

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 126.

LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1881

Price Two Cents.

## WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

We call attention to a few very desirable articles at unusually low prices

- Boys' Silver Hunting Cased Watches at..... \$ 6.25
- Boys' Silver Hunting Cased Stem Winding Watches..... 15.00
- Gentlemen's Silver Hunting Cased Full Jeweled Watches..... 5.00
- Gentlemen's Silver Hunting Cased Stem Winding Watches..... 15.00
- Ladies' 10 and 14 Carat Gold Hunting and Half Hunting Cased Watches at..... 18.00

We call attention to our fine Movements for Ladies' Watches Full Jeweled, even in centre pivots, which we will case to order in Handsome Box-Joint Monogram Cases or otherwise. Gentlemen's 18 Size Movements Cased and Engraved or Monogrammed to order.

A special new line of goods is just received, consisting of Gentlemen's Silver Box-Joint Cased Watches, the Handsome Silver Watches ever brought to this city. We invite an inspection of these goods, feeling confident we can show inducements to buyers not to be found elsewhere.

H. Z. RHOADS & BRO., Jewelers,

4 West King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

## EDW. J. ZAHM,

Manufacturing Jeweler, Zahm's Corner, Lancaster, Pa.

Things in our stock that make

### Beautiful and Durable Christmas Gifts.

- WATCHES, DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, SPECIALLY, JEWELRY, GOLD BRONZES, GOLD HEAD CANES, GOLD THIMBLES, SILVER HEAD CANES, SILVER THIMBLES, OPERA GLASSES.

- GOLD PENS AND PENCILS, HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE BOXES, GOLD BRONZE SMOKING SETS, FINE CIGAR SETS, BACCARET VASES.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE AT

ZAHM'S CORNER, LANCASTER, PA.

## CLOTHING.

### GREAT SLAUGHTER IN CLOTHING.

### GRAND MARK DOWN AT CENTRE HALL.

Will be sold in sixty days TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF

### HEAVY WINTER CLOTHING,

Without regard to cost. Now is your time to secure a good suit of clothing for very little money. Ready-made or Made to Order.

### OVERCOATS IN GREAT VARIETY,

For Men, Youths and Boys. Men's Dress Suits, Men's Business Suits, Youths' Suits in every style. Boys' Clothing, a very choice variety. Don't fail to call and secure some of the bargains.

MYERS & RATHFON,

No. 12 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PENN.

## FOR SALE.

### FOR SALE CHEAP.

A FIRST-CLASS

### THREE-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

WITH A GOOD STORE ROOM.

This Property is situated on the corner of Mulberry and Lemon streets; with nine good rooms and large cellar; also hot and cold water and gas throughout the house.

This Property will be sold cheap or exchanged for a small house or building lots. Also, a FIRST-CLASS BRICK STABLE in the rear of the house, and occupied by Samuel Keeler, for sale now.

For further particulars call on

BAUSMAN & BURNS,

Or at HOUGHTON'S STORE, 25 North Queen Street.

## CLOTHING.

### The Clothing Bargain Rooms.

The mass of the stocks selling below cost is so great that we may say there is a change from last week, except that a very few lines are exhausted—not enough to mention.

Large and complete stocks of new clothing of all grades, from common to fine, are here, giving for less money than their original cost.

Remember, though, that still larger, though not more complete stocks are not marked down at all. You can buy out of either, as you may prefer.

These stocks have been separated for convenience in selling; but they are made together, in the same way, for the same purpose, and after the same standards.

Bring back whatever you don't want at the price.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

Oak Hall, Market and Sixth.

### OVERCOATS!

Closing out at a great reduction our immense line of Novelties in Overcoatings.

- Fur Beavers, Seal Skin, Elysiun, Montanak, Ratina and Chinchillas.

All the New and most Desirable Styles

STOCKANETS,

IN NEW COLORS AND CHOICE STYLES

Why not leave your order at once and secure an Elegant, Stylish, Well Made and Artistic Cut Garment as low as \$20.

A LARGE LINE OF CHOICE

English and Scotch Suitings,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

J. K. SMALING'S,

THE ARTIST TAILOR,

121 N. QUEEN STREET,

A RARE CHANCE!

The Greatest Reduction ever made in FINE WOOLLENS FOR GENTS' WEAR.

H. GERHART'S

Fine Tailoring Establishment.

A Large Assortment of Genuine

English & Scotch Suiting,

Suiting and Overcoating,

THIRTY DAYS.

H. GERHART,

No. 51 North Queen Street.

Special Announcement!

Now is your time to secure bargains in

CLOTHING!

To make room for our large stock of Clothing for Spring, now being manufactured, we will make sweeping reductions throughout our large stock of

HEAVY WEIGHT CLOTHING,

Overcoats, Suits, &c.,

MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CLOTHING IN COATS, PANTS AND VESTS, BELOW COST.

Call early to secure the best bargains.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

## Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 27, 1881.

### The Story of Gareth, the Kitchen-Knave.

A Study Read by O. F. Adams, Before His Class in English Literature, December, 1880.

In the long list of Arthurian heroes it seems to me that no name among them all appeals with a stronger claim to our affections than that of Gareth.

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent." He belonged to the younger group of knights, that which includes "the young Impetuous Lancelot," the "meek Sir Percival," the "pure Sir Galahad," that bright boy-knight, the repentant "Elyra son of Nudd" and the sweet Sir Pelleas of whom we read that with him passed

"The sweet smell of the fields and And first he entered into the halls of the blameless king. The "meek Sir Percival" and the "pure Sir Galahad" have in them too little of frail human nature for us to claim much kinship with them, and sweet Sir Pelleas we pity more than we love.

The fine Gawain was a son of a traitor in him and with Sir Lancelot his guilty love for Guinevere is as the

"Little pitted speck in garnet fruit." That rotting inward slowly moulders all." Remembering the hard lot to which the patient Enid was put by her suspicious husband, Prince Geraint, we can not altogether love him, and though we admire the bold Sir Belivore, we cannot excuse his falsehoods to his king. For the good Sir Bors we have the reverence which honest men give to a knight, but for Gareth, who will follow glory wherever it may lead, and yet remains submissive, and ready to do whatever ignoble tasks may first be given him before he may reach its

warmest place in our hearts before all knights of that great Table Round.

We see him first chiding in inaction at home and ceaselessly entreating Queen Bellicent, his mother, to let him go to Arthur's court, where the King's nephew and the sullen Mordred, his brothers, had preceded him, there to be made knight and bound to perform brave deeds of hasty handiwork. Long he pleads with the reluctant Queen—

"I will walk thy floor, Mother, to gain it—your toll leave to go," he cries, and the mother, yearning to keep this, her youngest, safe at home, and believing that when Gareth

"Behold his only way to glory lead." "Low down thro' yon kitchen passage," he would shrink back, makes this hard condition.

"Prize, then shalt go disarmed to Arthur's hall, And thine only sword for meats and drink, Among the scullions and the kitchen-boys, And those that hand the dishes across the bar. Not that I seek to do thee wrong, but that I would that thou shouldst serve a twelve-month and a day."

But the mother misjudges her son. Not in any way like this is this bold spirit to be daunted, and in a moment more he flings his answer back—

"The thrall in person may be free in soul," and the wistful mother has no more to say.

To Camelot speeds the happy youth and enters Arthur's service and

"all for glory unweary." The cheery youth of the "kitchen passage," and the grim Sir Kay, the seneschal, sets him at most laborious and menial tasks. Then follows a pleasant picture of the boy's life among the kitchen thralls, and we read that

"Gareth bow'd himself With all obedience to the king, and wrought All kinds of service with a willing case That pleased the lordliest in doing it."

All strong, bold souls early learn the virtue of obedience and this fair stripling is no exception. When the thralls have talk and the thralls of Arthur and of Lancelot and their great deeds, the young prince is glad of heart, "but if their talk was foul" for Gareth's companions were of their kind.

"Then would he whistle rapid as any lark, And not some old rascal, and so he sang. That, first they mocked, but, after, reverenced."

But after a month of the queen, who has privately told Arthur of her son's adventure, releases him from his vow. At his own request the joyous boy is made a knight in secret and is promised the first quest. Glory is his only mistress, for of love he knows not yet.

"God wot I love not yet, But love I shall, God willing," he cries, and that very day he starts in pursuit of the one who is the wish of the other are cast around him. No more than another is he to escape that sweet influence which makes some men and mars others and he passes under it ere he is aware.

"I had some day there passed into the hall A damsel of high lineage, and a brow May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom, And her eyes, as his could stay her, turned, Tip-tilled like the petals of a flower."

Truly a sweet picture she must have made pleading her cause before the king and "a sign she made an old man young," and Gareth who felt the first stirrings of the gentle passion and knew not what it was reminded the king of his promise, though the damsel had asked for Sir Lancelot to defend her sister's Lyonesse and the four knights, who call themselves Morning Star, Noon Sun, Evening Star and Death, that had leagued against her, and again she sees the aid of the great Lancelot. Up springs Gareth, offering with the pardonable boastfulness of a boy to the blameless king:

"Thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I, And might I live the meads and drinks an I, And I can topple over the first stirrings of the gentle passion, and know not what it was reminded the king of his promise, though the damsel had asked for Sir Lancelot to defend her sister's Lyonesse and the four knights, who call themselves Morning Star, Noon Sun, Evening Star and Death, that had leagued against her, and again she sees the aid of the great Lancelot. Up springs Gareth, offering with the pardonable boastfulness of a boy to the blameless king:

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"Sir kitchen-knave, I have mis-d the only way. When Arthur's men are setting on the wood. If both be slain, I am rid of thee, but yet, Sir Scullion, can't thou see that spit of thine? Fight and thou canst; I have mis-d the only way."

A little later on their journey Gareth rescues a "stalwart Baron" from the clutches of those who would slay him, but even yet the scornful lady puts no trust in Gareth, exclaiming

"But deem not I accept these ought the more, of thee, for running scold with thy spit Down on a rook of craven foresters. I know, with his fall had scented them. Nay—for thou smeltest of the kitchen still."

Disappointment has lent a sharp edge to the fair damsel's tongue, for she proves an able mistress of abuse.

"There is a villain fits to stick swine. Than ride about redressing women's wrong," she calls him but she does not move him to a tart reply. At last a little pily, woman-like, mingles with her scorn, and she urges him to retreat and not to attempt battle with her sister's terrible foes, but courteously Gareth answers:

"Say thou thy say, or not, I will do my deed; I will not be a coward, and thou wilt find I am not. Among the ashes and wedded the king's son."

So on they go, reviled and reviled, until they reach the pavilion of the Knight of the Morning Star, with whom Gareth fights. Even the scornful damsel cannot repress her admiration of his prowess, and cries out

"Well struck, kitchen knave," and at last Gareth is victor. Woman-like too, she has her own way, though ever so little, relented towards her follower as we shall see.

"Knaves, when I watched thee striking on me The savor of thy kitchen came upon me A little fatherly, but the wind hath changed; I sent it westward, and thou art here again."

That the damsel is no pleasant traveling companion is easy to be seen, but Gareth bears all her taunts most patiently. On their ride and now the second knight, him of the noonday sun, is encountered and overthrown, and Gareth asks:

"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again, and stoutly she replies:

"Nay not a point; nor art thou victor here. There is a ridge of water across the way. His horse thereon stumbled, ay, for I saw it."

A man of more experience in the wiles of womanhood might perhaps have seen in this stout denial reinforced by the contented assertion, the evidence of a varying behind the bold front and have taken courage. In spite of herself her spirits rise at this second victory and she carols a verse of a love song yet turns to say to Gareth following her to the kitchen.

"What knowest thou of love song or of love? Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born. That had a pleasant presence."

She cannot, though, she would, remain all indifferent to this handsome stripling who has proved himself so brave, and yet bitter little speeches rise to her lips as if to make amends for the growing tenderness of her heart.

"O, dew flowers that open to the sun, I singe and then the bitter taunt must have its aim—

"What knowest thou of flowers, except, be they? To garish me with? Hath not our our King, the flower of Kitchendom, A foolish love for flowers? What stink ye round? Wherewithal deck the boar's head?"

"O birds, that warble to the evening sky," she sings once more, and the once more follows the old word at war with her heart's promptings.

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle, I know it all; these be for the swain, (So runs thy fancy) these be for the spilt, Lamenting and bawling."

She can say this to Gareth and yet so strange a thing is woman, she can cry exultantly to the Knight of the Evening Star when they come into his presence:

"Both thy younger brethren have gone down before thee, and so with thee, Sir Star!"

Long and desperate is this third conflict and the damsel who now has hardly breath for taunts is crying all the while:

"Well done, brave knight, well struck, O knaves, as noble any of all the knights—Strike, strike the wind will never change again."

No wonder that the poet tells us now that:

"Gareth, hearing, ever stronger smote," and a third time the kitchen knave is conqueror and now the damsel says as well she may:

"I had no longer: ride thou at my side; Thou art the mightiest of all kitchen-boys, and I have learned of thee, and now I have this damsel, but there is a noble nature underneath or never could she so gracefully atone for all her injuries."

"Sir—and in good faith, I fain had