The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, July 6, 1866. NO. 27.

A. K. RHEEM, Publisher. TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

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JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the largest and most complete establishment in the County. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.

HUMRICH & PARKER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. ☞Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it. January 19, 1866.—1 y.

W. F. SADLER, Attorney at Law, Carlisle Pa. Office in Volunteer Building, South Hanover Street.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Next door to the Herald Office. July 1, 1864—1y.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office on the south side of the Court House, adjoining the "American Printing Office." July 1, 1864—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. ☞Business promptly attended to. July 1, 1864.

JNO. C. GRAHAM, *Attorney at Law*, Carlisle, Pa. Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street. September 8, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa. September 9, 1864.

J. M. WEAKLEY, Attorney at Law, Office on south Hanover street, adjoining the office of Judge Graham. All professional business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. July 1, 1864.

SAMUEL HEPBURN, Jr., Attorney at Law. Office with Hon. Samuel Hepburn, Main St. Carlisle Pa. July 1, 1864.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in Inhoff's building, just opposite the Market House. July 1, 1864—1y.

DR. WM. H. COOK,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

Surgeon and Accouchour

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church. July 1, 1864.

Physician & Accouchour.

DR. LOUIS P. GRIFFIN, (formerly of New York,) having permanently located at Carlisle, solicits the liberal Patronage of the citizens of this place, and surroundings. Particular attention paid to diseases of "*Women and Children.*" *Office at* Mansion House. April 6, 1866—6m.*

DR. GEORGE S. SEABRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. ☞*Office at the residence of his mother, Ann* Louther street, three doors below Bedford. July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street; Carlisle, Pa. July 1, 1854.

Dr. I. C. LOOMIS Pomfret Street few doors below South Hanover st July 1, 1864.

DENTIST.—G. Z. BRETZ, M. D. D. D. S., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity. Office North Pitt street. Carlisle, January 5, 1866—3m*

MRS. R. A. SMITH'S PHOTOGRAPHIC Gallery South-east Corner Hanover Street, and Market Square, where may be had all the different styles of Photographs, from card to life size,

IVORYTYPES, AMBROTYPES, AND MELAINOTYPES:

also Pictures on Porcelain, (something new) both Plain and Colored, and which are beautiful productions of the Photographic art. Call and see them. Particular attention given to copying from Daguerrotypes &c. She invites the patronage of the public. Feb. 15, 1866.

SOMETHING NEW.

Porcelain Picture or OPAL-TYPE.

THIS beautiful Pieture is now made at Lochman Gallery, In Dr. Neff's Building, opposite the First National Bank, with such perfection and style, tone and finish that it cannot help but please every one. The porcelain imparts a most clear and charming complexion to the picture. All other styles of

PHOTOGRAPHS,

of all sizes,

CARD PICTURES and AMBROTYPES,

are made in the most perfect manner. A large variety of Frames and Passepartouts, Cases, Albums are on hand and will be sold cheap. Copying done in the best manner. The public is respectfully invited to examine specimens. The First Premium has been awarded by late county Fair to C. L. Lochman, for The Best Photographs. Feb. 9, 1866.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!

New Firm! New Store! !-New Goods! ! !

THE undersigned having taken the Store Room, in Main St., recently occupied by John D. Gorgas, next door to "Marion Hall," would respectfully invite the attention of the people of Carlisle and vicinity to my large, varied and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, consisting in part, of

MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
DELAINES,
GINGHAMS,
FLANNELS, &c,

at greatly reduced prices, in consequence of the late heavy decline in Goods in the Eastern Cities, and as my goods are all new, I can and will sell at not unkindly low rates. I have also a choice selection of Ladies' Dress Goods,

MERINOES, ALPACAS, MOHAIR,

all Wool delaines, Lusters, Poplins, also a fine assortment of Gentlemen's Wear, such as

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
SATTINETTS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES &c.,

we take great pleasure in showing goods and would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine our New Goods, which we are determined to sell at great bargains. We feel satisfied that we can offer greater inducements to purchasers than any similar Establishment in this vicinity, remember the place at Gorgas' old tin Store, next door to Marion Hall. S. C. BROWN. March 16, 1866.

Great Rush for Spring Goods.

Next Door to the Post Office, Carlisle, Pa.

THE subscriber having taken the Store Room formerly occupied by WM. A. MILES, next door to the Post Office, Carlisle Pa., can offer to the Public a New and Fresh supply of

DRY GOODS,

Consisting in part of

CHALLIES,
MUSLINS,
DELAINES,
ALPACAS,
LAWNS, and
CALICOES,

Of all Qualities and Choicest Styles, which will be sold at prices to defy competition. Furnishing Goods of all kinds, including

Silk, Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs, &c.

Also a Splendid Assortment of RIBBONS, LACE, &c. My stock of White Goods cannot be surpassed, and Customers may rely upon always getting GOOD GOODS at the lowest possible prices. Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock of

CROTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

ALSO HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES of all Qualities and Styles. All the above Goods will be displayed to the citizens of this place and vicinity on Saturday, April 7th, and all are cordially invited to purchase, as my motto is Quick sales and Small profits. PETER DOBLITZ. April 13, 1866.

Spring Goods.

WE desire to call the attention of the people to the new and beautiful Stock of Spring Goods, just received at

GREENFIELD and SHEAFER'S

CHEAP STORE,

All kinds of Domestics at the latest Reduced Prices.

MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
GINGHAMS,
CHECKS,

Tickings, Cottonades, Jeanims.

Jeans, Flannels, &c., &c.

A large and desirable Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

Purchased direct from the largest houses, at the lowest cash prices, which we are determined to sell at as

LOW PRICES,

as any house in the Cumberland Valley. We respectfully invite the attention of all who are in want of cheap goods to give us a call and examine our stock of

Alpacas, White Grounds,

with Polca Spots in all Colors;

BERAGES,
LENOIS,
MOHAIRS,
MOZAMBIQUES,
POPLINS,
PLAIDS,
ORGANDIES,
WOOL DELAINES,

all Colors, &c.

Ladies Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

A FULL ASSORTMENT

Of White Goods at very Low Prices.

Cloths and Cassimeres,

in great varieties for men and boys, at old prices.

Ladies' Cloaking Cloths all Shades.

Ladies' Crochet Shawls, Sun Umbrellas, Parasols, Hoop Skirts, Corsets;

Linens of all kinds, Knottingham Lace. Curtains by the yard.

BLACK GOODS,

at greatly reduced prices. Elegant Black all Wool Delaines full double, width only 1,00 per yard, a full and large variety of single width black wool Delaines, Alpacas, Crape Poplins, Crape Veils, Crape Collars, &c. Having a good selection of goods now on hand we are prepared to meet all demands, and full confident we can offer inducements, that defy competition. Remember the place.

GREENFIELD and SHEAFER,

East Main St., South Side, Second Door from Corner, 2nd DOOR, 2nd DOOR.

HATS AND CAPS

For Men and Boys.

THE subscriber announces to the citizens of Carlisle, and vicinity, that he has recommenced the manufacture of hats of every variety of style. Having secured the services of the best of workmen, he feels prepared to sustain the reputation of the

OLD STAND

by making the best hats in the state. Particular attention will be paid to the making of the old fashioned,

Stiff Brush, or Dunkard Hat;

also the soft white brush hat, and any shape or style of hat will be made to order. He has also on hand a splendid assortment of all styles of hats from the best manufacturers in Philadelphia and New York, which he will sell at the lowest cash prices. His stock of silk and felt hats for men, boys and children of all kinds from the common wool to the finest moleskin are unsurpassed. He has also a large assortment of

CAPS and STRAW HATS,

of all kinds and at all prices. Call and examine his stock at the old stand in North Hanover Street, before purchasing elsewhere as he feels satisfied he can please you. J. A. KELLER, Agent. June 1, 1866.

A few doors north of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, and next to Corneman's shoe store.

N. B.—Old Hats repaired, colored and done up in all styles at the shortest notice and reasonable rates. J. A. K.

Newville Stoneware Works.

THE subscriber is now prepared to deliver to Merchants, the largest assortment of Stoneware, Rockingham Ware, &c., ever offered in Cumberland Valley. His stock consists in part of

STONEWARE,

Cream Crocks, Butter Pots, Milk Pans, Spittoons, Pitchers, Jugs, Fruit Jars, &c.

ROCKINGHAM & YELLOW,

Spittoons, Pitchers, Nappies, Bakers, Pie Plates, &c. Glass Flasks, Fruit Bottles and Patent Fruit Jars. Stone Water Fountains Churns, Water Pipe, Tile, &c., furnished when ordered. In facilities for manufacturing, quality of ware and prices, he would defy competition. For Price lists &c. Address SAMUEL I. IRVINE, April 13, 1866—3m. Newville.

The noted "Dry Good" Store in South Hanover Street.

THE most attractive place in Carlisle is at A. W. Bentz's great,

"MERCANTILE EMPORIUM"

where can be purchased the best, handsomest, and cheapest goods in the Country. We have just replenished our stock with a large invoice of the choicest goods in the Market, and will continue to renew the supply daily, or as necessity requires. It would be impossible to enumerate all the articles in our extensive line of business. We have now a fine assortment of Ladies Spring Dress Goods, POPLINS PLAIN AND PLAID, CHALLIES OF BEATIFUL PATTERNS &C., PRINTS AND ALL KINDS OF DOMESTIC GOODS. A variety of Gentleman and Boys wear. An extensive stock of, TABLE, STAIR AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, OIL SHADES. Blind Materials and Carpet Chains. "Hopkins" Superior Skirts all lengths and widths. We shall be happy to have all call and examine our "new stock," as we feel confident that our selection will please all tastes. A. W. BENTZ. Carlisle, April 11th 1866.

The Family Grocery.

THE subscribers, having taken the Family Grocery Store of Monasmith & Baker, on Main St., adjoining E. Gardner & Co's Machine Shop and Foundry, have just opened a new and elegant assortment of GROCERIES, GLASS and QUEENSWARE, selected with great care for family supplies, which they will sell at the very lowest prices for cash. Every article in the line of Family Groceries will always be kept fresh and cheap. They also call particular attention to the

Eureka Patent Glass Fruit Jars,

of which they have the exclusive agency for Carlisle, and which has proved its superiority over all other cans or jars now in use by its great simplicity, perfect reliability in keeping Fruit, and the extraordinary ease with which it is sealed and opened, without injury for future use. No family should purchase other jars without first examining the Eureka, if they want to buy the best. We have also KNOX'S PATENT STEP LADDER, an article which no housekeeper should be without. Also, Lash's celebrated WASHING MACHINE, only Five Dollars, and the Amidon CLOTHES WRINGER, both of which they confidently recommend to give entire satisfaction. They have also been appointed Agents for the sale of

EARTHEN DRAIN PIPES,

to which they would call the attention of Farmers and others needing them as the best and cheapest article to be found for conveying water through yards and barn-yards. Also a variety of other articles, such as DOOR MATS of several kinds and prices. ☞Just opened a supply of Fresh Herring and all kinds of Salt Fish, put up this Spring. Also Flour in Barrels and sacks and Feed by the bushel. MARTIN & GARDNER. May 25, 1866.

Iron, English Refined.

4½ CENTS lb. Nails, $5,50. Horse SHOES, $7,25. and everything else in proportion at HENRY SAXTON'S. July 7, 1865.

DROPS.—Mint, Chocolate, Cream, Lemon, Orange, Vanil la, Rose and Moss. Dec. 15, 1865. AT HAVERSTICKS.

Poetical.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Sooner or later the storm shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the wind shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine,
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep laid rest,
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That rocks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half-paused wing
The blue bird's warble about me ring;—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me,
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darkling dews,
Catch their white sparks in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
Sooner or later—Oh, why not now!

Miscellaneous.

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk and afterwards sup with me. In passing through some dark narrow street he paused suddenly.

"Hush?" he said, "what sound is that?—it is from my symphony in F," he said eagerly. "Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more—it is so beautiful, it is so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne."

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish, for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me.

"Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play for her;" he exclaimed, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling, genius, understanding. I will play to her and she will appreciate it." And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. You wish to hear—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair and something so eccentric and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music," echoed my friend. "How then does the Fraulein—" He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us when we lived at Bruhl, two years ago. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

"And have you never heard any music."

"None, except street music."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly at the instrument and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken; Never during all the years I know him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother? He was inspired, and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the harpsichord as if fearful lest the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly, the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered and went out—Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast—his hands rested upon his knees—he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently, "Wonderful man," he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly.

"Listen," he said, and he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from both, and exclaiming:

"Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hand with tears and kisses.

He rose to go but we held him back with entreaties, "Play for us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars then his hands dropped upon the keys, and he began playing a sad and inmitely lovely movement which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift agitata finale—a breathless hurrying, trembling movement descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away upon its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and moving toward the door; farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly. "I will come again and give the Frauleln some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Bethoven; that I may write out that sonata while I can remember it!"

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata, with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

How Brigham Young's Wives Live.

A Mrs. Waite, who has lived in Utah, has written a book in which she describes the life of the women in that Territory.—The following is an extract from the chapter on Brigham's wives:

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 affairs 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 employed—generally a man—and several servants beside, who are under the control of the stewardess.

When the meals are prepared and ready the bell rings, and each woman, with her children, if she have any, flies 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 sewing or other work as the case may be.

A sewing machine is brought into requisition, and one of the number appointed to use it.

Most of the women spin and make their everyday 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 but very little out-of-door exercise. Parties and the theatre are the favorite amusements. At the theatre, Brigham and one or two of the favorite wives sit together in the "King's box," but the remainder of the women and the children sit in what is called "Brigham's corral." This is in the parquette, 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 seen 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 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 passion.

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 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. If it does not elevate their minds it deadens their susceptibilities, and as they are not permitted to be women, they try to convince themselves that it is God's will they should be slaves.

A music teacher, 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 others in the Territory. Dancing and music are the leading accomplishments, and everything else is made subordinate to these.

DENIED THEIR PARCHMENTS.—Those who have undergone legal examinations will appreciate the following questions and answers at a recent examination in Rochester. The following cases were put:

"Suppose a man to be sued before a Justice of the Peace. He fails to appear at the proper time, and judgment is taken against him for $100, by default. In this dilemma he retains you in the case. What course would you pursue? The answer was: I would sue the plaintiff and recover $100 as an offset.

"Suppose you have brought a suit in a Justice's Court, and a day was set for a hearing, but before the cause comes up the Magistrate dies. What would you do? The answer was promptly: I would obtain a writ of certiorari and bring him up!"

These young luminaries were very unreasonably denied their parchments.

[Paris (May 15) correspondence N. Y. Times].

CAREER OF A MURDERESS.

In a recent letter I gave some account of Philippe, the man who is now in confinement at Mazas, (the Paris Tombs,) awaiting his trial for the perpetration of eighteen murders. The patrons of our melodramatic theatres complain that the authors who cater to their peculiar taste are deficient in imagination, and are continually serving up to them the same old play, with the same old incidents of plot, only rehearsed and transposed, with no more than a change of title. So it is with the crimes of real life, as well as those of the mimic scene there is nothing new under the sun. The wretch Probst no doubt seemes to you, in America, the most ferocious incarnation of the sanguinary villian; but the Frenchman, Philippe far outstripps in flagitious cruelty the German assassin of Philadelphia, and even Philippe himself is but a beginner, so far as the number of his unfortunate victims is concerned of a woman who signalized herself in Paris during the rule of the Directory. One day at the period mentioned, the proprietor of a furnished hotel in the Rue del' Universite, appeared before the minister of police and informed that functionary that a murder had just been committed in his (the hotel keeper's) house. On the previous evening, he said, a stranger had taken a room, stating his residence to be Melun, and his purpose to be 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 Theatre, and should not return to the hotel until the termination of the performance. Near midnight he reappeared, accompanied by a very young and pretty woman, dressed in male attire, who he said was his wife. The next morning at an early hour, the pretended *spousa* 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 no 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 unfortunate man was found lifeless in his bed. A doctor was hastily summoned, who, after a brief examination of the body, declared that death had been produced by a blow on the left temple, inflicted by means 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 on this occasion the victim, also a traveller, had gone to his room quite alone. At a late hour, however, an effeminate young man came down stairs, and was led out by the porter of the hotel, who remembered the fact on the following morning, when the murder 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 afterwards a third victim perished precisely as the preceeding two, and in the course of a few months no less than twenty men lost their lives by means so exactly identical that no doubt was entertained that the murderous blows were all inflicted by the same hand. Stung to the quick, Fouche, the minister of the police, set all his spies to work, and offered a large reward for the discovery of the authors of these unparalleled 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 the Cite, when he encountered a handsome, equivocal-looking youth. B., stopped, turned, and said to himself. "That's a woman in male garb. If it should be she?"

At the same moment the handsome stranger also turned, and smiled encouragingly:

"That settles the question," murmured the delighted spy. "Now, if I manage 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 talk freely in the public streets. 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 del' 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 de 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 her sex, "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 he would go himself and 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 the corner of the room.

The supper previously ordered was now served.

"Your walk must have made you thirsty," she said filling a glass of wine for her companion. "But before you sit down, have the kindness to give me my handkerchief, which I have left there on the sofa."

Suspecting some trick, B., while crossing the room, watched his new acquaintance closely, and saw her throw a powder into the glass of wine, which, instead of swallowing, he managed to spill on the carpet. In a 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 beautiful 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 defence, 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.

Matrimony and Morphine.

On Tuesday night a number of guests assembled on Sixteenth street to witness a marriage ceremony. The wedding feast was spread—the priest came with his cross and prayer book—the groomsmen assembled with their white kids and paper shirt collars—the bridesmaids were present with their satin flounces and globular waterfalls—the bride, blushing like Aurora, was arrayed in snowy robes, orange wreath and glittering jewels—the wedding ring was ready, and everything was prepared to launch the young couple upon the Hymeneal stream, amid rejoicing, flowers, kisses, tears, tremors and congratulations. Only one thing was needed to make the affair complete, and that was the presence of the bridegroom. Without him the wedding would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. In fact, he was an indispensable character, and without his presence the whole affair must fall through or prove a failure. But, important as was his presence, the appointed bridegroom came not. Hours passed. The priest became disgusted and left—the uncle of the bride grew red in the face—the groomsmen looked sour—the bridesmaids languished and the bride grew nervous and pale. Still the laggard lingered. Midnight approached. The hoarse clarion of the ancient Shanghai in the yard announced the approach of the "wee sma' hours," and still no bridegroom appeared—the uncle was in a towering passion—the bridesmaids wept—the groomsmen went to bed. A committee was sent to look for the recusant lover, and, after visiting the marble drug store and not finding him there, they went to his room and found him fast asleep. He was aroused from his slumber, and hurried off to the bride's house. When he arrived there the guests were gone. He gave as an excuse that, feeling unwell, he had taken a dose of morphine and had overslept himself, but was now willing to face the music and go through the trying ordeal. By this time the native pride of the fair bride had become aroused, and the sleepy gentleman was informed that the wedding was indefinitely postponed. The bridegroom returned to his pestal and mortar, and the young lady remains at home a fair ungathered flower. It was a near approach to a wedding, but "a miss is as good as a smile."—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A SOLVENT FOR NEW YORK PREJUDICE.—It is not many years since a colored man came to this city from abroad. A New York merchant had been in business connection with him for several years, and from that business connection had realized a fortune, and felt that he must treat him kindly. When Sunday came, he invited him to go to church with him. He went; and the merchant took him into his own pew near the pulpit, in a fashionable church. There was a prominent member of the church near the merchant, who saw this with great amazement. He could not be mistaken; it was a genuine "nigger," and not a counterfeit. Midway in his sermon the minister discovered him, and was so confused by it that he lost his place, and almost broke down.

After service the man who sat near the merchant went to him, and in great indignation asked,—

"What does this mean?"—"What does what mean?"

"That you should bring a nigger into this church?"—"It is my pew."

"Your pew, is it? And because it is your pew you must insult the whole congregation!"—"He is intelligent and well educated," answered the merchant.

"What do I care for that; he is a nigger!"—"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?"—"But he is a Christian, and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that; Let him worship with his nigger Christians."—"But he is worth five million dollars," said the merchant.

"Worth what?"—"Worth five million dollars!"

"For God's sake introduce me to him," was the reply.—N. Y. *Exchange.*

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth, and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry around us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The streams bear us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

Lovers in a Fix.

The Dangers of Pitch.

[From the Memphis Argus, 10th.]

SAD PLIGHT FOR LOVERS.

Night before last, as the moon rose over the hills and tree tops, gilding the spires of our beautiful city with her silvery rays, there might have been seen upon the *roof* of an Egyptian cottage, which is flat and covered with pure white gravel and pitch, a couple of lovers, seated, enjoying the beauty of the scene, and

"Though few the hours, the happy moments few;
So warm with heart, so rich with love they flew;
That their full souls forgot the will to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream at home."

The sun during the day had been very warm, and thus they met to spend the fleeting hours of twilight, enjoying the pleasant breeze that floated up from the magnolia garden beneath, and interchanging those soul-longings, and [illegible] each other. Seated near each, the lovers sat; with one arm he encircled the waist of the beautiful creature at his side,

"Her little hand lay gently, confidently in his,"

and all passed quietly and loving until the bell tolled the midnight hour.

"None but the loving and beloved,
Should be awake at this sweet hour."

The tolling of the bell reminded them that

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

was requisite for lovers as well as others. Still seated near each other the plighted vows were again and again exchanged, and sealed with kisses, like

"Linken sweetness long drawn out."

At length, after many vain attempts to sever these pleasant pleasures, the transported *lovers* found that they were bound to each other by more sticking bonds than lovers' vows. The hot sun had melted the pitch, and after sitting so long, and the night air having cooled the resinous matter, they found they were both "stuck fast." The young gentleman first attempted to disengage himself, but found, like aunt Jemima's plaster, "the more you try to pull it off, the tighter it sticks the faster." The young lady then attempted to get up, which she did minus the skirt of her dress, and all her under clothes, as far as the *tilters.*" In this plight she attempted to relieve her disconsolate partner, but it was of no use—he couldn't come. After some parley, he came to the conclusion he could manage it by slipping out of his pants. Accordingly he asked of his companion if she could lend him a pair of pants until he could go home. She thought her pa's would do if they were not too long. With this information he slipped off his boots, and loosing his suspenders, drew himself out of his pants as easily as possible, and the disconsolate couple took themselves down stairs in a very blushing manner, and looking very much like our first parents when they discovered that they were human. The lady procured, as quietly as possible, a pair of her father's pants, which were run into pretty quick, and the Adonis decamped with his pants rolled up about six inches. The joke was to good to be kept; by little and little it leaked out until the truth had to come to exculpate the happy innocents.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Just before the declaration of independence, a Yankee pedler started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Jonathan traveled over the city, asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New-York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. He got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook (for history doesn't tell where he got it,) and strutting up town, one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware, as the Commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he would supply him with pleasure.

"Very good," said our naval officer, "I will call then."

Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route, and had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said he'd be goll darned if he didn't take 'em home, before he'd take less than his first price.

The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; while Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manœuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers over after.

MUTTON VS. EAGLE.—"May it please the court," said a Yankee lawyer before a Dutch justice, "this is a case of great importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghenies to the rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—" "Shtop dare I say, vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has nothin to do mit the wild bird. It is on sheep!" exclaimed the justice. "True, your honor: but my client has rights." "Of course not; but the laws of language—" "What care I for de laws of the language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case." "Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—" "Dat vill do! dat vill do! Your glient charged mit stealing a sheep—jes nine shillin. The gourt vill adjourn."

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one who has chanced to meet with it before:—When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward stretched forth his hand, and said, in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." "It cannot be done!" they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible!" repeated Mr. Webster, "impossible? *Nothing* is impossible on *Bunker Hill!*" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

An Unpublished Anecdote of Mr. Lincoln.

Anything told of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, will be read with interest. The following anecdote is related by the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

"A good,