

One Lancaster

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.
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FOR THE INTELLIGENCER.
BY THE GLADIE BARD.

Unfair you banners—let them wave,
Where patriots bid their land to save,
To gain fair freedom's boon they died,
The Patriot's foe—the Freeman's pride.

Our united still remain,
Our blood bought freedom to sustain;
Fling out the banners of the land,
The emblems of a free-born band.

Lot songs of freedom swell our voice,
And liberty be still our choice;
Hurrah, for freedom's rising day,
Hurrah, for proud America!

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.
A fig for your upper-tens girls,
With their dresses of silks and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;

They may shine at a party or ball,
Embellished with half their possess,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom,
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.

As the fawn's when the hunters had press,
And her eyes as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress,
My dandies and foppings may sneer.

At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear,
Would set a whole legion on fire,
She can dance, but she never allows

The hugging the sisters and brothers,
She is saying all these for her spouse,
My girl with the calico dress,
She is kind, warm-hearted and true,

She is obedient to her father and mother,
She studies how she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother,
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

HUGGED BY A SERPENT.
BY A CANADIAN SETTLER.

I was brought up near the Canadian line
in Vermont. My father owned a large
farm, though he was an iron worker by
trade. I think he made some of the best
rifles ever used. Not far from his farm
was quite a lake; we used to enjoy our-
selves at fishing and sailing; for we had
one of the best sail-boats ever put into
fresh water. We knew there were plenty
of snakes about the lake—especially one
part of it—a wide piece of flats, where the
water lay most of the year, and where the
tall grass and reeds grew thickly. It was
a sort of bayou, and I have seen some
of the largest snakes in the water there, and
I had tried to shoot them as they swam
with their heads up, though I never hap-
pened to hit one of them in that way. I
am sure I got some of them; but they man-
aged to get away into the grass, and I had
no desire to follow them, especially into
such a place. Most of those that I saw
were not all alike. Some of the most
largest ones had a light colored ring round
the neck, and I was told, by those who
knew, that these latter were by far the
strongest and most dangerous.

However, I was desirous soon to have
my eyes opened. One afternoon I saw a
flock of black ducks fly over the house,
and I was sure they lighted on the lake;
so I seized my double-barreled gun and
ammunition, and started off. When I
reached the landing, I saw the ducks away
off by the opposite shore. I at once out
some green boughs with my knife, and
having rigged up the bows of a small flat-
bottomed we kept on purpose for such work,
I jumped in, and started off. There was
a hole in the stern through which we could
peer the oar, and thus scull the boat with-
out sitting up in sight; so from where the
ducks were my contrivance had the appear-
ance of only a simple raft of boughs float-
ing along with the water.

I had got near enough for a shot, and
had drawn in the scull, and was in the act
of taking up my gun, when the ducks
started up. As quickly as possible I drew
one hammer and fired. I hit two of
them, but they didn't fall into the water.
They fluttered along until they fell among
the tall grass up in the cove. The water
was low, and the place was dry where they
were. I pulled up as I far as I could, and
got out and waded up. I knew very near
where one of the ducks had fallen, and
very soon had my eye on it. As I ran up
to take it, I saw the head of a black snake
pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw
the head and neck of the reptile, and I
had no idea how large a one it was, or
if I had no idea of fearing such a thing. So
I just ran up and snatched the bird away.
I had left my gun in the boat, and had
nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took
the duck, I just put my foot upon the
thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and
as the snake had his body braced among
the roots of the stout reeds, he took his
head under my foot about as quick as
a man could comfortably think. I thought
I'd run back to my boat and get my gun,
and try to kill this fellow; and I had just
turned for that purpose, when I felt some-
body strike my leg, as though somebody
had thrown a rope around it. I looked
down, and found that the snake had taken
a turn around my left leg with his tail, and
was in the act of clearing away his body
from the grass. I clapped my hand and
gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen
him, so I tried to put my right foot upon
him, and thus draw my left leg away; but
I might as well have tried to put my foot
on a streak of lightning!

And hadn't I been deceived? I had
forgotten the proportionate size of the head
of this species of black snake. I had
expected to see a snake four or five feet
long, but instead of that, he was nearly
eight feet and a half! I tell you, I looked
ten ways for Sunday about that time. Still,
I hadn't yet any great fear, for I supposed
that when I put my hands on him I could

eatly take him off, for I was pretty strong
in the arms. In a few seconds he had his
body all clear, and it was then that the
first real thrill shot through me. There
he held himself by the simple turn around
my leg, and with his back arched in and
out, he brought his head just on a level
with mine. I made a grab for him, but
missed him, and then, as quick as you can
snap your finger, he swept his head under
my arm, clear around my body, and then
straightened up and looked me in the face
again. I gave another grab at him—and
another, as quick as I could, but he dodged
me, in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its
way. The turn of the tail was turned
to my thigh, and the coil around my
stomach commenced to tighten. About
this time I began to think there might be
some serious work, and the quicker I took
the snake off the better. So I just grasped
him as near the head as possible, by taking
hold where he was around me—for he
couldn't dodge that part you know—and
tried to turn him off. But this only made
it worse. The fellow had now drawn him-
self up so high, and stretched so, that he
whipped another turn about me. His tail
was now around my left thigh, and the
rest of him turned twice around my body
—one of them being just at the pit of my
stomach, and the other one above it. All
this had occupied just about one-half a
minute from the time he first got the turn
around my leg.

The snake now had his head right
around in front of my face, and he tried
to make his way into my mouth. What
his intention was, I cannot surely tell,
though I have always believed that he
knew he could strangle me in that way. He
struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt
me considerably; and after that I got him
by the neck, and there I meant to hold
him—at least, so that he should not strike
me again. But about this time another
difficulty arose. The moment I grasped
the snake by a neck, he commenced to
wiggle his folds as though he were dis-
solving. I was not over a few seconds before
I discovered that he'd soon squeeze the breath
out of me in that way, and I determined to
unwind him. He was in this way: The
turn around the thigh was from left to
right—then up between the legs to my
right side, and around the back to my left
side—and so on with the second turn,
thus bringing his head up under my left
arm. I had the snake now with the left
hand, and my idea was to pass his head
around my back until I could reach it with
my right, and so unwind him. I could
press the fellow's head down under my
arm, but to get it around so as to reach it
with my right hand, I could not. I tried
to put all my power into that one arm,
but I could not do it. I could get the
head just about under my armpit; but here
my strength was applied to a disadvantage.
Until this moment I had not been really
frightened. I had believed that I could
unwind the serpent when I tried. I never
dreamed what power they had. Why—
only think—as strong as I was then—and
could not put that snake's head around my
back! I tried it until I knew that I could
not do it, and then I gave it up. My next
thought was of my jack-knife, and my
lower coil of the snake was directly over
my pocket, and I could not get it.

I now, for the first time, called out for
help. I yelled with all my might; and
yet I knew the trial was next to useless,
for no one could easily gain the place where
I was except by a boat. Yet I called out,
hoping against hope. I grasped the snake
by the body and pulled—I tried to break
its neck. This plan presented itself with
a gleam of promise; but it amounted to
nothing. I might as well have tried to
break a rope by bending it forward or back-
ward!

A full minute had now passed from the
time when I first tried to pass the snake's
head around my back.

His body had become so elongated by
his gradual pressure around my body, that
he had room to carry his head around in a
wide, flat, symmetrical curve. He had
slipped from my grasp, and when I next
caught him, I found that I was weaker
than before; I could not hold him! The
excitement had prevented me from notice-
ing this until now. For a few minutes I
was in a perfect frenzy. I leaped up and
down—cried out as loud as I could—and
grasped the snake with all my might.—
But it availed me nothing. He slipped
his head from my weakened hand, and
made a blow at my face, striking me fairly
upon the closed lips. This made me mad,
and I gave the infernal thing another grasp
and hold, trying once more to wrestle
with his neck. The only result was, that I
got another blow upon the mouth!

But the moment of need was at hand.—
I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter
around my body, and my breath was get-
ting weak. A severe pain was beginning
to result from the pressure, and I saw that
the snake would soon have length enough
for another turn. He was drawn so tight-
ly, that the centre of his body was no big-
ger than his head! The black skin was
drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost,
and yet I could tell by the working of the
large hard scales upon the belly that he
was drawing himself tighter still!

"For God's sake," I gasped, stricken
with absolute terror, "what shall I do?"
The enemy for whom I had at first held
so little thought, was killing me—killing me
slowly, openly, and I had no help! I, a
stout, strong man, was being actually held
at the deadly will of a black snake! My
breath was now short, faint, and quick,
and I knew that I was growing purple in
the face! My hands and arms were swell-
ing, and my fingers were numb! I had
let go of the snake's neck, and he now
carried the upper part of his body in a
graceful curve, his head vibrating from
side to side with an undulating motion of
extreme gracefulness.

At length I staggered! I was losing
my strength rapidly, and the pain of my
body was becoming excruciating. The
snake's skin where it was coiled about me
was so tight that it seemed almost trans-
parent. He had found me, or I had found
him, in a state of hunger, his stomach
full, from food, and his muscular force unim-
paired. A second time I staggered, and
objects began to swim before me.

A dizzy sensation was in my head, a
faintness at my heart, and a pain the most
agonizing in my body! The snake now
had three feet of body free. He had drawn
himself certainly three feet longer than
before. He darted his head under my right
arm, and brought it up over my shoulder,
and pressing his under jaw firmly down,
there he gave a sudden twist that made
me groan with pain. Each moment was

an age of agony!—each second a step
nearer to death!

My knife? Oh! if I could but reach it!
Why not? Why not tear it out? My
arms were free. Mercy! why had I not
thought of this before—when my hands
had some strength in them? Yet I would
try it. I collected all my remaining pow-
er for the effort, and made the attempt.—
My trousers were of blue cotton stuff, and
very strong—I could not tear it! I
thought of the stitches. They might not
be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth upon
the inside of my thigh, and gave my last
atom of strength to the effort. The stitches
started—they gave way! This result
gave me hope, and hope gave me power.—
Another pull—with both hands—and the
pocket was laid bare! With all the remain-
ing force I could command—with hope
of life—of home—of everything I
loved on earth in the effort—I caught the
pocket upon the inside and bore down upon
it. There was a cracking of the threads
—a sound of tearing cloth—and—my knife
was in my hands.

I had yet sense enough to know that the
smallest blade was the sharpest, and I
opened it. With one quick nervous move-
ment I pressed the edge upon the snake's
tense skin, and drew it across. With a
tearing snap the body parted, and the
snake fell to the ground in two pieces! I
staggered to the boat—I reached it, and
there sank down. I knew nothing more
until I heard a voice calling my name. I
opened my eyes, and looked up. My father
stood over me with terror depicted upon
his countenance. I told him my story as
best I could. He went up and got the
duck I had taken from the snake—the
other one he could not find—and also
brought along the two pieces I had made
of my enemy. He told me he had heard
by the neck, and that I meant to hold
him—at least, so that he should not strike
me again. But about this time another
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arm, and brought it up over my shoulder,
and pressing his under jaw firmly down,
there he gave a sudden twist that made
me groan with pain. Each moment was

to the eyes of others it was but a small
plain circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps,
by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand
that was to wear it. But to me—how
much was embodied there! A loving
smile on a beautiful face—low words of
welcome—a future home, and a sweet
smiling face—a group of merry children
to climb my knee—all these delights were
hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.
Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I
knocked at the door of my father's house.
The lights in the parlor windows and
showed me that company were assembled
there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would
come to the door, and that I might greet
my family when no strange eye was look-
ing curiously on.

But no; a servant answered my sum-
mons. They were too merry in the parlor
to heed the loud absent one when he asked
for admittance. A bitter thought like
this was passing through my mind, as I
heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw
the half-suppressed smile upon the ser-
vant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made
myself known, or asked after the family.
And while I stood silent, a strange appar-
ition grew up before me. From behind
the servant peered out a small golden head
—a tiny, delicate form followed, and
sweet, child-like face, with blue eyes, was
lifted up to mine, like those of one
who had brightened my boyhood, that I
started back with a sudden feeling of pain.
"What is your name, my little one?" I
asked, while the wondering servant held
the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her
eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in
another, in my boyhood, many and many
a time), and answered in a sweet, bird-like
voice:

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My head sank under his lead. Here
was an end to all my bright dreams and
hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank
Chester, my boyish rival, who had often
tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place
beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and
had won her away from me! This was his
child—his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this
blow. And, hiding my face in my hands,
I leaned against the door, while my heart
wept tears of blood. The little one gazed
at me, grieved and amazed, and put up
her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the
perplexed servant stepped to the parlor
door, and called my sister out, to see who
it could be that conducted himself so
strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant
voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty,
sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much
changed from the dear little sister I had
loved so well. I looked at her for a mo-
ment, and then, stilling the tumult of my
heart by a mighty effort, I opened my
arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she
cried, and threw herself upon my breast.
She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently
into the lighted parlor, and stood with her
before them all.

There was a rush and cry of joy, and
then my father and mother sprang towards
me, and welcomed me home with heart-
felt tears. Oh, strange and passing is such
a greeting to the wayward wanderer! As
I held my dear old mother to my heart,
and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie
still clung beside me, I felt that all was
yet not lost, and though another had se-
cured life's choicest blessing, many a joy
remained for in this dear sanctuary of a
home.

There were four other inmates of the
room who had risen on my sudden entrance.
One was the blue-eyed child whom I had
already seen, and who now stood beside
Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near
by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest child,
and in a distant corner, of which she had
happily retreated when my name was
spoken, stood a tall and slender figure
half hidden by the heavy window curtains
that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was
over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid
grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.
"Welcome home, my boy!" he said
with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered
so well. "You have changed so that I
should never have known you. But no
matter for that; your heart is in the right
place, I now."

"How can you say he is changed?"
said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he
looks older, and more like a man, than
when he went away, but his eyes and
smiles are the same as ever. It is that
heavy beard that changes him. He is my
boy still!"

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly, "I
am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I
felt like a boy, and it would have been
a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom,
as I had done in my infancy. But I kept
down the beating of my heart and the
tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as
I looked in his full handsome face:

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I
think for the better."

"Oh, yes! thank you for the compli-
ment," he answered with a hearty laugh.
"My wife tells me I grow handsomer every
day."

"His wife! Could I hear that name
and keep silence still?"

"And have you seen my little girl?" he
added, lifting the infant in his arms, and
kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you,
Harry, there is not another in the world.
Don't you think she looks very much as
her mother used?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a sudden-
ness that made me start violently; "I have
forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I
believe you and she used to be playmates
in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he
slapped me on the back. "For the sake of
old times, and because you were not
here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to
kiss her at once; but mind, old fellow, you
are never to repeat the ceremony. Come,
here she is, and I for once want to see how
you will manage those ferocious mustaches
of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing
towards me. A gleam of light and
hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came
over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"Not Mary!"

"I must have betrayed my secret to every
one in the room. But nothing was said.
Even Frank, in general so obtuse,
this time was silent. I kissed the fair
cheek of the wife, and hurried to the silent
figure at the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low,
eager voice, "have you no welcome to
me, the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine,
and murmured hurriedly:

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

"Simple words; and yet how blessed
they made me! I would not have yielded
up that moment for an emperor's crown!
For there was the happy home, and
the dear home, beside me, and Mary
Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of
by day and night were falling before me!
I never knew the meaning of happiness
till that moment came!"

Many years have passed since that hap-
py night, and the hair that was dark and
glossy then is fast turning gray. I am
growing to be an old man, and can look
back to a long and happy, and I hope
a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has
been, I would not recall a single day, if
the love that made my manhood so bright
shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart
I am as young as ever. And Mary, with
her bright hair parted smoothly from
under that hat she has slight furrow upon it,
is still the Mary of my early days. To me
she can never grow old, nor change. The
heart that held her in my infancy, sheltered
her in the flush and beauty of woman-
hood, can never cast her out till life
shall cease to warm it. Nor even then,
for love still lives above.

GEN. SMALL RELEASED.—This gentleman
was liberated on Thursday last, upon the
release of a detachment from Harrisburg, stating
that the Governor had signed the bill to that
effect just passed by the Legislature. His
incarceration has extended over a period of
some eight months, a fact which shows that
the Government is not so lenient as it is
represented to be. It is remembered that his
imprisonment arose out of a contested election for
the command of the Second Brigade, to which
both Mr. Small and Mr. Tyler, jr. claimed to
be entitled. The Governor, Gen. Pollock,
however, did not revoke the commission, and
Gen. S. persisted in retaining the command.—
The Governor's action was considered what it
is considered a contempt by ordering the con-
tinue General into confinement.

LANCASTER COUNTY
EXCHANGE AND DEPOSIT OFFICE.
THE COURT HOUSE AND SPEICHER'S HOTEL,
LANCASTER, PA.

JOHN K. REED & CO. pay interest on deposits at the
following rates:

1/2 per cent for one year and longer.
3/4 do, " 30 days do.
1 do, " 10 days do.
2 do, " 7 days do.

Buy and sell Gold and Stocks on com-
mission, negotiate loans, collect rents, &c.
The undersigned are individually liable to the extent
of their respective shares in the City of Lancaster.

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