

The Lancaster Journal

VOL. LVI.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1855.

NO. 16

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL

Published every Tuesday morning.
By GEO. SANDERSON.
TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; two cents per copy. No advertisements inserted without arrangement with the Editor.
Advertisements—Such as Head Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Labels, Ac., are charged with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

about, looked rather hard at it, and then at darling Lottie.
"Well, what is it? I'm sure I don't know what makes it so full of these specks. It boiled and boiled it."
"Yet it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin?"
"No, I forgot."
"No matter. It will do very well. Now, darling Lottie, I'll take an egg. Why, it's as hard as a brickbat!"
"Hard! Now, how can they be hard, when they were boiling all the time I was making the coffee and the toast?"
"Ah, toast; let's try that. A little burnt but very good; don't cry darling, it'll all be right next time."
After showers came sunshine, and this one cleared off. The doctor laid aside his dignity, and helped to wash the dishes, and then put his horse in the sulky, took the new saddle bags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while darling Lottie blocked out a worsted parrot, that bids fair to be the wonder of her next winter's parties. But this, like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner was to make up for the breakfast. The doctor laid a nice dish of boiled victuals—some shad made a fire, and peeled the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, and parsnips, and put them, with a nice sparrow-rib of fresh pork, into the kettle, and set them to boiling. There was a rousing fire, the water boiled furiously, and she went up stairs to put a few stitches into her parrot—Pretty soon she became conscious of an unpleasant odor, she sniffed and wondered, and then put in the eye of the parrot. But the unpleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction of the kitchen, and that happened to be in the kitchen. The stove was red hot, so was the kettle of boiled victuals, and a nice smother was rising from it. The darling Lottie dashed a dipper of water into the kettle—bang! and such a cloud of steam! The kettle was cracked, but the doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set, and dinner was soon dished.

The darling Lottie took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysterics; but the doctor was so cheerful, and tender, that she began to feel quite happy. But the poor dinner. It did not smell exactly right; it seemed to have caught on the bottom of the kettle, the doctor said; then the potatoes were burnt into a pulp, while the beets and turnips were quite hard. The fresh pork rather wanted salting.
"Charles, dear," said Lottie, very sadly.
"Well Lottie, darling, what is it?"
"I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice."
"Well, it's a little scorched, and not exactly managed all regular, and all that sort of thing, you know, but what signifies?"
"Oh! it'll try the dessert."
"Well, darling, what's the trouble?"
Lottie ran into the kitchen, and there was her poor, forgotten plum pudding in the stove even just burnt to a cinder. It was black as coal—so fine carbonaceous, she said, as the doctor remarked, as he finished, or rather made his dinner on, some bread and butter.
The darling Lottie mourned over her disaster, but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her parrot, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure she could manage. And when the hour drew nigh she built a fire; and by this time she had learned how to manage that. Then she took some flour and milk and butter, with some saleratus, to make them light, and mixed up some nice biscuits, and put them into the oven, and then she made the tea, and when all was ready, she rang the bell with great emphasis. And truth to say, the table was nicely arranged, and the tea service of gold and china was beautiful.
Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto. He took a cake, and tried to break it, but it did not seem to break readily—Then he tried his knife. It cut like cheese, also, it was very yellow, and sweet and tasty, and rather strong, the doctor said. "Free alkali. So it did, in fact, for there had been no acid to neutralize the saleratus, and so free water carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cake rise. The doctor explained it all very learnedly; and then, as he felt thirsty, took a sip of tea, of which he was very fond. But he made a very face.
Lottie was in consternation. "Is not the tea right?" it must be, it put in a great deal, and boiled it over so long. I'm sure if it hasn't got the strength it soon will have."
"My darling Lottie, tea is a delicate and odoriferous plant, and should be prepared as an infusion, and not a decoction. Bring me a little of the darling, and some hot water, and I will soon make a good cup of tea," and he did so.
The poor darling Lottie! It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honeymoon, to keep her from downright despair. But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she had determined to have such a nice breakfast as would make up for all.

DARLING LOTTIE

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who, settling in a thriving village, became a due time a builder, contractor, and a successful man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious; and among other blessings, they had a fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as charming, indeed, as was necessary to make the smartest and cleverest young woman in the place fall in love with her—how he did.
Certainly he did. He was a medical student in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Miss Charlotte in the parlor or the garden. He could hear her play on the piano-forte, and sing; could see her do all sorts of wonderful worsted work; and he came to think that for one of the most delightful places of the world.
Well—it was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshines, music and blisses, bouquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally "Ask Pa"—and then a wedding—but of course the diploma came first, and the puffed-up daughter of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Dr. Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college rather young, and who thought it needful to raise all the whiskers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Maccasaris, and to mount a pair of spectacles, to make his eyes look first, and the puffed-up daughter of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Dr. Simmons. She was a love affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshines, music and blisses, bouquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally "Ask Pa"—and then a wedding—but of course the diploma came first, and the puffed-up daughter of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Dr. Simmons.

Well, Lottie dear, said the grave doctor, who was in his twenty-third year, to his wife of eighteen, shall we make a beginning now, rise early, and attend to business?"
"Oh, by all means. I'll jump up and get breakfast."
"And I'll feed Pomp and weed the garden."
So the doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and then took a peep into the neat little kitchen, to see how the "Darling Lottie" was getting on with breakfast. Her face was red, and her hands very black; her hair was powdered with ashes. It was plain that she had trouble, but she spoke pleasantly all that while she sat at the table.
"Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be ready."
Well, he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he fidgeted, then he wound up the clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he would cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.
The darling Lottie was looking a little better, but still rather anxious.
"Have you had a hard time, darling?" inquired the doctor cautiously.
"Oh, not very. The fire did not kindle well at first, and the stove smoked."
"Dumper! why no, dumper! why no, dumper! Well, I'll remember next time. Now have some coffee."
The doctor took his cup, stirred it

with his finger, and he was not so much surprised as he would have been, if he had known that the doctor was a visitor more welcome; and now the darling Lottie learned every possible thing to wash and mend, and cook, and bake everything; and became the nicest little house-keeper extant, while the doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into an extensive practice, and was never tired of boasting of the excellent cooking of his darling Lottie.

Let us see. It is most useful to sit down and suck your thumbs in case of accident or for want of business, or because customers don't come to your shop.
Why don't you advertise? Let the world know what you have lost or what you have got to sell.
"What's the use?"
That's the answer that we expected. We have heard it before—heard it quite lately. What's the use will be seen when we tell you a little story. It is the story of a dog. Not much of a dog either. A little dog—a dear little dog, such as little children love, and are made happy by loving, for the brute teaches the human animal lessons of fidelity.
Such a dog was lost. Strayed or stolen, who knew? Nobody—yet nobody said, "Let him go. I don't care," for every body loved the dog. He was so playful—so cunning—so intelligent—so affectionate—never all he was not like some of the two-legged ones—a dirty dog.
Well, early one morning the dog went away—perhaps only to teach his betters how much better it would be for them to be like him, early to bed and early to rise, and out for a morning walk.
And so the dog went away, and no one thought of him, he had gone till breakfast-time, and then it was discovered that little Fiddle—she called him Fiddle, for a short name—did not start up and bark round the door when the breakfast bell rang, and did not come and sit down by his mistress' chair looking up for a mouthful. No, he came not; for like many another rover he had gone away from home; and the seductions of the world hindered his return. Up and down, all through the street, in every basement, in alley, court and backyard the little pet was hunted. A score of boys were offered a dollar to bring him back, and away they started, for there is a magic power in a dollar that gets the world in motion. How they did run! Those boys, pulling every little girl by the sleeve with a hurried word—have you seen a little white dog?
How they did scour up and down, looking for the "lost dog!"
By and by the lady saw her pet, or thought she did, in the arms of an old negro woman, going up the street, past the next corner. How the hunter scamper now. The old woman is lame, and walks poorly. She will be overtaken, for the pursuers see the head of their prize over her shoulder. It was an exciting race—one—two—three—four. One is ahead. Now two comes up and passes him. Who would not run for a dollar? The next moment, and the hunter is in motion. How they did run! Those boys, pulling every little girl by the sleeve with a hurried word—have you seen a little white dog?
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