

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1859.

NO. 27.

**THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.**  
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BY GEORGE W. BAKER.

**TERMS.**  
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**Job Printing.**—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Booklets, Labels, &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

## A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

The following exquisite Poem is from the pen of JOHN McCURDY, Esq., one of the Representatives from Cumberland county in the last Legislature, and was read by him at the Fourth of July celebration at Shippenburg:

Let the heart of each freeman swell high with emotion  
To-day, o'er the deeds that gave liberty birth,  
And pledge to defend, with undimmed devotion,  
That Godless rule of this gen of the earth.  
Still cherish the spirit that prompts our fathers  
Across the broad waters from bondage to free,  
And the true hearts around us that liberty gathers,  
Will ever protect their fair and free.

Allison hosts of her own and her glory,  
And points with delight to her dear and her fame;  
And history chronicles Rome's brilliant story,  
That hangs with such magic around her proud name.

But far to the westward, Columbia rises,  
With arms stretched in glory's cry and sea,  
Beseeching hither the patriot who prizes  
A home in her bosom—a grave amongst her.

Her broad rolling rivers, her plains and her mountains,  
Now glad with the songs of the brave and the free;  
Her dells where her fountains dwell by her mountains,  
Fair Freedom, forever, were wedded to thee.

Not shall e'er thy golden chain be invaded  
By force of a despotic, while freedom is true,  
Nor thy star that in glory has shined,  
Will time to this earth's glory add.

Let him who responds, when he peers with keen vision  
Far into the future, but turn back his eye;  
And the deeds of our fathers, who no'er brook'd division,  
Will teach him that liberty never can die.

While the bright out of our fathers, who no'er brook'd division,  
Will teach him that liberty never can die.

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Will teach him that liberty never can die.

## THE BACHELOR MARRIED;

Or how more Agreeable to all Parties;  
When Henry Bordan was upon his death-bed, and had been told by his physician that, if he had any unsettled business anywhere he had better attend to it quickly, he sent for his friend Tobias Hardgrip, an honest but eccentric man.

Tobias who smelt money in the affair, hastened to the bedside of the dying man, and was about to pour forth his lamentations over him, when Bordan choked him with a grim smile and said:

"Don't do it, Hardgrip, for you know 'twould be all nonsense. I am dying, and you are glad of it."

"Glad of it? Why, dear friend, what can you mean? Have I not cause to lament when the man whose purse has so often helped the firm of Hardgrip & Co., is about to depart for—"

"Precisely," said Bordan. "But of late years you have been the purse that has helped the house of Bordan & Son. Well, the son died last month, and now the father must after him. Your house will enjoy a monopoly, for who can outbid Tobias Hardgrip, when Bordan & Son are grave-dust? You are glad of it—you know it—don't say no, for I tell you I will be very glad, if as I siting so strong at your death-bed, my friend Tobias, said Bordan, writing in the sheets as death gave him a nip in the vitals as a hint for him to hurry through with all haste to say—"

"I have not the least doubt of it," groaned Tobias, "I should be much surprised otherwise. No doubt, it is much more agreeable to all parties as it is."

"Precisely," groaned Bordan; and then speaking very slowly, and with much difficulty, he continued: "Let us come to business."

"That's it—that's the word—I like business. What is it?" said Tobias moving closer to Bordan and producing a pencil and note-book. "Go ahead, for your time is short, Bordan."

"You were over a stony-natured man, Tobias," said Bordan, bitterly. "But you are right in your time is short. Some day you, Tobias, will say the same when you are lying stretched—"

"Never mind all that, Bordan," interrupted Tobias, quickly, "that's all right."

"Very well, Hardgrip, during the sixty-nine years that I have lived, I have amassed quite a large property. Before Dr. Orampill told me my case was hopeless, I thought I was a poor man; but now that I must leave my riches, they seem ten times as great."

"No doubt—no doubt—a very common idea," said Tobias, flourishing his pencil. "How much do you leave?"

"Very near to two hundred and eighty thousand."

"That, so much? Then why did you tell me two months ago, that you had not enough to bury yourself with?" exclaimed Tobias, knitting his brows.

"To keep you from asking my endorsement," said Bordan. "The times were slippery. Some of our best houses were crumbling, and I think you were a little shaky then."

"Do you? Well, I was not, but do you know I imagined you were, and was afraid of your paper," grined Tobias, sharpening his pencil.

"Precisely. We were afraid of each other," continued Bordan. "Now, you know I have a daughter—a little girl of ten years. My wife died three years ago by a second wife—I believe you were present when we were married."

"Yes, I recollect; I thought what a fool you were to marry a young woman—only nearly sixty, she twenty—foolish, very—go on."

"She was faithful to me, I truly believe, Tobias."

"No doubt; I never said she wasn't. It is much more agreeable to all parties to believe so. I do. What next?"

"I have willed all my property to my child, except a few legacies. Among others, one to yourself."

"One to me—thank you; how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Very good. What am I to do with it?"

"For I know I have a job on hand."

"I have appointed you guardian of my daughter, till she shall have attained her twenty-first year. If she is satisfied with your care of her during the interval, I have enjoined it upon her to present you with an additional ten thousand."

"She won't be satisfied—women never are. Eve had plenty of peaches, but preferred apples. Why? Because they shall do with a little thing like her. I am a crusty old bachelor—I know it. I have no more heart than a half-penny. I must send her off to a boarding school. When she comes back marry her off. Is that it?"

"No; do no such thing—rent a house—buy a house—rear the child as if she was your own. Promise—swear that you will raise her as if she were your own flesh and blood," exclaimed Bordan.

"That's it. Modern people send their own children to boarding schools. But, Henry, my old friend, rest assured that I will perform all you require. Stop—suppose she marries before she becomes twenty-one? I see before me at least five hundred young ninnies in her train—she will grow up pretty—her mother was—you did good taste—never mind that suppose she marries?"

"If she marries without your consent, then the property all falls—save an annuity of four hundred—to yourself," said Bordan.

"Is that all set down in your will—and is this parchment the will?" asked Hardgrip, taking up a sealed document.

"It is; and this is my final will and testament."

"I think you will live long enough to rectify a little mistake you have made in it," said Hardgrip, unceremoniously breaking it open.

"What mistake? What do you mean?"

"Henry Bordan, I have the reputation of being a sordid, avaricious man. Perhaps the world is right, for I do love money. Now I am willing to please you. I will take fatherly charge of your daughter, change my mode of life, buy a house, be troubled with servants, worry myself with a housekeeper, fight off the dandies when Laura grows up—and all that. But I shall not make myself miserable by breathing temptation with every breath of my nostril. Strike out the condition that she shall not marry without my consent, and I am your man. Otherwise I am off."

"No such condition exists," said Bordan, with a gratified smile. "Examine the will and you will find what I say to be true.

What I said was meant to try you. You are an eccentric man, but honest and faithful."

It is unnecessary to speak further of the interview. Four days after its termination, Henry Bordan's remains were conveyed to their last resting place. Tobias Hardgrip was a single gentleman of thirty-five years of age, blunt and matter-of-fact in his address, almost rude in his manners, fond of money, yet honest, and had a heart much more gentle than the world believed. He was the only son of a man who had reared him from infancy in the belief that gold was everything; and it is no marvel that the heart of Tobias had, by constant contact with his father's metallic nature, become somewhat hardened, yet not irrevocably so. His miserly father had died a few months before Bordan's second marriage and freed from his influence, Tobias had begun to think there was something else besides money to live for. And that something in his eyes, was the smile of Laura Amar, who afterwards became the wife of Henry Bordan—a victim of worldly-minded parents upon the golden altar of Mammon. Had Tobias declared in season he would have found that Laura loved him; but a deep-seated self-distrust had deterred him, and his love became the wife of a man old enough to have been her grand-father. After this the heart of Tobias grew harder and harder, till at the time of Bordan's death every crevice and corner of it was filled with dollars, or the love of dollars.

Bordan being buried, Tobias purchased a neat residence, hired an excellent housekeeper, and the requisite number of servants, and began to lead a different kind of life from that which he had hitherto led. It was not long before he found his tender little charge was growing very dear to him; and as years passed by, her sweet and lovely graces dialogued every one of those hard dollars from his heart till the smiles and happiness of the beautiful girl were the principal things therein.

"Bordan gave me ten thousand dollars to take care of her," said Tobias, as he wended his way to his office, the parting kiss of his ward tingling upon his cheek. "Bless my soul, I believe I would give the same amount now to be allowed the privilege. I think I stand a chance to get the remaining ten thousand by pleasing her—not that I want it. Bless my soul, how that little Laura, has changed my nature. Must be because I loved her more so much—she looks just like her."

Here his attention was attracted to a beggar man, asking alms for herself and sick infant, of a young and richly dressed man just before him. His blue coat and brass buttons especially caught the eyes of Tobias.

"Go to the poor-house," was the brutal reply of the young man as he hurried on from the beseeching and woe-begone woman.

"Just what I used to say," said Tobias, to himself, as he placed a dollar in the palm of the poverty-stricken female, and hurried on from her thankful thanks. "Just what I would say now, if my nature had not been softened by that little angel at home. She is wayward though, I must admit that—but she is only eighteen. Bless me! I never thought of that before. Why, when girls get as far as eighteen in these days, they are generally mothers. Eighteen! Why it seems as yesterday when she was a timid little girl of ten—fond of cakes and detesting gingerbread. Ah! here's my office," Tobias passed through the outer office, into his private room, and found there the gentleman in the blue coat and intensely bright buttons. This gentleman bowed, and presented a letter. Tobias Hardgrip read it carefully, and then looking at the young man sharply, with his keen black eyes, said:

"So you are Orlando Tompkins—son of my step-sister. Why didn't she call you John, or James, or Moses, or Jacob? What—bless my soul! I was near swearing. Where did she find that name, Orlando? It is a miserable name—don't like it."

"I trust your dislike to the name will not extend to the owner," remarked the young gentleman rather flippantly, as if it were a mere trifle whether Tobias liked him or not.

"Can't say yet, Mr. Tompkins; saw you refuse to aid a poor woman while ago—sorry to see that. Why did you not help her?" asked Tobias, poking the fire.

"One sees so many impostors that one is afraid of being imposed upon, sir," said Tompkins, very red, nevertheless.

"So you are Orlando Tompkins, give up smoking, hard drinking, late hours, gambling and several other fashionable amusements, peculiar to that spindle-shanked, dissipated, demon called Young America, and there will be a faint glow left for you to see your fortieth birthday out of purgatory."

"A week, two weeks, three weeks passed; and still Orlando lingered at the hospitable house of Tobias, his presence beginning to haunt that worthy gentleman as the Demon did Faust."

"I am afraid she loves him," said Tobias to himself. "I know he loves her—fortune. What in—(bless my soul, I believe I swore mentally)—why didn't I leave that condition in the will? or as it wasn't there, why did I not insist upon its insertion? I am afraid I shall grow savage, and—"

"How do you do, sir?" said Tobias, giving him a grip of the hand that made Orlando grin with pain.

"But you are not my sister's son—I never had a sister—your mother was the daughter of your mother's mother before your grandmother married my father—do you understand?"

"Bless my soul! now I think of it; she's a full grown woman. That accounts for all the bear she's talking about, lately. But I know she don't care a painful of ashes for the best of them. She can't marry without my consent. Nonsense, if a woman wants to marry she'll do it—there's no holding her. Besides I struck that clause of the will out. What on earth will become of me when Laura marries? I must begin to think about that. But I hate the idea. She sha'n't marry!"

All that day, till five o'clock, Tobias brooded over the thought, and once again himself entering upon the ledger this singular and mystic merchandise.

"Suppose Laura should marry Tobias Hardgrip?"

"Bless my soul! I never dreamed of that," said Tobias blushing very red, and looking about him in alarm. "If old Bilks, my book-keeper, should see that entry, he would run me to death—I should never hear the last of it. Oh, no; that's foolish. I'm forty-three and she's eighteen. Twenty-one years is a long jump between man and wife. Besides that would not be treating her like my own flesh and blood. Bless me, yes it would! If I marry her she will be 'flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone'—I am getting silly. Say, Mr. Bilks, do I look old?"

"Not at all," said Bilks, who was sixty-two, and who considered Tobias a rather young man.

On his way home, Tobias laid several wagers with quite a number of his acquaintances, that none of them could guess his real age.

"Forty, say one, 'thirty-eight,' said two; 'thirty-five,' said three; 'forty-nine,' said four; 'sixty,' said five; and Tobias refused to discount five's note the very next day.

When he reached his house, Tobias found Orlando Tompkins and Laura Bordan chatting away as if they had known each other for ten years.

"Why uncle—said the fascinating Orlando.

"Call me uncle," cried Tobias rather snappishly. "I am not your uncle. You see your mother's mother had a daughter, which daughter is your mother, when your grandmother married my father—you understand."

"Oh, perfectly," said Orlando, who was completely mystified by this genealogical information, and who despaired of ever seeing through it. "Well Mr. Hardgrip, you told me there was no one at home except a little girl. I find here a magnificent woman—demmy!" and Orlando made a crescent of his back, and a love battery of his eyes.

"Did you? Bless my soul, I think so too," said Tobias, who began to hate his brass buttons in the Red Sea.

Laura, who was a very lovely and amiable young lady, and who had been reared almost isolated from the world, had never known her guardian to be so enthusiastically complimentary as he was that evening. He best Orlando "all hollow," and that cerulean and brazen gentleman retired that night with the impression upon his mind that Tobias Hardgrip could talk faster and more to the purpose than any other man he had ever met.

"Demmy!" said Orlando, as he tumbled into bed and drew the cover up to his nose.

"Demmy, I believe the guardly looks toward it. No wonder; she is devoted pretty and ravishingly artless. That Tobias Hardgrip is not a bad looking fellow either. He don't look over thirty-three, and I know he must be fifty. It's strange how some of these old fogies preserve their youth and good looks while we youngsters of twenty-three look sixty at thirty. I must quit smoking. Demmy! I must give it up or my face will look like a dried apple in five years."

Yes, Mr. Orlando Tompkins, give up smoking, hard drinking, late hours, gambling and several other fashionable amusements, peculiar to that spindle-shanked, dissipated, demon called Young America, and there will be a faint glow left for you to see your fortieth birthday out of purgatory."

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"Perfectly," said Orlando, who was butting his brains among all these mothers, seeking for his grandmother.

"Your mother asks me to allow you to make my house your home during your stay in the city. How long shall you stay?"

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## CARDS.

**ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.**  
Office one door east of Seibert's Hotel, East King Street, Lancaster, Pa.

**ABRAHAM SHANK, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with D. G. Eisenman, Esq., No. 36 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.

**EDWARD McGOVERN, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**NEWTON LIGHTNER, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**DR. JOHN McALLA, DENTIST.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**W. T. McPHAIL, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**REMOVAL.—H. B. SWARR, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**SIMON P. EBY, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**FREDERICK S. PYPER, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. ANWEG, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**JOHN F. BRINTON, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**SCRIVENING & CONVEYANCING.**  
Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

**REMOVAL.—We have this day removed our office from No. 36 North Duke Street to No. 37 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa.**

**NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This is the first number of the National Police Gazette, published by J. H. Matthews, No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**NEW GROCERY.—The undersigned has opened a New Grocery Store in West King Street, next door to the Cross Keys Hotel, where he has a large stock of choice Groceries.**

**HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.—This is a new and valuable discovery, and is sold by J. H. Matthews, No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**BYRNE TO THE PUBLIC! JOHN BYRNE, Suburban Owner of the 6th and Oak Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**THE CHEAPEST MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.**

**DIANO'S FIANOS! DIANO'S FIANOS! DIANO'S FIANOS! This is a new and valuable discovery, and is sold by J. H. Matthews, No. 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**WALL PAPER.—The undersigned has a large stock of choice Wall Paper, and is selling it at a great discount.**

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**NEW SPRING BONNETS.**  
The undersigned has a large stock of choice New Spring Bonnets, and is selling them at a great discount.

**SEWING MACHINES.**  
The undersigned has a large stock of choice Sewing Machines, and is selling them at a great discount.

**STAMPS FOR AN SPECIMEN OF THE NEW SPRING BONNETS.**  
The undersigned has a large stock of choice Stamps for an Specimen of the New Spring Bonnets, and is selling them at a great discount.

**IRISHMEN'S SOCIETIES.**  
The undersigned has a large stock of choice Irishmen's Societies, and is selling them at a great discount.

**WASHMEN.**  
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