

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVI—No. 305.

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1880

Price Two Cents.

Spring Opening

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

We have for sale for the coming seasons an immense stock of

Ready-Made Clothing,

of our own manufacture, which comprises the latest and most

STYLISH DESIGNS.

Come and see our

NEW GOODS

MERCHANT TAILORING,

which is larger and composed of the best styles to be found in the city.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

SPRING OPENING

H. GERHART'S

Tailoring Establishment,
MONDAY, APRIL 5.

Having just returned from the New York Woolen Market, I am now prepared to exhibit one of the best selected stocks of

WOOLENS

Spring and Summer Trade,

ever brought to this city. None but the very best

ENGLISH, FRENCH

AMERICAN FABRICS,

all the leading styles. Prices as low as the cost, and all goods warranted as represented.

H. GERHART'S,

No. 51 North Queen Street.

SMALING,

THE ARTIST TAILOR.

Closing out our stock of Light Weights at cost to make room for

Fall and Winter Stock.

A Large Line of

English Novelties.

TROPICAL SUITINGS,

SERGES AND REPS,

BANNOCKBURN AND CELTICS,

GAMBROON PARAMATA

AND BATASTE SUITINGS.

SEERSUCKERS, VALENCIAS, PAROLE

AND BOHAIR COATINGS.

A Splendid Assortment of Wilford's Faded Ducks in Plain and Fancy Styles. A Full Line of

Marseilles and Duck Vestings.

All the latest novelties. An examination of our stock is respectfully solicited.

I. K. SMALING,

ARTIST TAILOR,

121 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

GROCERIES.

FRUIT JARS! FRUIT JARS!

MASON FRUIT JARS,

at

D. S. BURSK'S,

17 East King Street, Lancaster.

FLOWER POTS!

PLAIN, GLAZED AND ORNAMENTED FLOWER POTS, AT

BURSK'S.

PEACHES! PEACHES!

Daily receiving suitable for canning and preserving, at

BURSK'S.

GROCERIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LEVAN'S FLOUR

No. 27 NORTH PRINCE STREET.

LOCHER'S RENOWNED COUGH SYRUP

BARGAINS IN CALICOES

NEW YORK STORE.

5,000 YDS. NEW DARK CALICOES AT 5 CTS. A YARD.

Just opened an elegant assortment of choice styles in Calicoes, Cretonnes, and Chintzes.

MUSLINS! MUSLINS!

Standard Makes of Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, from 10 to 20 per cent. below June prices. INDIAN LINENS, VICTORIA LAWNS, WHITE, PINKS AND CAMBRICS, AT 50% OFF.

Watt, Shand & Company,

8 AND 10 EAST KING STREET.

DRY GOODS!

HAGER & BROTHER,

NO. 25 W. KING STREET, LANCASTER.

Are receiving New Goods in all Departments.

OUR STOCK OF

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS

PAPER HANGINGS

For the Fall Season will comprise all the latest Designs and Colorings, and be larger and more complete than ever before.

HAGER & BROTHER.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

ZAHM'S CORNER,

RE-OPENED FOR BUSINESS.

We are glad to announce to our friends that we have completed the alterations in our main store room and now offer a very full and complete stock for their inspection, including

Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, American and Fine French Clocks, &c.

Among the different makes of Watches we carry we call especial attention to

THE LANCASTER WATCH

as one of the best in the market.

Our Spectacle Department includes the

Arundel Tinted Lenses,

which afford more comfort to the eyes than any others. Special attention given to fitting glasses to work and defective eyes.

Our facilities for business in our SALES, MANUFACTURING and REPAIRING departments are much better than they were, and we feel reasonably sure of meeting the wants of those who favor us with their trade. We extend a cordial invitation to all to call, assuring them of our prompt attention, fair dealing and low prices.

EDW. J. ZAHM, Jeweler.

Zahm's Corner, Lancaster, Pa.

CLOSING OUT OF SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK.

In order to close out our stock of Spring and Summer Goods to make room for a heavy Fall Trade, we are offering great inducements in Men's, Youth's and Children's Clothing.

In our Custom Department we have a large lot of Piece Goods, which must be closed out before September 1, regardless of profit.

In our Ready-made Department we have an unusually fine stock of Summer Clothing, all of which can be purchased at very lowest bottom figures.

Gentlemen, our facilities are not equalled in the city. It will cost you nothing to examine our stock.

MYERS & RATHFON,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENNA.

CARPETS.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY.

Positive sale to Reduce Stock of

6,000 Yards Brussels Carpets,

AT AND BELOW COST.

Call and satisfy yourself. Also, Ingrain, Rag and Chain Carpets of almost endless variety, at

H. S. SHIRK'S

CARPET HALL,

203 WEST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

ROBES, BLANKETS, &c.

SIGN OF THE BUFFALO HEAD.

ROBES! ROBES!!

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!

I have now on hand the LARGEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of Lined and Unlined BUFFALO ROBES in the city. Also LAP AND HORSE BLANKETS of every description. A full line of

Trunks and Satchels, Harness, Whips, Collars, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

A. MILEY,

308 North Queen St., Lancaster.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

HENRY A. RILEY

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
21 Park Row, New York.

Collections made in all parts of the United States, and a general legal business transacted. References by permission to Stetman & Hensel.

REMOVALS.

D. N. S. H. FOLEMAN,

(PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON).
Removed from No. 18 South Prince Street to No. 21 West King Street, Lancaster, Pa. (1m23m4)

A. E. McCANN, AUCTIONEER OF REAL

Estate and Personal Property—Orders left at No. 35 Church Street, or at the Black Horse Hotel, 41 and 43 North Queen Street, will receive prompt attention. Bills made out and sent to without additional cost. 02-17

Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 25, 1880.

FEAST AND FAMINE.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON MORAL AND PHYSICAL INCONGRUITIES.

Vivid Contrasts Afforded by the Records of Everyday Life—Death from Hunger and Death from Gluttony—Sector's Philosophy.

TWOSCORE AND TEN.

Mr. Troubridge's Latest Poem—Anecdotes of Daniel Webster.

TWOSCORE AND TEN.

Across the sleepy, sun-lashed atmosphere of the pew-checked, square old meeting-house,

Through the high window, I could see and hear

The far crows cawing in the forest boughs:

The earnest preacher talked of Youthful Age:

"Life is a book, whose lines are fitting fast!

Each word a word of every year's page,
Till, leaf by leaf, we quickly turn the last."

Even while he spoke, the sunshine's witness-crypt

By many a fair and many a grizzled head,
Some drooping heavily, as if they slept,
Over the unspelled minutes as they sped.

A boy of twelve, with ankles fresh and strong,
Who found the least no-cushion of repose,
Who deemed the short, uncertain man for long,
My thought, were in the tre-troops with the crows:

Or farther still I soared, upon the back
Of white clouds sailing in the shadow blue,
Till he recalled me from their dazzling track
To the old meeting-house and high-backed pew.

"Twelve year childhood, as it tucks the leaf,
How long and bright the warded page appears!
But to the aged, looking back, how brief—
How brief the tale of half a hundred years!"

Over the drooping pews the preacher's word
Resounded, as he passed to wipe his brows:
I seem to hear it now, as then I heard,
Re-echoing in the hollow meeting-house.

"Our youth is gone, and thick and thicker come
The hoary years, like tempest-driven snows!
Flies fast, flies fast, life's nesting peddler,
And ever faster as it shorter grows."

My mates sat wondering wearily the while
How long before their *Lady* would come in,
Or glancing at the girls across the aisle,
Or in some distant corner playing pin.

But in that moment to my inward eyes
A sudden window opened, and I caught
Through dazzling rifts a glimpse of other skies,
The dizzy deeps, the blue abyss of thought.

Beside me sat my father, grave and gray,
And old, so old, at twoscore years and ten:
I said, "I will remember him this day,
When I am fifty, if I live till then."

"I will remember all I see and hear,
My very thoughts, and how life seems to me,
This Sunday morn'g in my twentieth year—
How will I seem when I am old as he?"

"What is the work that I shall do to do?
Shall I be worthy of his honored name?
Poor and obscure or will my dream come true,
My secret dream of happiness and fame?"

Ah me, the years betwixt that hour and this!
The ancient meeting-house has passed away,
And in its place a modern edifice
Invites the well-dressed worshipper to-day.

With it have passed the well-remembered faces:
The old are gone, the boys are gray-haired men;
They too are scattered, strangers fill their places:
And here am I, at twoscore years and ten!

How strangely wandering here beside the sea,
The voice of crows in yonder forest boughs,
A cloud, a Sabbath bell, bring back to me
That morning in the grand old meeting-house!

An oasis amid the desert years,
That golden Sunday smiles that I cannot see!
I see the venerated head; through tears
I see myself, that far-off wondering child!

The pews, the preacher, and the whitewashed wall,
An haunted look, with careless children trailing
Isaw't! pages—I remember all!
My very thoughts, the questioning and yearning;

The haunting faith, the shadowy superstition
That I was somehow chosen, the special care
Of Powers that led me through life's change-
ful vision, Spirits and influences of earth and air.

In curious pily of myself grown wise,
I think what then I was and dared to hope,
And how my poor achievements satirize
The boy's brave dream and happy horoscope.

To see the future flashed with morning fire,
Rays with banners, bright with beckoning spears,
Fresh fields inviting courage and desire—
This is the glory of our youthful years!

To feel the pettiness of prizes won,
With all my vast ambition; to behold
So many things that were so little then,
This is the bitterness of growing old.

Yet why repine? Though soon we care no more,
For triumphs which, O! won, appear so sweet,
They serve their use, as toys held out before
Regulated our infancy to try his feet.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing life, and new experience gained;
In daily duties done, hope kept alive,
That Love and Thought are housed and entertained.

So not in vain the struggle, though the prize
Awaiting me was other than it seemed.
My feet have missed the paths of Paradise,
Yet life is even more blessed than I dreamed.

Riches I never sought, and have not found,
And Fame has passed me with averted eye
In creeds and bays my quiet vocation is bound,
While the great world without goes surging by.

No withering envy of another's lot,
Nor nightmare of contention, plagues my rest;
For me alike what is and what is not,
Both what I have and what I lack are best.

A flower more sacred than far-seen success
Perfumes my solitary path; I find
Sweet compensation in my humbleness,
And reap the harvest of a tranquil mind.

I keep some portion of my early dream:
Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
It lights my life, a fair elusive gleam,
Moves as I move, and leads me on forever.

Our earliest longings still enthrall the man,
Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
And in my life I trace that larger plan
Whereby at last all things are reconciled.

The storm-clad years, the years that hoar and hasten,

The world, where simple faith soon grows estranged,
Toll, passion, loss, all things that mold and chasten,
Still leave the inmost part of us unchanged.

O boy of long ago, whose name I bear,
Small self, half hidden by the antique pew,
Across the years I see you, sitting there,
Wondering and gazing out into the blue;

And marvel at this sober gray-haired man
I am or seem. How changed my days, how tame
The wild, swift hopes with which my youth began!

Yet in my inmost self I am the same.

The dreamy soul, too sensitive and shy,
The brooding tenderness for bird and flower;

The old, old wonder at the earth and sky,
And sense of guidance by an Unseen Power—

These keep perpetual childhood in my heart:
The peaks of age, that looked so late and cold,
Those peaks and I are still as far apart
As in the years when fifty seemed so old.

Age, that appeared far off a hour's rest,
Reveries as I advance; the fount of joy
Rises perennial in my grateful breast;
And still at fifty I am but a boy.

—J. T. Troubridge in the Atlantic Monthly.

Feasting vs. Starving.

For the last several years, the prices of the

"Such is life"—"Some people are feasting all the time and know not the pangs of hunger, while others are almost starving in the back alleys for want of bread."

Upon the great ocean of human events, it is wonderful to contemplate the multitudinous episodes of human life that are brought to the surface through the public press. They come sometimes in gentle undulations, sometimes in ripples, in boisterous waves and in bounding billows.

Sometimes they bring glad tidings, some times individual achievements or general success, but often times, alas! trails of woe, personal violence, or heart-rending disasters. Now and then they seem to breathe the utterances of "angel's best," but more frequently the voices of "gob-damned." The press, as a faithful chronicler of events, is not responsible for what it is compelled to promulgate, so long as it adheres to truth, any more than the sea is responsible for the debris brought from its depths to the surface, by the ceaseless action of its waves. It is true, much may be brought to the surface that is hid from the beholder, and of little use, physically or commercially, to society; but then, if it is always calm, we should never know its composition and contents; for, we may feel assured that it reveals nothing but what is actually there. So it is with the press. It reflects the mind, and avers the useful, beautiful and sublime, we should never know that their opposites existed; never able to determine between good and evil—perhaps never specially embrace the one and resist or eschew the other.

Lines we have quoted above are the concluding reflections of a contemporary upon the case of a poor, but intelligent and respectable woman and her five half-starved and ily-clad children, occupying an obscure attic, in the city of "Gotham."

"There are doubtless thousands of such cases all over the country, but this seems to have been an especially aggravated one, from the respectable position the parties once occupied, and which was lost through the long and painful afflictions and death of an excellent husband and father. Side by side with this touching paragraph was another to this effect:

"At a meeting of the 'Turtle Club' a costly prize was awarded to a certain Mr. —, who devoured twenty-one plates of turtle soup at a single 'sitting.' The second prize was awarded to Major —, who devoured seventeen plates. Others there doubtless were who devoured ten, twelve, or perhaps sixteen plates, but received no premium, simply because only two may have been offered. Perhaps it would have been more expressive of the fact, if the number of plates had been 'gulled,' or 'swilled,' so many plates of turtle soup, but these terms might have been regarded as too inelegant to have been applied to gentlemen; for surely the Turtle Club could not be composed of anything but gentlemen."

It is true there are many instances of poverty of the English language, the word devour became a sort of necessity. The German is richer than the English in this respect; they have "essen" and "fressen," the former applied to human beings, the latter to brutes. Admitting that a man who rolled back his eyes and ate six plates of turtle soup for a "square meal," this Mr. — has transcended the normal quantity by fifteen plates, an act which perhaps no brute on earth would commit, except a hog or a glutton. It is true there are numerous processes for such cases of crime, and one must be amazed that a man who rolled back his eyes and ate six plates of turtle soup for a "square meal," this Mr. — has transcended the normal quantity by fifteen plates, an act which perhaps no brute on earth would commit, except a hog or a glutton. 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