

WOL. LXII. Sin Bib I Annual M

# LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1861.

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Jos Painwine Such as Hand Bills, Pottert, Pamphiet, Banka, Eabels, So., Sc., executed with scenary ind or shortest notice

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY WILLIAM B. SIPES. Axes to grind ! Axes to grind ! Thisk as leaves on the autumn wind Are rushing "patriots" with axes to grind ! The Goths from the North, and the Vandals, too, And Southern particips not a fight of the second strong the second strong the second strong second s

Axes to grind ! Axes to grind ! On every side the burthen we find ! Men whose locks are hoary and thin Men whose hearts are shrouded in sin-Men whose hearts are shrouged in sin-Men whose services here's were known-Men whose trumpets are loudly blown-Men who are leaders, and men who are tools : Like ravenous wolves with hunger blind, Are shouting the chorus, Azes to grind !

Are shouting the chorus, Axes to grind? Ares to grind? Axes to grind? No hope for the laggard who falls behind? Tambling, scrambling, swearing, and all; For the dirty crumbe that gradgingly fall From the Government table where "Old Abe" ' Losing his patience and losing his wits. And glowly the public stone goes round, Marking the time of the doleful sound; While its wasting fragments fly hore and there, And its withering sparks shed a furid glare----Wearing the life of a nation away. The glittering baits of the treasary gleam On the anxious, noisy, rushing stream, That comes as the leaves on the autumn wind, On the anxious, noisy, rushing stream, That comes as the leaves on the autumn wind, Swelling the chorus, Azes to grind

Axes to grind ! Axes to grind ! Axes to grind ! Axes to grind ! The nation in this her dirge shall find ! When Home, in her glory, forgot her truth, And a lust for office filled her youth— When her leaders hungered for every drib That could be filehed from the "public orib" She tottered and fell in isad decay, And her ower forever passed away ! She tottered and fell in sad decay, And her power forever passed away! So will it be with our own loved hand, In her history young-in her majesty grand ! Her virtue wasted—her honesty fied— Her patriots fallen—her glory dead: She'll fall as the jeares in the antumn wind, Her require hered in done to mind / Her requiem heard in Axes to grind :

THE MORNING LAND OF LIFE. I dwelt in a bright land far away-A beautiful morning land — Where the winds and wild birds snng all day, And the waves, repeating their roundelay, Danced over the golden sand.

I know the paths over its low, green hills, The banks where its violets grow, The osier clumps by its laughing rills, And the odor its every flower distils, Though I left it long ago. I know where the sybil Summer weaver

The charm of her sweetest spells; Where the soft south wind and the low-voiced lea Make a touching plant, like sprite that grieves In the heart of a rose-lipped shell.

I know the cliff where the lichen olings, And the crimson berries grow ; Where the mists are woven in rainbow rings. And the cascade leaps with its snowy wing To the shadowy pool below.

But, alas! for me, its pleasant bowers, And the radiant bloom they wore, The birds that sung, and the sunny showers That kinsed the lips of the fair young flowers,

had to grope my way slong till I reached accept or pay for them. Yours, &c., PEMBROKE CODGERS. 'That is very unfortunate.' I said.the foot of the stairs. I felt my way up a prodigious length of stairs very cautiously, for I was in momentary dread of find-ing myself launched down into some un-refers ? Have you any of the reviews to which he seen abyss. I had gone up what appeared Tim reached across the table, and to my excited imagination about a mile handed me a dumpy scrap book, in which and half of stairs, when I reached the top were pasted leaves of journals and reviews. landing and succeeded in finding the door. I proceeded to glance over some of them, I felt for a knocker or a bell-handle, but while Tim knelt down close by the fender in vain, so I used my knuckles. I knocked and endeavored to excite the fire to for some time without effect, but at last resurrection by pushing in little shreds the door was opened by a woman, whose of newspaper between the bars with his form was dimly visible in the light of an penholder. The reviews were really such as Mr. Codgers had represented them to oil lamp in a remote kitchen. oil lamp in a remote kitchen. ( Is it the milk ?) said the woman, in a half whisper. I informed her that I was not the milk, but a friend of Mr. Pottle- one that turned up was a review of Burt dot; 'is he in ?' She said he was, and on Recreation, and commenced thus :-- form the orowning glory of the Pottledot when I had stepped in she shut the door 'We admire the sagacious prudence of name ?' behind me, and after knocking at another the publisher in prefixing to this volume door on the opposite side of the dark a portrait of Mr. Burt. It is a guarantee passage, opened it and showed me in that he really belongs to the genus homo. Timothy was sitting at his desk writing by The low and rampant animalism of his

the dull light of a tallow candle, which book would inevitably have led us to a was reared like a lighthouse upon a pile of different conclusion." books. He got up and rung my hand af-There was another beginning withfectionately, but the poor fellow was clear-Johnson said that Robertson's writing re ly in very low spirits. I didn't wonder at sembled a little gold packet in a great bunit ; the place was too dismal for anything dle of wool. Mr. Ferguson's writing bears a else. It was a cold, uncomfortable room, deal of resemblance to Mr. Robertson's; with chilly draughts blowing about; and the only difference is that Mr. Ferguson's the window rattled loosely in its frame. A is all wool together.' few black einders were carefully gathered A third commenced thus: 'If extremes meet, the poetry of Mr. Smilie is close upon that of Shakespeare, into the centre of the grate, from the middle of which arose a slender thread of

smoke that wandered discenselate up the for it is unquestionably the most wretched

feet toward the grate, though I might as at the poor fellow as he crept by the I waited impatiently for the close of the did when he wrung my hand and bade me well have held them at the window. cheerless hearth, his thin, sickly face blue 'It isn't a very good fire,' said Tim, with the cold, and, when I thought of his taking up the poker and looking dismally utter loneliness and misery, I felt no emotion but that of pity. I could not in honesty tell him that Mr. Codgers was at the cinders; 'I don't know what's wrong with it. It seems in a perpetual state of either death or resurrection.' mistake a. I rather urged him to take It was clearly in a state of death at that gentleman's advice and cultivate a mistakes. I rather urged him to take that particular moment, and held out very healthier style. Some conversation about and grasped my hand.

little prospect of a speedy resurrection, my future plans brought us to the hour although Tim (who fortunately did not use when I must go. Tim bade me good bye the poker, or he would inevitably have ex- reluctantly and with evident pain, for I tinguished it,) knelt down and blew at the could see a tear glittering in his eye, and Have you seen her ? cinders till they were colder than ever. Never mind,' said Tim, rising, 'we'll have tea—that will be better. The bell 'Well, good bye,' I said, as I left him:

'Well, good bye,' I said, as I left him : was not in working order, so he went him- . keep up your spirits; there are brighter self to order Mrs. Blobbs to bring in the days in store for you.' tea. Mrs. Blobbs took so very long to I had scarcely got out and begun my execute this order that I just began to furnished with a teapot, a plate of salt butter, two slices of underdone toast, and four farthing biscuits, which Mrs. Blobbs had evidently been instructed to provide his frame convulsed by emotion. for the occasion. The tea proved to be lukewarm, and Tim to go in quest of Mrs. Blobbs for teaspoons and oream. He re-' I say, Tim, what's this ?' turned with a couple of pewter teaspoons, to be busy with the fire. but nothing in the shape of cream was to What's all this, Tim ?' be had-the milk boy having neglected to bring any, and Mrs. Blobbs having no one in the house to send for it. So we sat down and drank the lukewarm tea, which bore swollen, and his cheek wet with tears. in taste and color a remarkable resemblance to an infusion of senna. Tim had tea, so he was sadly dispirited ; though I too much for me.' drank the tepid compound and chewed the underdone toast with as great an appear-

that you had one' an hour ago.' think she was not going to execute it at that I had left my gloves behind. I descent of the dark stairs when I found 'What! you were'nt?' Tim fell a laughing, and laughed till I plainly. all, when she appeared with a small tray, groped my way back, and, finding the door thought he would have burst a blood-vessel. opened, stepped across the passage and I could'nt understand it. As soon as he into Tim's room. Tim was sitting by the was able to speak, he introduced me to hearth, his head bent upon his knees, and Mr. Burt of Burt's Recreations and to Pembroke Codgers, and to several others. Then. bidding them all hastily good night, Tim started, and, hastily brushing his he dragged me out to a cab in waiting; bundled me in, gave the cabman the address, and told him to drive like the eyes with the cuff of his cost, pretended mischief.' Tim rose, seeing there was was no use I am not in a condition to say whether trying to hide hide his feelings, turned he drove like the mischief or not, but he and took my hand. His eyes were already very nearly drove us into it, for he dashed round the corners with a frightful reckless-'Dick,' he said. 'don't think me child ness that nearly pitched us over, cab and ish; you are the only friend I have left. all. and put the lives of about two hunevidently intended to give us a comfortable and when I found you, too, gone, it was dred people in extreme jeopardy. Tim chuckled very much. I was puzzled; I 'My dear Tim,' I said, 'I feel as if 1 thought it must proceed from his joy at could throw up the whole thing, just to seeing me again. ance of relish as I could possibly assume. 'By the way,' said Tim, brightening up, me a pen.' We pulled up before a house in Rutland street, and as soon as the door was opened do you like marmalade? I sat down and addressed a note of Tim (without even giving me time to leave my hat in the hall) hurried me away to the I assured him there was nothing in the introduction to Aunt Mills, telling her, in way of preserves that I relished nearly so a few words. of Tim's loneliness, and back parlor.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. whole bevy of consine gathered in the supply—it is indiscriminate abuse, often as if he had been speaking for a consider Tim told me how all this had come about, vestibule to see me away. After a few words of mutual encouragement, and a ontumely as to be unfit for our columns. mated, especially with his right arm, TERMS. TERMS. TERMS. TABLEMS. TA tigers, I sallied out on the way to -I can assure you it would be for your he were gracking a coachman's whip. He each other rather better than anybody tigers, I samed out on the way to interest to cultivate a less offensive style. Timothy Pottledor's. It was a raw, gusty interest to cultivate a less offensive style. Night, and I was glad enough when I I shall be glad to look over any contribu-turned into the passage leading to Tim's tion you may be pleased to make, but at lodgings. It was a dark passage, and I present I cannot undertake either to

through? The lily is perennial; so is Mr. seemed to love him, because he loved Pottledot. The lily bears fruit in this everybody. And now, before he had been glass stop; so does he. Have we not the a month married, he got the editorship of fruits of his labors in our new schools, in The Northern Review, and had only been our healthier literature. in the increased six months editor when the publishers and success of all philanthropic schemes ?-- other friends had made him a handsome

Nay, have we not his infant son [tremen-dous applause, during which the littly man waved his arm with increased exulta-drawing his little wife to him ; 1 loved tion] rising up, as we hope, to follow in you, and through you everybedy else.' the footsteps of his illustrious father, and ' Then what of Aunt Mills ?' I asked. 'I sent her and the girls to spend a month with the old folks at home. They

"Who is that ? I asked of a gentleman got on gloriously together.' 'And Mrs. Blobbs ?' said I laughing. next me as the speaker disappeared amid loud applause. 'Well, I did'nt give her the Croton oil,

' Mr. Burt, the author of the book on after all. I bought the jam, but the good Recreation." influences had begun to work at that time, I thought I remembered the name, but | and I gave the jam to Mrs. Blobbs as a

had no time for reflection, as the lion of present. You can't think how motherly the evening rose up to reply, and was she soon became. I missed nothing more; welcomed by a perfect storm of cheers and I began to think it must have been the clapping of hands. I looked, and instantly cat that took away my things. When I began cheering so vociferously as to take left, I gave Mrs. Blobbs a Bible, and do the people around me by surprise. Why ? you know the good old soul wept like a Because there was no mistake about it. child.'

It was Tim ! The same black hair, the We had a happy evening of it-we same black eyes, the same fine forehead, three-and sat up talking about by-gone but otherwise how different! His cheeks days till the fire became almost as low as were quite ruddy, his face beamed with it was at Mrs. Blobbs'; but when he and

chimney. Sit down, said Tim, placing a chair for "Sit down, said Tim, placing a chair for me close to the fender; 'you look cold." I should imagine that I did, for I felt like by disprojntment and neglest. I looked meeting, and then, after considerable good by at the foot of Mrs. Blobbs, struggling, succeeded in reaching the stairs. And I have never met a poor, retiring rooms, where I found Tim in the disconsolate bachelor since but I have told midst of a group of congratulating friends. him of Timothy Pottledot, and advised 'Tim,' I cried ' let me join the rest.' him to ' go and do likewise." Tim started, and no sooner caught sight of me than he broke through the others

> 'It's Dick, as I live! Why, where in the world have you come from ? Well never mind ; it's all right, you are here.

"Her ?' I thought he surely could'nt mean Mrs. Blobbs. 'Her !' repeated Tim, with a merry

twinkle about his eye. 'Oh, your wife! No, I was'nt aware

GOOD MORNING. I am so happy !" a little girl said, o sprang, like a lark, from a low trundle bed s morning bright morning Good morning

"<sup>1</sup>Tis morning origue morning; mamma! papa; O, give me one kiss for good morning; mamma! Only just look at my pretty oppary; Chirping his sweet 'Good morning to Mary;' The sun is peoping straight into my eyist-Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise Barly to wake my birdle and me. And make us happy as happy can be.''

there was any present more suitable than another it was an epergrat. 'A lily,' he said, 'beautiful idea is silver lily. The lily grows; so has Mr. Pottledot grown in power, grown in usefulness, grown in public estimation. The lily is of silver, solid and sterling , and is not Mr. Pottle-through? The lily is perennial; so is Mr.

Looking up-earnetity-into the shifts. And iwo little hands, that were folded together, Softly, she laid on the lap of her mother, "Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said "I thank thee for watching my ang little bed, For taking good care of me all the dark night, And waking me up with the beautiful light; O; keep me from maughtimes all the long day, Dear Father, who taught little children to pray !" An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child!

I AND JENNY DAVIS. On a sunny summer morning, Early as the dew was dry, Up the hill I went a berrying, Need I tell you-tell you why? Farmer Davis had a daughter, And it happened that I knew On each sunny morning Jenny Up the hill went berrying too. Up the first work is picking berries, So I joined her on the hill; "Jenny, desr," said I, "your basket's Quite too large for one to fill." So we staid-we two to fill it, Jenny talking-1 was still-Leading where the the hill was steep, Picking berries up the hill. "This is up-hill work," said Jonny; "So is life," said I, "shall we Olimb it up alone? or, Jonny, Will you come and elimb with me?" Redder than the blushing berries Jenny's checks a moment grew, While without delay she answered, "I will come and alimb with you."

## A FLEET MARRIAGE.

#### BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but ady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather passed exwas still single, though rather passed ex-treme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, and estimated her, me your marriage certificate. I send you own loveliness too dearly, and now she 50 pounds for present expenses. refused to believe that she was not as

charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried. Lady C. had about five thousand pounds

How JED MISSED IT .--- Some folks are in the world. She owed about forty in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsy Wilson was of the number .-beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was This peculiarity she accidentally revealed likely to remain there. to Jebedish Jenkins, in a careless, conver-Now in the time I speak of, every lady

sational way. Jebediah had just finished had her head dressed by a barber; and the recital of a matrimonial dream, in the barber of the fleet was the handsomest which the young lady and himself figured barber of the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex; and

as hero and heroine, he having invented the same for the sake of saying, at the where's the wonder ? Sure, Pat was an conclusion, it was 'too good to be true,' Irishman. It was one very fine morning and by thus speaking parables, assuring when Philan was dressing her captivating ead that her ladyship took into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world. 'So you are not married Pat,' says she. 'Niver an inch! your honor's ladyship,'

that you must pay forty thousand pounds :: before I can let you go. Him out at "I am a married woman. You can done tain my husband, but not me. And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dis-like the appearance of things, and point found ? Pardon me, my lady, it is well known,

NO. 12 lo bra

yon are single.' 'I tell you I am married.'

Where's your husband ? 'Where's your husband ? 'There sir !' and she pointed to the asonished barber ; ' there he stands. Here' is my marriage certificate, which you can' peruse at your leisure. My servants you-

der were witnesses of the ceremony. Mywn detain me, sir, at your peril. The warden was dumb-founded and no. wonder, poor Philan would have spoken. but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half, an hour Lady C: was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the smount of forty thousand pounds. of forty thousand pounds. Well, sir, for some time, Pat thought he

was in a dream, and the oreditors thought they were still worse. The following day they had a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and would'nt feel much; shame in going through the Insolvent, Court, they made the best of a had bar-

gain, and let him go. Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when, as sure as death, the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus :

Go to Doneraile and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfill my promise, for making you comfortable for life. But as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what is passed. Remember you are in my

CO

O happy Paddy! Did'nt he start next day for Cork, and did'nt he marry Kath-leen, and touch a thousand pounds ? By the powers he did. And what was morey thousand pounds ; so, with all her wit and he took a cottage, which perhaps, you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick ; and i'fav, he forgot his first wife entirely, and never told any one but himself under the promise of secrecy, the story of his Fleet Marriage.

> POVERTY NOT SO GREAT A CURSE,-If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more thankful for ther, it is poverty which necessi

Are never, never more! Ab, no! the heart that has learned for years

The loys of sorrow and pain; The eyes bedimmed by time and tears, The lips grown pale with unspoken fears, Can never return again. Yet, Eden home of the Eden time,

Yet, Eden nome of the Lucen time, When my lonely heart rebels, Thy volkes some through the rust and rime Of the weary world, like the soothing chime Of distant Sunday bells. And when my path in the future seems and darkness rife

. Wander away, in my waking dreams, To thy dewy bowers and sunny streams - Sweet Morning Land of Life.

### TIMOTHY POTTLEDOT.

PART I.

"The last call now except on Timothy, I said to myself as I pulled a bell in London street, and began to square my necktie till the servant should open the door, I was setting out to Simila on a twelve month's visit to my brother, and was finishing a round of farewell calls. The servant welcomed me with a smile, and ushered me at once into the back parlor, where Aunt Mills and my pretty cousins were gathered around the fire. So a place was made for me, and I drew in, and we all chatted about the one absorbing subject. " Poor laddie !' said Aunt Mills, ' and you are really going away to India ?'

No doubt of that, aunt. But never mind; I shall soon be back.'

· I hope you may, Dick-hope and trust you may,' said Aunt Mills, shaking her head, with a dismal and foreboding expression. 'l have known a great many go out to India who never came back again. The tigers are very dangerous-rattlesnakes, too. They swarm in the beds, I'm told.'

I promised to be on my guard against those intruders, and aunt proceeded to detail several encouraging cases of persons who had been pounced upon by hungry tigers and torn in small pieces. specified, however, the case of a lady who had frightened a royal Bengal by hoisting an umbrella in his face-an expedient to which she strongly urged me to resort in like circumstances. I promised to make a note of it, and, in the meantime, got my cousins to sit down to the piano. They sang 'Home Sweet Home,' and ' Will You Not Come Back Again ?' and other appropriate airs, very sweetly-especially Kate, who sings like a nightingale, if you know what that is, which I don't. But she sings sweetly, at all events; with such expression, too, as if her whole soul were in it. There was no light except the ruddy glow of the fire, and when it fell no more honesty about her than a-than upon her shining curls and exquisitely thought that I had never seen such a lovely girl before. Now, reader, don't fancy am going to fall in love with Kate-not a bit of it. I loved her and I loved her sisters, just as I loved my own-nothing more. But I tell you that, as she sat warbling there, I thought an angel could in a suppressed tone. 'I will buy a six-

to take tea with my old schoolmate, Timothy Pottledot, so I rose to go. I proposed a parting kiss all round, and Aunt Mills course submitted with parting dignity. The young ladies, on the contrary, were instantly in a flutter of consternation, and it was only after a violent struggle with acter. each that I succeeded. As for Kate, when her turn came she darted out of the room ingly. 'In fact, this morning I got a and up stairs. I pursued madly, four most disheartening letter, a perfect crush-

of darting to and fro, out of one room into of his pocket and handed me one of them. another, but at last both tumbled promiscu- It ran thus : ously into a corner, and I got one of the

much. 'I got a pot through from the old folks asking her, for my sake, to show him all

the kindness in her power. 'Call with this,' I said, sealing the at home the other day,' said Tim, open-ing a sort of bunker that was under his note, 'and call as soon as you can. You must take my place at Aunt Mills', and window, and ranging about inside with his hand. The best I ever tasted, without she will take mine with you. Now, you'll exception. They said it was the nicest be sure to call? they had ever succeeded in making at

· I will,' said Tim; 'she'll soon tire of home, and so they sent me through this me, like all the others ; but for your sake pot to taste it. Now take plenty of it, I'll call.' Dick, it's good for one.' Tim laid down Tim took the tallow candle, and when the pot beside me, and returned to close the bunker. I uncovered the pot and put paper knife, showed me down stairs. On in my teaspoon to take out some, but thought Tim's exhortations rather superflureaching the foot a wild gust of wind blew the candle out. We shook hands warmly in the dark.

PART II.

ous, as there was little more left than served to cover the bottom. I scraped out 'Good bye, Dick; a prosperous voyage a small quantity and tapped it upon the to you.'

edge of my plate. 'Oh, come, come, Dick !' said Tim, bve. "that's nothing. Allow me.' He took up the spoon, but had no sooner looked into I reached Simla in the early part of the pot than his face contracted into an 1857. In May the mutiny broke out and expression of extreme indignation and disso disturbed the postal arrangements that

appointment. • Hang that woman !' he cried, striking the pot upon the table. • It was half full I only got one letter from England at the time I was at Simla. In the Autumn of the year following I returned, and, the pot upon the table. It was half full yesterday, and I haven't touched it since. This is too bad. O, hang it, this is in-tolerable!' Tim had bounced to the door having nothing to detain me at South-ampton or London, came on without delay to Edinburgh. It was evening when I arrived, and I stepped down to the Philoand opened it. 'It's no use.' he said slamming it to again. It would just make sophical Institution, in hopes of meeting her worse in other things. Confound her.' some acquaintances. I picked up The 'That woman,' he continued, glancing Mercury in the News Room and glanced

in the direction, I suppose, of the unconscious Mrs. Blobbs. 'That woman has graph caught my eye at once : a jackal. She charges me with mustard, chiseled features, as she sat warbling, I though I never use it. She steals my tea tion to the talented and philanthropic and sugar. She drinks my beer at the rate of two bottles to my one. Hang it: I won't stand it. I know what I will do." Jacob Wimple. M. P., in the Chair. In Tim glanced at the door to assure himself it was shut, and, after listening for a moment, bent toward me, and continued penny pot of jam and put some Croton oil

scarcely look more lovely. They wished me to spend the evening into it. If that doesn't cure her my with them, but I could not; I had promised name's not Pottledot.' A malignant smile overspread Tim's face; as he slowly recovered his position and proceeded to

'How is your literary work getting on ? I asked, when we had finished tea. Tim, I should have told you, is a literary char-'Not well at all,'-replied Tim, despond

teps at a time. There was a great deal er.' He pulled a handful of letters out

MB. TIMOTHY POTTLEDOT-Dear Sir most deligious kisses I ever had before or I am sorry to say that I cannot undertake have had since. The point being gained, in future to pay for your contributions.-

'Here we are !' eried Tim, throwing open the door and pushing me before him. Here we are !

A young lady was crossing the room as I was thus unceremoniously shot in. Could I believe my eyes? It was cousin Kate ! 'Oh, you old sinner !' I shouted, making a sudden lunge with my stick at Tim, who reeled back upon the sofa, and lay laughing to his heart's content. 'So

this is what you have been at, is it? Ah he had snuffed it with a penholder and a you cunning old rascal. paper knife, showed me down stairs. On Kate and I congratulated each other heartily. She looked prettier than ever, especially when I quizzed her about Tim.

Tim sat rubbing his hands and relishing the thing excessively, evidently regarding himself as the happiest fellow in the world Thanks, Tim; God bless you; good as I was strongly disposed to think that

he was. Well. but where's Tommy ?' he said at

length; 'Dick has'nt seen him yet.' Timothy was in bed; but I must see him at once. Tim would listen to no objections; so, leaving instructions with Kate to send out the servant to knock up every person that had anything to sell, and get a splendid supper ready, 'in honor of Dick's return,' Tim led me up stairs. 'He is just my image,' said Tim, 'every body says so, and his eyes are like Kate's

as eyes could be.' We entered the handsomely furnished bed-room, and the gas, when turned up, over the local news. The following parashowed a oradle in one corner, in which there was visable a little head furnished

· PRESENTED TO MR. TIMOTHY POTTLEwith an imperceptible nose and cheeks of DOT : We understand that the presentadisproportionate bulk. Well,' said Tim, bending fondly over

his child, and stroking a chubby little arm that lay out over the clothes, 'do you Jacob Wimple, M. P., in the Chair. In think it like me ?' Well,' I said, ' there is a resemblance.

addition the handsome epergne to be presented to Mr. Pottledot, we are happy I did not think it necessary to add that its resemblance to a batter pudding was to learn that a silver tes-set will be presented to his lady.' 'Strange coincidence of name,' I said immensely greater, and that, for the life of me, I could not have distinguished that

to myself ; "I didn't think there were two child from any other of the same age that Timothy Poddledots in Scotland. If it I had every seen. hadn't been for the Mrs. Pottledot 1 should

positively have fancied it was Tim. It surely can't be his father.'

Tim raised a little eve-lid with his fin-Queen Street Hall is next door to the Philosophical, and the meeting (as I found on referring to my watch) must be going white, and the other eye-lid was raised on. I stepped round, and though the hall with no better success.

was quite full, a half orown induced the

'Never mind,' said Tim, 'you'll see them in the morning. I never saw a doorkeeper to let me in. The hall was brilliantly lighted and filled with a fash- resemblance like it." I bent down and kissed one of the fat

onable company, but so crowded that there was scarcely standing room, and all cheeks and fingered the chubby arm, and could see over the heads in front was felt my heart warm toward the little babe,

the head of a little gentleman who was to the great delight of Tim ; who saw how speaking on the platform. He had a it was in a moment. We lowered the have had since. The point being gained, Kate came down stairs with me quite sub-missively, and then Aunt Mills and the

the damsel of which he dared 'I never dream,' said Betsy, 'but I

sometimes talk half of the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep." ' You don't say.'

'Yes; I never can keep a secret from mother. If she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out. It is awful

provoking." Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannoun-

sed, found that Miss Betsy, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen sleep on the sofa. Now Jed, as the reader has surmised.

had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned ; but though possessed of sufficent courage to mount ' the imminent deadly breach.' or breeches, (connubial ones, we mean,) he could never muster spunk enough to enquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambulic loquacity, and felt that the time to ascertain is fate had come. Approaching the sofa,

he whispered : 'My dearest Betsy, tell me, oh, tell me the object of your fondest affections.'

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh, and responded : • I love—let me think—(here you might

have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)-I love heaven, my country, and baked beans. But if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions ! ? The indignant lover didn't wake her,

but sloped at once, a sadder, but not a wiser, man.

WE HOPE So, Too !- A young lady of extraordinary intellectual capacities,' recently addressed the following note to her cousin :

'Dear Kuzzen .- The weather whar we is air kold and i spose whar you is it air kolder. We is all well, and mother's got the his Terricks, brother Tom has got the Hoppin Koff, and sister Suren has got a baby, and I hoap these few lines will find you in the same kundishun. Rite soon. Your ophecshuute Kuzz.'

PRIDE AND SKIRTS .- Little Alice A -----, dressed and prepared for a walk, was skipping back and forth through the entry, waiting for her mother to go out. Her little cousin said he was going out, was to come, and all that. you are not dressed up.' Her uncle laugh-ingly remarked, 'That the pride stuck out quite early.' 'No,' answered Alice, 'It isn't my pride, it's my new moreen skirt that sticks out so.'

IF The Little Pilgrim has the following Little Susie H., pouring over a book in which angels were -represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked with much vehemence-'Mamma, I don't want to be Ah! but its eyes, wait till you see them,' said Tim. 'Kate's to a T; look Susie ? questioned her mother. 'Humph here.' an angel-and I needn't-need I ? (Why, leave off my pretty clothes, and wear fedders like a hen!

> KISSES. "Oh, kiss me and go," Bald the mail of my heart, And proffered her lip As a hint to depart— "The midnight approaches, My mother will know, My kindest and dearess! O, kiss me and go." She gave me the blessing In such a sweet way, The thrill of its pleasure Enticed me to stay; is flow we kissed till the morning Came in it with its glow, For the said every moment, "O, kiss me and go."

savs he. 'And, wouldn't you like to be married?' again asked she.

Would a duck swim ?' ' Is there any one you'd prefer ?' 'Maybe, madam,' says he, 'you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyond Doneraile. Her father's cousin to O'-Donaghew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingston, and-' 'Hush!' says she; 'sure I don't want

to know who she is. But would she have you if you asked her?' 'Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after

thrying that same.' 'And why don't you ?'

'Sure I'm too poor.' And Philan heaved prodigious sigh. Would you like to be rich ?'

'Does a dog bark ?' 'If I make you rich, will you do

tell you? 'Mille-murthers! your honor, don't be

tantalizing a poor boy.' (Indeed, I am not,' said lady C. So listen. How would you like to marry me ?' Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do the same, lave alone a poor divil like Pat

Philan.' Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-

morrow I'll give you one thousand pounds." 'O. whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad or enchanted by the good people,' roared Pat, dancing round the room. 'But there are conditions,' says Lady C. 'After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for

your wife.' ' I don't like that,' says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately. 'But remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go

and marry her.' That's thrue,' says he. 'But, thin, the bigamy ?'

I'll never appear against you,' says her ladyship. Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story.'

'Never a word Pil iver sav.' Well then, says she; there is ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave

The next day:Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship. Have you got the license ?' says she.

'Here it is, my lady,' says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively.

Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading, And sure enough, in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband of the lovely Lady C. • That will do,' says she to her husband

as he gave her a hearty kiss ; ' that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate.' The old genilleman did so, and bowing re-spectfully to the five pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a

Darson. Go and bring the warden, says my lady to one of her servants. Yes, my lady, says she ; and presently

the warden appeared. Will you be good enough, said lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a caphi tree, 'will you be good enough to send and fatch me a backnay opach ! I wish to leave this prison immediately. 'Your ladyship forgets,' replied he, S. J. C. R. And State Barris Contract States

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tates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human equality in existence. A taiumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor, creditably performed. A. young man who cannot stand the test, is not worth any thing. He can never rise, above a drudge or pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden, as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack stimulus of effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft place in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and fine linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethorie, in the race of your life, you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

you, before you know it. No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God, and take courage; for He intends to give, you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one, it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education ? Have you been cut short of the text book? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men, and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that dissipline which gives to its action power and fac-ulty? If so, then you are more of a man, and a thousand times better educated than the one who graduates from college with his brain full of that which he cannot apply to the business of life-the aquisition of which has been in no sense a diaciplinary process as far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, unmarried, who: can afford to be rich. One of the greatest; benefits to be reaped from great financial; disasters, is the saving a large srop of young men.-Timothy Ticombe bus not

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