

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

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OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones, who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
And their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with the ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!
Over the river the boatman pale,
Gripped aither—the household pot;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darting glances, she cast her eyes;
She crossed on her beam her dimpled hands,
And fearfully entered the phantom bar;
We watched it glide with its magic wand,
And all our shining gear strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side;
And the gleam of her hair and angelic blue;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's dream is waiting for me!
For some return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oar,
And catch a gleam of the sunset's glow;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye,
We may not wonder at the meeting here,
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
Yet only know that their berms no more
May sail with us on the unseen shore.
They wait, and beckon, and wait for me;
I stand and think, when the sunset's gold
Is fading in the west, and the stars
I shall one day stand by the water side,
And the gleam of her hair and angelic blue;
I shall watch for a gleam of the shining sail,
I shall hear the beat as it gains the strand;
I shall look on the boat with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully greet the meeting here,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death will carry me.

A DOUBLE CHANGE.

A grave Professor, much renowned
For classic learning deep and sound,
But not a Master of the Arts
Which most prevail with female hearts—
Once met a student, it is said,
Whom, modestly, he thought to wed;
But, proper modesty to show,
The lady promptly answered—'No.'
Soon, from his student, he was freed,
To fear that she had snubbed the man,
And the first chance that offered him,
Remarked that she had changed her mind!
When calmly thus he made reply,
"Most worthy suitor,—do you have
Boston Post.

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the old, airy southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait painter, who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbled and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new field of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment.

I had heard of portrait painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little story books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parlor walls, from my earliest remembrance, had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvas, or when or by whom their shadows were first fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilies that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable! What a wonderful personage he would be! What a monstrous, giant-like form he would be! Unlike every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait painter!

rose, he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw her gifts carelessly by. All married women wear flowers which their husbands gave them.— Would I wear the rose?"

I glanced about the room again. My mother was no where to be seen, and so I said that I would wear it if he wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called Little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent."
"Then all was right. He would never look about for a wife, nor I should never look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"Oh, yes, that suited me! I liked that!"
"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me."
"No, I didn't want a ring!"
"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do. People who were engaged to be married always gave each other a ring. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No, I didn't like rings!"
"Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?"
"No—I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."
During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he strove to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be a thousand miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I give my consent. I would take the faintly engraved drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phoebe! May God bless you!"
I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I crept before me for the delicious grief that forever clung to a sweet, conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house, Frank had taken his leave, but my work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader and ask it?

"Phoebe, Phoebe! mother says come down stairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you."
The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves ruffled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from the grasp of some mischievous being, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little six year old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?"
"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."
"Who can it be?" An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, and I had been busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still, as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me trembled upon my lips—
"Frank Haynes!"
But I would not go down to meet him, I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of twelve summers he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up.

But what would he do there? I would be sure to remember, tenderly, the little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago!
"Little!" I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large grey eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, the like of which I never saw upon any other woman. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left was a plain gold circlet. The hot blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. He should never know that I had worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now. I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands."

"Phoebe!"
"My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it."
"He does hate me, mother! hates me with—"
"Your pardon, little Phoebe—Miss Lester—but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—!" He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty and proud, I said excitedly, looking up into his face, and I do like you just as well—as well as—"
"What, little Phoebe?" he asked eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.
"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.
"And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not enquire me!" So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached over continents and seas, as well as I have lived, you loved you—still every pulse in your heart beats for me! As well as this, Phoebe?"
I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and he shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in truth, in truth?" he asked, drawing me to his old seat upon his knee.
"Yes."
"And will at last wear the ring?"
I held up my finger before his eyes.
"My own darling little wife; at last, my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith," he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.
That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn, and the supper table my father quite forgot himself and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

"The Jew Broker's Secret."
He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character, and what that must have been, and what he was bad for, we leave to imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and, as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be mere electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts, a supremacy of him, and some stealing in the dark, and some conglomeration. He was a wicked old man now, almost double with age and rheumatism, with a hooked nose, and light brown eyes, red round the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a mastiff and a weasel, which he was, in character as well as countenance. No one had a good word to say to him. The public had a right to be angry with him, but he was not a wicked man. He was a man who had a good deal of money, and he was a man who had a good deal of influence. He was a man who had a good deal of power, and he was a man who had a good deal of respect. He was a man who had a good deal of everything, and he was a man who had a good deal of nothing.

its 'Joe' for a good fippen' note! He nodded to her affectionately, and carefully scraping his shoes, went in with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome. He took off his hat and cloak and put them away in a dark corner, and then clean and respectable looking, he went up stairs to the drawing room.

A lady, still beautiful and still young— young at least for the mother of a child of fifteen—was sitting there embroidering. Surrounded with every beauty and every luxury—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together any thing so graceful as that lady and the old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; they were even friends; for the room when he entered, and advanced toward him kindly and shook hands with him, and petted him as a woman only can pet, without any visible effort. But all that Joe seemed to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear again that she was contented and happy.

"Are you certain, sure that you want for nothing?" inquired Joe; "nor Miss Margaret neither?"
"Nothing, Joe, nothing," and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.
"That's enough, that is all I want," muttered Joe, and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditations, watching the lady's face, and even now and then glancing round the room, as if to see that all was right, and to find out where he could alter and improve. After this had gone on for some time, Joe Mappin, who had been for Margaret in an unobtrusive way, strangely softened, like a mastiff partly mesmerized. The lady rang the bell and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand, calling him "Dear Joe," as if she meant to let him know that she was not a stranger.

And is there nothing that the little lady wants?" said Joe, patting her head and smoothing down her curls. "Has she gowns and bonnets enough, lady? for you know she has to ask and have."
"Why, Joe, I don't wear such a frock in a week!" said Margaret, laughing; "and it was only last Tuesday you gave that beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn my blue silk."
Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and held her face in his hands. "Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both!" he said with almost a passion of fervor in his voice, "so never stint yourself for fear of me."
But they both said again that they had all they could require, "even if they were princesses in a fairy world," Margaret added; and when this assurance had been repeated to almost the end of the evening, Joe Mappin was content, and so relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of the sun had gone and candles had been brought—they were of the finest wax, you may be sure—a peculiar expression of tenderness on his mastiff face, as she was reading a sweet chapter lovingly—listening to a noble sonnet admirably. And then when he was quite comfortable, he took up his old clock, as he had come, he left the house, and hobbled rheumatically like a cat near his own quarters.

This, then, was the broker's secret, and this was his history.
About fifteen years ago Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Captain Thornton, living at the West End. The Captain was one of those gay, reckless, lovable men, who, a wretched number of million magnificence, live for on credit, and are only brought to account when it becomes a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors—those creditors are as sorry for their creditor as if it were themselves going to the Queen's Bench, and accusing themselves bitterly—the tender-hearted at least—for the trouble they are bringing on him. Joe Mappin, the man, in his profession, the iron-hearted grasping broker, who was believed to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness and gracious manner of his victim, and as for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms—something rose up in his heart for her which he had never felt in his life before. It was an infinite yearning wish, such as he had only just met in the face of a man who had seized, but which he always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fables. He felt now, for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human heart as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue, love for pity's sake.

Captain Thornton was carried off to the Queen's Bench, and after a short term of imprisonment died suddenly of apoplexy. He had lived too long, and he had done too much for his profession, the iron-hearted grasping broker, who was believed to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness and gracious manner of his victim, and as for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms—something rose up in his heart for her which he had never felt in his life before. It was an infinite yearning wish, such as he had only just met in the face of a man who had seized, but which he always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fables. He felt now, for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human heart as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue, love for pity's sake.

hands to that strange old man, and burst into tears of gratitude and shame, and sorrow, all mixed up together as she faltered out "Yes," and took her fate from his hands. She understood the truth of his feelings, and was herself too noble to assume a false dignity which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and she kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin as her slave for life; the first last, and only time a woman's lips had ever touched him; and in this manner his lives had passed for the last fifteen years.

He took a beautiful little house for the widow and her child, and furnished it with every luxury, dress, jewelry, furniture, ornaments—whatever it might be that was rare and expensive he bought them. He lavished his money like water and thought nothing ear which would call forth a smile from the child. Their pleasure repaid him everything; it was his Heaven, his life.

But the time was coming fast, now, when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, must face the boundary lines between time and eternity, and he had not the great good fortune that the great good fortune had been for the long time. When the winter had killed Margaret's flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves, had had frozen the songs of the birds, the old man and Death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthma had been very bad for a long while; and living in his biggar and neglected way had not given him the best chance of recovery. He knew he was dying, but he could not die in peace without looking once more on those two faces he loved so much—the only ones he ever loved through the whole of his long life. They could not come to him, they did not know his address nor even his name. He was only "Joe" in the beautiful house in Regent's Park, and the servants thought he was "Missus's queer old uncle"—perhaps from long ago or further parts. But if they could not come to him, he would go to them—and must—whatever the risk. He could not be happy, he believed he could not pass away at all—without seeing them once more.

Though the seal of death was rightly set on his face, the old man resolved to make this long and perilous journey. He knew he should hasten the supreme moment, but it would be better even if he did, he said, sadly. He had done all he could do now; he had established the dear ones, and his death would not deprive them of anything, or a single comfort. He had saved enough to let him die! He sent for a neighbor to dress him for the last time, in his decent clothes; and when this was done—between fainting and long fits of pain—he told her to go for a cab, and bargain with the man for his fair up to Regent's Park. Because he was old and weak, he would not be done even by the biggest ruffian among them, he growled out. When the woman left the room old Joe dragged his body as best he could to a small iron safe he had hidden into the wall with his own hand. No one knew it was there—not even the landlord, nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage bonds, and tied them all in a cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape, sealed with a big seal, and endorsed "Joe Mappin's will," in his handwriting. He hid the bundle under his greasy old cloak; and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out that he was dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise and to help him down stairs. And then half stumbling and half carried the old man got down the stairs at last; and so was put into the cab.

He gave the man his direction in an undertone, and jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about; and then he drove out of Holborn forever. As he left his old neighborhood, with all its associations of pitilessness and sorrow of which he had been the instrument, and the heartless cause, a change seemed to come over him. The mastiff face gradually grew more softened and humanized. He was passing from the world of iron and adamant, into that of love, and death, and the evil influences of his material life faded before the purification of this great baptism.

The journey—a long one for a dying man—tired him sadly. He did not care though for the pain it caused him; his only fear was he should die ere he reached his home—the home of his spirit, of his better and purer life, but he survived it in a sad state of suffering and prostration; he could just manage to get far when carried by the cabman in his arms as if he had been a child, he was brought to the presence of those loved ones, all that his failing life left him power to do, was to place the package in the widow's lap, and murmur faintly, "It is all yours," to die with her tears falling softly on his face.

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