THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER: quite so small before, when, unfortunate- have three times caused you great annoy-PUBLISHED SVERY TOESDAY, AT NO. S. ROBERT DUKE STREET,

BY GEOL SANDERSON.

TERM 5.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, psysble in advance. No subscription discontinued until all errearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVENTIZENZEVIS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

Jos. Paurano... Sunh sa Hand Bills; Posters, : Paraphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on

MY FRIEND OF OTHER DAYS:

My friend of other days! How sweet
Those simple words to me!
Revealing many a treasure stored.
In blissful memory:
Awakening visions of the past—
Bright hours when thou wert nigh,
When hope a soft effulgence cast
Athwart life's cloudless sky.

Dear friend of other days, when this

Time wearied heart was light,
When swiftly flew the gladsome hours,
And life was calm and bright:
But now my lonely spirit grieves
For that kind look and tone,
And sunny smiled thy lips that wreathed
In happy hours agone.

Fair friend of other days, methinks I sea thee as of yore—
Thy silver laugh in fancy's dream
Rings loudly as before;
And the pure sunlit of the soul

That lit thy soft, dark eye Still holds my heart in sweet control, True friend of other days, alas!

Thy absence I deplore;
And, knowing thou art far away,
I love thee still the more; And oft my bosom heaves the sigh When thy dear form appears— The fairest star in Mem'ry's sky, Seen through a cloud of tears Seen through a cloud of tear

Sweet friend of other days, may love
And peace thy path embower
With flow'rs as radiant as the dawn
Of Spring's first rosy hour!
And when life's pilgrimage is done,
Then may'st thou sing God's praise,
With seraphs, round the Eternal Throne,
My friend of other days!

THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK. Oh the old, old clock, of the household stock, Was the brightest thing and neatest; Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,

Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up. up. and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was in that old, old clock, As it stood in the corner smiling.

And blessed the time with a merry chime, The wintry hours beguiling; But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,

But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked grey o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning:
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up in the morning."

## TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

'I beg your pardon!' 'Excuse me, sir !'

The first speaker was a fashionably dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was Harry; 'I'll fish for your body afterwards accidents.' the most embarrassing in the world, for as and bait my book with Celia's handker- The unaffected kindness of her tone ed by the fair damsel. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass each other which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manœuvres of two electrified pith balls, they had come to a stand-still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last, despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angles directly to the curbstone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation. which elicited its fellow from the rosy lins of the young lady. With a bow and a glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his retreat, and passed on, entering a shop a short distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went bv: and, noticing that she had dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, delicate female hand, 'Isabelle Harton.' and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he paused, coolly pocketed the himself several times, and mentally redelicate mouchoir, and rejoined his com- solved that he would see its beautiful panion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently

filled his soul to the very brim. 'Bravo!' was his salutation. you are in luck to-day: I envy you your tete-a-tete with so charming a neighbor .-'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief: without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war : hut. be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magnificent style, and receive my profoundest adoration.

'I should like to gag you with it, Harry, retorted his irritated friend. 'Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrape ? You haven't as much heart as a rotten pear, Harry.'

And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph,' replied the imperturbable Harry. 'Oh, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!'

'I wish she had,' exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. 'I should like to know if anything can set your cool blood afire .-

You are the most phlegmatic ----' 'Phew!' said Harry, 'draw it mild; left my Johnson at home this morning .--But are not the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?

'Confound you,' cried his friend, in towering passion; 'it's the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!' 'Aha, an old love, is she?' chuckled arry. 'What a romantic rendezvous Harry.

you chose! The raging mildness of a midday sun shed ineffable fragrance on him, awaited the announcement of his hope that it an smooth' for the future, the pellucid glade where Damon and errand. Amarvllis-

Don't, don't!' expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless self-possession, although inwardly he comtormentor. 'What do you want to cut pletely realized the strangeness of his Times contained the following notice: a fellow up so for, Harry? If you position, for having taken so great a May 11th, at St. Matthew's, Brixton, by must know where I have seen her, I'll tell jour, just to put a stopper in the bunghole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. The day before yesterday I handkerchief which I picked up in the position, for naving taken so great a liberty to call upon you personally, with out ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a labelle, daughter of Frederick Harton, bandkerchief which I picked up in the Esq., of Buehey Hill, Brixton. was descending from the Exhibition, and got wedged among a bevy of ladies, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me.

ly missing a step, I only saved myself ance, although nothing could have been from diving headlong into that sea of farther from my wishes. I beg you to beauty by involuntarily clapping my hand believe that I deeply regret my own on the talma before me. At the same awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry

time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simulta-

neous noise of silk that set all my teeth

on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair

up her torn dress in stately reserve, while

untold, until I escaped from the press,

and vanished. Well, that was bad enough;

but my second rencontre was twice as ex-

cruciating. Yesterday afternoon I was

going out to dine with a friend at Brixton,

and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an

omnibus to save time. The driver rolled

his clumsy vehicle near the pavement, and

ance a sudden lurch to one side. I

beyond recovery, endeavored to steer my-

quick as lightning I measured the distance

with a shuddering presentiment I shot a

momentary look at the lady towards whom

I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine

her property as the other.'

eves, and-and-"

l'amour !"

look at it again.'

'You are an unregenerate pagan, Har-

requires me to exculpate myself in her

taking leave of his companion at the corner

of a street; 'I appreciate the delicacy of

your sentiments. But take my advice, be

sure to conciliate mamma, and don't for-

get to send your humble obedient his

share of the cake. Adieu, mon ami-vive

raillery: 'some day I will be even with

him. But you might do worse, after all,

Ralph Barker; she's a magnificent girl.

Pshaw! when a man begins to be a fool;

there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me

With these words he produced the arti-

cle in question, and scrutinized it thor-

oughly; in one corner was written, in a

Having satisfied himself that he had read

the name accurately, he repeated it to

The afternoon, accordingly, found him

strolling about Brixton, inquiring for the

residence of Mr. Harton. Several unsuc-

cessful attempts to discover the nest of his

bird-of-paradise were at last followed by

one more agreeable to his wishes; and

more than half distrusting his unusual

method of seeking a lady's acquaintance,

he approached a large, handsome mansion.

situated on a little eminence, with a taste

fully arranged garden in front. He was

perfectly conscious that etiquette would

hold up her hands in horror at the idea of

his not being formally introduced; but he

reflected that 'faint heart never won fair

lady,' and mentally snapped his fingers in

etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and

'Is Miss Harton at home?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; will you step in?' replied the buttons, civilly. 'What name shall

The young man's heart beat like a steam

Be so kind as to take up my card,

engine at the thought of his own audacity.

and say that Mr. Barker requests to see

The page ushered him into the drawing-

room, which was empty, and disappeared.

Ralph braced himself for the coming in-

terview. After a short delay, which seemed

to him like the interval between the

condemnation and execution of a criminal,

presently a page appeared.

Miss Harton a few moments.

I sav ?'

owner again before sunset.

Oh, I understand,' interrupted Harry,

rassing situations.' 'Indeed, Mr. Barker,' replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile supporter turned round in wonder and upon her features, 'I beg you never to astonishment at my audacity, and gathered think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such I stammered out my apologies as well as trifles, which require no apology at all. I I could. But the titters that greeted my am extremely sorry you have taken the ears on every side made me endure agonies trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief which I was ignorant I had

lost until you mentioned the fact.'

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we hardly think was an extempore effort,) and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article, and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as I began to ascend the steps; but before I the truth came upon him like an avalanche. had reached the only seat still vacant, the that he had left it behind! Isabelle inimpudent blackguard whipped up his stantaneously divined the real state of the horses, thereby giving the whole conveycase; she saw the blood rush to his face reddening it to the roots of his hair, and clutched convulsively at the strap above; swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. and as I found I had lost my balance If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity self into the blessed little harbor I men- and absurdity of the whole matter would tioned without involving my neighbors in have overpowered her self-control; but her my own distress. But with a glance as quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile between the seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable;

in spite of himself. 'It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that my chagrin at recognizing the injured the handkerchief I thought I had with me princess of the day before. Of course it has been left behind by some careless miswas only the infintesimal fraction of a take of my own. I have once again made second that I hovered in mid-air, but myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I during that period mortification ran riot in promise you this shall be the last time.-Your property shall be sent immediately

upon his countenance and a voice trembling

my luckless breast; the next instant a fall—a little shrick—a roar of laughter— | by post; if I had no other motive than | and I was picking myself up from the simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to should be concerned to see it restored .-reprieve all the criminals in Christendom. If you will only have the same charity for But my emotions were too much for me; my last misfortune which you have so gen- York wag, surpasses in impudence any-I could not look the lady in the face, and erously expressed for its predecessors, I if I chanced to turn my eyes towards any will take pains never to need the same in judge for yourself. one of the other passengers, an unmistak- dulgence a fifth time.' able smile curled the corners of their So saying, he took up his hat and rose

mouth. They were amusing themselves to go, but Isabelle eagerly beckoned him at my cost, and I could not resent it; so to remain. 'Do not feel so keenly about a mere seizing the first opportunity, when the crazy old thing stopped to put down a nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Barker, she bevy of rough riders, while passing the

passenger, I made my exit from the in- said, with genuine kindness in her large, house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminafernal old cart as quickly as possible. beautiful eyes, I shall never forgive my-And now,' exclaimed the poor fellow, with self for having been the innocent cause of a comical, yet lugubrious expression of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing the face, 'I am going to-morrow to hunt this idle matter through a microscope.up this lovely incognita, and return her Pray laugh at the whole affair with me, for handkerchief. If rencontre number four we have both been equally placed in a is not better than the others, I'll go a swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid.' true wisdom not to waste feeling on such true wisdom not to waste feeling on such 'So I would,' returned the sympathising undeserving objects as little mistakes and

the gentleman turned the corner of a shief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and, street, he had been unexpectedly confront- But if you return the dainty article, tie as we often feel more gratitude for little your heart up in it, and label the parcel, favors than for great, he felt that her To the adorable Celia,' for one is as much beauty was the least of her charms: for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in ry,' replied the young man reddening; 'If you had the sensibility of a boiled all its leveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand towards him; he lobster, you would know that self-respect took it in his own, and, bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white taper fingers, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabelle hastily withdrew her hand, and, coloring deeply, said to her father, 'Let me introduce you to Mr. Barker, papa.'

The large, stout gentleman advanced and, offering his hand, said, with a penetrating glance in the young man's face, I am always glad to welcome my daugh-'Confound the scamp,' muttered Ralph, ter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Barhalf nettled and half pleased at his friend's | ker?

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion when Isabelle came to his rescue, and said with quiet self possession, 'Mr. Barker found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness. Barker, Barker,' said Mr. Harton, re-

peating the name abstractly (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it,) an old school-fellow of mine was named Barker-Ralph James Barker. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir.'

'That was my father's name, sir,' answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact; 'but he died sev-

eral years ago.' 'Then upon my word,' said Mr. Harton. warmly, 'it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Barker. him down on the orchard fence, under the Your father and I were friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him and never knew where he was, or what had become of him. You must stop and dine with us this evening; I have a hundred questions to ask. I might have known you were Ralph's son,' he added. looking in the young man's face; 'same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next.' And with these words the old gentleman left the

The two young folks remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying, May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to remain as well as her father's ?'

'I shall always welcome my father's friends,' she answered evasively, and a came to America. little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, 'I am sure nothing has happened to make your visit other than acceptable .-Besides,' she continued, a little mischievthe door opened, and the beautiful Isabelle ously, when you next call, you may as entered the apartment. Without mani- well bring my handkerchief yourself, infesting any surprise at such an unusual stead of sending it." visit, she politely motioned him to a chair,

Having thus seen our hero fairly launch and seated herself at some distance from ed on the course of true love, we will and that the little ripples at its commence 'I must request your indulgence, Miss ment were not prophetic of subsequent Harton,' said Ralph, with perfect outward matrimonial storms. One thing is certain, and that is, that about a year after, the

twas devoting the energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least possible compass, and was corn must have seemed so much like intentional. Balphi, if you find any more handkeighters

NEVER COURT BUT ONE. I have finished it, the letter, That will tell him he is free,

From this hour and forever He is nothing more to me;
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting ever to have placed you in such embar-He should never court but one

Everybody in the village

Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding

With that saucy Annie Lee.

They say he smiled upon har,
As he canteral by her side,
And I'll warrant we he promised

And I'll warrant you he promised To make her soon his bride. But I have finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants her,
If he leves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for firting
Is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Annie
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I am living,
If he ever comes here more,
I will sot as I we never,
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming, And I wonder if he will,
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?

I declare out in the twilight
There is some one coming nea
Can it be? yes, 'tis his figure,
Just as true as I am here! Now, I almost wish I'd written Not to him that he was free, For, perhaps, 'twas but a story That he rode with Annie Lee.

There he's coming through the gateway, I will meet him at the door. And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more! Practical Jokes.

We remember of hearing a story of a fellow who aroused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock one winter's night, and coming to the door coolly inquired: 'Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?'

'No,' growled the victim. 'Well never mind,' said the wag. thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday.' We thought that very cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New

thing within our recollection. Read and When the celebrated 'Copenhagen Jackson' was British Minister in this country, he resided in New York and occupied a house on Broadway. Neil one night at a late hour, in company with a

ing at the door. 'Holloa!' said the wag, 'what's going on at Jackson's ? One of the company remarked tha

ted, and that several carriages were wait-

Jackson had a party this evening. 'What!' exclaimed Neil; 'Jackson have a party, and I not invited! I mast appearance. Rough as it is, the picture see to that,

So, stepping up to the door, he gave a which soon brought the servant out. 'I want to see the British Minister,' said Neil. 'You must call some other time,' said

the servant, ' for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturb-'Don't talk to me that way,' said Mc-Kinnon, 'but go directly and tell the

British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business.' The servant obeyed, and delivered his nessage in so impressive a style as to Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

'Well,' said Mr. Jackson, 'what can be your business with me at this time of night, which is so very urgent!"

'Are you Mr. Jackson?' asked Neil. 'Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson.' 'The British Minister?' 'Yes, sir.'

'You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson. Yes sir, I have a party.' 'A large party, I presume."

'Yes sir, a large party.' 'Playing cards I understand?'

'O, well, said Neil, 'as I was passing I merely called to inquire, what's trumps. Where Yankee Doodle Came

From. B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, writes as follows in regard to Yankee Doodle: We have heard a traveler tell, when

he was floating down some lazy river in the drowsy East,' how Yankee Doodle, inaccurately whistled by a boatman who had been all over the world, took him back home in a moment, as neither ( Hail Columbia' nor the 'Star-Spangled Banner' could; took him back home, and set lee of the old eider mill, with a knife in one hand and a pine stick in the other, morning light on his brow, and hope in his heart. And we believed the story; for, without sentiment or sweetness, or anything we most esteem in music, there is something in the merry warble of Yankee Doodle that will charm out of its hiding place the least lurking atom of Yan-

kee spirit. 'And yet, after all, this idle little tune that has whistled round New England homes as common as the winds, is a veritable Don, and came from Spain, where they dance such a solemn thing as a minute made, as we are credibly informed, of a coupee, a high step and a balance; Spain, where everything is so lofty and sonorous. We are sure Yankee Doodle must have moved a little merrier since it

Open the atlas map of Spain, and glance along the northern border until moment returned with a five dollar piece you come to St. Sebastian, one of the keys which she proffered in accordance with the you come to St. Sebastian, one of the keys of the kingdom, on the Bay of Biscay .- | terms of the advertisement. 'Not a Back of the indented coast bristle, like cent,' said Diggs, contemptuously; 'relines of bayonets, the serried ranks of the turn with the money to your mistress, and Pyrenees. Now in all these valleys and tell her I would see her, if agreeable, among these mountains, from Tolosco, and he handed her a card, on which was the capital of Guipuzcoa, many a league, written, with a thousand flourishes, to Oviedo, the capital of Asturias, the Matthias Diggs, Esq.' The servant lookpeople sing-our Yankee Doodle! They ed wonderingly at him, stammered, . Yes, houses, for the words they sing are Basque, but the music is as Yankee as 'I-

market days, as the American Vice-Con- ance. He very considerately came to her sul at that port declares, when it is assistance. thronged with girls and women from all the regions round about, and you shall madam, to be able to restore the lost hear sung, and hummed, and whistled, jewel, said Diggs. Allow me the costacy our own veritable Yankee Doodle. Accost one after another, no matter whence humble offering of a dozen belts : and he they hail, from Irun, or Tolosa, or Orduna, handed the lady a little package enveloped

question, and all know Yankes Doodle .--It is evidently a mountain air of the

Pyrenees, and a household tune. "We have no knowledge that the royal but it is certainly quite at home along the the hall. Bay of Biscay. Some British tar, may be 'Matilda,' said the mistress, addressing caught the air as he went ashore on a the negress, 'this is the gentleman, I market day, carried it abroad, trolled it over in the dog watch, it proved contagious, and so he and shipmates carried it to England; from the forecastle it went landward to the garrison; thence on its upward and she handed the package to the servant. way, from the Spanish peasant of the I believe I am correct, continued the

gentry of the officers' quarters. The rest of the journey is easily traced; it crossed the Atlantic in a soldier's head, and he launched it at the absurd fellows that worked at hedging and ditching, not a great way from Boston, on a hot night in June, a number of years ago. It was singing; it was a good joke, and he perpetrated it, and the Yankee knew how to take it. It proved to be worth as much to them as a shipment of trusty blades from Toledo.

DIGGS' LAST CONQUEST.

Matthias Diggs is a clerk in a fancy dry-goods store on Montgomery street, His hair is an emphatic auburn—his enemies say it is red-and he always dresses in the extreme of fashion, if not always in the extreme of good taste, and oultivates a sickly growth of side-whiskers, so remarkable in appearance as to suggest the ridiculous conceit that his hat is a squirrel sage, with the tails of a couple of the reddest of that species of animal hanging down in front of each ear. Diggs is a young man, but prides himself considerably on his knowledge of the world-particulary of the female portion of it—and when he speaks of the frailty of the sex -and his conversation usually tends in that direction-he generally takes the sins of half the community upon himself, with the intimation that his many triumphs in love have been the result rather of accident than of design. That he is dangerously handsome, is among the settled convictions of his soul, and he verily believes that were the ladies not afraid of him, they would follow him in a body through the streets. Almost every Sunday, reckless of broken hearts and ruined house. holds, he walks slowly up and down the fashionable thoroughfares, swinging a goldheaded rattan, and in a diminutive 'garotte' pinched to his throat with a red ribbon, ooking as though he had strangled himself and was ascertaining how far he could walk before drawing his breath. But we have said enough in regard to his personal will doubtless be recognised by many of

the Mirror's readers. lady's belt and a gold buckle in the street. The belt had broken where it had last been perforated by the buckle, and the distance from the rent to the longest extremity indicated that the waist of the wearer must be exceedingly small in cirnumference. 'She is an angel,' thought Diggs, stuffing the belt in his pocket, ' and I will find the wearer.' His ideas of female beauty are exactly what might be expected from the manner in which he prepares himself for conquest. He is a sentimental, which poetic instinct abhors grossness and worships the weak and fragile in woman. Could be learn of a female whose waist was of the span of a claret-bottle, that grace alone would prostrate Diggs to the ear: h in adoration. Should he never marry, he will not feel that his wife is entirely worthy of him until she is wasted by consumption to the requisite fragility, and the chances are, that in the event of the failure of disease to bring about this happy physical result, he will test the efficacy of

starvation. Diggs rushed to his room, and after trying the belt upon the bed-post, washpitcher, spittoon and stove-pipe, and at length discovering that it was exact in measure with the circumference of a lampglobe on the mantel, he dropped into a chair and fell asleep while in fancy constructing a woman around the glass which he had encircled with the dilapidated strip of satin. He told no one of his good fortune; nor would he advertise and be crushed by having the treasure redeemed by a servant. He determined to wait until Heaven sent an owner or the police arrested him for petit-larceny. One morning, about two weeks since, Diggs' bristling hair rose straight upon his head in exsitement, as his eye caught an advertisement for the missing article, offering a reward of five dollars for its recovery and requesting the finder to call at No. -Stockton street.

'The Gods have done this!' reverently ejaculated Diggs. After spending quite two hours at his toilette, and gallantly preparing himself to surprise the waspwaisted owner of the buckle with an appropriate offering, at four o'clock in the afternoon he started for her residence. throwing to the breeze as he passed the mingled perfumes of Araby and the North. and feeding upon fancies too delicious for reality. He found the number and rang the bell. A mulatto girl came to the door. 'If this is the place, I have a gold

buckle belonging to some one in the house,' said Diggs, producing the article mentioned. 'Ah, yes, and this is the very buckle,' responded the delighted negress, taking it from his hand. She stepped into the parlor, leaving Diggs standing in the door, and in a

save nothing to say, to be sure, of the sir,' and re-entered the parlor. He was dandy,' nor the difficulty there was in requested to walk in. He did so, and a seeing the town, there were so many very charming lady bowed and waited to learn his business. Her silence, considering the service he had done her, excited his sympathy-for he doubted not she was Go into the Plaza of St. Sebastian, on completely stunned by his personal appear-

'It gives me unspeakable pleasure, of accompanying the restoration with the gratulating myself on never having felt rudenessy: By some stranger fatality, I send me one, will you it a received of the rudenessy: By some stranger fatality, I send me one, will you it a received of the rudenessy and they all smile at your in gilt-edged paper and tied with red

ribbon. Much to his surprise, the lady result neither fell at his feet nor threw herself into his arms. She simply looked at Diggs bands of the Castilian Court ever play it, a moment, then at the package, then smiled or that it is the fashion in Cadiz or Toledo, and called the servant, who was still in

the negress, this is the gentleman, presume, to whom you are indebted for the recovery of your buckle. He wishes to add to the obligation you already owe him by presenting you with a dozen belts; Pyrenees, to the scarlet and gold laced lady, speaking to Diggs, and courtesying very low, and very maliciously.

Why-yes-no-of course-that isnot exactly-I rather thought--- etammered Diggs, retreating backward towards the hat-rack. 'However-all rightgood day, madam!' and he seized his tile and left, while a clear laugh followed him a ridiculous tune to set any people to till he turned the corner. Poor Diggs !-California Mirror.

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report to the undersigned, when he will at once have the proper officers to organize them.

It is more than probable that a requisition will be issued by the President of the United States for: a large number of volunteers, and therefore it is necessary, when said call is made, we as loyal and patriotic citizens at the hour of need, should at once respond to our Country's call.

Our Countitution is assailed, our public property seized and in the hands of the rebels. A Southern Confederacy is formed; the glorious figs of our Country, is fired upon. He would say that all lovers of our Country, ought to be on the alext and ready to meet the enemy, and crush out

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ATTEST: William S. Amweg, Judge Advocate.

apr 30

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loyal, true and patriotic citisens should at on to the call of their Country and Country aright A roll-book is opened at Fulton Hall, in the Col. D. W. Patterson for all such as may wish I would also add that come of the companies are not full, and on application to the Captains of the servest company. It is they can earol their names.

Any further information may be had by calling at my comes.

office 1971 (1 2017) M. E. WILWER, C.3.
Brigader General, 2nd Brigade, Sci. Division, Br. Manne, C.3.
ditest War.S. Linuxe, Indy Advicate, 1971 (1971)