JOHN W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZEN.
Office in Court Street, midway between Patrick & Church Sts., (West side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.
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The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 45. FREDERICK, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 7, 1866. NO. 24.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, will be inserted FOUR TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, longer ones in the same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear it will be continued UNTIL FORBID, and charged for accordingly.

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.

E. LOUIS LOWE,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 56 Wall Street, and 59 Pine Street,
june22 NEW YORK.

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
Attorneys-at-Law,
And SOLICITORS in CHANCERY.
One of them can be always found in their office in Frederick City, *Md.*
mar16 U A

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE IN EAST CHURCH STREET corner of Middle Alley, at the residence of his father.
dec 15 1865—tf

JOSEPH M. PALMER
AND
JAMES W. PEARRE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE on the corner of Court and Second Streets, near the Court House, Frederick City, Md. [oct. 13, 1865.—ly.

WILLIAM J. ROSS,
AND
CHARLES W. ROSS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
OFFICE on Record Street, in the rear of the Court House.
aug25—tf

JOHN RITCHIE,
Attorney-at-Law,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Frederick City, Md,
Has removed his office three doors north in Court street.
april20 2m pd.

Dr. H. W. DORSEY,
HAVING located in New Market, offers his professional services to its citizens and those in the vicinity. Residence, East end of town, nearly opposite to Mr. Johnzy Barber's.
may11-6m E U

NOTICE.
DR. C. R. WARE having determined to make his future home in Buckeystown, respectly offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. He will, when not professionally engaged, be found at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Meade, and afterwards by Dr. Thomas, on Monocacy st. jan. 26.

Dr. A. Y. McCORMICK,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. He hopes to be able to merit a share of the public patronage. Office No. 58 West Patrick St., nearly opposite F. T. Rhode's City Bakery where he can be found at all times unless professionally engaged.
April6.—

DR. EDWARD NELSON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on Market Street, between Church and Patrick Streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Saving's Institution. [aug25

DR. LLOYD T. MACGILL
DENTIST,
No. 14, South Market St.,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
mar16

NOTICE:
THE undersigned has associated himself with Geo. F. Webster, Esq., as Real Estate Broker but will also still continue to attend promptly to all claims placed in his hands for collection.
WORTHINGTON R. JOHNSON,
No. 1 West Patrick st.,
may11 Frederick.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned announces that he will give his attention to Land Surveying in any portion of the county. From long experience he hopes to be enabled to execute faithfully all business entrusted to him. Can be found at all times at the law office of Jno A. Lynch, Frederick city. A. FEARHAKE, Jr.
may18 6m.

NATIONAL EXPRESS
AND
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
THIS Company proposes to do a general FREIGHTING BUSINESS, to and from all the principal cities, towns and villages throughout the United States.
The tariff of charges is based upon fair business principles, yielding a reasonable profit to the Company without being oppressive to the public. Upon this basis it confidently presents its claims for a fair share of patronage, relying upon its large capital and the character of its officers and agents for that public confidence essential to success.
☞Office No. 7, South Market Street, Frederick, Md.
feb16tf M. BROMETT, Agent.

WANTED.
THE very highest prices paid by the subscriber, for
U. S. Compound Interest Notes, Gold, Silver, etc-
☞Notes Judgments, Legacies, &c., purchased. Careful attentention given, and advances made upon collections generally
JNO. SIFFORD,
At his old stand, W. Church St., Frederick.
April6—

JOHN H. STEWART'S
Marble Works.
South Market Street, (West Side) 2 doors South of M. Keefer's Feed Store, Frederick
Monuments, Tombs, Mantels, Brown Stone for Buildings,
and every description of plain and ornamental
MARBLE WORK,
at the cheapest rates. He asks his patrons and the public to call, examine and judge for themselves. [aug25

BRICK.
THE undersigned have now, and intend keeping constantly on hand, a large supply of Brick of the best quality, at their yard adjoining the U. S. General Hospital on the east, formerly owned by N. T. Haller.
They will be pleased at all times, to fill orders at short notice, and as good terms as at any other place in Frederick.
June8-6m WINCHESTER BRO'S.

BOOTS and SHOES:
I HAVE a full stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Congress Gaiters. Ladies' Congress at $1,50, and all other goods in proportion; call on
A. J. DELASHMUTT.
aly13

COFFEE.
The Only Coffee that has stood the Test of Trial.
Try it and Judge for Yourselves.
The American Excelsior Coffee
HAS been before the public five years, and secured general favor, to the exclusion of almost all others. It is composed of Pure Coffee, Germinated Grain and Saccharine substances. It contains FARINA, over fifty per cent.; SUGAR, over 20 per cent. and other nutritious and healthful ingredients.
Read the Certificate of PROFF. AIKEN, Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy in the University of Md.
Dr. James E. Bacon has made known to me all the materials from which he prepares his AMERICAN EXCELSIOR COFFEE, and this is to certify that none of the ingredients employed are in the slightest degree injurious, but that all are perfectly wholesome and nutritious. While it contains enough of the Coffee berry to retain the flavor, it does not possess the peculiar stimulating power of unmixed coffee, and hence may be used as a safe and pleasant substitute for that in most cases of impaired digestive organs *WM. E. A. AIKEN, M. D.,*
Prof. Chem. and Pharm. University of Md.
Baltimore, May 15th, 1862.
There are many Invalids and others who cannot use any of the Coffees in their pure state, but who can use them with impunity, by mixing a third or even one-half with Bacon's American Excelsior Coffee. Many Hotel Keepers and the most fastidious Coffee drinkers throughout the country, prefer it in this way. "Try it."
☞CAUTION!☜
There are several parties in this and other cities, who are making an article, which they call the American Excelsior Coffee, imitating our style of packing, color of labels, kind of type, and using other methods to deceive the public.
Be sure when purchasing the American Excelsior Coffee, to see that it has the above Certificate of Dr. Aiken on it.
Remember to ask for J. E. Bacon & Co's American Excelsior Coffee.
For sale by all the principal Wholesale and Retail Grocers.
Manufactured by
J. E. BACON & CO.,
No. 476, W. Baltimore street,
june1-6m Baltimore, Md.

WILCOX & GIBBS'
SILENT FAMILY
SEWING MACHIN.
WILL Stitch, Hem, Fell, Tuck, Cord, Bind, Braid, Quilt and Embroider beautifully. It will, with the finest needle and thread, run from perfect work on the finest Nainsook to the heaviest beaver cloth, with no change of needle, thread or tension.
It will use coarse cotton, linen, silk and twine.—It runs easier, faster and stiller than any other machine. It forms a flat, even and elastic seam, differing from every other stitch, each loop being twisted by means of the
ROTATING HOOK.
A patented device prevents the possibility of the machine being run in the wrong direction, or the balance wheel ever wearing or touching the dress.—By another ingenious Patent improvement,
THE NEEDLE CANNOT BE SET WRONG.
Thus avoiding the great trouble of other machines. In this it is so easy that a child may set it in the dark with unerring correctness every time.
No Breaking of Needles.
The blade of the needle is less than ¼ of an inch long, and is straight. It is less than half the length of other machine needles, many of which are curved, therefore more easily bent or broken—a great source of annoyance, expense and trouble.
The Hemmer and Feller can never be set wrong. Any one may adjust them in the dark.
IT WILL NOT DROP STITCHES,
As the needle is always set right, the blade short and straight it does not vibrate like longer ones.
They will not get out of Order.
We have known it intimately for some time, and so far as we know, not one in family use has ever cost a dime for repair, or even been out of order at all.
This machine works admirably, and never stops "unaccountably." Not one operator in ten on the Wilcox & Gibbs will break a needle or drop a stitch in a year. The Wilcox & Gibbs in the hands of any one knows no "skips," "drops," jumps," or "misses." The roundness, evenness, beauty and durability of its stitch were never equaled.
Its rapidity, absolute stillness, ease of motion, narrowness and neatness of its Hem and Fell were never approached by any other machine.
The machine can be seen in operation at the rooms of the undersigned, who will take great pleasure in showing it to visitors.
MISS CASTLE,
East 2d Street, 3 doors from Market.
june8-tf.

NEW
FLOUR AND FEED STORE.
THE undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and vicinity that he has opened a
Flour and Feed Store,
in West Patrick street, a few doors above Heim's Grocery Store, Frederick City, Md., where he has on hand and intends keeping at all times, Choice Family, Extra Super and Rye Flour, Corn meal, Oats and Mill Feed, which he will furnish on as reasonable terms as they can be had elsewhere. He would also state that he is prepared to deliver articles in his line of business, to customers in any part of the city and country, free of charge. He hopes by diligent attention to business to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
He expects to keep on hand & all kinds of vegetables fresh from Baltimore.
july6-1y. WM. J. ROBERTS.

Public Sale.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Frederick County., and under a power contained in the last will of John T. Webster, late of Frederick county, deceased, the undersigned, as Executor of said last will will sell at Public Sale on the premises, in the village of Fairview, about four miles W. of Frederick City, on
Saturday, the 8th of September, 1866,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., the
HOUSE AND LOT.
owned and occupied by the deceased at the time of his death. The lot contains about
SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF AN ACRE
of land, and is improved by a
Comfortable Log House,
with Kitchen in the basement. There is a good garden and a great variety of
CHOICE FRUIT,
such as Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Grapes, &c., on the premises. This property would make an excellent home for a small family.
TERMS OF SALE.—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in six or nine mos., at the option of the purchaser. On payment of the whole purchase money, a deed will be executed to the purchaser, the purchaser to pay the Government stamp on the deed. STEPHEN J. WEBSTER, Ex.
aug10 John A. Lynch, Agent.

The Household Fairy!
PETROLEUM STOVE,
Manufactured and Sold by the Western Maryland Petroleum Stove Company,
C. B. LOVELESS, Patentee.
IN presenting this Stove to the public with such an array of wonderful advantages as it really possesses we fear our veracity might be doubted, we therefore invite the public to call and witness its performance at *Mr.* N. J. WILSON'S East Patrick street, between the hours of from 10 to 12 *A.* M., and 2 to 4 P. M.
☞Town and County Rights for sale, offering chances of realizing larger profits than rarely occur. For particulars apply to either of the undersigned.
C. B. LOVELESS,
DANIEL CASTLE, of T.,
McC. YOUNG,
Frederick, Md., June, 8.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber, having determined to withdraw from the retailing of Cook and other Stoves of his manufacture, in this market, has placed that branch in the hands of Mr. N. J. Wilson, who will always keep a large assortment of my stoves, and furnish them at very low rates.
feb16 McC. YOUNG.

Select Poetry.

SMILE AND BE CONNTENTED.

The world grows old, and men grow cold,
To each whilst seeking treasure;
And what with want, and care, and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure.
But never mind—that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will,
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No! steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'r a man that had to repose
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap
And consolation borrow.
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile, and be contented.

An Interesting Story.

SATAN'S LAST TEMPTATION.

A LEGEND OF BADEN.

The last branch and heir of the Lords Yburg, Sir Erkebrecht, had consumed and dissipated his ample possessions in a wild and dissolute life, and while yet in the prime of manhood, had so deply fallen, that to gain a miserable existence for himself and family, he had descended to the disgraceful occupation of a "Knight of the Stirrup," or in plain terms, a highwayman. From the watch-towers and battlements of his ancestral castle he gazed far and wide over the neighboring high road, or lurked in some thicket by the way to overthrow harmless travelers and wandering apprentices, and appropriate their goods. Very frequently he brought a rich booty home; and now begun anew in Yburg a life of boisterous revelry. This, however, lasted not long; a righteous retribution soon overtook him. His wife succumbed to the burden of sorrow which his harshness and cruelty, as well as his reckless life, had laid upon her. She sank to the grave in the flower of her age, and a few weeks after, their son, a blooming boy of twelve years old, hitherto his father's joy and pride, followed his mother to the tomb.

Shortly after this event, the Knight of Yburg expected a sharp conflict with some travelling merchants of Strasburg, who were returning, under a strong escort, from the fair at Frankfort. His fortune here entirely deserted him; the greater part of his companions fell in the struggle, and he himself escaped with the loss of an eye—No adventure of importance could be attempted with any hope of success by the little band in its present reduced condition; and, when there was no more booty to share, his followers left him one by one, and Sir Erkebrecht found himself totally alone on his mountain fastness, which hitherto had withstood all assaults from without. But beyond his four walls, there was nothing on the wide earth that he dared to call his own; he had no property, no estates; he had neither vassals nor men-at-arms to attend his bidding. Having incurred the hostility of the entire neighborhood, he ran no small risk, unprotected as he was, in leaving his castle. He ventured out only by night into the forest to hunt down some wild animal, on which to make a miserable meal. And even this he only dared to do in armor from head to foot.

One evening he had just quitted the precinct of his fortress as the full moon was rising behind the eastern hills. He had left the last drawbridge not far behind, and was taking rapid strides into the shadow of the lofty pines, when all of a sudden a strange pilgrim, as if sprung from the earth, stood before him. His stature was gaunt and tall, his whole figure haggard and fleshless. The bright moonbeams illuminated a withered, earth-pale countenance, shadowed by a grizzled beard; his hair flowed out in disorderly profusion from under a pilgrim's hat, and from their deep recesses his eyes sent forth glances of an extraordinary glow. The whole apparition had something unearthly and terror-stirring, and even the fearless Knight of Yburg at the first glance could scarcely escape the consciousness of a slight shudder. He scanned from head to foot the unaccountable figure of the pilgrim, who now began, in a heavy, hollow voice, to address him:

"Friendly greeting, and happy evening to you, Sir Knight of Yburg!"

"Your friendly greeting I accept," replied the knight seriously; "but pleasant evenings have been long since unknown guests at Yburg. Tell me, however, what brings you hither so late? The neighborhood of my castle, I should suppose, is not exactly the spot which people are accustomed to frequent at so late an hour."

"I had hoped," was the reply, "to find a hospitable reception from the holy brethren of the Fremersburg; but, on my way across the mountain, which I took with the idea of shortening my journey, I wandered from the right track, and thus have arrived in the neighborhood of your castle. Even if you were kind enough to put me in my way, the hour would be too late, and I too much fatigued. I must, therefore, request a greater favor, and entreat you to grant me hospitable shelter in your castle for the night."

"You could nowhere have made a worse application for a shelter, holy pilgrim, than to me," returned the knight. "Cellar and cupboard in these walls are as empty as my purse and my stomach. You see me even now on my way to hunt up some trifling head of game, and, until my skill or good fortune procure me this, I can offer you no refreshment beyond a draught of fresh water."

"By your leave, kind sir," replied the pilgrim, "I only require and request from you a roof-tree to shelter me, and a bed of straw to sleep on. The cellarer to the monastery of Reichenthal, where I passed yesternight, filled my scrip and calabash so liberally on my departure this morning, that there is abundance for us both; and if you disdain not to share a meal with a poor pilgrim, give up your chance for to-day, and permit me to follow you into your castle."

After a little reflection, Sir Erkebrecht assented, and the pair advanced to the entrance of the fortress. They passed through several doors, which the lord of the castle opened, and then carefully closed; they crossed rapidly the broad court of the castle, in which grass and weeds abundantly flourished. All was lonely and desolate, and nowhere was a human being to be seen. At length they reached the vaulted hall; but here also life seemed to have died out, and the moon alone lent them light upon their way.

While Sir Erkebrecht was now busied in kindling a fire upon the hearth, (for it was a fresh, cold, autumn night, and no lamp, moreover, was to be found in the castle,) the pilgrim emptied the contents of his scrip on a table, which he then drew to the hearth. The fire blazed up quickly, crackled merrily, and diffused a pleasant warmth and cheerful brightness in the vast apartment.

And now the twain, each other's mutual guests, turned their attention to the provisions, and Sir Erkebrecht was not a little astonished at the abundance of choice delicacies which the pilgrim carried with him, and which, the knight thought, could not have been a little burdensome on the journey. The pilgrim seemed not to notice the observation, and requested the knight to direct his attention to the flask as well. Sir Erkebrecht was not the man to wait for the repetition of such a request, and he took a long, deep pull at the calabash. When he replaced it on the table, he could not but confess that a richer and more reviving draught had never bedewed his lips, and that he not a little envied the pious monks in Reichenthal, who possessed a rich abundance of this divine beverage. The stranger again seemed not to notice the remark, and the banquet proceeded without interruption.

While, however, Sir Erkebrecht eagerly replenished his famishing interior, his guest appeared to remain at the table only for sociability's sake; for he tasted little or nothing of the dainties, but became every minute more and more communicative, while not intermitting from time to time to push the bottle—a movement never dishonored by his companion. Agreeably, however, as the beverage tasted to a palate long disused to wine, its operation on his entire being was no less delightful. A healthful glow diffused itself throughout his inner man, and every draught poured a strength of animation through his veins; he felt himself, within and without, youthful and lively, even as he never had felt in the days of his most vigorous youth. But the grand marvel of the matter seemed not to strike him, but even wholly to escape his notice: often as he applied to the bottle, lusty as were the draughts he imbibed, he could not empty it, although he had swallowed more than triple or quadruple its possible contents.—Then he followed the pilgrim's naratives with the closest attention, his travels, his descriptions of the most superb tournaments, the most costly banquets, the stateliest and most magnificent pageants. These narratives could not, however, fail to awaken painful recollections in the soul of the knight, as he recalled his squandered wealth and his present helpless position, and he could not occasionally repress a deep involuntary sigh, which seemed, however, to escape the notice of the narrator, whose descriptions became continually more attractive and alluring, so that they could not fail to awaken in the breast of the knight an irresistible yearning and craving after gold and wealth.—Suddenly the pilgrim made a pause in his tale, and then, in an altered tone and sympathetic manner proceeded:

"And when I reflect on all these magnificent glories, and contrast them with your desolate life, my heart is overwhelmed with compassion. Pardon me, Lord of Yburg, if I have awakened in your breast a painful sense of your poverty, but my heart would almost break with distress to see you perish helpless here, when you might be in possession of inexhaustible riches."

Sir Erkebrecht scarcely trusted his ears; in astonishment and the height of excitement, he demanded—

"Inexhaustible riches? Are you in your senses? How might that be possible?"

The pilgrim proceeded—

"As I will tell you. Mark me. In the course of my many and distant travels, I have gained from the instruction of eminent scholars and the perusal of mysterious manuscripts, a wonderful knowledge of things which before I esteemed impossible, or regarded as idle tricks and fables. It was thus that I obtained the discovery of a mighty treasure, which at present rests beneath the earth, but to which you have the most indisputable claim, if any such can be advanced at all. You have received me so hospitably that I regard it a duty to help you to the attainment of this incalculable sum of gold, which is actually at your command, as soon as you can form an earnest determination to possess yourself thereof. At the full of the moon you have only to enter the vaults where the earthly remains of your ancestors moulder; dig up the ground beneath their graves, and you will find the inexhaustible treasure therein buried, and which but awaits the hand which is fated to release it, and bring it the light."

Incredulity and avarice struggled in the breast of the knight, and he shook his head with an expression of doubt. But the pilgrim appealed to all that was high and holy for the truth of his statement, and at length forgot himself so far as to launch forth into horrible imprecations, inconsistent with his pilgrim's garb. Sir Erkebrecht would not, and could not doubt any longer the truth of his guest's assertion. Already in spirit he revelled in his new-born wealth, he exulted already in the anticipated joys of a luxurious life, which he once more trusted to enjoy. He could not, however, quite so easily repress a slight feeling of shuddering, when he thought of violating the abode of death, and at the midnight hour. This feeling induced him to ask the pilgrim, whether, if he undertook the adventure, he might count on his new friend's assistance. His guest, with some hesitatation, replied—

"To give you personal assistance in this matter is not permitted me. He who would obtain the subterraneous treasure must lay a solitary hand to the work.—But to prove to you my readiness to help you, I will so far give you the comfort of my presence, that I will stand on the threshold of the vault, until you have completed the business beneath my eyes. There is, however, one little insignificant condition, the fulfilment of which, to a man of your courage, is mere child's play.—That at the raising of the treasure you may fully succed, it is indispensable that, as soon as the graves are opened, you take out thence with your own hand the mouldering bones, and cast them through the open window into the moat of the castle, that there they may bleach in the pale light of the full moon."

If the mention of a condition associated with the acquisition of wealth had awakened expectations of joy and hope, this was, however, no longer the case when Sir Erkebrecht plainly understood what was required of him. And now a terror seized on his otherwise obdurated soul, and an icy shudder shook his limbs, on reflecting that he must violate those hallowed bones with sacrilegious hands, and fling them forth to horrible desecration.

The pilgrim well observed what was going on in the mind of his host, and said, with a cold sneer—

"I am sorry, Lord Yburg, that I have not found in you the man I expected. I believed you unapproachable by fear, and now I perceive that you start back from the disturbance of a few dead bones, like a boy before a nurse's rod.—What I scarcely deemed worth mentioning is to your disposition an insurmountable obstacle.—Well, then, let us say no more on the matter. Let the gold rest in its place, ready to yield itself to some bolder hand that will not tremble and shrink before a few dead bones."

To make question of his courage was to touch Sir Erkebrecht on the tenderest point. Bursting forth in an impatient tone, he said angrily—

"Who tells you I renounce the treasure? If I must dig up the bones of all the holy martyrs from their graves, I will never let my property come into the hands of a stranger; and mine it is, whatever is concealed in the earth within the precincts of my castle!"

"Now, you speak as becomes a man of true courage, Sir Knight of Yburg," said the pilgrim in an encouraging tone; "but the prize will overtop your boldest wishes. And that all may be conducive to the rapid and successful completion of what is well begun, it happens fortunately that this is one of the days on which the work may be accomplished. Twelve times only in the year does the moon fill her orb; see, she is even now rising over the summit of the great flight of steps in all her magnificence! Midnight is not far distant—the brief interval will soon escape us! On to success! On to a happy termination!"

Thus saying, he seized the calabash, and presented it, scarcely set down, to the knight, who took thereout so hearty a draught that he must have drained it twice over had all been right and natural.

Amidst conversation of various kinds, midnight arrived. When the stroke of twelve rang forth from the tower of the Fremersburg Convent, and the tall form of the pilgrim arose from his seat, a renewed shudder shook the limbs of the Knight of Yburg, which increased as he strode with the pilgrim through the halls, and passed the pictures with which the walls were richly adorned. There were there displayed the male and female ancestors of the Lords of Yburg, with their children, grand children and great-grand children, from the founder of the house to the last departed members of the family. A thousand and a thousand times had Sir Erkebrecht passed them without heed or notice; but now they seemed to exercise over him an irresistible fascination. His glances flitted involuntarily about till they rested fast and motionless on the haggard features of the dusky forms on which the pine torch which he bore in his hand cast a ruddy light. Though covered with dust and cobwebs in abundant profusion, till they had almost become indistinguishable, they still appeared to cast upon him reproachful glances on him who was even then proceeding with sacrilegious hand to violate their graves, and disturb their mouldering corpses in their long, deep slumbers on the bed of their last repose. At one moment he thought they raised their hands against him in a threatening attitude—then again they walked out of their frames against him, to hold him back by force from his reckless enterprise. An icy chill shook his inmost being, and his feet seemed rooted to the ground. The pilgrim, who could not but suspect what was passing in the breast of his companion, grasped him in silence by the hand, and drew him to the entrance; then in the cool of the open night air, his full resolution returned, he resumed his former courage, and he no longer hesitated to provide himself with the tools which he thought necessary for his undertaking.

Two ways conducted to the vault; the readiest led through the castle chaple; the key, however, was not at hand; they took, therefore, the other. Crossing the castle yard, they arrived at a low, narrow door, the rusty barriers of which could only be burst by a strong effort; and, as at length it turned upon its groaning hinges, the pair descended the narrow soiral staircase, and reached at length a second door, which was more readily opened, and led direct to the vault of death.

Here lingered the pilgrim behind, and Sir Erkebrecht walked into the vault, where he secured the torch in an iron ring which was fastened to the wall. On one side was an outlet towards the church; on the opposite were numerous recesses, wherein the coffins containing the remains of the race Yburg were placed in a row. Richly adorned blazonries were set over the niches, and above each the name of him who claimed it for his last abode and the day of his death. Behind, towards the castle moat, a window opened, the picture panes of which were so faded and darkened by time, that they scarcely afforded a passage to the light.

And now had the moment arrived when the Knight of Yburg must lay his hand to the work, whereby, as he was given to understand, he was to attain unbounded wealth; then again awakened a dread of the graves which surrounded him, and a horror of of the mid-night hour. In vain. Lust of gold, irrestrainable thirst of voluptous life, overpowered the last feeling of reflection. With violent hand he tore up the nearest grave, the stones tumbled on the earth, with a hollow sound fell the coffin-lid on the pavement, and the grinning skull of the fleshless skeleton glared on him from the eyeless sockets. The terrors of the Last Judgment seized him at this spectacle—his blood congealed to ice, his hair stood erect, and his knees struck together.

"You tremble for fear, Sir Knight of Yburg," cried the solemn voice of the pilgrim; and the shrill laughter of mockery followed his words.

Once more Sir Erkebrecht summoned courage, and extended his reckless hand to the lifeless bones. A strong gust of wind rushed whistling through the hall of death, and tore away the rusty hinges of the window, so that the moonbeams burst in bright and clear. The Knight hesitated no longer; his soul was on fire for gold, and every other emotion was silenced by this burning thirst.—The despair of the fiends had come over him, and in reckless haste he hurled the bones of the fallen skeleton through the open window. His sacrilegious hands desecrated grave after grave; bone after bone flew into the waterless moat, rattling on each other, rapidly forming a lofty heap.

And now in the desperation of his folly, he had come to the last grave. It was his son's. His frantic impetuosity hesitated not even at this; the coffin was soon burst open; but, wonderous to behold! there lay, fresh and undecaying, as in the pure bloom of youthful life, the corpse of the boy; a smile of happiness hovered on his rosy lips; a heavenly peace was shed over the mild expression of his features. Motionless and breathless, the Knight of Yburg gazed awhile on the beloved countenance, but soon he felt himself unusually affected. His despair was over; a feeling which he had never experienced took possession of his soul; a grief which he had never known now filled his breast. The heart of stone was broken, and tears gushed forth—tears, such as had never bedewed his eyes from his earliest youth, ran down his cheeks.

The demon who in pilgrim's garb guarded the threshold of the entrance, not daring to tread the consecrated ground, no sooner perceived that his project was likely to fail than he made a last attempt to secure his prey, ere it should escape his grasp. "Courage," he exclaimed; "Courage, courage, sir Knight of Yburg! one more cast and the work is accomplished, and the treasure yours!"

But now the form of the dead boy arose in the coffin; it stood erect, surrounded by an unearthly light; it extended its hand with a menacing expression towards the tempter, and exclaimed with a melodious but powerful voice:

"Avaunt! hence, Prince of Darkness! Here is the limit of thy power!"

And Satan fled, raving and gnashing. At the same instant a hurricane burst around the castle, horrible thunder-peals agitated the air, the earth trembled, the walls of the fortress tottered to their foundations. On the morrow morning, when the inhabitants of the neighborhood gazed on the height of the Yburg, the stately castle lay in ruins, and only the two mighty towers of stone rose from the heap of destruction, like gigantic tombstones, to the bright autumn sky.

We conceive the moral of the foregoing tale to be, that a life of reckless sin is often chastised in mercy; but when this chastisement fails to take effect; and sin is still persisted in the sinner is given up to the power of Satan and hurried by him into the most heinous and revolting crimes. Nevertheless, the merciful chastisement has not been altogether useless; some special cause brings it to remembrance in time, and the reflection overpowers the temptations of the Evil One.

The Sheep and the Goats.

There lived in one of the mountainous counties in Western Virginia, many Dutchmen, and, among them, one named Harry Snyder, and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement; but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him, and passed them off to Heaven or hell as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book, in which he recorded his judgements, and mounted his throne to try their causes.

He was heard to pass the following judgments:

Having prepared himself (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What you been doin' in dis lower world?"

"Ah, lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort, I hash—when des water was low, and mein business wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll."

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left mit der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwiler, now you stand up. What hash you been doin' in dis lower world?"

(The trial now proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.)

"Now, I tries mineself. Henry Snyder! Henry Snyder! stand up. What hash you been doin' in dis lower world?"

"Ah, lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Snyder, has't you got a mill?"

Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Snyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort I hash—when der water wash low, and mein business wash dull I hash taken a leetle too much toll"

"But Henry Snyder, vat did you do wid der toll?"

"Ah lort, I give it to der poor."—(Pausing.) "Well Henry Snyder, you must go to der right mit der sheep, *but it's a tam tight squeeze!*"

EIGHT MORE AS TWELVE.—A Dutchman in Pennsylvania leased his farm to an oil company in Pennsylvania for Spring, on condition of redeiving one-eighth of the oil procured. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the Dutch farmer began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth.—The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the Dutchman was not to tell any one.

All went smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early on hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil men, and one for him. This did not suit him.

"How's dish?" says he, "I think I was to get more as before; by jinks you make a mistake."

The matter was explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel out of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one out of every twelve.

This rexelation took him aback. He scratched his head and looked across, and relieved his feeling of self-reproach by indignatly remarking:

"Vell, dat ish great, dish ish de first time as ever I knowed dat eight vash more as twelve."

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.—A bachelor at a boarding house in Toledo, Ohio, heard a servant girl say she had dreamed that number 6,361 would draw the ten thousand dollar prize in one of the Chicago gift concerns. She said she was going to invest. He expostulated with her, endeavoring to convince her that she would be throwing her money away. She was stubborn about it, and asked him to write a letter for her ordering that number. He wrote it, and when the drawing took place it was found that number had really drawn the prize. He immediately went to the girl, proposed, was accepted, and they were privately married. After the ceremony was concluded he told her of her good fortune for the first time, and had the mortification to learn from her that his arguments had prevailed with her, and she had destroyed the letter instead of sending it.

Misfortune of Being a Woman.

Not long since an article under the head of a "Misfortune to be pretty," attracted my attention and enlisted my sympathy, but when the misfortune of being a woman was added, how could I fail to appreciate the difficulties of the situation? I never fancied that I should at all object to being "pretty," but I have learned that to be a woman, and single, is a great misfortune. There is no room, it seems, for any of us in this great city. "Gentlemen and their wives," "single gentlemen," and "gentlemen only," are alone entitled to an abiding place, or to any consideration; and, to use a borrowed phrase, "women are nowhere!" Now, having an innate dread of the strong-minded portion of the sex, I will hesitatingly avow my inability to take the subject in hand, and do it justice; yet the feeblest voice might be heard a little distance.

The lot of a pretty women is no doubt, one surrounded by trouble; but there is something so sweet and winning in her smile so graceful in her gesture, that she wins a way to the stoutest heart, and having stormed the fortress, holds undivided and generally undisputed sway. Nothing is unbecoming, for she invests everything about her with a nameless charm, and one knows not how to admire her most. But to be plain in features and form—no matter how lovely in mind and spirit—is indeed a misfortune. The days when a girl was loved for her goodness, live only in romance. Now-a-days it is for their pecuniary value and outside attractions Miss Flora does not understand how it can be possible that maidens ever make with their own fair fingers their modest wedding outfit, and grumbles at the necessity of the labor she has to undergo in visiting the *modistis*. She would be dismayed at the idea of keeping house with but a single servant. And the young men—who are also looking toward the future and—an heiress. Ah! the world is made for money. As though a cosy little house, with warm, loving hearts to fill it—and.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one"—

were not a fair representation of Heaven upon earth. There are few such houses, it is true; and Lizzie, whose soft fingers fashion her haughty neighbor's garments, will make the smiling matron. What though no costly plate may deck the table! The dainty white spreads and clean china, the graceful curtains and bright carpet, and may be, a candle in the corner, are welcome enough. How many bright dreams are given birth in that cosy home! How many supremely happy moments are interwoven in the young wife's life that are to her sweet as glimpses of Heaven!

How many are there who have no home. Seperated by circumstances from all family ties, buffeting with weak arm through stout heart, the world which recognizes them only as human beings with no claim on their sympathy, and none on their protection. The long sunny days come and go, and winter's stormy winds pass by and leave them as they were found. The same monotonous routine of labor, the quiet, dull headache that has kept its ceaseless throbbing day after day as the months flew by. What are life's dreams to them? An over present regretful memory of childhood's home of tender voices and then some agonizing thought of a far-away grave, where, at long, long intervals of time, they can steal away to vent their heart's bitter grief. How sad to be homeless in this great city.—And those whose ears should be ever ready, close them to the appeal of their sisters, never knowing (let us hope) the want of a home. No pleasant home influences to cheer the drooping spirits and teach a lesson of patience and resignation, no welcoming voice of pleasant greeting, no "home comforts"—only the cold indigerent faces, at the long table, the unmeaning chat, and the long evening, when, alone with thoughts they silently wonder "what they are living for." "We have no room for ladies," or we do not wish for single ladies," and the sound of the closing door strikes a chill to the timid seeker of a home. How wearily the footsteps tread the studied round and the heart sinks lower at the perusal of each placard "for gentlemen;" until pressed for time and utterly discouraged, she wends her way, envying the man who is "afflicted with a double;" for even her virible shadow would perhaps annul the dreadful stigma of remaining "single," and the misfortune of being a woman.—*Sunday Transcript.*

TO SECRET.—"I noticed," said Mr. Franklin "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting by a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day, to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.

"What an influence, then, hath women over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions? Speak gently, then; greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful.

PROBABLE EFFECT OF RADICAL POLICY.—The Buffalo *Courier* says that Gen. Grant, whom the Radicals are trying to put forward as a candidate for the Presidency, recently remarked to a gentleman of Buffalo, who met him in the West that "unless the Southern States were admitted to representation in Congress and the right of selfgovernment conceded to them, we should soon have another rebellion."

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