

The Farm Water

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1855.

NO. 19

VOL. LVI.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

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Behold the force of Waterloo,
Advancing to the sea, they pass
And stronger 'er the Sultan's due;
As if Religion would be strengthened
If Moslem reign were further lengthened,
"The Russian Bear," cries Johnny Bull,
"Designs to feast alone on Turkey's
Aid, starting for Sebastopol,
O'er lengthy seas with stiles so murky,
Sit down in mud above his ankles,
And chew the cud his bosom rankles.
Bold "Monsieur Crapaud," no less willing
To taste a small slice—'Notes Bona
He should have lost his least shilling
Before forgetting St. Helena)
Sends off his eagles, ripe for plunder,
To help chastise the bear like thunder.
"The best laid plans of men and mice
(Sang an' agh), says Robert Burns;
Ail "Monsieur's" ends that Fortune's dice
Ail's fickle as of yore by turns.
The welcome met in the Crimea
Of Bruta's "pluck" gives some idea.
He should have learned from former wars
How difficult the undertaking
To take on the Crimean
Will "a Petit" be victor hailed
At all events, how拿破仑 failed?
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Of Christ will gain from the Alliance,
The Christian mission, though so much
To solve by any rule of science;
Fair Freedom, triumph Greek or Turk;
Will flourish feebly from the work.
When despoils battle for the sword,
With the cross of Christ upon their shields,
Americans can only pray
That freedom may prosper their fields,
And also majestic from the wreck
Of crumbling thrones at Heaven's beck.
From Home life, or a peep across the threshold,
THE HAUNTED HEARTHSTONE.

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"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."
"Do I believe in haunted houses?"
Said the aged woman, speaking rather to
herself than to the fair sweet grand-child,
who nestled at her feet and looked up so
earnestly into the wrinkled face. "Yes, indeed I do. There's not a house in this
whole village, nor for miles around but
is haunted—none, though so much
as this." "Haunted," continued she speak-
ing so slowly that a solemn emphasis seem-
ed to rest on each letter, yet there are such
things as haunted spots." And then she
dropped her knitting, took off her glasses,
wiped her eyes, and leaning back in her
arm chair, seemed lost in a sad yet holy
communion with the earlier and better life.
The wind howled fiercely around the old
farm-house drifting the snow high on the
window sills, fastening it to the rough pan-
els of the doors, sitting it through the
crevices of the mossy roof and heaping it
up like giants' graves all along the path-
ways throughout the garden. But in doors
was bright, and of a summer warmth.
The huge hearth-log had been dragged in
into the room, and was now slowly dropping
into coals; while the flames from the light-
er wood, which every few minutes was cast
on with so free a hand, blazed high and
ruddy, and cast a genial light and glare in
the darkest corner, and scintillated on the
time-darkened ceiling like polar flashes on
the midnight sky.
It was one of those bitter nights that
make the hearth-stone the homiest spot on
all the earth—a night when the sheltered
lift up their hearts in thanksgiving, when
the homeless bow in supplication; a night
when the children kneel before the fire and
read the bright prophesies in their hands
when the aged father, with his chair yet
near to the blaze and warm their shivering
memories; a night when all turn their
backs to the darkness, their faces to the
light.
"It was a night to make ghost stories
relish well—do, grandmother tell me
the head of the young girl rested on
the knees of the old lady, and, as the
latter lost the thread of her dream and
looked down, she could see an enthusiastic
cavern pictured in the bright blue eyes,
a longing for some tale of romance, that
dropping into her heart, should vivify its
dormant passions. She hesitated a few
moments, and then tenderly caressing the
one lone pet of her bosom, she said: "I
will tell you a story about a haunted hearth-
stone, and Lizzie, it will be no tale of fic-
tion. The plot is drawn from living mem-
ories, the scenes laid—here, here." But
her tremulous voice quivered with added
notes, and after a moment's stern but use-
less effort at self-control, it burst into sobs
so loud and so long, they rivaled the
cries of the winter wind.
The young girl seemed not much fright-
ened and spoke no soothing words, but
only clasped the hand she had taken as she
asked in the story, with a tighter grasp—
as it passed away, she rose, and turning
her trembling steps toward the dark
bedroom, and going in, closed the door,
and was absent long while. The tears
streamed down Lizzie's cheeks when left
alone, and it was evident that the aged
lady had some secret sorrow, over which she
mourned intensely. When she returned
again seated herself in her usual chair,
and drawing it a little closer to the fire,
there was such a calm, beautiful, spiritual
look expressed upon her countenance, that
you could not but fancy she had conversed
with the angels. Without any allusion to
the past, without any preface, she began,
after a silence of perhaps half an hour,
the promised story. Handed down to me,
it reads like this—
It was a night like this forty years or
more have passed since its windy blew
and snow drifted, since its cold paled and
its darkness frightened. Besides the same
hearth stone—the same only that it was
not worn so smooth, for the house then had
tested but thirty instead of as now seventy
and odd winters—an aged man and his
wife sat before the blazing fire striving to
whisper away the long evening hours. There
came, as now, daily mails coming
into our little village, freighted with news
in every shape. The press did not seem,
as now, with magazines and books; it was
rare to see a newspaper in this old kitchen,
and rarer any volume, save THE ONE. The
old man had studied that some time, and
carefully replaced it—Bible did not then
thumbed to pieces. He had taken his ap-
ples, drank his cider, and cracked some
walnuts for his wife, whose teeth were
sunder than his own; and now sat close
as he could draw himself to the flames
without scorching his homespun garments,
noddng good bye to sky-bound sparks,—

A FRENCH STORY.

The winding up of a romance in real
life has recently taken place in the quaint
official world of Paris. Thus runs the story.
At a Court hall, some twenty years
since, a young officer of the French army,
English by name, obtained an introduction,
without challenging the remark of his
Grace, the young lady's papa. Our hero
was handsome, witty, amiable, and in ev-
ery way a person to win the good will of
the fair sex. He was of good family, and
had the aristocratic d. amixed with his name,
although he could boast no patrimonial es-
tate.
The young lady was of England's privi-
leged class—both noble and wealthy.—
This, however, our lover did not know when
he bowed before the charms of beauty.
Love begets love, and women are grateful;
and the fair girl returned the young sol-
dier's devotion. They met often, how
where we cannot say; but Paris is large,
and English customs are convenient for
young people. This was all charmingly
agreeable, but unsatisfactory; for there
was a flirtation with a serious intention af-
fixed to it—marriage!
At length our heroine discloses her wish
to her parents. They are horrified; their
daughter marry a Frenchman, merely,
is lieutenant, a man, without estate! It is
lieutenant, she listens to this decision in
tears. A first weeping passed, however,
she feels nature's dictate and the strength
which love gives. She next boldly
and firmly declares to her parents that she
loves the young officer with her whole heart
and him alone will marry. That they will
not permit her to wed the man of her own
choice, she can wait until she is with-
out parental leave.
My Lord and My Lady are made con-
scious that their fair and gentle daughter
has a will of her own, and also a patent
determination to gratify it. They
come to parley, and enter into negotiations
with the young people.
The lovers are to be separated for two
years—it shall not be considered an en-
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ceive the addresses of other suitors.
On the other hand, the lovers are to
be permitted to correspond, and if they remain
lovers at the end of two years, they shall
marry with full consent and approbation.
The young lady consents, her anxious
lover, who guarantees that her love is un-
changed and that the two years' absence
will only serve to prove their affection for
each other, and endear them to one another
still more.
They part. The English party return
home. During a month they exchange let-
ters daily—and such letters! Of what a
length, and how full of terms of endear-
ment! How poor language seemed to them!
But one day our fair heroine listened in
vain for the postman's knock, so well known
to every Londoner. He came not.
The next day passed, and the next—and
the next; and thus many days passed, and
brought disappointment only.
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in the hope of obtaining an explanation of
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studies the love in her heart, and prides
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And so ends a real life romance, that is
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"My support," replied the oak "is natu-
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support and cherish you, if you have ambi-
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While I thus hold you up, your ornate
leaves and shining scarlet berries. The sur-
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Ail "Monsieur's" ends that Fortune's dice
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The welcome met in the Crimea
Of Bruta's "pluck" gives some idea.
He should have learned from former wars
How difficult the undertaking
To take on the Crimean
Will "a Petit" be victor hailed
At all events, how拿破仑 failed?
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To solve by any rule of science;
Fair Freedom, triumph Greek or Turk;
Will flourish feebly from the work.
When despoils battle for the sword,
With the cross of Christ upon their shields,
Americans can only pray
That freedom may prosper their fields,
And also majestic from the wreck
Of crumbling thrones at Heaven's beck.
From Home life, or a peep across the threshold,
THE HAUNTED HEARTHSTONE.

THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

Joined in the crusade 'gainst the Russ,
Behold the force of Waterloo,
Advancing to the sea, they pass
And stronger 'er the Sultan's due;
As if Religion would be strengthened
If Moslem reign were further lengthened,
"The Russian Bear," cries Johnny Bull,
"Designs to feast alone on Turkey's
Aid, starting for Sebastopol,
O'er lengthy seas with stiles so murky,
Sit down in mud above his ankles,
And chew the cud his bosom rankles.
Bold "Monsieur Crapaud," no less willing
To taste a small slice—'Notes Bona
He should have lost his least shilling
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Sends off his eagles, ripe for plunder,
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