Manassas Weekly Gazette.

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LIGHT! LIGHT!! LIGHT!!!

FOR

Brilliancy, Clenliness, Safety, and ECONOMY,

Use the Fast-Becoming Popular

CRYSTALLIZED OIL,

Patented July 2nd, 1867.

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Corner King and Fayette streets,
3m ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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MANASSAS, VIRGINIA.

Wishes to inform the public that he is giving especial attention to the preservation of the natural teeth and will continue so to do, and invite those who wish to save them to call on him, knowing that many teeth are extracted and destroyed, that by proper treatment might be preserved and made useful for life. Artificial teeth inserted from one tooth to a whole set either on gold, silver or gutta percha base. 3m

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Manassas, Virginia.

Strangers and others visiting Virginia for the purpose of purchasing lands will be cheerfully shown a large number of farms which I am offering for sale. tf

Read, Read, Read, One and ALL, and give us the aid the cause demands. THE MANASSAS Lodge [illegible] meets every Saturday night at 7 o'clock, at the METHODIST CHURCH. All are solicited to unite with us, and all members of the Order in good standing, are earnestly invited to meet with us.
A. L. PHILLIPS, W. C. T.
S. J. NEWCOMB, W. S.
5-12t

A. L. DAVIS,

MANUFACTURER OF TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE, and WHOLESALE and RETAIL IN [illegible] Roofing, Guttering and Spouting attended to in any part of the State. Work done at the lowest market rates. *Manassas, Prince William County, Va.* 3m

BOOT & SHOE SHOP,

AT MANASSAS, VA.

I AM now prepared to make to order neatly all kinds of *BOOTS and SHOES* of the best quality. I use no inferior leather, if I know it. I have on hand an assortment of *FRENCH* and *AMERICAN* Oak, Kip, Upper and Sole and Hemlock Sole Leather of the first quality. I shall, by making such work as I can warrant, endeavor to merit the patronage of the public. In the new shop opposite Round's Law office.
3m J. F. ANDREWS.

W. ALBERT KING,

174, Bridge street,

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PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. tf

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[illegible] Farmers and others will find good accommodations at this House for themselves and teams. TERMS as low as any in the District.

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ly PROPRIETOR.

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Office No. 4, La. Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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BUILDING MATERIALS of all kinds such as Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Wood, Slate and Marble Mantels, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lumber, Lime, Laths, &c., &c. All goods guaranteed as represented, and at prices defying competition. Price list sent to any address by mail. Send for Circular and Price List.

H. W. HAMILTON & CO.,
342 7th street, directly opposite Centre Market, Washington, D. C. 6t

POETRY.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the rose, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years now fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Adventure on the Coast of Africa.

I had been in Goree for some months, serving in the capacity of clerk to a gentleman who was agent for a prominent firm in the city of B——. Goree is a small rock thrown up, probably, by some volcanic eruption. It is entirely destitute of vegitation, with the exception of a few stunted trees surrounding the Government buildings, and on the sides of the road leading to the fortress that crowns the summit of the rock.—The water used by the inhabitants is caught in tanks during the rainey season, and one has to be very careful about drinking in the dark, or he may swallow a worm.

The island is now in possession of the French. There is just about room enough to take a hop, skip, and jump, and you are brought up all standing by the blue waters of the Atlantic, which surround the rock on all sides. But it is not my intention to describe the island, and I will merely say that of all the places on the face of the earth it has been my lot to visit, Goree is the meanest, dirtiest, most uncomfortable, out-of-the-way place that I ever saw, and is totally devoid of all amusement. The night air and heavy dews often produce a malarious [illegible] There are but two Americans residents on the island, and in order appreciate their good qualities, one must visit them in their island home.

About ten miles from Goree, on the mainland, there is a small settlement known by the name of Rufisque. At this point the traders and natives make it a rendezvous, and bring in their various articles to exchange for tobacco and rum. Peanuts form the principal articles of export, together with hides, ivory, etc.

Rufisque is a barron, sandy place—not a tree to shield you from the rays of a tropical sun, and many an hour have I stood upon the end of a wharf keeping account of a [illegible] up a vessel with peanuts for B——.

It was while engaged in loading a large schooner, lying off Rufisque, that the following adventure befell me, and one I shall never forget to my dying day.

The negro village is quite large, consisting of huts built on reeds, rushes, mud and grass. There a few stores, kept by Frenchmen, who drive a thriving trade with the darkies, but the life is a terrible one. The desert of Sara runs nearly into Rufisque, and, in fact, I could never distinguish between the two, for one appeared about of destitute of vegetation as the other.

One Sunday, I was sitting under the awning of the vessel, listening to the roar of the surf as it broke heavily on the beach. I chanced to look in the direction of Goree, and saw in the distance a small sail-boat heeling over to the fresh northeast trade winds, and rapidly approaching the vessel. By the aid of the captain's glass, I made them out to be a party of French officers belonging to the garrison at Goree. They were soon alongside, and I stood by to throw them the end of a line, and in five minutes I was welcoming them aboard the schooner. They were a merry, jovial set of fellows, and time seemed to pass more quickly when in their cheerful company.

Breakfast was soon served, and we all sat down to partake of a good yankee dish of baked beans and brown bread, rarities not often met with, I fancy, on the coast of Africa.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning, when Piquemal, the gayest of the whole party, proposed to go on shore and call on some of the gentlemen there. No sooner said than done, and we shoved off from the schooner's side, the captain accompanying us, all feeling in high spirits. The sun was now getting high up in the heavens, and we lost no time in getting off the hot sand beach, and entering the house of a gentleman well known to us all, we proceeded to take things easy. He invited us all to dine with him, and accordingly did, and as a Frenchman's dinner in those parts consists principally of cognac, claret and champagne, we were all feeling rather lively as we issued from our friend's house.

Some Arabs passing by on horseback attracted the attention of one of our party, and a ride on horseback was proposed and accepted. I have forgotten to mention that nearly all the party were armed with revolvers, and I carried in my belt a fine Remington revolver, an old and tried friend.

We proceeded toward the interior, racing and galloping like madmen.—Our Arabian horses flew over the sandy plains like the wind, and in the couse of an hour we found ourselves on the edge of a small forest, beyond which an open and undulating country could be seen. The air was cool and delicious, coming direct from the ocean, and the sun, slowly sinking to rest in the western horizon, threw a soft subdued light across the golden sands in beautiful contrast to the waving green fields, and tall nodding palm trees which abounded on all sides. Some one proposed to keep right on, and take a look at the surrounding country, which in the distance appeared very tempting, and despite the warning of a number of the party, some galloped on, and the rest followed with considerable reluctance.

For a time we enjoyed ourselves hugely, and never once thought of turning our horses' heads toward home, till we noticed the sun disappearing, and the shaddows of night creeping upon us. Hastily retracing our steps, we found our way back through the wood, I happening to have the lead; and as I reached the edge, I drew my horse to one side, waiting for some one to lead the way; but, as if by *common* impulse, they all halted and looked into each other's eyes.

'Come, take the lead, some one,' I at last said. 'I am tired of waiting here, and besides, the wild beasts will be prowling around soon, and I don't propose to be gobbled by a monarch of the desert.'

But to the dismay and terror of us all, not one could tell from what direction we had come. A light wind had been blowing [illegible] tracks with sand, and had entirely obliterated every trace of the trail. As far as we could see in one direction, nothing but sand met our anxious gaze. At the opposite point of the compass, a country sprinkled with trees, grassy plains, and groves of mango and palm trees in the distance could be seen.

'Well, messieurs,' I said, turning round in my saddle, 'we may as well make up our minds to camp out for the night!'

'Confound the luck!' muttered the captain. 'This is a pretty mess we are in, and if ever I get clear, you don't catch me again in a hurry.'

'Take it easy, captain; there is no use fretting now; we must make the [illegible]

For some minutes I had been watching a grove situated about a quarter of a mile distant, and fancied several times I could see smoke rising above the tops of the trees. I communicated my suspicions to my comrades, and together we traveled toward them.—Soon the bark of a dog was heard, followed by another, and a moment after an old Arab made his appearance, gazing in wonder at our party. He had evidently been engaged in cooking his supper, when we disturbed him. Piquemal addressed him in French, explaining the position we were in, and offering him a ten franc piece if he would pilot us back to town, and to our joy he immediately took up with our offer.

The Arab soon produced a camel, and proceeding to saddle it, was about to mount, when, impelled by a feeling of curiosity, I motioned him to mount my poney, while I took charge of the ship of the desert. He good-naturedly humored my whim, and made the desired exchange, and away we started on the back track.

It was now getting dark, and we were proceeding at a rapid rate, when the captain, desirous of trying the range or accuracy of his aim, drew a bead on a jackal running over the plain, some way in advance of us.—The instant my camel heard the report, he wheeled quick as a flash, and, heading for the interior, set off at a pace that made every bone in my body rattle, and that I have never seen equaled before or since. It seemed as though the very old nick was in the brute; in vain did I pull and yank on the rope that was made fast around his neck; the more I pulled and hallooed, the faster he ran. I heard the shouts of the party as they followed in pursuit, but they were soon left hopelessly behind, and finally disappeared altogether. I did not dare to jump off his back, for the camel was going at a tremendous pace, and I was afraid of sustaining some injury if I jumped from such a height. So I made up my mind to stick to the animal, feeling sure it would soon bring up somewhere, for it did not seem possible it could keep up such a tremendous gait much longer.

For an hour or so it never abated its pace one jot or title. Over plains, through woods, over sandy spots, had I come with the speed of a locomotive. It was now dark, a light haze obscuring the heavens, and as I gazed around the dreary waste of sand, a feeling akin to despair crept over me, as objects flew past with the rapidity of lightning.

The camel at last showed some signs of slacking up, and as we reached the side of a small stream of water, he gave a [illegible] with hind legs which sent me flying through the air, and I landed some dozen yards distant in a sand bank.

The last I saw of the infernal brute he was ambling off amid the trees at a good round pace, and for aught I know, is running yet.

It was now quite dark, with the exception o the pale uncertain light falling from he stars, and I looked about me for a place to pass the night in.—Singling out a tree that stood alone on the bank of the stream, I quickly ensconced myself amid its branches, and made myself as secure as possible.

I was certain that my comrades would be searching for me, and in the morning should be found and liberated from he predicament I was in; so, wearied out with the exertions and excitements of the day, I fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke the moon was up, shining brightly, and hearing a light pattering noise by the water, I turned my head in that direction, and I beheld a troop of eighteen or twenty *giraffes*; they were, I should judge, about fifteen feet in height, and of a delicate color, and very graceful in their movements. I could have easily shot one, but did not like to waste a shot, as I had no ammunition with me, except the six charges in my revolver. At that instant a terrible roar echoed through the woods, and away went the giraffes, switching their tails and cantering quickly out of sight. All sorts of noises [illegible]—the purring of the tiger, the roar of a lion, the chattering of monkeys, and dismal croaking of frogs, mingled together, and helped to contribute to make the night as hideous and awful as possible. The musquitoes were swarming in clouds about me, and the pain from their large and poisonous stings was becoming unbearable. In vain I shifted my position, and thrashed my arms about; they returned to the attack with renewed energy and numbers, forcing me first to the top, and from thence to the bottom of the tree. As I slung to the lower branches, deliberating what course to pursue, a brilliant idea shot through my brain.

'Something must be done to clear these fellows out,' I muttered [illegible] impossible for mortal to stand the torture any longer, so here goes;' and I commenced to descend slowly from my perch. Before I had half way reached the ground, a terrible crashing and crackling attracted my attention, and I paused to see what could be the cause of it. A large elephant finally made its appearance. Walking leasurely out of the woods, it pushed its way through the bushes and underbrush, and proceeded to drink, and after cooling its sides by spouting water all over himself, disappeared among the trees and bushes.

Swinging myself up again, I resumed my seat on the lower limb, wondering what would come along next, and trying to obtain some relief from the infernal insects that drove me almost mad. Suddenly an enormous serpent, dragging its huge length along, appeared, probably in search of something to eat.

'Mighty pleasant neighbors,' I tho't to myself. 'I must put my plan in operation, and see what effect it will have upon the surrounding country.'

Sliding down the trunk of the tree, I carefully scraped together some dead leaves and grass, and drawing the charge of one chamber of my revolver, I sprinkled the loose powder carefully on top of the pile, and snapped a cap amongst it, and in an instant a little spark appeared, which I soon fanned into a blaze. With frightful rapidity the flames spread amid the dry grass, and leaping from tree to tree, the whole forest was soon on fire; huge volumes of smoke rolled above and around me, effectually driving off the musquitoes, and the flames shooting up towards the tops of the trees, made the heavens lurid and red with their light.

'I guess my friends will see this,' I muttered; 'they must be blind if they can't,' and climbing another tree, I watched the flames, as driven before the wind, they penetrated deeper and deeper into the wood.

Beasts of all kinds now began to appear, and running as though frightened to death. One immense tiger bounded past, his hide singed, and he roaring with pain and fear. I recognized a number of the animals I saw, but a great many I had never before seen in my life.

For some time I sat and watched the beasts as they bounded on in their mad career, and suddenly hearing the tramp of horses, mingled with the indistinct murmuring of the voices of human beings, I made sure that me friends had arrived. As quickly as possible I regained the hot smoking earth, and with a loud voice bade my friends come in and rescue me from the fix I was in. Nearer came the sound of horses' feet, and, with a rush and a shout of surprise from all parties, four wild, [illegible] Arabs suddenly appeared on the scene. With a jerk on the bridles of their horses, they arrested their career, and with a simultaneous movement they leveled their long glittering lances, to run me through, but seeing I made no attempt to harm them, they again raised their weapons and held a consultation among themselves, while I stood, my hand firmly clutching my revolver, and wondering what would turn up next.

Finally one of them rode a little in advance of the rest, and with a significant gesture motioned for me to mount behind him, but feeling suspicious that all was not right, I shook my head.—Producing a piece of rope, he held it up and made believe to tie his hands, and their intention was evidently to take me prisoner and carry me off as their captive. The full extent of my danger now flashed through my brain, and I knew if once captured by these wild sons of the desert, and taken into the interior, *my chances* for freedom would be very small; so I determined to defend myself to the last sooner than be captured by them, and subjected to a fate worse than death.

The other three new rode up alongside of their companion, and again they lowered their weapons, while I, stepped back a few paces, drew my revolver. With a yell they dug their heels into the ribs of their horses, and dashed toward me. Covering one swarthy rascal, I pulled the trigger, jumping behind the friendly cover of a large tree just in time to escape being spitted by the lances of the other three. Wheeling, they spread themselves so as to attack me on three sides at once, but before they could get fairly started I laid another one of them low, while his horse galloped off across the desert snorting with fear. The two that remained gazing about them for an instant, and with yells of rage came dashing at me again. I partially succeeded in eluding their spears, receiving an ugly wound in the side, which caused me to stagger and reel. Blinded with pain, and faint from exhaustion, I gave up all for lost, and prepared as well as I could to repel their [illegible] should have succeeded I know not, but a loud shout attracted their attention, and caused my heart to bound with joy and thankfulness. It was my friends approaching at last, and just in the nick of time. The Arabs hesitated for an instant, muttering a few low gutteral words, and started off at a gallop. The next instant I was surrounded by my friends, who had been searching for me all night.

With their [illegible] I was enabled to reach Rufisque in safety. I paid the old Arab liberally for the use of his [illegible], and the author of all my trouble; but I never see one of the ungainly brutes, but what they remind me of the ride I had on the coast of Africa.

Wit and Humour.

'I wish, Sally,' said Jonathan, 'that you were locked in my arms, and the key was lost.'

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great comfort to be alone, 'especially when yer swatehart is wid ye.'

A Gravestone in the Rockville, (Conn.) cemetery has this epitaph:
'In memory of Jane Bent,
Who kicked up her heels and away she went.'

'Jake lend me ten dollars till I sell my dog.' Says Jake sympathetically, 'Don't sell him.'

Tell me, dear sir, are you fond of tongue? I always was, madam, and like it *still*.

A boy having been told that a reptile is an animal that creeps, on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly replied, 'a baby.'

'I think our Church will last a good many years yet,' said a waggish deacon to his minister; 'I see the sleepers are very sound.'

Brown of Minnesota, has attained the climax of impudent infidelity. He not only left his wife to elope with another, but he stole his wife's clothes for the other to wear.

A shrewd but enlightened school director, away out West, used to say, on examining a candidate for the post of teacher, 'We all know that A, B, C is vowels, but we want to know why they is vowels.'

An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on 'the oyster,' which he called 'one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant,' when his friend interrupted him, and closed the debate, with exclaiming, 'The oyster! Ah, yes the oyster is a glorious fellow; he always knows when to shut up!'

A cockney family were lately gazing at a shop window in Rockford, Illinois, when the following conversation occurred; Little girl—'Oh! mamma, is that a 'en?' Mamma—'No, my child; that is a howl.' Father—'No my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'en nor a howl, but it is a *heagle the hemblem of this blarsted country!*'

An Irishman who had been engaged to cut ice, when handed a cross-cut saw to commence operations with, pulled out a copper cent, and turning to his comrade, said. 'Now, Pat fair play, head or tail, who goes below.'

'Pa,' said a young hopeful the other day, 'didn't I hear you say you wanted a cider press?'

'Yes, my son; where can I get one?' he asked.

'Why you jest try Jake Stokes By the way he hugged sister Sal the other night, out by the gate, I should think he might be about the thing you want.'

Sal suddenly left to see to the things in the kitchen, and the old gent recollected that he had not seen to the piece of fence that neighbor Jones' critters broke down the other day.'

Look a hea, Sam, said a negro to a field hand over the fence—look a hea—d'ye see dat tall tree down dar?

Yes, Jim I does.

Wall I got up dat tree night afore tomorrow.

What you up dat tree arter?

I was arter a coon.

You cotch him Jim?

Wait till I tell de fax, Sambo.

Well exceed.

I chased de coon out to de udder end of dat longest limb and den I hear sunfin drap—What you 'spose it was Sam?

De coon ob cose.

No you don't—'twas dis here foolish nigga—like to broke he neck—bin limpin ever since.

Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, [illegible] questions straightforwardly until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired: 'Look here, Squire—where was yeou born?' 'I was born,' said the victim, 'in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the 1st of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin.' Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck, [illegible] ened, and he quickly said: 'Yeas; wall, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?'