

# Eye Lancaster Intelligence

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR OBTAINS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.  
VOL. LXII. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1861. NO. 34.

### THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEKDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. HENDERSON.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No number is sent without payment. Single copies are sold at the rate of five cents. For advertising, apply to the office. (12 lines) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five times for two dollars. Those of great length in proportion.

Job Printing.—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Labels, etc., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

### WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Aut sciamus viam, aut faciam.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a cry that said,  
"Before the battle, say:  
"There's no way to shake it;  
"On!"

I'd rather leave it there. In fact, I regard it in the light of the signature of a warrior to our betrothal—so to speak—Fate, His X Mark.

"Is it a story?" quoth the Squire, fidgeting in his chair.  
"Something like one," said I.  
"Then just wait till I fill a pipe," and he picked out the biggest on the shelf, and packed it tightly so as not to interrupt the narration which he expected.

down from my stumped body on the roof, it had taken a curved direction along the side of the mill, and set a-blaze the other end of it. Or perhaps, it was the reverse of it. I know it was—the lightning struck the end farthest from me, it was struck by the concussion. When Mary burst in at the door, she saw the fire within about eight feet of the powder, and making rapid headway. The two buckets of milk would no more have sufficed to extinguish the flames than would a half pint of the same material. The kegs weighed a hundred pounds each. Her first thought was to roll them out, but while she was rolling one, the fire might have reached the other. The dry wood would crackle and give off sparks. In a moment her resolution was taken. I must remark here that when she had gone to the spring-house, she had deliberately shut the umbrella, quite out of mere habit. Seeing what she had done, she smiled bitterly at herself for wasting so much time in that operation; and then, with a curious contradiction of herself, tucked it under her arm because "it might be of use, and it wouldn't hinder to take it at any rate." So she had the umbrella with her. First she placed herself between the fire and the powder—then she opened the wet umbrella over the kegs—then she untied her apron, dipped it in one of the buckets of milk, and laid it over the two kegs farthest from the fire—then she slowly, and with her fingers, pulled out the plug nearest the flames, and holding the umbrella over it with one hand, with the other she poured in the milk until she thought it was sufficiently saturated to be harmless for the present. She did not wait for the powder. But what a time did that seem, while the milk was slowly sinking, down through the gummy powder! It was only the plug of the last one refused to yield to her weak fingers, she was on the point of despair, when with sudden inspiration she put down her mouth and pulled it out with her teeth. The work was done, but the fire was gaining very rapidly—the interior work was all so dry and rotten—she took a glance at it—then at the powder—made a concave calculation as to the time it would take to roll out the kegs before the fire could reach me. Then seizing each one separately, roll it out of the door, for she was not certain but that if it remained in the fire it might do mischief all out on the greensward, and then mounted the ladder for me. The roof was not steep, and not more than twenty feet from the ground. She could not take me down the ladder—so she rolled me nearly to the edge of the roof—grasped me with her right hand by the collar, which, thanks to its linsey-woolsey toughness, was sufficient for the purpose—held on to the roof stoutly with her left hand, and then pushed me over with her foot. That little right hand held me dangling a moment, and then she dropped me softly on the awning below!

### THE WINE CELLAR ON THE KYFFHAUSEN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

There was once a poor, but very honest, contented, and merry kind of a man in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening feast, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbors.

just sufficient to defray all his funeral expenses; his wife and the four neighbors, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

POPING THE QUESTION.—Lord Justice Colpey Braxfield was a man of few words and strong business habits. In court, his second wife, his procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling for the lady, he said to her without preliminary remarks, "Lady, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, for or on, in the morning, and name about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative.

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It was a noble Roman,  
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Who heard a cry that said,  
"Before the battle, say:  
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"On!"

It was in one of these mills that, twenty years ago, at the age of twenty, I was employed. It was owned by the father of Mary, who is now my wife. One very warm day, just after harvest, my master and his wife, with his men and three heavy teams, started to Philadelphia, with a load of powder that had just been finished, and 'ym produce. That was the mode in those days. The road then was often white with the canvas coverings of the heavy wagons; the teams consisted of four or six superb horses, the leaders of which carried bells, suspended in a bow at the top of their collars, which gave out a measured jangling at every step; the drivers were seated postillion-like, on the high-wheeled horses, and looked knowing and jaunty—the effect of their own trips. The employers' wives were seated in state in the forward part of the huge wagons, on grain sacks, covered with home-made quills. And to complete the picture, there was the huge half mastiff, trotting seriously and monotonously under a precise spot beneath the rear of the wagon, from which nothing could turn them, except the exhilarating prospect of a combat by the roadside with dogs worthy of their prowess—for small dogs excited only their contempt, which to the keen observer of canine nature, was of the most withering description. All this gave a poetic aspect, a life and gaiety to the road then, which have disappeared before the locomotive whistle and the canal boat horn of to-day.

When she heard the report and saw the flash, she started up and looked toward the mill, expecting my return, but not seeing me, thought I had taken refuge in the mill. The lightning was still playing fiercely, and might strike it, and there were three hundred pounds of powder there! She knew that the lightning had struck somewhere, but there were no signs visible as to the precise spot, and it is easy to be mistaken in duty, for the moment of the lightning's crash sometimes seems at your very feet, when the fluid has taken effect a quarter of a mile or even farther away. But there was no safety in delay. The thought struck her that I was remaining with foolishly confidence for the rain to stop, so that I could come in dry. The thought made her half angry, but she resolved that my imprudence should not bring me to harm. She called to the men to bring an umbrella that, like all old umbrellas, was never lost and always in the way, she threw her dress over her head after the manner of rustic women, and made a run for the mill. The path towards it was slightly curved, and in going along it she caught a glimpse of the end of the building at which I was. Good Heavens! what a sickening sensation was hers, when she saw an arm dangling from the edge of the roof, and the rain falling in a stream from the fingers. The lightning must have struck and killed me there, her first thought. She would have fainted, but the reflection came as quick as the flashes that lighting up her pale, heroic face, that if I were struck the mill must be so, too, and if there—if there should be fire in the mill! Possibly I might not be dead—people were often only struck senseless, and if I could be saved I should die. Another moment she was in the dairy—called in those regions the "springhouse"—seized two large milk pails that had been left full of the morning's milk for some domestic reason, and rushed back to the mill. She knew where the powder was kept—it was the end farthest away from me, and she hoped that if there was any fire it would be at a point remote from the kegs. But lightning is as eccentric as it is potent. Sometimes it will set a huge building a-blaze in an instant—sometimes it kills and stuns all within a house, and leaves scarce any other trace of its visit. At other times it apparently delights in knocking furniture and buildings into toothpicks, but touches no creature, and sometimes it leaves merely a small flame behind it, as a sort of card after its call.

With perfect simplicity the young maiden took a firkin in one hand and proceeded toward the mountain. About middle way, seated in an old and deserted path leading down toward the spot, she found an old housekeeper, dressed in singular, quaint old fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knight's cellar.

THE WINE CELLAR ON THE KYFFHAUSEN.

When a person has met with a misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain, when a person has quarrelled; when a reconciliation has taken place; when a person is on a sea voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy; or ascending in a balloon; or after coming off the jury of a coroner's inquest; or when you are sitting up for your wife; or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels lachrymose, or feels in very high spirits.

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### THE PRINTER-FRIEND.

The sight was dark—and not a star  
Peeped through the gathering gloom;  
And silence brooded o'er the type  
In the composing room.

It was in one of these mills that, twenty years ago, at the age of twenty, I was employed. It was owned by the father of Mary, who is now my wife. One very warm day, just after harvest, my master and his wife, with his men and three heavy teams, started to Philadelphia, with a load of powder that had just been finished, and 'ym produce. That was the mode in those days. The road then was often white with the canvas coverings of the heavy wagons; the teams consisted of four or six superb horses, the leaders of which carried bells, suspended in a bow at the top of their collars, which gave out a measured jangling at every step; the drivers were seated postillion-like, on the high-wheeled horses, and looked knowing and jaunty—the effect of their own trips. The employers' wives were seated in state in the forward part of the huge wagons, on grain sacks, covered with home-made quills. And to complete the picture, there was the huge half mastiff, trotting seriously and monotonously under a precise spot beneath the rear of the wagon, from which nothing could turn them, except the exhilarating prospect of a combat by the roadside with dogs worthy of their prowess—for small dogs excited only their contempt, which to the keen observer of canine nature, was of the most withering description. All this gave a poetic aspect, a life and gaiety to the road then, which have disappeared before the locomotive whistle and the canal boat horn of to-day.

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When a person has met with a misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain, when a person has quarrelled; when a reconciliation has taken place; when a person is on a sea voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy; or ascending in a balloon; or after coming off the jury of a coroner's inquest; or when you are sitting up for your wife; or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels lachrymose, or feels in very high spirits.

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### THE TATTOOED CHEEK.

BY HARTZELL COPE.

My neighbors, the doctor, the squire, the reporter, the lawyer, the way, and two or three more, were met at my house. We had formed a Married Men's Club, but instead of meeting at a tavern, we assembled at each other's houses, where we smoked the cigars to such an extent that I often wondered they did not color like pipes; but our wives did not complain, for the influence of our homes kept our virtues sweet, though we sometimes indulged in a little of the habit of hibernation—about those strawbees on the left arm, which according to bye-gone plays and romances, served as such indubitable evidence of the noble origin of the bearers, and which helped to restore so many wronged heirs to their titles and possessions in the fifth act or last chapter—and we discussed those remarkable "moles" who were to save papas innumerable proofs of the great names of the past, and their heirs to the throne—led to the invitation, "Come to my arms! you are— you are, indeed, my son!" and then to the heroine's stepping sheepishly from the L. U. E.—the union of hands—tableau in centre—e. c., etc., all of which are now huddled away in memory-corners, and are only brought to the light of day again, like the costumes of our grandmothers and grandfathers from worn-out chests in duty, for the amusement of the younger generation and our wonder, laughter and pity.

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My neighbors, the doctor, the squire, the reporter, the lawyer, the way, and two or three more, were met at my house. We had formed a Married Men's Club, but instead of meeting at a tavern, we assembled at each other's houses, where we smoked the cigars to such an extent that I often wondered they did not color like pipes; but our wives did not complain, for the influence of our homes kept our virtues sweet, though we sometimes indulged in a little of the habit of hibernation—about those strawbees on the left arm, which according to bye-gone plays and romances, served as such indubitable evidence of the noble origin of the bearers, and which helped to restore so many wronged heirs to their titles and possessions in the fifth act or last chapter—and we discussed those remarkable "moles" who were to save papas innumerable proofs of the great names of the past, and their heirs to the throne—led to the invitation, "Come to my arms! you are— you are, indeed, my son!" and then to the heroine's stepping sheepishly from the L. U. E.—the union of hands—tableau in centre—e. c., etc., all of which are now huddled away in memory-corners, and are only brought to the light of day again, like the costumes of our grandmothers and grandfathers from worn-out chests in duty, for the amusement of the younger generation and our wonder, laughter and pity.

When she heard the report and saw the flash, she started up and looked toward the mill, expecting my return, but not seeing me, thought I had taken refuge in the mill. The lightning was still playing fiercely, and might strike it, and there were three hundred pounds of powder there! She knew that the lightning had struck somewhere, but there were no signs visible as to the precise spot, and it is easy to be mistaken in duty, for the moment of the lightning's crash sometimes seems at your very feet, when the fluid has taken effect a quarter of a mile or even farther away. But there was no safety in delay. The thought struck her that I was remaining with foolishly confidence for the rain to stop, so that I could come in dry. The thought made her half angry, but she resolved that my imprudence should not bring me to harm. She called to the men to bring an umbrella that, like all old umbrellas, was never lost and always in the way, she threw her dress over her head after the manner of rustic women, and made a run for the mill. The path towards it was slightly curved, and in going along it she caught a glimpse of the end of the building at which I was. Good Heavens! what a sickening sensation was hers, when she saw an arm dangling from the edge of the roof, and the rain falling in a stream from the fingers. The lightning must have struck and killed me there, her first thought. She would have fainted, but the reflection came as quick as the flashes that lighting up her pale, heroic face, that if I were struck the mill must be so, too, and if there—if there should be fire in the mill! Possibly I might not be dead—people were often only struck senseless, and if I could be saved I should die. Another moment she was in the dairy—called in those regions the "springhouse"—seized two large milk pails that had been left full of the morning's milk for some domestic reason, and rushed back to the mill. She knew where the powder was kept—it was the end farthest away from me, and she hoped that if there was any fire it would be at a point remote from the kegs. But lightning is as eccentric as it is potent. Sometimes it will set a huge building a-blaze in an instant—sometimes it kills and stuns all within a house, and leaves scarce any other trace of its visit. At other times it apparently delights in knocking furniture and buildings into toothpicks, but touches no creature, and sometimes it leaves merely a small flame behind it, as a sort of card after its call.

When a person has met with a misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain, when a person has quarrelled; when a reconciliation has taken place; when a person is on a sea voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy; or ascending in a balloon; or after coming off the jury of a coroner's inquest; or when you are sitting up for your wife; or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels lachrymose, or feels in very high spirits.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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FOR THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

FOR THE MOST COMFORTABLE SEAT, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

FOR WORK THAT WILL NOT RIP, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

FOR BOOKS THAT WILL NOT WEAR, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

FOR THE LARGEST STOCK IN TOWN, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

FOR THE BEST STOCK IN TOWN, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

ALL IN WANT OF BOOKS AND SHOES, GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

EVERYBODY IN THE COUNTRY GO TO BRENNEMAN'S, W. KING STREET.

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