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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

The following lines have, we hope, been read and felt by every boy in the country, but lest even one boy has failed to see them, and also because they are pretty enough to bear even a hundredth perusal, we make room for them here, omitting the repetition of the question before each answer, as it is originally written:

To what? To what? To what?
Will you listen to me?
Who stole that egg I laid,
And the nice nest I made?
Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
I stole a nest away
From the plain tree to-day?
No, I said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave you a wing of my own;
And did not take your nest away;
No, I said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
No, I said the dog, bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow;
I gave the birds the nest to make,
But the nest I didn't take.
No, I said the sheep, Oh no!
I wouldn't tread a bird's nest;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was not my own.
I saw, said the sheep, Oh no,
I wouldn't tread a poor bird's nest.
Click, click, said the hen,
Don't ask me to do that;
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick?
We all gave the nest to make,
And she stole them together;
I stole a nest to-day.
Oh, how I loved her brood.
Chir-a-whirr! Chir-a-whirr!
We'll make a great stir,
But we'll find out his name,
And all cry for shame.
I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.
This very cruel tone,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he never do
How bad the bird would feel.
A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
From poor little yellow-brown;
And he felt so foolish and ashamed,
He didn't like to tell his name.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. W. B. BENSON.
I saw her once, and loved her,
For her face and her eyes,
No tear was then within her,
Nor on her face a care.
I saw her once, and loved her,
But yet the tears were there.
Oh, how I loved her when she smiled,
But yet the tears were there.
Why did I let her give her heart,
So trusting, pure and kind,
To one who valued not the gift,
Nor for the battles of his mind?
He only loved her when she smiled,
He only loved her when she smiled,
He only loved her when she smiled,
He only loved her when she smiled.

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D.

BY GRAYBEARD.

Our last sketch had for its subject one of the most eccentric divines in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The present will be devoted to one of the most distinguished, eloquent, and esteemed clergymen in that wide spread and influential denomination, the Rev. John Price Durbin, D. D., than whom, comparatively few of his profession in modern times have attained greater eminence. Dr. Durbin is alike respected and admired as a divine, a scholar, a traveler, an author, and his life affords a striking illustration of what, under the fostering freedom of our institutions, may be achieved by indomitable energy, when under the direction of high, many purpose, and natural ability.

Before attempting to describe the preacher, an outline of his biography will be in place. He was born in October, 1800, of parents in moderate circumstances residing in Bourbon county, Kentucky. The Bible, Scott's First Lessons, and an old English history, are said to have comprised his father's library. He served a three years' apprenticeship in a cabinet maker's shop, worked one year at his trade, and at the early age of eighteen commenced his labors, as a pioneer preacher in the Western Conference, as a member of the Western Conference, as a member of the Western Conference, as a member of the Western Conference.

signed a station at Hamilton, twelve miles from the Miami University, he took up Greek and Latin, spending from Monday till Friday at the institution, and giving Saturday to his immediate preparations for the pulpit. The diligence and systematic application employed by this youthful aspirant to pulpit honors, during these years of his life, afford a model of rare value and instruction for the emulation of young men. While a member of the Cincinnati Conference, he was admitted to the Cincinnati College, where he completed his collegiate course, and received the degree of Master of Arts. We next find our horseback student of English grammar professor of languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. In 1829 he was nominated for the chaplaincy of the Senate of the United States, but was defeated by the casting vote of Mr. Calhoun. In 1831, however, he was elected to that position by a large vote, and on the 22d of February, 1832, preached his celebrated sermon on the one hundredth birth-day of Washington. After hearing this discourse, it is said that Governor Wickliffe, of Kentucky, congratulated the young orator upon it, and actually advised him never to preach again, as he could not reasonably expect ever to achieve an equal triumph. Like most self-made men of real power, his course, although apparently unsought, was rapidly onward and upward. Toward the close of 1832 he was appointed professor of natural sciences in Wesleyan University, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Theology in the Christian Advocate and Journal, the leading newspaper of that denomination in the United States, and in 1834 was called to the Presidency of Dickinson College. During 1842-3 he visited Europe and the East. In 1844 he took a prominent part in the great struggle, which resulted in a division of the Church, acquitting himself with a degree of ability in that remarkable contest, that has never been equalled since.

Having presented in brief the biographic milestones of our subject's career, we are better prepared to appreciate his portrait. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred, and perhaps, the hundredth, acquainted with his name and fame, are disappointed in his appearance. Instead of seeing a man of splendid proportions and commanding presence, the chances are that among twenty clergymen on a public platform the least noticeable among them would be Dr. Durbin. There are two reasons for this: First, there is nothing striking in his face or physique; and second, he is so decidedly plain and unassuming, that in the company of the more pretentious he is easily eclipsed. He looks to be—as he is—about sixty; is of medium stature; has a head of iron grey hair, which he wears in a sensible, ordinary way; a tuft of almost white hair under his chin; a large head, much elongated in the "Perceptive Region," with finely arched eyebrows, brown, finely-cut upper lip, full of character; a peculiar gray eye, (and therein is the hiding of his facial power), susceptible of more and greater changes than the moon, and rather prominent nose and cheek bones, marking what phrenologists designate as the *active* or powerful temperament. He dresses in black, and wears a white cravat.

I presume this description would very well answer to the face of one who who reads it; but this is merely what Dr. Durbin's face is in repose, as you see him seated in the pulpit, perhaps fanning himself, and sleepily observing the congregation without turning his head. But there is a spirit within those languid looking, down-cast features that will presently set every fibre of them in motion, and flash magnetic lightning amid peals of mental thunder that will startle you!

THE SCOLD.

There were, not long since, two youths, male and female, who were affectionately attached, that it appeared to them that they could not live happy without each other, and consequently they soon became man and wife. But it is always the case with young men and women, that during courtship they knew each other by their merits and qualities, which after marriage soon disappear themselves, and the defects of the parties are both mutually known. The husband soon learned that his wife, with all her beauty, possessed also an evil and scolding tongue, which the slightest cause set in motion. She loved her husband with all her soul, and of this he was of a choleric disposition, and sometimes replied to his wife's upbraidings in a manner which would have done credit to a scold.

To free himself from home, and while wandering hither and thither, in company with friends, he became addicted to the bottle. On his return at evening, after having decided upon the quality of various wines, with swollen eyes and stammering tongue, one may well imagine the reception she gave him. As soon as she heard the key turn in the door, she would station herself at the top of the stairs and over-whelm him with a torrent of reproaches, which he could not possibly avoid. He, half stunned with the wine in his head, after some efforts at retorting in her own style, would sneak off to bed. Finally, the evil increased to such a degree that they saw each other little, for the drunken husband slept by himself, and sometimes did not even come home all night, but slept in the tavern. The wife, in despair, went to a "gifted lady," and asked advice of her. From this dealer in forbidden knowledge she obtained a phial of very limpid water, which she said had been brought from beyond the seas, by a pilgrim of the great virtue and holiness, with the instruction, that when her husband came, she must immediately fill her mouth with it, taking care neither to swallow nor spit it out, but keep her mouth closed. The lady thanked her cordially, and then hastened home to await the arrival of her husband, and make a trial of the virtues of the water. At length the husband, with fear and dread, enters the house, and is astonished to find his wife, whose mouth was full of the charmed water, perfectly quiet. He addresses a few words to her, but she says nothing. The husband became pleasant; she says to herself, behold the effects of the charmed water, and is delighted. Her husband asks her what has happened; and she acts courteous and looks pleasant, but makes no reply. Peace is soon made between them, the water lasted many days, during which time they lived as harmonious as doves. The husband went not abroad, but found happiness at home. But at last the water of the vial was ex-

hausted, and soon again they were in the field of domestic strife. The wife again repaired to the "gifted lady." But this time she said, "Alas! the vial in which I kept the water is broken!" "What is to be done?" asked the other.

"Hold your mouth," replied the Sybil, "exactly as if you had the water in it, and your success will be the same."

Every person similarly situated is advised to make the experiment. Every sort of water is believed to be equally good, and even without water, it is thought the same and may be obtained.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Mr. Jones was married. He had been married a long time, ever since he could remember, almost. The first Mrs. Jones was a pretty school-boy love, and died early. Mr. Jones was inconsolable for more than six months, and then finding the burden of his grief too great to be borne alone, decided to share his regrets with a sympathizing feminine friend. The connection was a happy one for many years, but, alas for the mutability of earthly pleasures, Mrs. Jones was again a widow at the age of forty, and being extremely lonely, and having a habit of marrying, he offered his broken life and bereaved affections to Miss Patience Norcross, a mature young lady of thirty.

He gave said that Mr. Jones had a habit of being married, and it had grown upon him so that, had Providence opened the way, he would in all probability have followed a series of betrothals with a succession of wives. But in selecting Miss Patience he had no regard to compatibility of temper. He had never thought anything about it. His other marriages had been happy accidents, and so far as he knew or recollects, that was the order of nature. But Miss Patience had a habit, too, and it was in accordance with her name, for it was the habit of endurance. It was a failing that leaned to virtue's side, and beyond that. She lived in the remote and the future. The present, with her, was never anything but a make-shift, a mere temporary expedient till better times. Distance not only lent enchantment to her objects of pursuit, but was absolutely the only charm to which she was sensitive. She really liked Mr. Jones almost up to the hour of his proposal; she meekly tolerated him ever after.

They were boarding for a time, and the wife said submissively to all her friends: "Yes, it is very comfortable for the present, and I do not know how long Mr. Jones, after the remark had been reiterated for the fifth time, asserted that he was able to keep house. To prove this, he engaged and furnished a tasteful tenement, and another year saw Miss Patience the patient mistress of her own domain.

"What a pleasant situation," said Dame Grundy, as she called on a tour of inspection.

"Why, yes," returned Mrs. Jones, "it is all we can expect in a house we hire. If we were to build we would plan very differently, of course. And then you know one could have the heart to make improvements in shrubbery and fruit trees. O, Mrs. Grundy, I hope to live long enough to have a house of my own."

Mr. Jones was well-to-do and good natured. Moreover he was a little obtuse, and hence soon he was able to prove home, something to put up with in most of us, a practical necessity. So he said, very generously, "Mrs. Jones, in another year you shall have a house of your own."

"I am afraid you cannot afford to build such a house as I would like."

"I can and will. You shall modify the plan yourself, or draw a new one, if you prefer."

Mrs. Jones sighed, "It will take so long to get the money together, that I have every rational enjoyment deferred until they should get in the new dwelling. There were the usual delays and disappointments, and Mrs. Jones' endurance was fully gratified as she was regaled with a lingering sweetness long drawn out. At length the house was built and furnished, and the wheels of the new establishment fairly in motion. Moreover, by rare good luck, there was very little to alter and undo; most of the arrangements were desirable and the experiments successful.

"I hope, my dear," said Mr. Jones benevolently, "that we are now in a condition to take comfort."

"If we ever get settled," answered Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

Well, years rolled on, and they were settled. The flowers bloomed and the fruits ripened. The turf thickened into velvet, and the trees grew tall and cast a welcome shade. Strangers passed to admire the premises and the good and happy neighbors paid their various tributes of envy and admiration. Mr. Jones smoked opium and drank portly and contented. Not so with Mrs. Jones. To all the encomiums lavished upon her residence she gave no heed. We have no children to come after us, and are just putting up improvements for strangers to pull down."

Was ever woman so favored for an indigent fortune? Within a year from the utterance of this remark, Mrs. Jones was the happy—no, the patient mother of a real, genuine, glorious baby. Mr. Jones, who had, with difficulty, refrained from happiness before, was uncontrollably jubilant now. The boy was healthy, and handsome, and bright. There was no mistake about him; he was a fixed fact, one of the first magnitude. He had wanted, when the child was first born, and intensely thankful, for to gratify and prevent them was his supreme delight.

And the mother! Alas, her's were all mother's cares, anxieties and forebodings. Until he was weaned she scarcely left the house, or indulged in the simplest luxuries of diet. Then there was the long period of teeth-outting, during which his maternal apprehensions were never appeased. Then she lived in fear of the measles, which he caught, and nearly fevered, and the young hero met and conquered them all. He grew round and rosy, and flashed double and in motion; he imagined all the passers by to be his enemies. Heine died of a chronic disease of the spine. Metastatic early suffered from nervous affections. Moliere was liable to convulsions; Paganini was cataplectic at four years old. Mozart died of water on the brain. Death was bisarre, horrible, hypochondriacal. Donizetti died in an asylum.

Chatterton and Gilbert committed suicide. Chateaubriand was troubled with suicidal thoughts; and George Sand confessed to the same. Sophocles was accused of imbecility by his son, but this was after he was eighty. Pope was deformed, and according to Chamberlayne, he had meniscus in his cornea. He believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room.

Cromwell had fits of hypochondria. Dr. Johnson was unequivocally insane. Dr. Francis was hypochondriacal, and declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him "Samuel!" when she was many miles distant. Rousseau was certainly insane under circumstances indicating insanity. Fenelon passed his life in a continual halucination. Carden, Swedenborg, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mahomet, Van Helmont, Loyal, St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, all had visions. Even Luther had his halucinations; Satan frequently appeared, not only to have inks drawn through his sophisticated head, but to get into the reformer's bed and lie beside him. Jeanne D'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

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"And never will be, my dear," returned the husband, as he shook the ashes from his cigar. "It is positively your strong point, and I have an admiration for your skill in it. You will find more to submit to in any given circumstances than any woman I have ever known."

Mrs. Jones raised her eyes to her husband in meek surprise. She forgave him, and was silent.

CURIOSITIES OF COURTSHIP.

A proposal was sent by the post in the days when letters traveled at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail coach. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected the reply, but it did not come. The next week he wrote, and was sleepless; still no answer. The third week he became indignant. "A civil acknowledgment was a failing that leaned to virtue's side, and beyond that. She lived in the remote and the future. The present, with her, was never anything but a make-shift, a mere temporary expedient till better times. Distance not only lent enchantment to her objects of pursuit, but was absolutely the only charm to which she was sensitive. She really liked Mr. Jones almost up to the hour of his proposal; she meekly tolerated him ever after."

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THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, were I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the state of utter poverty; a heartless tradesman prosecuted by the heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will bail for her."

"The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope. I have not a friend in the world.' 'What will no one be for bail for you, to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, and falling himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and placed himself beside me in a moment."

Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you, (turning to the frightened actor) if you don't bear a hand and shift your shoulders, you lubber, and shoo out my poor young woman, I will be with you when I come to thwart your bows. Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmate in the gallery, preparatory scarping of the violins from the orchestra, and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it sheltering me, the poor, distressed young woman, an awe-inspiring defiance and destruction against my persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

THE LAW VINDICATED.—Judge D. was fond of card-playing, and occasionally indulged in the amusement. During the period of his confinement in the penitentiary, the legislature of Georgia passed very stringent laws to prevent gambling, and made it imperative on the Judges to charge the grand jury, at the opening of each session of the court, to present all who were known as gamblers, etc. The Judge had conformed to the requirements of the law, but none were presented, and gambling seemed to flourish as it ever had.

On one occasion, when the Judge was on his circuit, and after his usual charge to the grand jury, and as usual, no notice taken of the charge, Judge D. ascertained there was a faro-bank in successful operation in the very precincts of the court. The Judge thought he would indulge his propensity for play, and visited the bank. He played, and was very successful, as was his wont; he won all the money, and broke up the establishment. After he had pocketed his winnings, and was about retiring, he perceived several of the grand jury in the room, who had likewise been engaged in the game. Judge D. observed to them:

"Gentlemen of the grand jury, the law requires me to do all in my power to suppress the vice of gambling. I have charged the grand jury upon the subject time after time, without any good effect. It was time for me to act, and if I could not enforce the law, I have done so, and the most effectual way of doing it is to put the bank, which I have done to-night. Do not think these fellows will trouble the public for some time to come, and the law in me is vindicated. Gentlemen, I bid you good night."

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