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IN
The Republican Citizen.

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JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
[july5 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland.)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov45 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same.
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

SELLING OFF!
SELLING OFF!
SELLING OFF!
MY ENTIRE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, AT AND BELOW COST. H. GOLDENBERG.
july29 75 North Market street.

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES!
Jouvin's Kid Gloves, reduced to one dollar and fifty cents a pair, at WOLFES', next to First National Bank. [may27

OAK SHINGLES AND PALINGS
FOR SALE. Enquire at
may6 THIS OFFICE.

BULL RINGS.—Steel Bull Rings, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.
mar4

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

City Drug Store.
Williamson & Beckenbaugh,
PROPRIETORS.
Dealers in Pure Drugs, English and French Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Essences.
Would respectfully inform the public that they have in store a large stock of the best Drugs and Chemicals than they ever had. Their stock of Fancy Goods is large and complete, and will be sold at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. They have the Creme de-la-Creme of English, German, French and American
PERFUMERY,
and are willing to give a money guarantee of their being genuine. They have an endless variety of English and French Hair, Nail, Tooth, Infant and Flesh Brushes.—An elegant assortment of Combs, Ladies
TOILETTE ARTICLES,
Cosmetiques, &c. They have a full line of Low, Son & Haydon's English Soaps; Benbo's English Elder Flower Soap, &c. They have all of the PATENT MEDICINES of the day, and all the popular
HAIR DYES AND RESTORATIVES.
In fact, they have everything in their line of the PUREST and BEST.
All orders from the country filled with dispatch. Remember, that you can buy goods cheaper at the CITY DRUG STORE than you can in Baltimore. Country Merchants will find it to their interest to give us a call.

Keyser's Eagle Baking Powder,
can be purchased at a greatly reduced price.
Prescriptions accurately, neatly and carefully compounded.
july22

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

Drug Store.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs. Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powdes for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care. PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

HAIR TONICS AND RESTORERS.—All the leading preparations for the Hair, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store,
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

NEW DRUG
AND
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
L. M. SCHAEFFER,
Respectfully announces to his friends in Town and Country, that he has recently opened an entirely new, complete and
First-class Drug Store,
In Market St., opposite Market House.
His long experience in the business in this city and in Philadelphia, and his determination to keep only
PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
will, it is hoped, receive the attention and encouragement of his friends. All the Patent or Proprietary Medicines likely to be called for, will always be kept on hand, and in addition he will be constantly supplied with the most approved
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Physicians' prescriptions compounded with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
L. M. SCHAEFFER, Druggist,
Opposite the Market House,
july1 Frederick, Md.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Hair, Tooth, Nail and Infant Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Powders, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
july1 Opposite Market House.

FOR Koskoo, Rosadalis, Irinsin, Swaine's Panacea, Fahrney's Panacea, and Viafuga, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
FOR popular Hair Restorers and Dyes, go to the CITY DRUG STORE.
YOU can get everything new at the CITY DRUG STORE.
HYDRATE OF CHLORAL, Bromide of Sodium, Sulpho-Carbolates of Zinc and Soda; also, a full line of Sharp & Dhome's Specialties, at WILLIAMSON & BECKENBAUGH'S CITY DRUG STORE.

Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
CELEBRATED
PREPARATION
FOR
CLEANSING THE BLOOD.
The long and favorably known Preparation of Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, for cleansing the Blood, needs at this day no recommendation at our hands, its virtues having been established by the thousands of cases where it has given relief in the
Most difficult forms of Chronic Diseases,
during the last sixty years. So highly indeed is it esteemed, that the demand is constantly increasing not only at home, but we are daily receiving applications for it from the most remote sections of the country—North, East, South and West. To meet this demand, as well as to prevent the public from being imposed upon, we have determined to put this Preparation in such a form that it may be within reach of everybody everywhere.
Other Preparations, far inferior to the genuine, having been put out by certain parties, have been mistaken by some for our own, and as a matter of course the old Preparation of D. Fahrney & Son has been made to suffer some in reputation; therefore, to prevent this mistake, as well as to meet the increasing demand mentioned above, we have concluded to send the medicine out in liquid form. Not recommending it to cure all diseases the human body is heir to, but as a Family Medicine, and for all diseases originating from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, it has no equal; and will cure the following diseases:
Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, Erysipelas, Boils, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Tetter Affections, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Rheumatic Affections, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sickheadache, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, General Debility,
Mercurial Diseases, Foul Stomach, together with all other Disorders arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, &c., &c.
Prepared by Drs. D. Fahrney & Son, Boonsboro', Md., and Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Keedysville, Md. Sold by all Druggists and Merchant generally. All genuine is signed thus: D. FAHRNEY & SON.
☞ Be sure and call for Drs. D. Fahrney & Son.
For sale by Williamson & Beckenbaugh.
feb18 6m pd

JUST RECEIVED.
A Large assortment of the latest Improved
COOKING STOVES,
which will be sold to suit the time, CHEAP FOR CASH, at the
"FREDERICK STOVE HOUSE,"
mar18 BY ERNEST A. C. FOX,

THE RHINE FRONTIER.

German and French feeling in regard to the Rhenish Provinces has never perhaps been so well expressed as in Nikolaus Becker's "German Rhine," and the reply to it by Alfred de Musset. The following translations of them will, therefore, now be read with interest.

THE GERMAN RHINE.

BY NIKOLAUS BECKER.

It shall never be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Tho' raven like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green,
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen.

It shall never be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervor with its wine.

So long as sentry keeping,
The rocks its margin stud,
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover-groups combine.

So long as angler bringeth
Its lusty trout to shore,
So long as minstrel singeth
Its praise from door to door.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

REPLY—BY ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
It has served our wassail bowls to fill.
Can singing its praise from door to door
Efface the hoof-prints legible still,
Of our calvary charge that bathed its left bank in your gore?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
On its breast the wound yet gapeth wide,
Which conquering Conde made when he tore
Thro' its mantle of green to the farther side!
Where once the sire has ridden, shall the son not ride once more?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
Of your German virtues what remains
When across its flood our legions pour
And the Empire overclouds your plains!
When all your men have fallen, have ye other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
If ye your annals would fain forget
Your daughters remember the days of yore,
And wish the Frenchman among them yet,
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour.

If your German Rhine be yours once more,
Then wash your liveries in its tide,
But pitch your arrogance somewhat lower!
Can you recall with generous pride
Your myriad raven-beaks that drank the dying Eagle's gore!

May your German Rhine flow evermore
In peace; and modestly may each spire
Be mirrored fair in its glassy floor!
But, oh! keep down your bacchanal fire
Which, else, may rouse to life again the victor hearts of yore.

UNLOCKING A HEART.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

At the age of thirty Allan Moore married, taking for his wife pretty Mary Gershom. He had been waiting until he could own a house, so that he might commence the new life fairly and independently; and when he said 'independently,' he meant that he would not be dependent upon others for a home. He did not hope to be independent of toil and fatigue; but he had planned that he and Mary would work together, and, perhaps, in the coming years, to find a competence upon which to enjoy healthful repose. Allan was a lawyer, with a fair practice, and with a docket growing larger with each succeeding term; and he had promised himself than when Mary had become his wife she would help him in his labor:—not that she would delve for him into the mysteries of law, or do the drudgery of copying; but he looked for sympathy and love—for a love that should make his labors light, and for a sympathy upon which he could rest his confidence.

It is said that "Love is blind;" but True Love is not so blind as it is often represented. The good qualities which have awakened the heart to love are not wanting; and even the imperfections were seen and noted in the outset. The good seed was in the soil, and so were the tares. The trouble is, that Love is apt to be over-hopeful. It is not blind, but in looks through a sunny glass; and the future, thus viewed, presents only a pleasant prospect. Love is not so blind that it cannot see faults; but is so kind and forbearing that it overlooks them; and thus it often happens that the tares are suffered to thrive, and finally to outgrow the better seed

Allan Moore had known that Mary had her faults; but he had also known that her heart was good and true, in his great love he found the assurance of peace and joy. But a season of disappointment was to come.

They had been married three years, and a cloud was upon the household. And whose was the fault? Allan examined himself very closely, but he could not discover that he had done wrong. And yet Mary was neither happy herself, nor did she try to make him happy. His business had increased until he had as much upon his hands as he could possibly attend to; he labored early and late; he toiled without ceasing; but the sympathy which he had expected at home was not his. The result was, that he often wore a cloud upon his brow. Expecting coldness when he entered his home, he came with compressed lips; and fearing that he should find no sympathy, he did not seek it.

Allan Moore wondered had he been mistaken in his estimate of Mary—had he given her credit for good which she did not possess? Certainly there was little of the good now to bless him; but evil continually. In short, his home was very far from being a happy one, and open rupture was frequent. Mary had become fretful and fault-finding, and instead of sympathizing with her husband in his engrossing and oftimes perplexing business, she would not permit him to mention his business in the house.

Mary was growing to have sharper features, and the old look of beauty was disappearing. But upon Allan the change was working with deeper effects He was growing thin and pale, and there were shoots of pain and mysterious throbbing at the heart; and the sky was growing darker, and the pain was growing deeper.

Why was it? Was the good all gone, or had the tares only come up and outgrown the good—tares that might have been rooted out long ago, if the hand of prudence and skill had been applied? Had the heart been locked up, and all its good hidden from the fructifying light? If, so why could not some kind power unlock the close heart, and set the blessings free?

The good genius was at hand.

Dr. Ralph Gershom, Mary's uncle, had seen the gathering cloud, and had marked the progress of the deepening gloom. He had know both the husband and the wife from their infancy; and he had loved them both; and when he saw them thus unhappy, he wondered if he could not help them. He knew that the great fault was Mary's, and he knew, too, that she yet had a preponderance of good in her heart. He knew that she had in that heart the keenest of sympathies; the noblest of impulses; and the fount of a true and endearing love. He knew because, in the other years, he had seen them; and he knew that the good of the human heart cannot wholly die. It may be choked up; it may whither and shrink; and it may be crushed down beneath the superincumbent weight of evil; but while the human heart has pulsation of life it may be probed to the fountain of good, and in its darkest night it shall yield flashes of generous impulse.

Dr. Gershom—or "Uncle Ralph;" as Mary called him—had been the family physician when she was a babe, and he was a man of sense as well as of experience and skill. Lately he had been called to prescribe for Allan, who was troubled more and more with that uncomfortable throbbing of the heart.

I cannot tell what Uncle Ralph really thought. He may have though just as another experienced physician would have thought:—that the palpitation was simply the result of indigestion; and that the dull pain came from pneumogastric sympathy; and, further, that the cause of the whole lay in nervous derangement consequent upon mental care and labor. But, be that as it may, he resolved that he would make use of Allan's heart in unlocking the heart of the wife.

"Uncle Ralph, what do you really think of Allan?"

Dr. Gershom had called in ostensibly for the purpose of leaving some medicine for the husband, but had taken a seat, and opened conversation with his niece.

"Mary, do you want me to tell you the truth?" He spoke very solemnly, and with a grave look.

"The TRUTH, uncle?" she repeated, with a startled expression. "You do not think there is anything serious?"

"What can be more serious than a disease of the heart?"

"But Allan has no such a thing."

"My dear girl, you must not deceive yourself. You may not keep Allan long with you. Excessive labor—ambition to achieve great results—and a want of healthful recreation, have strained his heart more than it will bear. I tell you plainly, Allan is dying."

"DYING?"

"Yes—surely. It is but a question of time. We may save him to prolonged and useful life if we can remove the cause of his disease. Have you not observed how pale he has grown? and have you not marked how often the pain comes to his heart? Alas! poor Allan! I dare not tell him how near he is to the brink! I spoke with him once—a few days ago—upon the subject.—I told him there was danger."

"You told him?—And how did it affect him?"

"He only smiled, and shook his head."

"Smiled?"

"Yes—but with tears in his eyes. He said if he could only leave his wife and child well and comfortably provided for, he should be willing to go. That was when he had a great pain in his heart."

Mary arose, and went and placed her hand upon the doctor's shoulder.

"Uncle Ralph!—do you—do you tell me truly?"

"I only tell you what I fear, my child. I tell you what is possible;—aye—what is inevitable, sooner or later if Allan does not find help. But do not tell him what I have told to you. It might break him down at once. We must keep him with us while we can. He must not fail and die now, in the noontide of life, if mortal power can save him. But, my little girl, you must be prepared. The blow may fall at any time. These heart-troubles are most treacherous. It is for you to make his pillow smooth, and give him comfort for the few short days—"

"O! uncle! uncle! do not say so! O! my soul! Allen must not die! Better, a thousand times, that I should go and leave him to live his bright and useful life!"

Ralph Gershom drew his weeping niece to his bosom, and gently whispered—

"Stay with him, Mary, and give him strength and hope and courage. While I give him such medicine as I have to give, be it yours to draw him away from his labors when you can, and make his burdens light. Let us do this, and leave the rest with God."

After her uncle had gone Mary moved about the house like one awakened from a troubled dream, gathering up the threads of the past, and weaving them into the woof of the present. How the old love burned up, and how dear to her were memories of the brighter times. Her husband dying! O! it could not be! It should not be!

And yet—and yet—what could she do if the die were fatally cast? Ah! she could bless him while he lived. Yes—she could do that!

That evening, when Allan Moore returned to his home, his wife met him upon the piazza, and put her hands up to his shoulders, and kissed him.

"You are late, Allan. Supper has been waiting for you."

"But you have not waited, Mary?"

"Yes, Allan. I could not eat alone to-night."

"You would not?" He spoke like one in a dream.

"No. I wanted the light of the other times. Allan—the light which only your own presence can give."—And she wound her arm within his own, and led him into the hall, where she helped him to remove his cloak; and when he had pulled off his boots, and put on the dainty slippers which she had ready for him, she led the way to the supper-room.

His old favorite dishes; the silver, bright and clean; the china, drinking the gas-light into its translucent substance; the napkins, white like snow; and the food as she knew he preferred it—and, above all, her own face, wearing a smile of the old sweetness, presiding over the scene.

Was he dreaming, or was it real? Almost afraid to speak, lest a breath might dispel the happy illusion, he drank in the joy of the occasion.

When the meal was concluded Allen retired to the sitting room, where, when she had attended to her household duties, his wife joined him.

"How now, Allen! Where are you going?" He had arisen as she entered.

"To my room, Mary. I have papers to copy."

"Cannot others do your copying?"

"These are papers which I dare not trust to other eyes."

"But you will trust me, Allan."

"Trust—you?" He was in the dream again.

"Yes. If you will explain to me the work, and leave them with me on the morrow, I will copy them for you. You know I write well."

"Mary!"

"O, Allan—my husband—my own true Love!"—she had moved up and laid her hand upon his shoulder—"you are working too hard. If you will let me help, I will help you now; and by and by you shall rest. We will go away among the green fields, and the brooks and the hills."

"Mary, my darling, what sweet music is this?" He took her to his bosom, with his arms twined closely around her.

"Allan, I have been very unmindful of your good, and I have been very miserable; but I will be so no more. If you will let me help you; if you will give me back your love and your trust; if you will lean upon me when you are weak, and rest upon my bosom when you are in pain; if you will forgive me for all the wrong and the error—I will bless God and take courage; and we will be happy always while we live!"

O, blessed, happy hour! Blessing and happiness reaching out into all the coming years! The heart had been unlocked, and its flood of true love gushing forth into a current that was broad and strong, had washed away the stains of evil, and purified the temple; and upon the sacred altar of their home the vestal fires brightly burned.

A year had passed when Mary said, as she stood and looked up into her husband's face:

"Allan, how strong and well you have grown. You don't know how proud and happy it makes me."

He caught her to his bosom, and held her there.

"My blessed wife, how could I help being strong and well beneath the influence of a love like yours. I owe you much, darling, very much. I cannot tell you how happy I am!"

And Mary knew that the fountain of goodness in her heart could never be closed up again while sense and memory were hers.

PREDESTINATION.—A Missouri paper contains the following, which will pass without a great deal of urging:

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamboat to a Calvinistic clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the bilers ain't to burst, they won't."

Here the devine commenced putting on his hat, and began to look like backing out, which the captain seeing said:

"I thought you believed in predestination, that what is to be will be?"

"So I do, but I prefer a little nearer the stern when its takes place."

The latest and most ridiculous error in typograpy was that of a line in an exhibition programme, where for "The burial of Moses" was substituted "The barrel of molasses."

William Pinkney.

He began life a poor boy at Havre de Grace. He went into a lawyer's office to sweep his floors. He would spend his spare time in looking into the books, he cultivated quite a fondness for legal subjects. Friends let him have the money, and he studied law. He was at once very successful. He had an immense command of language and of authorities. He had great sagacity in resorting to just what he wanted.—He never used a superfluous citation, but if there was in all the range of legal literature anything he wished to use in his argument, he had it. It was a disputed point who was the stronger in logic, he or Webster. In rhetoric he was far ahead. He had all of Choate's elegance of language, but a great deal more elegance of delivery.

As a legal orator he had a mysterious power, now frequently called magnetism. He had an attractive manner of delivery, securing and holding the attention of his hearers until he brought to bear the power of subduing their minds. Webster opposed him in his last case—a patent question, involving something about a part of a cotton loom. There could be no drier subject in all the range of the law. His argument covered two whole days. There was no time during the whole of it when the court-house and all the ways around it were not crowded full of the *elite* of Washington. He had a peculiar charm of gesture which attracted the attention of every one. He would not confine himself to one spot, but in the course of his argument he would move about before the Court. Let him talk upon what subject he would—you could not help listening, and listening being convinced As a man he was perfectly kind and courteous toward all, but he had one weakness which swallowed up all the rest. He was the vainest person alive. He was vain of his vanity. While I was in Russia, I and another *attache* were sitting in his parlor, waiting for him to come to dinner. He came in after a long while, black and dirty as any man. Without saying a word he walked up to the sofa, jerked off his hat, threw it and his sword down. At last Mrs. Pinkney returned and asked, "What is the matter?" "Matter! I have been insulted, madam! That is whats the matter." At this (our narrator says) my sword and that of my friend, as if by magic, leaped from their scabbards to avenge the insult. I ventured to ask, "How?" Turning to me he said: "Sir! Is not a man of my name, my position, my country, insulted when he is to get up at 8 o'clock to pay homage to a little girl (a Russian princess)?" I ventured to suggest that we were invited at 11. "Can a gentleman dress in less than three hours?"

He used to bathe every day, and after bathing he would throw a thin gauze over himself and have two body servants throw fine salt at him. He had heard, he said, "salt would preserve the skin." It was true that his complexion was fine, so much so that there was a rumor spread that he painted. This was not true, for our narrator has time and again seen him plunge his head into a basin and give his face such a rubbing that no paint in the world could remain on it. He paraded his efforts in making this show. He liked to hear such rumors of himself. He was fifty-four when in St. Petersburg and sixty when in Washington, though he looked like thirty when he went into company.—He was not very fond of society, and would not remain longer than ten ocloc'k at a party. When he came out he would say, "Let us go home and have a chat," which our narrator was most willing to do. When he got there, he would begin to unmake himself. He was laced in every direction. He would wear the fashionable cravat of that day, which was an immense piece of silk about a yard and a half square. It was folded diagonally, corners turned in, and that filled with a long piece of padding, or, as it was commonly called, pudding, which was made for that purpose. It was then folded and drawn tightly around the neck, his more than ordinarily so. His whole dress was faultless and beautiful, as well as most fashionable. The only thing that troubled him was his thin hair, though he was not bald. After he had all his tight clothes off, he would fall back into his chair and tell his servant to bring him a glass of "peach drink," which was no other than most excellent punch, made with old peach brandy. He would turn to our narrator and say: "Mr. P——, will you have a glass of peach drink?" "Yes, I think I will." There we would sit and talk until very late.

On one occasion I told him I would like very much to hear him in the Senate, and I would be glad if he would let me know when he was going to speak upon any question. He replied: "I do not know that I will have much to say this term. I do not know of any topic which will come before the Senate upon which I will be likely to speak, unless the Senate gets into a confused, chaotic state, and will need me to set them right." Our narrator once told Webster of this, who did not like him. He said: "It was exactly so, only he was a great fool to say it."

After a night's hard study he would come into court, and in discussing a question would in the course of his argument say: "I 'think' your honors will find an authority for—that—in—the first of East, about 604—yes—I should say about 604—and on the right-hand side." While he knew it, having just examined it. All this was done for effect, in order to make the populace think he knew not only the law, but he knew the location on the page.

It was generally supposed that he died from over-exertion in the case in which he was opposed by Webster, though knowing his habits of life as I did, I do not think that was so.—*Lecture-Room Talk by Prof. Parsons, of Reading.*

A Singer with the Lunatics.

On the day of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's recent concert in Utica, N. Y. it was proposed to show that young lady the State Lunatic Asylum. While there she kindly sang to a room full of the more quiet patients, very much to their supprise and delight. Not content with gratifying these however, she begged that she might be alto to visit the more unbalanced patients.

"Let me sing to the mad people" she pleaded. Winning consent, and accompanied by some of the faculty, their ladies, and the matron, she proceeded to the wards where the most noisy and destructive subjects were confined. One would think her voice would have failed her at the dreadful sounds that greeted her entrance, at the glaring eyes turned upon her, and the indications of wrath in those poor ungoverned faces. Not so. The brave-hearted girl knew her power. In an instant all discord and tumult was hushed, under the spell of that marvellous voice. It rose and floated above the poor distracted creatures like a blessing; then seemed to fall upon upturned and listening faces in a soft refreshing shower of musical rain. The effect was wonderful, the souls of those stricken women were not so utterly out of tune after all, but that they could respond now. Some smiled some nodded, some gazed at her with streaming eyes. "She is an angel!" echoed others, as they crowded about her, eager but to touch her gentle hand, her gown, or even her feet, while she, happy and fearless, made no effort to escape.

"She is my girl! my Estelle!" cried an old women suddenly. "She looks like her! she sings like her!" and Louise Kellogg bent and kissed the poor crazy creature, almost as if she were indeed Estelle.

Abraham being brought before Nimrod, was urged by the tyrant to worship the fire,

"Great King," said the father of the Faithful, "would it not be better to worship water? It is mightier than fire, having the power to extinguish it."

"Worship the water, then," said Nimrod.

"Methinks," said Abraham, "it would be more reasonable to worship the clouds," since they carry the waters and throw them down upon the earth."

"Well then," said the impatient King, "worship the clouds, which, by thine own confession, possess great power."

"Nay," continued Abraham, "if power is to be the object of adoration, the preference ought to be given to the wind, which, by its greater force, scatters the clouds and drives them before it."

"I see," said Nimrod, "we shall never have done with this prattler. Worship the wind, then, and we will pardon thy former profanations."

"Be not angry great King," said Abraham, "I cannot worship the fire, nor the water, nor the clouds, nor the wind, nor anything thou callest gods. The power they possess is derived from the being not only most powerfull but full of mercy and love. The creator of heaven and earth, Him alone will I worship."

"Well, then," said the tyrant, "since thou refusest to adore the fire, thou shalth spedily be made sensible of its mighty force."

He ordered Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace. But God delivered htm from the raging flames, and made him a source of blessing to many nations.

The snow was so deep in Cheshier county, New Hampshire, last winter, that it was Jifficult for persons meeting with teams to pass. An eccentric citizen, well known in the county, and having a defect in his speech, was coming to the village with a horse and sleigh, and being about to meet a stranger with a team, exclaimed, "Turn out! turn out! my father's dead!" Upon which the stranger, with much difficulty, turned out and gave him the entire road. After he had got fairly by the stranger turned and inquired of him when his father died; to which the grief-harrowed citizen responded that his venerated parent had peacefully sunk to rest "about fifteen years ago!"

Josh Billings says of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited:—John Roger's revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-righteous hoss rake iz now and forever offered tew a generous publik. Theze rakes are az easy tew keep in repair az a hitching-post and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad kast in a ten aker lot of wheat stubble. Theze rakes kan be used in the winter for a hen roost or be sawd up into stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer ov good moral karakter should be without this rake even if he had to steal one.

Storekeepers find that the theory of counter attraction is best put into practical form by the employment of pretty females.

Why should young ladies never wear stays? Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."

From the Phila. Evening Telegraph, radical.

Line Upon Line!

The North Carolina election is another grave admonition to the Republican party that it can maintain its supremacy only by promptly correcting the evils it has too long cherished within itself. While the issues of the war were undecided, patriotic men would close their eyes to corruption, to incompetent or otherwise unworthy candidates, and to the madness of selfish leaders, and vote the Republican ticket to save the country; but now the war has garnered the fulness of its harvest, and honest citizens will no longer be made the supple tools of corruptionists.

Every election held this year has been a fresh notice to the Republican leaders that the party must reform itself. Connecticut opened the campaign of 1870 with disaster, whereby a faithful and patriotic Governor was displaced by 800 majority. Oregon followed, and one of the ablest and most blameless of our Republican Senators lost his place. Washington city followed with an open and decisive rebuke to the political managers who claimed to be the republican party. New York, hitherto a debatable State, gave nearly 90,000 Democratic majority, when the political complexion of her courts of last resort was involved. Kentucky gave no substantial Republican gains, even with her large colored vote polled for the first timo. Tennessee has given over her courts to the Conservatives, thus surrendering the last vestige of Republican power in that State, and now comes North Carolina, in the face of bayonets, forced upon the people by the ill-advised counsels of bad leaders, with a Legislature two-thirds Democratic, and but two Republicans in the entire Congressional delegation A Senator is thus sacrificed, and a long stride taken toward making the next Congress Democratic.

With all these admonitions, the professed Republican leaders close their ears to wisdom. Instead of meeting the issue frankly, and appealing to the intelligence of the people, we are met with the startling proposition *that Georgia must not hold an election because the Republicans cannot carry the State!* This reckless suggestion to nullify the laws and defy the people is made this morning by a Republican contemporary. If not hold an election in Georgia, why hold one in any other State? It is conceded that the Republicans cannot gain Congressmen, while it is most likely that they must lose some in most of the States. Why not, therefore, decide that all the Legislatures, and all the Congressmen, and all the Governors shall hold over until matters can be arranged for Republican victories? The only reason for not holding an election is that the Republicans will be defeated; and the same rule will apply with equal if not increased potency in all other States, if mad leaders insist upon defying popular opinion and insulting the intelligence and patriotism of a people peculiarly jealous of popular rights.

North Carolina was lost, as were most of the other States sacrificed this year, by selfish and blind leadership. Governor Holden allowed the honor and credit of his State to be destroyed by irresponsible adventurers with the hope of securing a seat in the Senate; and, to make assurance doubly sure, he undertook to force political results by armed Jayhawkers, who defied the laws, ignored justice, and disregarded the courts. The result was a change of 25,000 to 30,000 against the Republicans, and the surrender of the State to Democracy for years to come.

In Pennsylvania the same mad policy is aimed at. The Republican party can succeed only by deserving the approval and confidence of the intelligent and patriotic people of the State. Its abuses, corruptions, and soubordination to shameless pretenders like Cameron are justly appreciated by all sections, and unless the Republican organization, as an organization, shall show an earnest, determined purpose to reform itself, and restore the State to faithful Government, we shall lose half a dozen or more Congressmen, and possibly the Legislature. Senators like Wilson and Cameron, who bowed to the Washington lobby and continued the inquisitorial income tax to save corporations from tax on gross receipts, may levy heavy tribute upon starving clerks to defray election expenses, but all the power of money or patronage will fail to give the Republicans victory if the party does not earn it by deserving it.

Don Piatt, a leading Ohio Republican, thus truthfully paints the portrait of the Radical party at Washington:

"I am forced to say that there is no more cohesion beyond mere office holding and public plunder, in the Republican party, than there is in a rope of sand. For over a year I have been in Washington, employed to criticise our public men, and to put to newspaper record their political acts. I write the fact that, while the Democracy is a compact well-organized body, representing certain feelings, that make of its parts one efficient whole, the Republicans are of one party only in name, and each leader is the representative of a faction in deadly hostility to some other faction inside the organization. Were a caucus to be called for the purpose of considering any one of the more important measures now under consideration, its deliberations would be marked by violent discussions, personal abuse, and every evidence of hate and suspicion, to end in violent dissolution. No such caucus has been held since I have been in Washington. The fact is significent that no measure of public interest passes Congress except as a compromise log rolled through with a scheme of public plunder."

The favorite branch of the Government—Long Branch.

A volume that will bring tears to your eyes—a volume of smoke.

There is a Piousville in New York State. This is probably where the pious villains come from.

It's all nonsense to talk about "our first parents;" no man ever had more than one complete set.

The proprietor of a certain city newspaper walks five miles every morning to keep up his circulation.

A correspond