garnes, of ten lines or less,

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

year,... Legal and other Notices

Tegal Aotices. E STATE OF FREDERICK GRAME, late of Bainbridge, Compy twp., decid.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned residung in Bainbridge aforesaid: All persons indebted the rate of a reconstruction may be immediate new.

in Bainbridge aforesaid: All persons indessess thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township. FREDERICK M. GRAMM, Administrator of Frederick Gramm, dec'd. June 0 ESTATE OF WILLIAM DUGAN, DEC'D.

Letters of Administration on the estate of William Dugan, late of Concy township. Lancaster county, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, without delay, properly authen icated for settlement.

may 16 8tw* 19) Administrator.

Mary M. Miller, by her next friend, Vs. Godfrey Miller. Of Nov. T. 1865, No. 14, Bummons in Divorce. OTICE THE DEFENDANT WILL

NOTICE....THE DEFENDATE WILLS
take notice that Depositions will be taken
on the part of the Plaintiff, before C. M. Brown,
Esq., Commissioner, at his office in the village
of Maytown, on FRIDAY, the 2Ind day of
JUNE, 1808, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A.
M., and 4 o'clock, P. M., of said day,
may 23 5tw 20

Attorney for Plaintiff. Frederick Yost, January Te m, 1865, No. 8, Adaline Yost, NOTICE, -THE BEFENDANT WILL

In take notice that depositions will be taken on the part of the Plaintiff, before F. L. Baker, Commissioner, at his printing office, in the Borough of Marietin, on BATURDAY, the 30th day of JUNE, 1893, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock, P. M., of said day.

may 30 5tw 211 Attorney for Plaintiff, SSIGNED ESTATE OF JAC. BUCHER. A SMIGNED ENTATE OF JAC. BUCHER,
A of West Cocalico township, Lancastor,
county,—Jacob Bucher, of West Cocalico township, having by deed of voluntary assignment,
inted May 14, 1869, assigned and transferred all
ints estate and effects to the undersigned, for
the benefit of the creditors of the said Jacob
lunder, inc. therefore gives notice to all persons
indebted to said assigner, to make payment to
the undersigned without delay, and those
inving claims to present them to
OYRUS REAM, Assignee,
Residing in E. Cocalico twp, Lanc. Co.
miy 30

Otw 21

may 30 6tw 21

INTATE OF ADAM SHEAFFER, DEC'D.

—Letters of Administration on the estate
of Adam Sheaffer, late of Mount Joy township,
leed, having been granted to the subscriber
conding in said township; All persons inlebted to said estate are requested to make
immediate payment, and those having claims
will present them, without delay, properly
authenticated for settlement.

ABRAHAM SHEAFFER.

ABRAHAM SHEAFFER, mny 30 0t-w 21] Estate of Jacob Wraver, Late of Lancaster citydec'd.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said city.

Machine 1 of Eorice A. WEAVER, and State 2 of Eorice A. WEAVER, more 3 at well.

may 30 6tw 21. my 30 stw 21,

Administrator.

A SNIGNED ENTATE OF JACOB

Bucher, of West Cocalico twp., Lancaster
county, for the benefit of creditors.

TO THE CREDITORS OF SAID ASSIGNOR.
Please and take notice that household furniture
and things of domestic use, to the value of \$800,
have been appraised and duly set aside for the
benefit of said assignor and his family; that
said appraisement was confirmed and approved
by the Court of Common Pleas of said county,
on the 28th day of MAY, 1880, Nisi, and will be
finally confirmed, unless exceptions be filed
thereto within thirty days after the day of said
confirmation, Nisi.

By the Court.

By the Court.

Prothonotary.

Costar's Exterminator. A N OLD SONG, SET TO A NEW TUNE.

FF 1866. 44 As spring approaches, Ants and koaches From their holes come out, And Mice and Rats, "COSTAR'S" EXTERMINATORS
EXTERMINATORS "COSTAR'S "COSTAR'S "COSTAR'S "COSTAR'S" "COSTATES" "COSTAR'S" EX'
"COSTAR'S" EX'
"COSTAR'S" EX' "COSTARS EXTERMINATORS,
COSTARS EXTERMINATORS,

For Rats, Mice, Ronches, Ants, Red Burs Flors, Moths in Furs and Woolens, In sects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, etc. "Only infallable remedies known."
"Free from Polsons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Ruts come out of their holes to die."

tions. See that "Costar's" name is on each Box, Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.

Ar Address, HENRY R. COSTAR,

42 Fold in Lancaster by all Druggists and Retailers. 1866.

111 BEWARE !!! of all worthless imita-

INCREASE OF RATS.—The Furner's Gazette English) asserts and proves by figures that one pair of RATS will have a progeny and decendants not less than 61,000 in three years. Now unless this immense family can be kept down, they would consume more food than would RATS versus BIRDS.—Whoever engages in shooting small birds is a cruel man; whoever should like some one of give us the benefit of their experience in drying out these peats.—We need something bestless dogs, caus and traps for this business.—Scientific American, N. J. Sci. 100 (100 cm.)

Bee "Costars" advertisement above. 1866. "COSTAR'S RAT EXTERMINATOR is simple, safe, and sure—the most perfect RAT-iffication meeting we have ever attended.—Every Rat can get it, properly prepared, will call, and every one time teats it will die, generally at some place as distant as possible from where it was taken.—Lake Shore, Mich., Mirror.

1866. HOUSEKEEPERS troubled with vermin need be so no longer, if they use "Costan's" Exterminator, we have used it to our astisfaction; and if a box cost \$5, we would have it. We have tried polsons, but they effected nothing; but "Costar's" article knocks the breath out of Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, and Bedbugs, quicker than we can write it. It is in great demand all over the country.—Medina, Uhio, Gazette.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST,—Speaking of "Costar's" Rat, Rosch, Ant, &c., Exterminator—"more grain and provisions are destroyed annually in Grant county by vermin than would pay for tons of Rat and Insect Killer."—Lancauter, Wis., Herald.

**E Bee "Costar's" advertisement above. 1866.

FARMERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS should recollect that hundreds of dollars' worth of Grain, Frovisions, &c., are annually destroyed by Rats, Mice, Anis, and other insects and versin—ail of which can be prevented by a few dollars' worth of "Costak's" lat. Rosch, Ant., &c., Exterminator, bought and used freely. See "Costak's" advertisement above. & Bold in Lancaster by all Druggist and Dealers. [apr 6 8md&w]

Brotessional Cards. B. SWARR ATTORNEY . AT. LAW,

No. 18 NORTH DUKE STREET, (Near the Court House,) Lancaster, Pa. B. LIVINGSTON,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW No. 11 North Duke Street, (A few doors north of the Court House,) LANCASTER, PA.

ANDREW J. STHINMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. opposite Cooper's Hotel, WEST KING STREET,

LANCASTER, PA. DR. JOHN MCCALLA, SURGEON DENTIST. Office and residence opposite Cooper's Hotel,

WEST KING STREET, :-Lancaster, Pa.