

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

VOL. LX.

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.
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and I was brought up as their own child. I believe they did everything for me they could, and, as they thought, for the best; but a child, living alone with two old people, must necessarily be, and feel, unlike other children. As I grew up these feelings kept pace with my years, and I felt alone, for I could not understand them—only Philip Southey, with his great, kind heart, and bright, honest face, whose eyes could see his thoughts in his clear eyes—

How heartily I wished that I were either, or anything to him—had any claim on him that I could name so that I might go to him, to comfort him, or mourn over him in the face of the world. I might send him messages by father, but what could I say to him? I believed him innocent, but he knew that. So I crushed down my heart, and went to the singing-school just as I had done before.

Every night I heard the teacher and pupils talking over the robbery, but they were either very merciful to me or afraid, for they never mentioned Philip's name in my hearing. One night father had some business in the village, so he went early, and left me to wait at the hotel until the church was opened. When I entered the little sitting-room of the hotel, Mr. Barnard was lying on the sofa talking with a friend who sat near him. He had just taken off his cravat and was showing his throat to his friend. I looked, too, and saw three greenish brown spots, two near together, and one just above them.

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I heard, as in a dream, the door of the next room open and shut, a clinking of glasses on the table, and a confused murmur of voices. There was a large hole in the wall where the stove-pipe once had passed through, and was now merely a narrow opening, so conversation in one room was heard plainly in the next. Whoever were in the next room, were talking very low and guardedly—but after the glasses had clinked a few times, my friends rose. I was Mr. Bates and his friend. I knew his voice, though it was very unlike the one used in the church; and such words mingled with the most horrid oaths and blasphemy. I knew it was wrong for me to listen, but I could not help it. I read, and looked at the engravings, to make sure I was not dreaming. I walked about the floor, and rustled the papers on the table, to let them know the parlor was not empty; but they did not hear me. Mr. Barnard was sound asleep, and breathing softly. If it had been any one else, I would have wakened him, for an inexpressible feeling of loneliness and fear, and ten years ago, as he could feel that he was innocent. He had fretted at first, for my sake, and because it was unjust, but he was resigned now. It was almost the resignation of despair, but I would not disturb his calmness by telling him what I heard in the hotel. I would not add one drop to the bitterness of his cup, nor to the bitter thoughts he must have in his lonely life. I told him I believed him innocent.

"I know it," he said calmly, "I have known it all along, and it has helped me to look my accusers in the face. It is better to be wronged, than to be a liar, and ten years are not much, Marian."
There in that prison room, I promised, that at the end of ten years, if God spared both our lives, I would be his wife through all those ten years; and at the end, we would begin life together, anew. The jailer came for me, and he bade me "good bye," cheerfully; but when I looked back in the doorway, he had covered his face with his manacled hands. I fear his spirit was not so calm as his words.

From the Home Journal

DICKIE LEE.

Oh, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee!
Of the sunny days gone by, when I was young,
The bonny lad I loved so true,
The bonny lad that loved me true,
No other lass like me.

Oh, we were in love when our years were few,
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—
Six years ago I and seven was he,
And since those days long years have passed—
Long years of blossoms and of bliss;
But then all that was sweet and true,
A love more sweet, a love more true,
Than that of Dickie Lee!

I often think of Dickie Lee,
And the summer long ago,
Of the school-house and the little brook,
With its mossy banks and the shady nook,
Where we used to sit and sing,
With our "home-made" line of a bonnet string,
And a crooked pin that served for a brook,
And learned more joy than the singing-book,
But when we were late, and the teacher stern,
The blow and rebuke I counted as "dross,"
And during it all the heart-strings were torn,
The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee.

I wonder now if Dickie Lee,
Looks back across the years,
Thinking perhaps of me, and of my life,
And the many times we used to sing,
In that school-house dim of yore?
On the little bench of the singing-book,
The little bench that would hold but four—
Janie, Louis, Dickie and me—
And the lambs of the flock,
I wonder now if he ever thinks
Of the drearily long he stole the plums,
And then was so good and true,
And what would poor Dickie Lee?

They tell me that my Dickie Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride;
That he has done well in the world,
Titles, too, of a high degree,
And that a lady became his bride,
Very well, but I don't care,
Dickie has been as he.

It may be a year since he was my lover,
Loving me well, and loving no other;
It may be a year since he made me glad,
I opened his eyes, making merry and glad;
It may be a year, "his many a year,"
That he sat up with me, and wept down a tear—
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,
Knowing or dreaming of naught but joy.
And he would not see the man of care,
That calls himself "Richard Lee,"
That has washed clean from me
For, oh, he would steal from me
Something I love and cherish well,
An innocent and a true cell,
And I love to see
Through the face is freckled and plain and lean,
Yet memory calls to me, and I am green,
And I keep the spot of its dwelling green
For the sake of Dickie Lee.
The little boy that loved me true,
Was really in love with me!

SUMMER MUSINGS.

Once again, in fond remembrance,
Summer's dowers bright appear,
And their presence brings gladness,
Chasing forms of grief and care,
From many a heart grown sore,
Making life and light and beauty
Dawn upon the day.
Gleaming banners, then at evening,
With blessings over sweet and new,
And the golden rays that stream
From the setting sun, and the gleaming,
Tells us in language true,
That the mighty God who made it
Gave us summer.

Gleaming banners, then at evening,
And, like summer of the heart,
All beneath that smile grows brighter,
And the heart grows lighter,
When the sunbeams dart,
Send like meteors of the heavens,
Flaming cheer and gladness.

But, sweet summer, thou art going,
As a lover's dream of bliss,
Leaves his heart with joy or sorrow,
Like a sunset's gleam of bliss,
Soon thy presence will be missed,
And thy smile will soon be missed,
And thy heart will soon be missed,
And thy love will soon be missed.

Fare thee well, thou fading summer,
And bright flowers, fare thee well;
Shades of glory and of sadness
Fill the heart, and fill the soul,
Cause the throbbing heart to swell,
When the Autumn's chill winds sigh,
Chasing thy flying presence.

MARIAN DEAN'S STORY.

It was many years ago that Mr. Carrington Bates came to our town to teach a singing-school. He was very good looking, I believe, at least people said he was, but I hated him, and with such good reason, that I never dare trust myself to tell what I thought of him. He came so well recommended by a long list of "reverends" and "honorable," and made such a fine appearance—so gentlemanly and respectable—that every door was open to him, and every one had a word of praise for him. He played the violin, and sang divinely, which was enough to set all the sentimental and musical part of the young people half crazy over him. As he had a melancholy air, and a story was soon trumpeted up to tell me the whole horrible truth. It seems that Philip had that day offered a counter-feit coin to the toll-gate keeper, which was marked, and had been described by Mr. Barnard as being in his purse when he was robbed. The gate keeper took the money, but sent an officer after Philip, who said he took the money from Mr. Bates in change for a bill he gave him to pay for a singing-book. Mr. Bates said he had given no change for books—those who bought books bought them in the church, and, besides, Philip had not got a book. This was unfortunately true enough, for Philip had met him in the road, and paid him in advance for a book, which the teacher was to send him. There were no witnesses, and it was indeed a hard case.

Sleep did not come to my pillow that night, nor the next, for the next day Mr. Barnard was taken to see Philip, and declared that to the best of his belief, he was the man who had robbed him. The cloud that hung over us all was growing darker; public feeling was against him. Almost every one was on his side at first, but now they wondered how he could be such a hypocrite. They insulted him in his prison by professing to believe that there was a gang of robbers in the neighborhood, and urged him to turn "state evidence," and to give up his accomplices, and like a Christian, but I did not. I had been taught to hide my feelings, but I fretted in secret. Father thought it was best I should continue to attend the singing-school, and I did, though it cost me more sorrow than he knew of to sing all the evening, within a stone's throw of the jail, where he, who was my "all in all" on earth, lay in trouble and darkness.

"There's no knowing what might have happened, little girl, but you are not his wife nor his sweetheart," father said, "and there's no use in making people talk."

How heartily I wished that I were either, or anything to him—had any claim on him that I could name so that I might go to him, to comfort him, or mourn over him in the face of the world. I might send him messages by father, but what could I say to him? I believed him innocent, but he knew that. So I crushed down my heart, and went to the singing-school just as I had done before.

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Five years of the ten had nearly passed away, and I was working at a farmer's, many miles from my old home. Father and I neither were both dead, and I was alone in the world. We had almost starved on the little farm, and when it was sold and the debts were paid, there was just nothing coming to me. I did not care, for I was young and strong, and had something to work for. I laid up all my little earnings, so that we, Philip and I, would have enough to take us away from that place, and make a beginning somewhere else. By some flaw in the deed, or quibbling of the lawyers, his little farm had gone back to its former owner, long before his trial, and now ran to common. And the house, that was to have been our happy home, still stood, four logs high, just as he had left it.

I grieved faint and sick even now, when I think how I looked forward to the day, when I could say, "The time is half gone; only five years more, and Philip will be free!" Five years! Would Philip still love me? I looked in the glass, and noticed the sharp outlines of my face. Five years more, and the brown hair he praised would be streaked with silver. I was sorry, for his sake, that I was not growing beautiful; that he might be proud of me, and say, "Look at her; she trusted me when all the world thought me guilty, and loved and cherished me through all my degradation." This did not trouble me, for I believed he could judge me by my heart.

Near the close of the fifth year, a letter was brought me, written in a strange hand, and post-marked at my native village. It contained only this:
"If Marian Dean will be at the hotel in this village, at noon, on the 10th of this month, she may hear of something to her advantage."
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"Who is Carr?" I cried, for a light seemed breaking in upon me.
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In one week, Philip was to be removed to the prison. I knew it was of no use to appeal to father, or any one else, for the privilege of seeing him; so, late in the evening, I stole up to my little room, opened the drawer, and took from their many wrappings, my mother's gold beads. This was the one golden link that bound me to that mother whom I could not remember. I waited until father and mother Dean were asleep, and then stole out, along the lonely street, to the jail. I hurried past the lighted streets, and offices—the windows, where I could see such dear glimpses of homes—and past the church, which I hated because I had there first seen Carrington Bates. Past all these, to the great dismal jail, I found the jailer, and put my precious beads in his hands. I don't know what I said to him, but he threw them back, as though they had been a serpent and had bitten him, and took me along the cold stone corridors, to the room where I found Philip. I thought I had come to comfort him, but he was braver than I. All his wrongs could not break his noble spirit, nor bow it down, so long as he could feel that he was innocent. He had fretted at first, for my sake, and because it was unjust, but he was resigned now. It was almost the resignation of despair, but I would not disturb his calmness by telling him what I heard in the hotel. I would not add one drop to the bitterness of his cup, nor to the bitter thoughts he must have in his lonely life. I told him I believed him innocent.

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"Who is Carr?" I cried, for a light seemed breaking in upon me.
"He was known here as Carrington Bates, and followed the profession of a teacher of singing," he replied, beginning to feel of his sentences, just as he read enough—and may God forgive the truth was told enough. I had, on the night of the robbery, traveled over that same road—and although father swore that he had called at his house at half-past nine, that was nothing in his favor, as Mr. Barnard could not tell what time in the evening he was robbed, and the horse Philip rode was a very swift one. His case was hopeless; he was tried and found guilty. In consideration of his youth, his previous good character, and his repentance, he was only sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labor. Only ten of his best years, and his whole life had been miserable by the shame and degradation of the prison. I carried past the lighted streets, and then he had a good secret the money, which had never been found.

In one week, Philip was to be removed to the prison. I knew it was of no use to appeal to father, or any one else, for the privilege of seeing him; so, late in the evening, I stole up to my little room, opened the drawer, and took from their many wrappings, my mother's gold beads. This was the one golden link that bound me to that mother whom I could not remember. I waited until father and mother Dean were asleep, and then stole out, along the lonely street, to the jail. I hurried past the lighted streets, and offices—the windows, where I could see such dear glimpses of homes—and past the church, which I hated because I had there first seen Carrington Bates. Past all these, to the great dismal jail, I found the jailer, and put my precious beads in his hands. I don't know what I said to him, but he threw them back, as though they had been a serpent and had bitten him, and took me along the cold stone corridors, to the room where I found Philip. I thought I had come to comfort him, but he was braver than I. All his wrongs could not break his noble spirit, nor bow it down, so long as he could feel that he was innocent. He had fretted at first, for my sake, and because it was unjust, but he was resigned now. It was almost the resignation of despair, but I would not disturb his calmness by telling him what I heard in the hotel. I would not add one drop to the bitterness of his cup, nor to the bitter thoughts he must have in his lonely life. I told him I believed him innocent.

"I know it," he said calmly, "I have known it all along, and it has helped me to look my accusers in the face. It is better to be wronged, than to be a liar, and ten years are not much, Marian."
There in that prison room, I promised, that at the end of ten years, if God spared both our lives, I would be his wife through all those ten years; and at the end, we would begin life together, anew. The jailer came for me, and he bade me "good bye," cheerfully; but when I looked back in the doorway, he had covered his face with his manacled hands. I fear his spirit was not so calm as his words.

Five years of the ten had nearly passed away, and I was working at a farmer's, many miles from my old home. Father and I neither were both dead, and I was alone in the world. We had almost starved on the little farm, and when it was sold and the debts were paid, there was just nothing coming to me. I did not care, for I was young and strong, and had something to work for. I laid up all my little earnings, so that we, Philip and I, would have enough to take us away from that place, and make a beginning somewhere else. By some flaw in the deed, or quibbling of the lawyers, his little farm had gone back to its former owner, long before his trial, and now ran to common. And the house, that was to have been our happy home, still stood, four logs high, just as he had left it.

I grieved faint and sick even now, when I think how I looked forward to the day, when I could say, "The time is half gone; only five years more, and Philip will be free!" Five years! Would Philip still love me? I looked in the glass, and noticed the sharp outlines of my face. Five years more, and the brown hair he praised would be streaked with silver. I was sorry, for his sake, that I was not growing beautiful; that he might be proud of me, and say, "Look at her; she trusted me when all the world thought me guilty, and loved and cherished me through all my degradation." This did not trouble me, for I believed he could judge me by my heart.

Near the close of the fifth year, a letter was brought me, written in a strange hand, and post-marked at my native village. It contained only this:
"If Marian Dean will be at the hotel in this village, at noon, on the 10th of this month, she may hear of something to her advantage."
"L. RANKIN, Postmaster."

What could it mean? What could be of advantage to me, but to hear good news from Philip? It was a mystery, but people advised me to go on, and as it was already the 8th, I had no time to lose, so the next day I took the stage, and at the appointed hour entered the sitting-room of the hotel, where my first trouble in life began. What was my surprise on finding there Mr. Barnard. He caught both my hands in his, and said, solemnly,
"Miss Dean, I ask your forgiveness. On my honor, I believe he was innocent." He sat down on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and began to sob. I could not comprehend it. I felt as if I was in the same half-wake state I was on

wrong, Marian. I never knew how beautiful the world was before."
Mr. Barnard bought Philip's little farm back for us, and we were to pay him in small sums, as we got able; and our savings stocked it, and helped to build a large house, where the old walls, four logs high, lay crumbling. We were both still young, stout-hearted, and stout-handed, and have been very happy since—soberly and gratefully happy.

Of Carrington Bates I have not heard since he was imprisoned for life; he is dead to the world and to me, only his memory haunts me sometimes in my dreams.

This is a great country for jokes, and we have just had one that is too good to keep.
Early this morning there were added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very much like runaways—the gentleman a very tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half-horse, half-alligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him.

Among the passengers, from Napoleon, Ark., is a solemn-looking gentleman who all along has been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock this evening I was conversing with this "reverend" individual when a young man stepped up and, addressing him, remarked—
"We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate."
"All right, sir," he replied laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, where, sure enough, the couple stood waiting.

There had been some kissing games and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed this was merely a continuation of the sport, and so thought the "preacher," who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment.
The couple stood up before him, (a good deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage I thought), and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, pronounced them "husband and wife."

There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over I left the cabin—and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and took a great deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun; but he did not understand why they should select him to act the preacher.

Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I returned the door stood open, and the "preacher" stood just inside, with his coat and vest off and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked—
"Well, if that's the case it is a good joke, for they are in dead earnest, and have both retired to the same state-room."
The old gentleman raised both hands as he exclaimed—
"God heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand, to the state room indicated, commenced an assault upon the door as if he would batter it down, exclaiming at each kick—
"For heaven's sake don't, I can't a preacher!"

The whole cabin was aroused, every state room door flying open with a slam, when the door opened and the Arkansas traveler, poking out his head, coolly remarked—
"Old hoss, you're too late!"—Henderson (Ky.) Democrat.

How well I remembered the chill stillness of the stone corridors, and shuddered when the jailer opened for us the same door he had opened for me the last time I saw Philip! But the loud, derisive laugh that greeted us put all thoughts of that time out of my mind. There sat Carrington Bates. Not the elegant and refined teacher of music, but reckless and hardened in appearance and words, the Carrington Bates I had heard talking in the private parlor of the hotel.

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