

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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## INTELLIGENCER & LANCASTERIAN.

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### PASSING AWAY.

Look from the easement—look, and tell  
What's passing, mother dear;  
Silent death, I've heard a funeral bell,  
Slow pealing on my ear;  
And now there comes the solemn fall  
Of footstep sweeping sigh;  
Look down the street, I hear their feet,  
Some funeral's passing by.  
The mother gazed with anxious face,  
But nothing there was seen.  
Except each old accustomed place,  
And what had always been.  
Aunt yet dear mother, stay,  
Strange sounds are on the air,  
Like angels singing on their way.  
Oh, listen deep in mystery!  
Oh, lift my pillow high—more high—  
For I am faint and low;  
Help me to look upon the sky,  
And bleed them ere they go!  
The mother raised her daughter's head,  
But no word could she speak;  
The hope that from her bosom fled,  
Left tears upon her cheek.  
The light looked thro' the easement old,  
And saw a cheek so pale—  
A form so wasted, thin, and cold—  
No light might there prevail;  
But that which was a death yet beam'd  
Upon her wasted brow;  
And sweet, as though an angel dream'd,  
The sufferer roused no word.  
Oh, who the mother's grief may tell?  
Or who may comfort bring?  
Yet high above the funeral bell,  
She heard the angels sing!

### CUPID IN A QUANDARY.

I was in love, once. Of course she was a charming creature that had won my sudden affections. I never knew a lady to be anything else in the eyes of her lover. For my own part I thought Angelina was an angel. I have grown older since, and have discovered exactly the difference between a woman and one of those aerial indiscreetables. At that time I was too impressionable and impulsive to be observant. I originally saw Angelina in Union Park, and my heart, inflammable as tinder, was in a flame in an instant. My earnest gaze attracted her attention. Finally she confessed her. In this confusion she ran against the end of one of the benches, and fell upon the walk. I flew to the rescue, and lifted her to her feet. She was not hurt, though much mortified. I soothed her and consoled her. In doing this I called her Miss Julia, when she corrected me by stating that her name was Angelina. That was the mode I adopted to ascertain the name of my innamorata.

Two days after that I met Angelina in the Park again. It was not by appointment. Of course she would have been shocked at such a thing, and I almost a stranger to her. But, as I left her before, I had said that I always took a tour of the Union Park at such an hour every afternoon, and I could not help adverting how delighted I should be were accident at any time to bring her steps in that direction that period of the day. Accident did it. When we parted that time I was silly enough to believe that I had created a tender feeling in her bosom, and that accident might favor another interview.

Two days more elapsed, and I felt sure that she would come. But she did not. I remained in the Park until night set in, then I despaired. Just as I was departing, and in a very melancholy state of mind, vexed at the inconstancy of womankind in general and Angelina in particular, I paused. There was a cloak entering one of the gates that struck me as familiar. I watched it. I followed it. It was just Angelina's height. In this confusion she was walking. But the lady, although she observed me at her side, was silent. Her face was enveloped in a thick veil. No hope of gratifying my curiosity in that particular.

What shall I do? I never was remarkable for diffidence. So I easily convinced myself that the lady was Angelina, and stepping up to her, addressed her by that name. She made no reply, except by a slight laugh. This assured me she was indeed in a conjugal track. I persevered, therefore, rattling away all sorts of pretty nonsense, and telling her in every possible manner how I idolized her. Good gracious! how eloquent I felt, and how happy.

In this manner we proceeded upon one street and down another, until we reached the Second Avenue and Nineteenth street. I did not know where Angelina lived. She had never told me. She had forbidden me to see her the whole way home. But I knew she lived in Second Avenue. On this occasion I implored my silent companion, since it was after night, to permit me to escort her to the door. Silence gives consent, you know, and I did it. She paused in front of a large and noble dwelling. Good! thought I; my sagacity was not at fault; she is aristocratically connected. She placed one little foot on the brown stone door step; then as if she had changed her mind and did not care to ring the bell in my company, she proceeded to the street gate and opened it and entered. I followed, of course. Perhaps it was a little impudent on my part, but she turned her head towards me as she passed in, and I could have sworn I saw or heard a token of invitation. That was enough for an impulsive lover. She opened the area-door. I still pursued her. She passed in—so did I, closing the door after me. She entered the front parlor—a species of sitting room—and thence glided through into the rear parlor, which was a kitchen. I was close at her heels. The gas was burning brightly in the kitchen; but I never stopped to think of my dilemma, and seizing her by the hand, murmured: "Oh! Angelina, how delighted you make me." She threw off her bonnet and veil, and by Jove! she was a total stranger. I had never seen her before! I did not lose my self-possession, however. On the contrary, I threw myself into a chair and laughed heartily, although my heart was rapidly making an exploring expedition away down into my boots.

My companion happened to be a good looking young woman, evidently a domestic in the house in question. My assurance astonished her at first, but recovering herself, she asked if she should call for assistance to pitch me out into the street. In the most insinuating terms possible, I pointed to her mistake, implored her to forgive me, and protested I had the most remote idea of insulting one whom I was convinced was as pure as she was beautiful. That little piece of flattery secured my favor.—She forgave me, pointed to the door and desired me to go, as she expected every moment a message from the parlor above in regard to lunch.

I thanked her and turned to depart.—Just as I stepped toward the kitchen door, I heard the sound of feet descending the stairs. How should I escape? Where should I fly to? Quick as thought I darted into a tall closet that stood in the corner of the room. The upper part contained three shelves, but the lower part afforded me space enough to crowd into, doubled up. The girl immediately closed the door on me and buttoned it. I did not feel very comfortable fastened up in that box. Suppose I should not be let out! But all fear of this was lost in still greater apprehension, when I heard the voice of the male individual who had entered the kitchen. I concluded to remain quietly where I was.

As soon as he departed, the girl came to me, and unbuttoning the door told me I had made a fortunate escape, and told me that if I did not wish to compromise both her and myself, I had better come out of that dumb-waiter and begone. "Dumb-waiter!" I exclaimed. "Am I in a dumb-waiter, and liable to be hoisted up in a twinkling to the parlor?" Here was a fright. I uncoiled myself to escape; but just as I rose, away went the dumb waiter to the ceiling with myself inside. The noise of the first movement threw me back. I had no time to recover my feet and leap. I could not pull the door to the back ascended, while the laughter that afflicted the girl in the kitchen went to my heart, and smote me with a feeling akin to madness. I would have sold myself at that moment for three cents of any decent man's money.

You may guess exactly how I looked when the dumb-waiter having reached the dining room above, I heard the sound of half a dozen voices. Amongst them my heart recognized that of Angelina herself, as she exclaimed: "Now, pa, do let us have lunch. I am so hungry."

"Yes, you will," I thought, "when you see the cold meat that's ready for you!" For an icy perspiration was dropping from every pore. The door of the dumb-waiter was opened, and I walked out. There was a table set, and around it I beheld Angelina, her father and mother, (as I presumed,) two brothers and two sisters. Angelina shrieked and fainted. I darted towards the door, but not quite in time to escape a blow from the back of a chair aimed at me by one of the young gentlemen. I scrambled to my feet, and then you should have seen the race! Fortunately the waiter was just admitting a gentleman at the open hall door as I reached it. Delighted at the chance, I leaped to the window, and made one leap to the pavement. Three more placed me on the platform of a Fifth Avenue car just passing. Need I say I have never entered the Union Park since? I detest the spot. As to Angelina, the very thought of her makes my blood run cold; and if you want to create a bergerant feeling in my bosom at any time, just say "dumb-waiter" to me, and look out.—That's all.

### A YANKEE STORY.

About half-past seven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue cloth, might have been seen entering deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window.—The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday best. It was in a hurry, and his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old Deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but I didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is as good as doors of there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder of Sally will come down? The critter promised me. I'm afeared to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or nother and wako the old folks.—Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousin' fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the Deacon, her father, shouting from the kitchen door: "Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?" "I can't tell a fib, said Sally. 'I'll make it a truth, then,' said Joe; and running to the old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five. "Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman. "It's five by the clock," said Sally, and corroborating her words, the clock struck five. The lovers sat down and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak. "Goody gracious! it's father," exclaimed Sally. "The Deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally!" "Where can I hide you," cried the distracted girl. "Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze myself into the clock case."

"No; smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up," said the old deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment of the pipe. "Bur-whit-ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the old clock. "Tormented lightning!" cried the Deacon, starting up and dropping the pipe on the stove, "what'n an airth's that?" "It's only the clock striking five," returned Sally tremulously. "Whit! ding! ding! ding!" went the clock furiously.

"Deacon Barberry," cried the Deacon's wife, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the stairs. "In the wildest state of alarm, 'what in the great universe is the matter with the old clock?" "Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been a hundred years in the family, and it never carried on so afore."

"Whit! ding! ding! whiz-z!" went the old clock again. "I'll bust itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be anything left of it!" "It's bewitched!" said the Deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's going on in it!" "Oh! don't!" cried his daughter, seizing one of the old Deacon's coat tails, while his wife lunged to the other. "Don't! choused both the women together."

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the old Deacon. "I ain't afeard of the powers of darkness." But the women wouldn't let go; so the Deacon slipped out of his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he pitched forward and seized the knob of the clock. Joe was holding it on the inside with a death-like grasp. The old Deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, but an unearthly yell as if a fiend, in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock-case pitched head foremost at the Deacon, fell headlong to the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the Deacon, the old lady and Sally fell up stairs, and Joe Maywood, extracting himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Maywood, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the Deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination. However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock until it went as well as ever.

### THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE TALE.  
One cold windy morning, the last Sunday of December, 1849, a half naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged old pants and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, gaunt countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a large comfortably furnished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite, before which was placed a luxuriously furnished young man, in a broad dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft fauteuil, busily reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some foolish beggar; but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted on one.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife impulsively, before you perish! The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionately placed the half frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mr. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave. She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table, with head resting on hand, apparently in deep thought. "Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched I could not bear to drive him away;" and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take the sacrament to-day."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want even if this person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."

"At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying. "Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said his wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps as she descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him. "He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse. "And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead, his closed eyelids were marked by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose, and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.

"He is dead!" asked the young wife anxiously. "Oh, no! it is only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "He must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The physician was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chambers, where the doctor administered with his own hands strong doses of port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep. "He is doing well," let him rest as long as he can; and should be awake in our absence give him beef, tea and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of "the most Holy Trinity." Amid the hundred of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivaled, in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness yet. There was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. At the snow ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivaled, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young wayward, but generous man who had been raised in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintance.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were still faint echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, arose and announced by his text, the oft-quoted but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application in his particular case. I have not the space, nor indeed the power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy reformation in the mind of at least one of his hearers. So much that on the return of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commended gratefully thanking his host for the kind attentions he had received, which without doubt had saved his life. "But I will recompense you well, for thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Bay of Bengal, and returned to India. My name was Douglas among the list of the lost—I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years and then, after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger. "Why, that is my wife's family name. She will be doubly pleased at her agency in your recovery?" "Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett eagerly. "I married her in the town of B—, where she was born."

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.—The means known so far, of promoting long life, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm." "Work much and eat little," &c., just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that impression of which his country is remarkable: "I am hungry, of the best I eat, and dry and warm I keep my feet, I screen my head from sun and rain, and let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively, who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality, will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, otherwise would do, because he lives intensively, who over-exerts himself on hours and days, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 633 on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 800 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins of three chariots, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 18 miles round.

PHILOPENA.  
We believe this pleasant amusement for boys and girls, and sometimes those of more mature age, originated in Germany, where it is called *die Liebchen*, which, as it is spoken, has the sound of *philippen*; which may have been the origin of our word, *pena*, because it infers a penalty or forfeiture exacted or won by the tact or management of the winning party. With us the thing is managed, however, excessively clumsy, and without skill. A person in company chances to find a double-meated almond, and hands half the meat to another, and says, or rather should say: "Will you eat a philopena with me?" The other may say "I am afraid," and refuse, or may accept one of the nuts, and eat it at the same time the challenging party eats the other. They separate; but when they meet again, the one that can think to say "philopena" first to the other wins the forfeit, and has a right to name what it shall be. Generally, among children, some trifles, or, among young folks, some little present, suitable to the condition of the parties. Thus, a young lady who wins a philopena of a gentleman may immediately say: "I wear No. 61 kids." If the party is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must reluctantly keep it on; if he is seated, he must stand; or if at a table she should hand him any article which she accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time, he is watching to catch her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other ends the game.—Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: "Knowing that I should lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at first meeting, the sport is continued at the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing.

How preferable is this German play to our own! And as the sport derived from philopena is very innocent and pretty, we commend it to the "young folks" of America.—*The Welcome Visitor*.

ENCOURAGING TO MECHANICS.—One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the *London Daily Journal* was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the *London Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watchmaker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhynce. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huxley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with seven hundred pounds a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray.—Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose. Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member from Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

For the Intelligencer.  
Magilligan Rocks, known by the name of "Benavny Rocks," in the lower part of the County of Kerry, Ireland. Where the lofty Benavny overshadows the Roe, and the Sea-waves seem to roar on the wing. Where Nature seemed pleased her noble gifts to bestow. And the Thru't it does sweeten the Spring; It was there I spent the sweet days of my youth, When no care-cankered thoughts did my bosom annoy, And the prospects of Nature seemed fair, Many a time I have climbed this mountain's high top. And viewed the waves haste to the shore, Where oft I have walked with the friends of my heart, The friends I can now see no more. From the Rocks of Downham many a time I have seen The lofty ships sail on the main, Where the waves from beneath, with a terrible crash, Returned to the ocean again. From these happy scenes fate called me away Life's thorny path to pursue, Can absence or toil these beauties efface, While memory still paints them anew. O no, happy days you can never return, No more will these friends be seen, That I wish those friends whose memory is dear May re-visit thy rocky bound shore. Now in a far distant land I reside, And my friends have forgot me I know, But these warm veins they shall cease to run, Ere I forget the sweet banks of the Roe. E. O.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.—The means known so far, of promoting long life, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm." "Work much and eat little," &c., just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that impression of which his country is remarkable: "I am hungry, of the best I eat, and dry and warm I keep my feet, I screen my head from sun and rain, and let few cares perplex my brain."

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REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 633 on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 800 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins of three chariots, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 18 miles round.

PHILOPENA.  
We believe this pleasant amusement for boys and girls, and sometimes those of more mature age, originated in Germany, where it is called *die Liebchen*, which, as it is spoken, has the sound of *philippen*; which may have been the origin of our word, *pena*, because it infers a penalty or forfeiture exacted or won by the tact or management of the winning party. With us the thing is managed, however, excessively clumsy, and without skill. A person in company chances to find a double-meated almond, and hands half the meat to another, and says, or rather should say: "Will you eat a philopena with me?" The other may say "I am afraid," and refuse, or may accept one of the nuts, and eat it at the same time the challenging party eats the other. They separate; but when they meet again, the one that can think to say "philopena" first to the other wins the forfeit, and has a right to name what it shall be. Generally, among children, some trifles, or, among young folks, some little present, suitable to the condition of the parties. Thus, a young lady who wins a philopena of a gentleman may immediately say: "I wear No. 61 kids." If the party is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must reluctantly keep it on; if he is seated, he must stand; or if at a table she should hand him any article which she accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time, he is watching to catch her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other ends the game.—Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: "Knowing that I should lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at first meeting, the sport is continued at the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing.

How preferable is this German play to our own! And as the sport derived from philopena is very innocent and pretty, we commend it to the "young folks" of America.—*The Welcome Visitor*.

ENCOURAGING TO MECHANICS.—One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the *London Daily Journal* was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the *London Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watchmaker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhynce. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huxley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with seven hundred pounds a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray.—Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose. Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member from Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

For the Intelligencer.  
Magilligan Rocks, known by the name of "Benavny Rocks," in the lower part of the County of Kerry, Ireland. Where the lofty Benavny overshadows the Roe, and the Sea-waves seem to roar on the wing. Where Nature seemed pleased her noble gifts to bestow. And the Thru't it does sweeten the Spring; It was there I spent the sweet days of my youth, When no care-cankered thoughts did my bosom annoy, And the prospects of Nature seemed fair, Many a time I have climbed this mountain's high top. And viewed the waves haste to the shore, Where oft I have walked with the friends of my heart, The friends I can now see no more. From the Rocks of Downham many a time I have seen The lofty ships sail on the main, Where the waves from beneath, with a terrible crash, Returned to the ocean again. From these happy scenes fate called me away Life's thorny path to pursue, Can absence or toil these beauties efface, While memory still paints them anew. O no, happy days you can never return, No more will these friends be seen, That I wish those friends whose memory is dear May re-visit thy rocky bound shore. Now in a far distant land I reside, And my friends have forgot me I know, But these warm veins they shall cease to run, Ere I forget the sweet banks of the Roe. E. O.

THE GREAT FEMALE PILL.—Dr. J. P. CHESTER'S Great Female Pills are the most valuable medicine for women. They are perfectly safe, and will cure all the most distressing complaints of the female system, such as irregularities of the monthly course, headache, nervousness, &c. They are sold by all the principal druggists in the United States.

HALLELUJAH.—MR. KENDALL'S SINGING CLASS having adopted the above book, the undersigned has prepared a new edition of the same, and is now publishing it at the lowest possible price to members. For particulars apply to W. WESTPHAL, No. 114 Poplar Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.—From and after Monday, December 1st, the following are the regular routes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the dates of departure from Philadelphia: For New York, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and returns the same route on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. For Baltimore, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and returns the same route on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. For Washington, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and returns the same route on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

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