

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOL. XLII.

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

NO. 12.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

Published every morning, except on Sundays, at the Lancaster Intelligencer Office, No. 12 North Second Street, Lancaster, Pa.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

As to grand! As to grand!
Think at least on the grand!
As to grand! As to grand!
The South and the North, and the Vandal, too,
And Southern patriots so low:
From the East, where the fishermen brave the tide—
From the West, where the pioneers are rich and wide,
From the North, where the patriots are rich and wide,
From the South, where the patriots are rich and wide,
Swelling the chorus, As to grand!

THE MORNING LAND OF LIFE.

I dwell in a bright land far away—
A beautiful morning land—
Where the winds are soft and sing all day,
And the waves, repeating their roundelay,
Danced over the golden sand.

TIMOTHY POTTLEDOT.

PART I.
"The last call now except on Timothy,"
I said to myself as I pulled a bell in Lon-
don street, and began to square my necktie
till the servant should open my door.
I was setting out to Simla on a twelve
month's visit to my brother, and was
servant a round of farewell calls. The
servant welcomed me with a smile, and
whispered 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 foreboding expres-
sion. "I have known a great many go
out to India who never came back again.
The tigers are very dangerous—rattle-
snakes, too. They swarm in the beds, I'm
told."
I promised to be on my guard against
those intruders, and aunt proceeded to de-
tail several encouraging cases of persons
who had been poisoned upon by hungry
tigers and torn to shreds. She specified,
however, the name 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
Come Back Again?" and other appro-
priate 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
upon her shining curls and exquisitely
chiseled features, as she sat warbling, I
thought that I had never seen such a lovely
girl before. Now, reader, don't fancy
I 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
scarcely love more lovingly.

whole boy of cousins gathered in the
vestibule to see me away. After a few
words of mutual encouragement, and a
warning from Aunt Mills respecting the
tigers, I sallied out on the way to
Timothy Pottledot's. It was a raw, gusty
night, and I was glad enough when I
turned into the passage leading to Tim's
lodgings. It was a dark passage, and I
had to grope my way along till I reached
the foot of the stairs. I felt my way up
a prodigious length of stairs very cau-
tiously, for I was in momentary dread of
finding myself launched down into some un-
seen abyss. I had gone up what appeared
to my excited imagination about a mile
and half of stairs, when I reached the top
landing and succeeded in finding the door.
I felt for a knocker or a bell-handle, but
in vain, so I used my knuckles. I knocked
for some time without effect, but at last
the door was opened by a woman, whose
form was dimly visible in the light of an
oil lamp in the passage.

GOOD MORNING.

"Oh, I am so happy!" a little girl said.
"As the spring, like a hawk, from a low trundle bed;
"The morning—bright morning!—good morning,
papa!"
"Oh, give me him for good morning; mamma!"
"Only just look at my pretty cousin!"
"Chirping his sweet 'Good morning to Mary';
"The sun is peeping out from behind the hills;
"Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake my birds and me."
"And make us happy as we be."
"Happy you may be, my dear little girl."
"As the mother struck softly a clattering cart—
"Happy you can be—but think of the One."
"Who walked, this morning, both you and I."
"The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod:
"Need I tell you, surely, my day?
"Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."
"Happy you may be, my dear little girl."
"As the mother struck softly a clattering cart—
"Happy you can be—but think of the One."
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"The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod:
"Need I tell you, surely, my day?
"Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

I AND JENNY DAVIS.

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill I went a-berging,
Need I tell you, surely, my day?
Farmer Davis had a daughter,
And it happened that I knew
Of her early morning journey
Up the hill went berrying too.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but
Lady O. was an extravagant woman. She
was still single, though rather passed ex-
treme youth. Like most pretty females,
she had looked too high, and estimated her
own loveliness too dearly, and now she
refused to believe that she was not as
charming as ever. So no wonder she still
remained unmarried.

PHIDE AND SKITTS.

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,
too. "No," said Alice, "you can't go—
you are not dressed up." Her uncle laugh-
ingly remarked, "That the pride struck
out quite early." "No," answered Alice,
"it isn't my pride, it's my new moreen
skirt that sticks out so."

KISSES.

"Oh, kiss me and go."
"And preferred her lip."
"A kiss to depart."
"The mischief approaches."
"My mother will know."
"My kindest and dearest."
"Use me."
"She gave me the blessing."
"In such a sweet way."
"The kiss of the pleasure."
"I'll kiss you to-night."
"Come in with the glow."
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supply—it is indiscriminate abuse, often
in language so full of vituperation and
contempt, as to find for our columns.
We hope you will see it to be your duty
to cultivate a less offensive style.
I shall be glad to look over any contribu-
tion you may be pleased to make, but at
present I cannot undertake either to
accept or pay for them.

Yours, &c., PEMROKE CODGERS.

"That is very unfortunate," I said—
"Have you any of the reviews to which he
refers?"
"Tim reached across the table, and
handed me a dumpy scrap book, in which
were pasted leaves of journals and reviews.
I proceeded to glance over some of them,
while Tim knelt down close by the fender
and endeavored to excite the fire to
resurrection by pushing in little shreds
of newspaper between the bars with his
penholder. The reviews were really such
as Mr. Codgers had represented them to
be. They were written in a spirit of
intense and bitter cynicism. The first
one that turned up was a review of Burt
on Recreation, and commended thus—
"We admire the sagacious prudence of
the publisher in prefixing to this volume
a portrait of Mr. Burt. It is a guarantee
that he really belongs to the genus homo.
The low and rampant animalism of his
book would inevitably have led us to a
different conclusion."
"Johnson said that Robertson's writing
resembled a little dog packet in a great
bundle of wool. Mr. Ferguson's writing bears
a deal of resemblance to that of Mr. Robertson's;
the only difference is that Mr. Ferguson's
is all wool together."
A third commended thus—
"I extirpate meet, the poetry of Mr.
Smulle is close upon that of Shakespeare,
but it is unquestionably the most wretched
drivelling that we ever happened to have
read."
I knew it was not Tim's nature to write
thus, but his spirit had been embittered
by disappointment and neglect. I looked
at the poor fellow as he crept by the
cheerless hearth, his thin, sickly face blue
with the cold, and when I thought of his
utter loneliness and misery, I felt no
emotion but that of pity. I could not in
honesty tell him that Mr. Codgers was
mistaken. I rather urged him to take
that gentleman's advice and contrive a
healthier style. Some conversation about
my future plans brought us to the hour
when I must go. Tim bade me good bye
reluctantly and with evident pain, for
I could see a tear glittering in his eye, and
he wrung my hand as if we were parting
for evermore.

PHIDE AND SKITTS.

Tim told me how all this had come about,
how, through my note, he had become
quite at home at Aunt Mills', and he
kate presently found out that they liked
each other rather better than anybody
else; and how he began to feel himself a
different man; and find that the world was
pleasanter, and the hearts about him
warmer than he ever dreamed of; and
how, on looking over Burt's book again,
he thought it one of the best he had ever
seen, and wrote a review of it that gained
him several friends. Burt and Codgers
among the rest; and how he married Kate
as happy as the day was long. Everybody
seemed to love him, because he loved
everybody. And now, before he had been
a month married, he got the editorship of
The Northern Review; and had only been
six months editor when the publishers and
other friends had made him a handsome
present, as I had already seen.

PHIDE AND SKITTS.

I thought I remembered the name, but
had no time for reflection, as the lion
of the evening rose up to reply, and was
followed by a perfect storm of cheers and
clapping of hands. I looked and instantly
began cheering so vociferously as to take
the people around me by surprise. Why?
Because there was no mistake about it.
It was Tim! The same black hair, the
same black eyes, the same fine forehead,
but otherwise how different! His cheeks
were quite ruddy, his face beamed with
sunny smiles, and his voice when he en-
tered the room, and the people allowed it to be-
come audible, elicited great applause, especially when
he made some endearing reference to his wife.
I waited impatiently for the close of the
meeting, and then, after considerable
struggling, succeeded in reaching the
retiring rooms, where I found Tim in the
midst of a group of congratulating friends.
"Tim," I cried, "let me join the rest."
"Tim started, and no sooner caught sight
of me than he broke through the others
and grasped my hand."
"It's Dick, as I live! Why, where in the
world have you come from? Will
never mind; it's all right, you are here.
Have you seen her?"
"Her?" I thought he surely couldn't
mean Mrs. Blobs."
"Her!" repeated Tim, with a merry
twinkle about his eye. "No, I wasn't aware
that you had one in the ago."
"What! you weren't?"
"Tim fell a laughing, and laughed till I
thought he would have burst a blood-vessel.
I couldn't understand it. As soon as he
was able to speak, he introduced me to
Mr. Burt of Burt's Recreations and to
Pembroke Codgers, and to several others.
Then, bidding them all hastily good night,
he dragged me out to a cab in waiting;
budded me in, drove to the address, and
address, and told him to drive like the
mischievous."
I am not in a condition to say whether
he drove like the mischievous or not, but
he very nearly drove us into it, for he dashed
round the corners with a frightful reckless-
ness that nearly pitched us over, cab and
all, and put the lives of about two hun-
dred people in extreme jeopardy. Tim
shooked very much, and was pale; I
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dressed and prepared for a walk,
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"My mother will know."
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as if he had been speaking for a consider-
able time. His gestures were very ani-
mated, especially with his right arm,
which waved excitedly in the air, as if
he were cracking a coachman's whip. He
was saying that any man more than
another deserved a pledge of public con-
fidence it was Timothy Pottledot; and if
there was any present more suitable than
another it was an epigram. "A lily," he
said, "beautiful idea! A lily lily. The
lily grows; so does Mr. Pottledot grown in
power, grown in usefulness, grown in
public estimation. The lily is of silver,
solid and sterling; and is not Mr. Pottledot
of sterling metal, solid through and
through? The lily is perennial; so is Mr.
Pottledot. The lily bears fruit in this
garden; so does he. Have we not in the
fruits of his labors in our new schools, in
his healthier literature, in the increased
success of all philanthropic schemes?—
Nay, have we not his infant son (tremendous
applause, during which the little man
waved his arm with increased exulta-
tion) rising up, as we hope, to follow in
the footsteps of his illustrious father, and
form the crowning glory of the Pottledot
name?"
"Who is that?" I asked of a gentleman
next me as the speaker disappeared amid
loud applause.
"Mr. Burt, the author of the book on
Recreation."
I thought I remembered the name, but
had no time for reflection, as the lion
of the evening rose up to reply, and was
followed by a perfect storm of cheers and
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PHIDE AND SKITTS.

I reached Simla in the early part of
1857. In May the military brocade was
so disturbed the postal arrangements that
I only got one letter from England at
the time I was at Simla. In the Autumn
of the year following I returned, and
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 Philo-
sophical Institution, in hopes of meeting
some acquaintances. I picked up The
Mercury in the News Room and glanced
over the local news. The following para-
graph caught my eye at once:
"PRESENTED TO MR. TIMOTHY POTTLEDOT:
by the talented and philanthropic
editor of The Northern Review, is to be
made to-night in the Queen Street Hall—
Jacob Wimple, M. P., in the Chair. In
addition to the handsome sum we are
pleased to present to Mr. Pottledot, we are
pleased to learn that a silver tea-set will
be presented to his lady."
"Strange coincidence of name," I said
to myself; "I didn't think there were two
Timothy Pottledots in Scotland. If it
hadn't been for the Mrs. Pottledot I should
positively have fancied it was Tim. It
surely can't be his father."
Queen Street Hall is next door to the
Philosophical, and the meeting (as I found
on referring to my watch) must be going
on. I stepped round and through the hall
was quite full, a half crown induced the
doorkeeper to let me in. The hall was
brilliantly lighted and filled with a fash-
ionable company, but so crowded that
there was scarcely standing room, and all
I could see over the heads in front was
the head of a little gentleman who was
speaking on the platform. He had a
prodigious development of whiskers, his
little gentleman had, and his face was
very red and covered with perspiration.

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"And preferred her lip."
"A kiss to depart."
"The mischief approaches."
"My mother will know."
"My kindest and dearest."
"Use me."
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"In such a sweet way."
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how, through my note, he had become
quite at home at Aunt Mills', and he
kate presently found out that they liked
each other rather better than anybody
else; and how he began to feel himself a
different man; and find that the world was
pleasanter, and the hearts about him
warmer than he ever dreamed of; and
how, on looking over Burt's book again,
he thought it one of the best he had ever
seen, and wrote a review of it that gained
him several friends. Burt and Codgers
among the rest; and how he married Kate
as happy as the day was long. Everybody
seemed to love him, because he loved
everybody. And now, before he had been
a month married, he got the editorship of
The Northern Review; and had only been
six months editor when the publishers and
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PHIDE AND SKITTS.

I thought I remembered the name, but
had no time for reflection, as the lion
of the evening rose up to reply, and was
followed by a perfect storm of cheers and
clapping of hands. I looked and instantly
began cheering so vociferously as to take
the people around me by surprise. Why?
Because there was no mistake about it.
It was Tim! The same black hair, the
same black eyes, the same fine forehead,
but otherwise how different! His cheeks
were quite ruddy, his face beamed with
sunny smiles, and his voice when he en-
tered the room, and the people allowed it to be-
come audible, elicited great applause, especially when
he made some endearing reference to his wife.
I waited impatiently for the close of the
meeting, and then, after considerable
struggling, succeeded in reaching the
retiring rooms, where I found Tim in the
midst of a group of congratulating friends.
"Tim," I cried, "let me join the rest."
"Tim started, and no sooner caught sight
of me than he broke through the others
and grasped my hand."
"It's Dick, as I live! Why, where in the
world have you come from? Will
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Mr. Burt of Burt's Recreations and to
Pembroke Codgers, and to several others.
Then, bidding them all hastily good night,
he dragged me out to a cab in waiting;
budded me in, drove to the address, and
address, and told him to drive like the
mischievous."
I am not in a condition to say whether
he drove like the mischievous or not, but
he very nearly drove us into it, for he dashed
round the corners with a frightful reckless-
ness that nearly pitched us over, cab and
all, and put the lives of about two hun-
dred people in extreme jeopardy. Tim
shooked very much, and was pale; I
thought it must proceed from his joy at
seeing me again.

PHIDE AND SKITTS.

PHIDE AND SKITTS.—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,
too. "No," said Alice, "you can't go—
you are not dressed up." Her uncle laugh-
ingly remarked, "That the pride struck
out quite early." "No," answered Alice,
"it isn't my pride, it's my new moreen
skirt that sticks out so."

KISSES.

"Oh, kiss me and go."
"And preferred her lip."
"A kiss to depart."
"The mischief approaches."
"My mother will know."
"My kindest and dearest."
"Use me."
"She gave me the blessing."
"In such a sweet way."
"The kiss of the pleasure."
"I'll kiss you to-night."
"Come in with the glow."
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that you must pay forty thousand pounds
before I can let you go."
"I am a married woman. You can do
nothing for me, but get me a divorce."
"I will get you a divorce, but you must
appear in person before the court."
"I am single, my lady, it is well known
you are single."
"I tell you I am married."
"Where your husband?"
"There sir!" she pointed to the as-
tonished barber; "there he stands. Here
is my marriage certificate, which you can
peruse at your leisure. My servants can
determine the date of the ceremony. Now
determine me, sir, at your peril."
The warden was dumb-founded and we-
wonder, poor Philan would let him go?
But neither party would let him go.
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 amount
of forty thousand pounds.

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