

The Lancaster

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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TERMS.

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FEVER.

A cup of water, what do you call it? What do you call this fever? It is like they were used to give me. Retire the window just a little—I can hardly breathe you see. It is the water of Debauch. For the first time I was to do so. Over the way.

You need not light the candle, that the dark shadows, so that I can easily reach it. Retire the window just a little—I can hardly breathe you see. It is the water of Debauch. For the first time I was to do so. Over the way.

How strange are the shadows flitting Around on the dusky wall! How the fire light seems to grow stranger And glowlier than them all. It is that the town clock is striking— I think the house is cracking— My fever will reach its crisis— There are long hours yet till light. And what a night it is in May, For little red lips to tip with.

I wonder if she loves me In her pride, and I too poor? Yet I pour my life out for her— I wish I could die to be so! It is only the night wind rising With the waning moon. Alas! I wish I could die to be so! Through the dear old window pane! Dropped are the shadowy eyelids; And the heart beats in throbbing. As the whirling waltzers pass them Over the way.

Mother, at home, come, bless me! Can you sleep with your eyes patting Longs for the touch of your fingers To cool my feverish brain? Sit close to my bed and murmur Of your bygone, with its holy tone— In my broken dream I hear it Through the long, long afternoon. Again that waltz of Weber Sets heart and feet to play. Whirling and whirling, as throbbing Over the way.

I cannot think much longer; I have great, great work to do. Wealth is bound to be our ones? Fate—How I wish I knew! Perhaps, perhaps she would love me, That will of my day above me! Ah, me! I wish I could die to be so! The soft, waltz of Weber is fading— It is over so. My party goes!

Quiet and gray was the gleaming That brightened upon the wall; For the waltz was breaking, And her heart and feet to play. And a pulse beat ceased its throbbing, And the fever all was gone. And what a night it is in May, The heart beats that dance so Over the way.

[From the Family Journal.]

My First Appearance on any Stage.

BY ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

In a former number of the Family Journal, I related "Why I am a Bachelor,"—an account of my life and loves, although an illustrious one, is rather common, and that there are more people in the world of the name of John Smith besides myself. I might hesitate in making the public my confidant.

Well, then, I will at once make a clean breast of the matter. I have appeared on the stage—Don't imagine, gentle reader, when I write these words that I am not conscious of the enormity of my offense. Alas! I do not know it too well.

When I think that I, John Smith, ex-grocer, was ever theatrical enough to appear before a theatrical audience, my cheeks blush with shame, and my anticipations—let me not anticipate. My object, dear reader, in telling you the whole matter, is to obtain your sympathy, and I must beg beforehand that you will not laugh at me. I have already gone through the terrible ordeal of laughter and derision, and ought by this time to be steeled against it. It is a tender, sore point, and were I not certain that the readers of the Journal are kindly disposed and will not make light of my misfortunes, I would proceed no further.

After my want of success in love, as previously told, I grew unsettled—and wandered about the city for days without any particular end in view. I verily believe I never every clerk in the Broadway stores, for I was accustomed to go and prior articles in every establishment—not with the intention of buying anything, but simply to kill time. One day in the course of my peregrinations I was attracted by a large bill outside the Broadway Theater. Now, I had never been inside a theater in my life. I had always despised actors and plays. I was now, however, attracted by the large capitals, and stopped to read the bill. I learned by this that the play was "Richard III" and was to be performed that night. I do not know what evil genius possessed me—but I determined that I would see it.

I went, and was delighted. It was a new world to me—the lights, the music, the company, all served to intoxicate me even before the play commenced. But when the curtain rose my enthusiasm was worked up to a high pitch. I did not understand the language, but I understood the fighting, and that was glorious. The great American actor performed the part of Richard, and it did my heart good to see him rant and roar, and fume and fret. Now, that's my idea of good acting—he exercised his lungs and made the whole house ring with his stentorian tones. But at last Richard came on the field, and then my delight reached its climax. Oh how Richard and Richmond fought! How they ran about the stage—parried here, and thrust there! And then when the hunched-backed tyrant was about to slay your contributor Dick Spun-Yarn, would you not shout about the house—it was a glorious triumph.

"My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

There is high authority for odd matches in this world. Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, was married to a lame blacksmith.

YOU AND I.

For the Intelligence.

Stella, dear, do you remember, The day when first we met? We met in the bright and blithe September, I think (see page 15).

There was such kindness in thy voice, Such gladness in thine eye, We soon became fast friends, Estelle, You and I.

The convent-school was our peaceful home, We played within its walls, Or together we would roam, Thine dear and sacred hair, The Chapel too, with its simple spire, No Temple could outvie, 'Twas there we knelt and prayed, Estelle, You and I.

Our youthful hearts were full of gloom, Our path was strewn with flowers, The days passed on, I high, at last, To think my day-gone hours, Those halcyon days have gone, alas! We are happy in our company, You and I.

The world's ways have coldly turned From the well-springs of our love, We can bear to be thus parted, We can bear to be thus parted, We can bear to be thus parted, When death's cold hand drew nigh, We hope to love in a kinder world, You and I.

At last the eventful day dawned, And I had the satisfaction of seeing in the morning papers a statement to the effect that the part of Richmond would be undertaken by an amateur, his first appearance on any stage. How I passed through that day I know not. I kept repeating my part to myself the whole time, until I became what is called "word perfect." I was at the theatre by 6 o'clock, and found the doors were not yet open. At last the fact rather unobscured charmed entrance, and I was behind the scenes, and I had scarcely entered when I was accosted by the costumer:

"How about your dress, sir?" said he. "Why, the dress for Richmond?" "I suppose I can get it from the theatrical wardrobe?"

Certainly, sir; but I don't know that we have got one that will fit you—you know your measurements, sir. "Well, that was a fact," I am rather stout—in truth, I may say excessively stout.

"But you must find me a dress." "Well, I will see what I can do, sir; come this way."

I followed him into the dressing-room, and he bunched up the largest clothes he could find.

I put them on, and with the exception that they felt rather uncomfortably tight, they did very well. I then took my place behind the scenes and began to repeat my part to myself. I found that I remembered every word of it, and I had no doubt as to my complete success. Once or twice I peeped through a hole in a curtain, and found that the house was filling very fast.

Having by this time repeated the whole of my part over, I thought I would practice my fencing. While making a pass at one of the side scenes, I heard a sudden rent, and my unfortunate garments were almost torn in twain. This was a terrible catastrophe, and one that must be immediately repaired. I ran to the costumer and informed him of my mishap—He expressed himself very sorry, and regretted that he had not another pair of pantaloons in the wardrobe that would fit me; but he suggested that there would be plenty of time to repair them, as I did not make my appearance till the last part of the play.

I caught at the suggestion, and being an expert hand with the needle, I determined that I would repair the breach myself. The dressing-room was full, so I could not go there; but I found a retired nook at the back of the stage, and divesting myself of the damaged garment, sat down in my drawers on a stool under the gas light, crossed my legs, and began to sew vigorously at the same time repeating to myself my own various speeches.

I might have been engaged in this manner five or ten minutes, and I heard the first waltz, smaller, when I returned the rushing and rolling of scenes, and a sudden glare of light shone on me, and a shriek, a yell, a shout, such as might have awakened the seven sleepers, greeted my ears.

I raised my head, and to my horror I found myself seated in the middle of the stage, with the whole audience before me. Yes, there was I, John Smith, ex-grocer, divested of my pantaloons, trowsers, or whatever they may be called, sitting cross-legged before an immense audience, and the shouting, and the noise, and the yelling which greeted me, took away my self-possession. I rose up from my seat. I cast my trowsers from me, and ran about the stage like a wild man. And then the yelling and screaming was redoubled—men stood up in the pit and waved their hats—women turned away their heads. I was bewildered—demented—stark, raving mad. I actually did not know how to get off the stage, and I believe I never should have got off, had not the manager come forward and actually taken me away by brute force.

I put on my clothes in silence—I left the theater with an inward resolve that I would never enter the accursed building again.

I have kept my word—that fatal night was my first and only appearance on any stage.

A lady subscriber of the *Louisville Journal* writes that she was horrified at the indecency of her paper, and she threatened to set her foot on every copy that came under her observation. He suggests that she hadn't better do it, as his paper had it in it.

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to select a little by himself. The field selected for the purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed—

"Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in saying:—

"My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

There is high authority for odd matches in this world. Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, was married to a lame blacksmith.

JAMES H. BARNES.

AND INVESTIGATOR.

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AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STEREO.

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NOW READY!

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID!

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