

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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For the Intelligencer

TO MY SISTER LUZZIE.

By DON JUAN.

Thy brother soon must die, Lizzie,
To brave life's stormy main,
And we may never meet, Lizzie,
In childhood's happy days again.

When thou art I shall part,
And with my image, Lizzie,
Still dwell within thy heart?

Yes, very soon I'll go, Lizzie,
From one I love so well,
Yet, ever in my heart, Lizzie,
Thy blithe form must dwell!

And when my life is done, Lizzie,
Then close those shining eyes,
For we shall meet again, Lizzie,
Far, far beyond the skies.

A Post's thoughts are mine, Lizzie,
He is the child of dreams,
His bark is oft dismantled, Lizzie,
His life is a desert stream;

His brow is often darkened, Lizzie,
His heart is bowed in pain,
And like a stormy sea, Lizzie,
He floats upon the main.

And others he may love, Lizzie,
And that he will I know,
Then will you give him back, Lizzie,
Thy friendship once again?

And with thee shall he dwell, Lizzie,
And ease his heart of care,
And at the throne of grace, Lizzie,
Will thou think of him in prayer?

He may often be deceived, Lizzie,
In that he is in pain,
Shall he seek for thee in vain, Lizzie,
He has wandered very far;

And far away must roam—
Yet often pray at even, Lizzie,
That he may journey home.

He will soon guard thee, Lizzie,
And calm thy aching breast,
And then he will be gone, Lizzie,
To the regions of the West.

Then breathe a prayer, Lizzie,
For these his hopes are given,
And send a blessing, Lizzie,
To the golden gates of Heaven.

KATE WOOD AND WON.

By ROSELLA.

What romps of girls Aunt Katie has; I never saw the like, in my life, for Kate; she had on the schoolmaster's skates to-day, at school, and while he was hunting for them, most all noontime, she was gliding like a swan all over Moss Pond, mixed in among the boys, while her hair was as long as their, only money hanging and jingling, and fuller of music; said Uncle Nat Hammond to his wife and daughters when he came home from the mill in the afternoon of a cold winter day.

"Well, now," said Aunt Mercy, and she laughed until her whole body shook and laughed too. "Didn't Mr. Miles get his skates at all noonting?"

"I don't know," said her husband, "for school wasn't taken up yet, when I came home; but I guess not, for I called at the store, and while I was there money Harper came in, and he said when he came away Kate was still on the pond, and the teacher was watching her and laughing, from behind the big maple tree, and that he didn't seem a bit angry, and he overheard him say, just as he came up slyly behind him, 'God bless you, my sweet, white Kate,' and that he got very red in the face when he saw that he had been overheard."

"It may turn out that Mr. Miles and her Kate as it did with Kate's mother and her teacher, when she was young, for she was wild as a rook, and Kate was no more honestly by her boyhood men."

"How was that?" said Uncle Nat, as he took off his big cap, and the old-fashioned, drab overcoat, and hung it on its pin in the closet, then rubbing his hands, sat down to an afternoon luncheon—a cup of coffee and hot buckwheat cakes and soup.

"Aunt Mercy swept the wet footprints from the hearth, and took up her knitting, that lay in the cushioned rocking chair by the window.

"Why, you see, the winter before Kate was married, she lived up on Stony Creek, on a rented farm, in a real backwoods settlement, and all of us grown girls went to district school that winter. Oh, we had good times, I tell you! The scholars were all so united, and the winter was a mild, pleasant one, and the playground was grassy, and clean and spacious. The teacher was an excellent young man from the East, and as the healthful part of our education, he recommended exercise on the play-ground, and rambles on the surrounding hills. This just suited sister Kate, the pretty black-eyed romp.

"Many a time the first fortnight of school, while she was whirling on one foot, or playing 'blackman' with the boys, I saw the teacher's pale face peeping out of a window, with his brow resting on his hand. No one thought of the like but myself, and from the very first I judged from his conduct towards Kate that he loved her better than any other girl in school. Her copies were always 'sweet' like the prettiest, and were generally a 'sweet' line or two of poetry, and it was carried her slate to him for assistance; the blaze of his forehead. And there we all clustered together, cracking nuts and cracking jokes, seasoned with merry peals of laughter. Ah, those were good old days of long, long ago!

"One cold, frosty Christmas night, after we had eaten peaches, and cakes, and nuts, Kate proposed that we should all go out and take a ride down the hill on the little sleds. To please her we consented. There were six sleds in all, belonging to

big and little children, and there were six of us—the master, our brother Ben, the two girls and myself and Dick, the bound boy.

"I'm afraid I can't guide the sled right," said the teacher to Kate, as we all walked up the hill, though the orchard, up to the edge of Oak Grove, pulling our sleds after us.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Kate, "if it won't start when you are ready to go, you must hitch forward, with a foot sticking out on each side of the shaft, which you are to turn back and hold in your hands. If it turns to the right too much, plow your left heel into the snow a little, till you get it turned straight, not too much, or it will whirl right around. If you want to stop still, you must plow both your heels into the ground hard."

"What a glare of light this is! Oh, delicious! I want nothing rarer than this world," said Kate, in the exuberant joy that was brimming over the fun-loving heart.

"We got to the top of the hill, and placed our sleds in a row. Kate behind, so as to have the longest ride."

"Make ready," said Dick, "take aim," said the master, in a voice by no means as joyous as the occasion demanded.

"Fire!" shouted Kate, in a voice ringing among the old oaks, like the notes of a bugle.

"Away we flew, like a line of winged swallows, the fine, frosted particles of flying snow cutting into our faces, and powdering our clothes.

"Faster, sir!" shouted Kate, distinctly, above the noise of the gliding runners.

"I'll pass by your leave!" and she flew circling round the teacher, and came like the chain of lightning down the hill, and past the wood pile, steadily through the open gate, when her sled jumped with a leap across the gutter in the street, and away she went down the road, as though riding a wild steed that had never felt the curb or rein. Under the elm tree, she stopped and looked around just in time to see the master's unmanageable sled plunge over the top of the milk-house, which stood close in under the ledge that skirted the hill.

"We had all stopped our sleds at the gate, except Jennie, who had run through the closed side gate, and bore it off with her, into the gutter, and Ben, who had run up the wood pile, and fell back with his sled on top of him, and half a cord of rick-stove wood rattling about his ears."

"We all ran, laughing, to the milk-house, while the most uproarious merriment from under the hill greeted us.

"Poor teacher! his fall had been no cause of fun for him, for he lay insensible, with the blood flowing from a gash in his handsome white forehead.

"Dick ran to Kate, with his finger on his mouth, a token of silence; but she could understand no dumb signs, for she lay in the snow yet, in convulsions of laughter.

"The schoolmaster carried him into the house, and we bathed his face with camphor, until life returned. It was several days before he could continue his school.

"Are you sorry for me, Katie?" he said plaintively, as he leaned back on the pillows in the rocking chair, when he detected traces of tears in Kate's black eyes.

"Yes, said she, 'for I am to blame,' and the pent up tears burst forth again.

"No you are not, Katie," said he kindly; "but let us leave such sport for children, and let us spend our evenings studying Astronomy. I will teach you these bright starry eyes. Oh, Katie, and softer grew his manly voice—"you will ripen into a glorious woman if you lay aside your sportiveness, and merriest moods, and seek to beautify your mind, and make it worthy of the beautiful casket that enshines it."

"Will you Kate?" and he took her hand in his; so pale and thin. She rose in tears and left the room.

"What a good influence the master exerts in our family! have you observed it, father?" said Aunt Mercy, one evening.

"Yes, bless him!" was the answer.

"I've been thinking, because of his good influence, and because he has poor health, and boarding round gives him a fresh cold every few days, we'd better have him board here the rest of the term, said my mother, in all the mirth and goodness of her motherly womanly nature.

"Very well, Mercy, and my father went on with his whittling.

"With many thanks to my poor mother, the master accepted the kind offer, and called the master's room."

"We all observed, with joy and surprise, that our Kate was surely growing more womanly, more firm in her good resolves, and though very cheerful still, was far less rucous and wild. We made better progress in our studies now that the teacher was with us, and that winter, in our after years, was one to be pleasantly remembered.

"One day at school, in the morning the teacher stood looking out from a back window, watching the little boys and girls carrying stones to the top of a steep knoll behind the house. They carried them to the top, then one at a time rolled them down the step.

"Looking round upon the circle of girls who sat busied with light sewing, knitting, and embroidery his eyes sparkled with a new idea as he said, pat by your work, girls, and before school takes up, let us all go and join those merry little ones in a round of play.

"Oh, come!" said Kate, with all her old spirit wide-awakened from his sleep, and she jumped up, dropping her work, while her spool of floss and thimble rolled across the floor, do! do! and then catching his eyes she looked down, while the rosiest of blushes spread over her face and neck.

"The same Katie yet, said he, laughing and enjoying her pretty embarrassment.

"At the foot of the hill we each selected a round stone, as large as we could carry with ease, and climbed with them up to the summit.

"We have the royalist kind of a play to-day, Masters," said little Lucie Gorham; "I say the stone that I tell fortunes; the way the stone we throw rolls down hill, is just the way we are to be, and act, and get along in life.

"Ah, you winsome little sibil, said he; but if it don't roll at all what then, Lucie? Why, if it stops soon, the one that started it ain't going to live long, that he earnest reply. A merry laugh from us, after her originality, made her hang her head and shy off to an older sister.

"Well, let us try Lucie's game, then," said the teacher. Mary Vail, you roll first.

Mary rolled her stone, which went swiftly

ly down the hill, knocking everything in its way, making sparks fly from splinty rocks, splitting little sand stones, pitching sticks hither and thither, until its force was exhausted and it rolled down slower and slower until it stopped.

"A straight-forward, upright life is to be yours, Mary; neither temptation, nor malice, nor slander will harm you, for you will walk straight ahead in the line of duty," said the teacher, looking towards Lucie, with a look of seriousness.

"And so we all rolled each a stone down the hill until it came to the top of the knoll, and now it's your turn, Kate," said he; "I'll wait till the last and have the best fortune of any." Kate stood near the teacher, as she let her fall from her hands, and at the same moment, either purposely or accidentally, his dropped too.

"Would you believe it! They rolled along side by side, steady keeping even pace with each other—no knocks, but perfect unity—if large stones impeded their way, they skipped over them, and trotted, and capered, and gambled along together as nicely as Deacon Elliot's span of dapple greys.

"Then as they came to where the hill stretched out into a gentle swell their pace slackened, and they moved along side by side until they rustled in among the dry flags and sickle grass, on the bank of Crystal Creek, and then with a low splash, not half so loud as a grassy sod falling upon soft earth, they dropped over the bank, not three seconds apart.

"You two would work together well," said Lucie; but there was no word dropped from the master's troubling lip in reply, and Kate, her head was turned aside explaining some fossils that Lina Rice had found on the brow of the hill.

"To hide the teacher's visible embarrassment, I laughed heartily, and said that it was a real funny play of Lucie's, after all.

"We all ran down the hill to school, and I observed that Kate tried to keep away from the master, by linking her arms up with a girl on either side of her. I guess she began to see matters in a true light.

"That evening, there was a tidy party at Nora Grove's house, to which the whole neighborhood was invited, besides the teacher and all his scholars. It was a sardine affair, and moved to Connecticut, and staid there till her little Kate was two or three years old, and then they came to Ohio to reside.

"And in Uncle Louis's very same schoolmaster?" said Annie, with wide open eyes and parted lips, and a look of astonishment.

"The very same," said her mother, "and it is not a fortnight since I heard you wondering how he got that scar on his forehead, just under his hair. You know that he got it when he took his last ride on a hand-sled."

"How, Katie," the laughter, was cured of her mischievous propensities. I will tell some other time; but it is a sad story, I would not overdraw this merry one with gloom.—*Ladies Home Magazine.*

right; but they must persevere and try to do what is right, and they will find friends to help them in the very ones whom they thought were their worst enemies, when they were running riot in vice and shame.

"It is an easy matter to do right, if we make up our minds to follow the right. And do I sincerely hope, that if this article should happen to fall into the hands of any one who has at any time added a sorrow to the heart, or a furrow to the brow of an aged father or mother, that they will repent, and ask forgiveness before it is too late. Obey your parents, then, young man and young woman. Add not a sorrow to the heart, or a furrow to the brow of them who gave you birth, and who nourished and protected you when you were unable to help yourselves. Think of this and smooth the pillow for them in their old age, when they are not able to help themselves, as they did for you when you were not able to help yourselves, and Heaven and a clear conscience will be your reward.

For the Intelligencer

WHAT I DON'T LIKE.

By the GLASS BIRD.

I don't like the person with a treacherous heart, That is smooth before face, and dissembling art; There's so much of the serpent, of which we read, In his nature, that causes disliking indeed.

I don't like the person who's something to say, Disrespectful of neighbors, and those who're away; And can put on a smile, fascinating and sweet, When next the same persons, they've slandered, they meet.

I don't like the person who two faces wear, One to serve for the present, all smiling fair; The other disguised by slander and scorn, To apply to the absent, or those who are gone.

I don't like the man who is a hypocrite, And who in the secret, who will do you spite; Who's tongue runs too fast for his wit all the day; He'd better learn sense, and this fact with it.

I don't like the man who's glib, more than men do, I don't like the person who always can find, And see faults in others, but to their own blind.

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LANCASTER AXLE MANUFACTORY.
The subscribers having removed their works to the new building lately erected, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the following list:—Wheeler's Axles, Cast Iron Axles, and Machine Tooling in general.

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DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE.
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REMOVAL—Earthen and Stone Ware.
HENRY GAST & SON have removed their works to the new building lately erected, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the following list:—Wheeler's Axles, Cast Iron Axles, and Machine Tooling in general.

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TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed
By Messrs. Allen & Neidles agents in Lancaster for the sale of their celebrated PATENT FERTILIZER, it being superior to all others; and from the testimony of those who have used it for many years past, we feel authorized to say it is the best application for the soil. Wheat, Grass and other crops which require a liberal application of Fertilizer, will be benefited by its use. Apply to Geo. S. DILLER, at the office of the Intelligencer, or to Messrs. Allen & Neidles, at the office of the Intelligencer.

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE.
A monthly Magazine, published by the Faculty of the College of Medicine, is published at the office of the Intelligencer. Communications for the Editor, should be addressed to the Editor, at the office of the Intelligencer.

EXCELLENCE RATING HOUSE.
The subscriber having removed his works to the new building lately erected, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the following list:—Wheeler's Axles, Cast Iron Axles, and Machine Tooling in general.

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RESOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
The subscribers, under the firm of Thompson & Sells, in the County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, do hereby resolve that the partnership between them, shall terminate on the 24th of February last. All persons having claims against the firm, or who are indebted to the firm, are to present the same to the undersigned, or to the firm of Thompson & Sells, at the office of the Intelligencer, on or before the 24th of February last.

WOOD MOULDINGS.
The subscriber having removed his works to the new building lately erected, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the following list:—Wheeler's Axles, Cast Iron Axles, and Machine Tooling in general.

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