

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

VOL. LVIII.

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NO. 2.

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

[The following exquisite ballad is the composition of Wm. Allingham, one of the late garden of British poets the past year has produced.]

"Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best! If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest. Do what they may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

"Har eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock, How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock.

Red roans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower Could never express the charming lip that has me to its power."

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrow lifted up, Her chin is very neat and part, and smooth like a china cup, Her hair's the brig of Ireland, so weighty and so fine, It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

"The dance of 'last Whit Monday night exceeded all before," No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor,

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh but she was gay, She danced a jig, she sang a song, and took my heart away.

"When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete, The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet; The fiddler mowed his blindness, he heard her so much praised, But blessed himself he wadn't dead when once her voice she raised.

"And evermore I'm whistling or frothing what you sing, Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;

But you're as many sweet hearts as you'd count on both your hands, And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

"Oh, you're the flower of womankind in country or in town, The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down. If some great lord should come this way and see You your beauty bright, And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

"Oh might we live together in lofty palace halls, Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall,

Oh might we live together in a cottage mean and small, With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall,

"Oh lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress; It's far too beautiful to mine, but I'll never wish it less.

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am proud and low, But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!"

## FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

Over land, and roof, and steeple,  
Lies the soft and yielding snow,  
And behold, a crowd of people  
Moving, noiseless, to and fro;  
Like to gangs of specter—no  
Moving, noiseless, through the snow.

Their footsteps are all voiceless,  
To the steps that come and go,  
Every step, however noiseless,  
Leaves a footprint in the snow,  
And each print, altho' 'tis voiceless,  
Tells its story to the snow.

Here he steps of youth and maiden,  
Age and manhood—pleasure, pain—  
Some whom cares have overladen,  
Some whom cares has sought in vain—  
Steps of manhood, youth, and maiden,  
Care will follow not in vain!

Yonder prints all bleed—uneven—  
Marks some weary pilgrim's shoes;  
After all his sins forgiven,  
May the grave accept him soon!  
He, whose steps seem so uneven—  
May the grave accept him soon!

There are foot-marks, hard and rigid—  
From their pressure we may know  
One whose heart, as winter rigid,  
Melts not at another's woe!  
But, beware! 'twill be a hard  
Right will overtake with woe.

There an impress, neat and slender,  
Shows where some fair girl hath passed—  
God! 'twill be a tender!—  
Angels' shield her from the blast!  
Heart so frail, and form so slender,  
Needs be shielded from the blast!

Here a naked foot seems creeping,  
Plainly mark'd each little toe,  
Has some mad-dog child been leaping  
From the window, in the snow?  
Out! some beggar's hat is creeping,  
Creeping, shivering 'thru' the snow!

White, with whoop and shout bewild'ring,  
Chasing, racing down the street,  
Here a band of merry children  
Leave the marks of dancing feet!  
To that bare-foot child, bewild'ring  
Are those marks of dancing feet?

Thus upon the prospect dreary,  
Like the child of long ago,  
I could gaze for hours, unwearied,  
Counting footprints in the snow;  
Mingled of the prospect dreary,  
Reading footprints in the snow!

In them lies no unwearied moral—  
Footprints in the melting snow,  
With the soft snow so unequal;  
But a little while—'twill go,  
Meanwhile, all may find a moral,  
Reading the footprints in the snow.

## MR. BUCHANAN AT WHEATLAND.

The editor of the *Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel* lately paid a visit to Mr. Buchanan, at Wheatland, and gives a very interesting account of the visit in the *Sentinel* of the 5th ult. The editor makes a mistake in saying that Wheatland is on the principal traveled route to Harrisburg. It is on the turnpike which leads to Marietta. It is, however, the best description we have yet seen of Wheatland and its illustrious occupant. We take from it the following extract:

We have traveled through the richest valleys, and witnessed the most beautiful scenery of New England; we have passed through the highly cultivated fields and the finest portions of New York and the Middle States, and we have crossed the fertile plains, and the rich and boundless prairies of the Great West—but never in our life has our eye rested upon a richer or lovelier country than that portion of Lancaster County which lies between Lancaster City and Philadelphia. It is emphatically, and without exaggeration, the Eden of Pennsylvania, and the garden of the world. It is of itself worth a visit in the summer time from any person who resides no farther off than three hundred miles.

## LOYALTY OF LOVE.

A TALE OF VIRGINIA.

In the Autumn of 1674, the present site of Richmond was divided into two plantations, belonging to Colonel Byrd and Nathaniel Bacon, the mansion of the latter standing upon what is now called Shoccoke's Hill. It was one of those fine old mansions patterned after the baronial halls of Old England, and since unequalled upon this continent. A spacious hall, decorated with portraits, large parlors, with furniture, of carved oak, a dining hall where a battalion could banquet, and a library with a bow window commanding a prospect of picturesque magnificence, especially when Autumn had touched the foliage with his magic pencil. The bright scarlet of the maple, the deep crimson of the dogwood, the lively yellow of the chestnut, contrasted strikingly with the deep green of the cedar, pine and hemlock, scattered through the forests. Below, the river foamed over its rocky bed to spread into a lake like a sheet, and was dotted with small islands, whose shadows reached far down into the earth-tinted tide.

Nathaniel Bacon, the master of the establishment, was a hale and handsome man, with thick black moustache, clear black eyes, and a florid complexion. Educated in England, during the convulsive struggles between the throne and the parliament, he believed that popular rights were equal to royal sway. Not so with his sister Henrietta, who had passed a winter with the Governor's family at Jamestown, where she had learned of the reverend "right divine" of her sovereign. Her age at this time was about eighteen, and although her form was not what the voluptuary would have called perfect, or her face one that a sculptor would have chosen for a model, yet there was a winning expression in her eyes, and a grace in her movements, that enabled her to charm all who knew her.

As the time our story commences, she had just opened a letter, from which a printed packet fell to the floor.

"Here, brother Nat," said she, "is one of His Excellency's letters to the privy council, sent back in good London print."

Bacon took the document, but as he read a flush came over his cheek. At length he exclaimed, in an angry tone—

"Hear how Governor Berkeley closes his accounts of us?"

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall have brought this hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

"Excellent, I declare!" said the fair loyalist.

"Excellent! do you call that excellent, girl? Why, I have half a mind to sell my plantation, and remove to the North."

"Ah, brother Nat, you would have your nose frozen off, even if you only go among the Manhattan Dutchmen, and—"

Here the laughing was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who presented a letter to Mr. Bacon. Glancing at the exterior, he introduced the new comers to his sister as Mr. Rupert Wytlyche, of Accomack, and breaking the seal, read the contents.

"I am happy to see you," said he, when he had perused the epistle; "and regret much to hear of the extraordinary conduct of the Governor in disbanding the volunteers. Can it be possible that at this time, when the yells of the savages resound through the woods, Virginians must retire to their plantations, there to remain until they are expelled?"

"Ah! I am glad to hear you talk so," replied Rupert Wytlyche, "if I have come expressly to request your acceptance of the commission of General. Here it is, signed by five hundred as brave men as there are on the continent."

"You surely are not asking my brother to take up arms against Governor Berkeley's will?" asked Henrietta, with a smile.

"Nay, Miss; but the country is in danger," said the young man, who had already begun to admire the fair Henrietta.

"It is a grave question," remarked Mr. Bacon, "and I must ponder over it; meanwhile, my sister will escort you to the falls, and to the rock where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain Smith. At dinner time I will give you an answer."

Rupert Wytlyche was a young planter near Jamestown, who, with a well proportioned person, and a manly countenance, possessed a noble heart and a cultivated intellect. His idea of female excellence had been formed upon an ideal model of perfection, in which he had blended the accomplishments of all the heroines of poetry and romance. Vain had been his search hitherto, but ere he had been long with Henrietta, he imagined if her qualities of mind corresponded with her personal charms, he had at length found the beau ideal of female perfection.

Meanwhile his brother had been sorely troubled at heart by the invitation to lead his fellow-citizens. Like every true Virginian, he felt that his country was in danger; for death was ravaging the land under the hideous form of savage cruelty. The force out under the command of Captain John Washington had proved entirely insufficient, yet the Governor, instead of adding to it, had rebuked them for killing a party of chiefs, because it injured the beaver trade, which he had a monopoly. That an armed resistance to the Indians was necessary, he did not doubt, but the thought of rising in arms against the will of the King's Governor rather staggered him.

"At any rate," said he to Wytlyche, as they sat enjoying their wine after dinner, "I will go to Jamestown and see how matters stand. Let the news reach me that a single white man has been harmed by the savages, and I will lead you on to vengeance, commission or no commission."

A long storm, at the conclusion of which the forms were impassable, detained Rupert Wytlyche a week with the Bacons. He well improved the time; for ere he left, Henrietta acknowledged that she was not disinclined to treasure up the rich harvest of affection which he laid at her feet. Nay, she was rather disposed to become more republican in her feelings, and to admit that Virginians might be capable of self-government.

Weeks passed, and in vain did Nathaniel Bacon urge Governor Berkeley to abandon his scheme of detached forts, and organize a volunteer force of riflemen. At last he left Jamestown in despair, and ere going home, paid a visit to Henrico, where the sharpshooters were encamped, unappal-

## ABOUT HOOPS.

The New York *Post* has an article about hoops which are becoming an important branch of manufacture—in which it gives some items as to their cost, preparation, &c.

The styles of skirts are numerous, varying in shape, size and cost. Not less than seventy-five kinds are sold at the establishment referred to, the wholesale price of which range from six to seven dollars a dozen. There are, for example, the skeleton skirt, several varieties of the Zephyr skirt, the La Frange skirt, the Congress, La Sylphide, and the Union skirt. Silk, muslin, haircloth, cactus-cloth, and other materials, are employed in their manufacture, besides the tape, cord, bone and steel which are needed to give them their set. In the matter of hoops, a general preference is expressed for the round whalebone, which, when boiled in oil, loses that brittleness which has been the main objection to its use. Some, however, prefer steel, and others insist upon cord, which, with ariline, constitutes a sort of compromise fashion.

The most popular styles of skirts at present appear to be the Union, the Skeleton and La Sylphide. The latter is a simple, tasteful article, bell-shaped, and in size, a just medium between the ungraceful straight petticoat, with its folds collapsing round the hips and legs, and the full blown ultra mode, which is such an annoyance to the wearer's companions in the theatre or in an omnibus. It has three bones, the lengths of which are fifty-six inches at the top, seventy-four in the middle, and ninety-five at the bottom.

These are considered the proper proportions, though we have seen some skirts at Genia's, which, at the lower bone, measure no less than one hundred and fifteen inches in circumference. As for the number of hoops, tastes differ. Some ladies go as high as six, while few are content with less than two.

The skirts most universally worn last summer were the "skeleton skirts." They were first made of round whalebone hoops, held together by tape; but these were complained of as being apt to trip up the wearer. A deep border of muslin was then added, which rendered them all that could be desired. Their great merit consisted in their extreme lightness. During the busy season, three thousand a day were made of this kind alone. Another style is called the "Union skirt." It is made of white or dark cloth, with the lower part quilted in large diamonds, finished round the bottom with jut cord. Above the quilting is a whalebone hoop, and about a quarter of a yard above that, another. The back is then finished by three small hoops of whalebone, which form skirts one above another, and extend over a quarter of a yard in length, which are suspended from the front of the binding, and attached to the hoop in front of the skirt.

In regard to hoops, we are told that every day adds something to the novelties which are said to combine all the advantages, with none of the disadvantages, of those which preceded them. The gutta serena hoops, a late invention, have proved quite impracticable in wearing. They break immediately, and will not bear stretching twice in one place. Another strong objection is the fact that, on becoming warm they emit an unpleasant odor, which soon renders them intolerable. The steel hoops, a still later production, are free from some of these objections, but are neither so elastic or flexible as the round whalebone hoops in oil, which is the best material for hoops we have seen. Made of very highly tempered steel, they are also very expensive, \$10 each being the price asked for some, which were only of common manufacture. They are also very apt to break, an example of which was afforded a few evenings since at one of Thalberg's concerts. A lady's steel hoop broke and sprung into her leg nearly an inch deep; the wound was very severe and may make amputation necessary.

Few persons are aware of the extent to which the business of making hoops skirts—a business scarcely three years old—is now carried on in this city. One firm in the business, besides their establishments in Connecticut and other places, occupy three floors of a building in Broadway, 200 feet deep and thirty wide, in the manufacture. In the busy season, 300 girls (a charming congregation, by the way, to the admirers of female beauty), earning from \$5 to \$10 each week, are employed in the manufacture, and are turned out in a day. One hundred and fifty of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines and a variety of labor-saving inventions are constantly in play, so that a single skirt is made in ten minutes.

We have known a husband enter the store, give an order for his wife's skirt, have it patterned and made, and received it all done up and ready to be carried home before he had half smoked his cigar.

A ton of cord is consumed in a week in the manufacture, and not less than \$6,000 worth of whalebone in a month; and then what acres of muslin and ariline—what lengths of thread and tape—what enormous quantities of little brass tubes to unite the hoops, will in process of time be consumed, it has not entered into the head of man to estimate. The imagination fairly breaks down in the contemplation. Though the new fashion has not triumphed universally, it is irresistibly contagious. Wherever it is seen it is admired and adopted. Perhaps it is not extravagant to conjecture that the day may yet come when, secure in these moving towers of bone and steel, our invincible wives and daughters will laugh at the exploded theories of female frailty, and when every woman's petticoat will be her castle.

"Pray, madam," said a young romantic-looking gentleman, addressing the daughter of an up-town bookseller, whom her father had deputed to stop in the shop just while he went next door—an amiable creature—about the age of sweet sixteen—"may I ask if you have Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, sir," she sweetly but simply replied, letting her finely lashed eyelids fall—"no, sir; but father says he'll settle the house in—street on me: that 'dough, don't rent for more than four hundred a year!" The young book-buyer had liked to die a laffin, as Sam Slick.

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please your Honor," said John, "it's an old one of your's that Missa gave me yesterday, when you were to town."

## THE OMNIBUS.

GRANDLOQUENT.—The following magnificent sentence is taken from the initial chapter of a story which is about to appear in a popular paper called the *New York Coder*. It will no doubt have an immense sale, as nothing can exceed it in sublimity and beauty. It describes the heroine of a story, who had just recovered from a fainting fit:

"And rising to her feet with a majestic mien, and a smile of angelic sweetness, she seated herself by the tea-tray, and performed the honors of her uncle's table to the satisfaction of all concerned."

"Suppose, sir," said Boswell to Dr. Johnson, after having put the case of one who was accused of forging a will, and who sunk himself into the Thames before the trial of his authenticity came on, "that a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society."

"Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country, let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil, where he is known."

Almost everybody has a bad cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street-corner dialogue between them, sounded something like this—Smith: "How'd eye do, Jones? Jones: "Pretty well, only I have a bad cold. How are you, Smith? Smith: "I have got out of a code too, but its getting well again. Jones: "What bad ail do you take? Smith: "I stuffed up laudobal water.—Do you take anything? Jones: "Do, I just grid ad bear it."

"What are you staring at, sir, may I ask?" said an imperious, moustached "blood" to a "Hoosier" on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as cat catches a mouse, for some fine minutes. "I thought sir," exclaimed the Hoosier, the moment the other spoke; "I said you'd got a mouth, and I was only waitin' to beartin about it to ask you to 'liquor.' Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care which myself."

A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you cannot separate her without stepping strings on an act menial, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others will see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow it sticks like glue and molasses to a bushy head of hair.

A London paper gives a very gratifying account of the progress Christianity has made in New Zealand. A chief of that annular country was questioned by one of the missionaries as to how far the study of the Scriptures had broken him of his unnatural passion for human flesh. The chief answered proudly, "You missionary men have done me much good; I never eat my enemies on Sunday now."

Admiral Lee being on board his ship one very rainy and stormy night, the officer of the watch came down to his cabin and cried out—"Sir, the sheet anchor is coming home!" "Indeed," was the answer, "I think the sheet anchor is perfectly in the right of it. I don't know who the devil would stay out such a night as this."

A servant girl fell against a stove in such a manner as to brand upon her arm the date, which happened to be on the stove—1849. A surgeon was sent for, who, however happened to be absent, and in his place an assistant came; but when he saw the date, he shook his head and said to himself: "There is no longer any help for this, it is too old an injury."

A monster, whose name we withhold for the present from the just indignation of our fair readers, says that if women were turned out of doors in Kansas with no more clothes on than his wife and daughter wear when they went to a party one cold night last week, it would have been an outrage, and the press would have had two long leaders on the subject.

There is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a water stick on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

"This ere animal is of the real stock, munn, and cheap at thirty dollars." Young Ireland—"It's a sweet pretty darling, black and white—but in my present bereavement you must procure me one entirely black. This one will do very well in about six months for half mourning."

A clergyman, engaged in catechizing the village school, asked a youngster, "What his godfathers and godmothers did for him." "I don't know, please your reverence," rejoined the lad; "they've done nothing for me yet."

A modern writer, who is probably fit only for "treason, stratagems and spoils," says: "Everything is very fine until you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bulfinch, great fun for your friends—duced tiresome to yourself."

An exchange paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

"Poppy what's meant by a Jewish passer-over?" "It means knocking down an Israelite, and then throwing a summer set over him."

The Dutchman who stabbed himself with a pound of soap, because his kroul would not "schmell," has been sent back to Germany.

## REMOVALS.

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Franklin street, and will be attended to with  
correctness and despatch. Jan 16, 1857

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REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, formerly of Philadelphia, and a Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, has removed to an office in the building on the North East corner of Queen square, formerly known as the office of Dr. W. M. Wood, near the corner of the Court House. Jan 16, 1857

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