The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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SPRING, AUTUMN AND ETERNITY.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."
ECCLESIASTES 3: 11.

There are two things I dearly love,
In nature's circling year,
Which lift my spirit far above
The weight of earthly care:
They bring before my eager view
The brightness of a home,
Where all their loveliness is true,
Nor change can ever come.

The early times of Spring's first hours
Bring freshness to the heart;
They rouse the wearied spirit's powers,
And sweeter life impart:
Her dancing breezes gently woo
The blossoms of the rose,
All wet with sparkling morning dew,
Their petals to inclose.

The weary sufferer of pain,
The bowed with care or grief,
Hail her returning once again,
With hopes of sweet relief:
Spring hours cannot fail to bring
Calm and consoling thought,
Her many voices ever sing
Of joy to mortals brought.

But how, O Autumn! shall I dare
To paint thy gorgeous hues;
The softness of thy morning air,
Thine evening's pearly dews:
The solemn grandeur of thy night,
Whose starry crown is set
With gems more radiantly bright
Than earthly coronet?

The glory of thy sunset hour,
When all is calm and still,
Brings full conviction of the POWER
That heaven and earth doth fill;
Oh! who can gaze upon thy skies,
As twilight shades them o'er,
And not from earthly dreamings rise,
Their MAKER to adore?

The wreath of fading Summer flowers
Is yet upon thy brow,
But all the mirth of Summer hours
Is changed to sadness now:
And yet, upon thy dying head,
A solemn beauty lies,
More glorious than the riches spread
'Neath Summer's glowing skies.

Ever, O Autumn! shalt *thou* be
To *us*, an emblem meet
Of spirits sinking peacefully
To slumber calm and sweet;
Though *thy* delights not long may last,
Yet *ours* shall still increase:
Thy reign be soon for ever past,
But *ours* shall never cease.

Ah! not like thee shall pass away,
The Christian's hope and joy:
We look for an eternal day,
And bliss without alloy—
For glories hid from mortal sight,
Revealed in realms above—
For fadeless crowns of heavenly light,
And perfectness of love.

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-light grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the Right.

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my eye to meet
Of her at home who prays for me.

MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

BY PETER AGATE.

It is hard to confess; but I can remember when there was not a line of railway in the world. We went bumping in stage coaches on long leather springs, nine inside, and four or five outside, with four or six horses, and thought ten miles an hour something wonderful.

Yet a day's ride in such a coach, through a fine country, and with pleasant company was not the worst evil of this mortal life; and I have thought sometimes when lumbering along a western railway, fifteen miles an hour in a close unventilated car filled with filthy tobacco chewing fellow citizens, that I would cheerfully go back to the coach and four.

Did you ever ride on the outside with a nice girl beside you, whom it was necessary to take good care of, some pleasant morning, say up the Connecticut valley? I have—and there are few things in this sublunary existence more exhilerating! We go through the country in these, our fast days, with lightning trains and sleeping cars—but do we travel?

There is another mode of travel we antideluvians used to think pleasant; it was slow and has become obsolete; but what could be nicer than to glide all day through a constantly changing panorama of beautiful scenery, on a canal packet?

The present generation knows nothing about such things.

There was a long, slender, and elegant packet with its row of windows on each side, where you could lounge, play whist, read, walk or sleep. At the breakfast, dinner, or supper hours, the tables were set, and it was wonderful what excellent repasts came out of the little cupboard kitchens. In fine weather we could walk on the long narrow deck, or sit on the trunks and enjoy the scenery. The canal winds along the banks of small rivers, and through the villages which have sprung up beside it. There was a time when thousands of passengers were conveyed from Albany to Buffalo, through the Erie canal, in gaily painted packet boats, each drawn by three or four handsome horses, at the rate of 120 miles in twenty-four hours—not very rapid, but pleasant, and tolerably safe.

I landed on the dock at Buffalo, from that loud, old, high pressure steamer Constitution, Capt. Applebee, and taking my carpet bag in my hand, to the disgust of runners, porters and Jehus, made my unassisted way to the old City Hotel, and the canal basin, where lay one of the Red Bird line of packets, with steam up—horses harnessed—I mean—and boys mounted, ready to start at the minute, and make connections with all the stages along the canal.

As I came near the boat I overtook a lady who had the same destination. Startled perhaps by my quick footsteps, in a part of the town where a lady did not walk unattended, she struck her foot against something on the tow-path, stumbled and would have fallen into the canal, had I not caught her. She was frightened, but thanked me heartily.

What trifles govern our lives, and even decide the destiny of nations. A pebble on the walk was my introduction, to one of the loveliest and brilliant of women. We had been on the packet an hour before I knew that she had been on a visit to Buffalo, and was summoned home to Rochester by the sickness of her mother. And it was less than that time before her dark eyes, her voice of passionate music, her form of singular grace, and her charming ingenuousness had thrown a spell around me, which seemed to change the whole current of my life. That gliding packet boat was grander than all navies; that canal, which had been profanely called a ditch, was more than rivers, seas and oceans; diminutive beside it seemed the Atlantics, Pacifics, and broad Indian seas. Here was the centre of the universe, that swept around us, and all the rest was worth little compared to the breathing loveliness that stood beside me.

How I recall the day—a rich, lovely Summer day, fanned by cooling zephyrs from the great lake Niagara. The sun was half veiled by fleecy clouds. We went upon the deck, where she seemed a queen to whom my heart paid an infinite homage, but with whom I became every moment more confused, constrained and incapable of manifesting the feelings which had sprung so suddenly into their intensest activity.

We stood there on the deck—strangers. An hour before I had never seen her, unless in my dreams, or in some state of being, of which we seem at times to have vague glimpses. But it seemed to me as if I had known and loved her a thousand years. But all this long acquaintance did not hinder me from being as bashful and confused as ever a lover was in the presence of his mistress. Still I made a desperate effort to keep up conversation.

'This is my day of good fortune,' said I, 'a never-to-be-forgotten day, when I had the happiness of meeting you——'

'And romantically rescuing me from being drowned in the raging canal,' said she, with a benevolent effort to help me out of my embarrassment.

'O grand canal,' I cried gathering courage—'finer than the Nile, with all its cities, pyramids, and Cleopatra barges, because it bears upon its bosom a lovelier—'

'Bridge,' shouted the steersman. I was not thinking of bridges, and had not the lady caught and pulled me down beside her, low kneeling on the deck, that bridge would have interrupted at once my eloquence and my life.

The boat passed under the huge beams of the bridge; I proffered my assistance to my beautiful companion, and we stood erect again.

'Even proud people must sometimes practice the virtue of humility,' said the lady laughing at my narrow escape. 'I hope you found it no hardship to kneel.'

'To you or with you, never!' I replied, and so our conversation went on—mine in a strain of exaggerated gallantry, and hers in a playful BADINAGE, with which she parried my attacks, and kept me at a respectful distance.

But the more we conversed together, walking on the narrow deck, watching the ever-shifting scenery, or sitting on a seat I improvised from some luggage, the more I admired not only her beauty, her elegance, and a certain charm that hovered around her, or enveloped her like an atmosphere, but her wit, her taste, her sense and cultivation.

And I was, though entirely and deeply respectful, frank and bold in the expression of my feelings. It seemed but just that I should express the admiration I felt. And when I did so, though there was a slight flush on her cheek and brow, she still answered playfully:

'But my dear Mr. Stranger, do you remember, how long is it since you first saw me?'

'A few brief hours,' I replied, 'but they might have been ages. My soul has known you through all eternities. Who can a man know so well as his ideal of all that is beautiful, noble and lovely? To whom else should he bow his spirit? So must I bow to——'

'Low Bridge,' shouted the steersman, sharply, and it was time. The bridge was very low. It was not enough to crouch or kneel. We were obliged to throw ourselves fairly and flatly on the deck, where we lay side by side in the gloom of the shadow, until the light broke upon us as we passed beneath the last low string piece.

There was something so ludicrous in our prostrate condition, and in my efforts to pick myself up in haste, and assist the lady, that I did not attempt to finish the speech which had been so unceremoniously interrupted.

The dinner bell rang, and I placed myself beside her at the table. How self-possessed, how graceful, how charming she was. Her conversation sparkled with wit; she told little anecdotes with an exquisite humor. Her rare beauty, like a gem, was set in a manner and style of singular elegance. In my long, but somewhat varied experience, I had never met so lovely a person.

'Now for a flirtation,' said I, at the beginning, but it soon became too serious a matter with me.

But the lady—the more entangled I became the more adroit and confident was she. How skilfully she parried my attacks. I could find out nothing about her besides her first volunteered explanations, even by my most daring efforts.

'Don't you want to know me?' said I as we sat in the cabin after our really good dinner.

'Know you? I flatter myself I do know you pretty well. You must think me very dull to suppose me ignorant of a gentleman after half a day's interesting conversation, and seeing him in so many positions.'

'But it might be convenient to know my name?' said I, determined to find out her's, if the thing were possible.

'And why, pray? The lawyers do very well with John Doe and Richard Roe.—Your name may be Jonathan or Jeremiah—what matters? 'The rose by any other name would smell as well'—and John Smith is as good as another. Pocahontas thought it heroic.

'You will not hear my name, nor tell me yours?'

'Oh! there it is! If I have your name, I must give you mine in exchange. How do you know that would be a fair bargain? Mine may be twice as pretty as yours.—It may be Rosa Matilda, for aught you know. No doubt you have imagined something very elegant and romantic. Do you think I shall undeceive you? Would you have me say my name Miss or Mistress Nancy Higgings? No, sir; I respect your feelings too much to overwhelm you with such an avowal!'

'You are very cruel.'

'Indeed!—you are finding out my imperfections, then? How long since you thought me perfect?'

'A gentleman who would be happy to assert his power, must first make sure of it.'

'I surrender at discretion.'

'Then you have more discretion than I gave you credit for,' said she, enjoying her triumph with a quiet but evident delight.

We walked upon the deck again. I had learned the trick of the bridges, and to assist my fellow voyager in our frequent prostrations. We became very friendly, and as long as I refrained from compliments, or the expression of the admiration I found it hard to suppress, she talked with a freedom, a gaiety, a sense of humor I have seldom known. The afternoon wore away rapidly, as we neared the end of our journey. It had been my intention to spend a day or two in Rochester. I wished to visit the Falls of Genesee, and the young and growing city of flour mills.—Now I had another inducement. I was determined to see more of this charming lady—we may say it is enough to know a person—what may we care for their condition and surroundings? It is not enough. The universal question: 'Who is he?' or 'Who is she?' requires more for its answer than the personal appearance before you. 'Look!' is not the all sufficient answer.

As the sun was sinking in the west, we saw spires glittering in the eastern horizon.

'There is my house,' said my friend, pointing with her finger, and unconsciously (perhaps) assuming an attitude full of beauty—a living statue on the prow of the boat, gliding along the billows, and relieved against the shell-like hues of the sunset sky.

'Your home, that is to snatch you from me,' I exclaimed, with bitterness, 'and forever! You amuse yourself a few hours with a passing traveller, who will be forgotten to-morrow.'

'No, my friend, not forgotten,' she said. 'Now you are unjust. I shall be very happy to see you again, while you stay in Rochester, and at all times.'

The warmth and tenderness with which I thanked her, made, I thought, a strange impression. A flush passed over her face, and she bit her lip, then stood a few moments in silence; and then, with a sudden drollery, said:

'Mr. Doe, or Mr. Roe, perhaps, after all, it may be as well that I should know the name you are usually called by, for we shall be at the landing in a few moments, and I shall wish to introduce a gentleman who has shown me so many attentions to—my husband.'

'*To your husband!*'

'Yes, to my husband, if you have no objection. He will be happy to see you, and you will like him I am sure.'

'Madame,' said I, with all the dignity I could assume, 'it is unnecessary. My name is of no consequence, and I should much prefer that whatever I have said to you to-day should be strictly anonymous.'

'You won't stay?'

'Madame, *no*.'

'Don't bear malice,' said she, holding out her hand. 'Good bye. Say you forgive me.'

I knew that I deserved it, coxcomb as I was, and lady-killer as I thought myself. It served me right, but my *amour propre* was too deeply wounded to recover itself in a moment. I took the proffered hand—passed it to my lips, but said nothing. I hurried away as if my feelings were too deep for utterance, rushed into the cabin, and watched her from the cabin window, as she went ashore with a tall and decidedly handsome fellow.

She looked around, trying to catch a glimpse of me, with a look so perplexed and pitiful, that I was on the point of springing ashore to follow her. But the packet started and my last glimpse of her beautiful face was, when she turned again to look at the receding boat, under a lamp post.

I have never seen her since—but if she still lives she may know how well I remember, and how much happiness I wish MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY AN IRRITABLE HUSBAND.

'So you want to go into the country, do you?' I said to my amiable spouse, as she busied herself in arranging the trimming on our little girl's bonnet. The little one herself had just asked her mother if she was to wear that bonnet when she went to see grandmother?

'Yes,' my wife replied, 'I think it would be of benefit to the children. They, as well as myself, need change of air.'

'I suppose you have fully decided when and where to go,' I said.

'No,' she answered, 'I meant first to consult with you before I came to any decision.'

'Well, that was wise in you, at least,' I replied, 'for my private opinion is that you won't see the country this year, at all events. I don't understand, either, why you can't remain in the city as well as I. You never heard me talk of going into the country. Why, I should as soon think of going to Africa. The city is always much cooler than the country, and everything which serves to make life endurable is to be found in town, while out of it you can get nothing. If there is one place I dislike more than another, it is the country.'

'But remember, my dear,' said my wife, 'that you very often go into the country for a day or two at a time on business; but I never obtain any such a change.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'I don't see why you should. You have everything provided for you, and you have nothing to do but stay at home and enjoy yourself, while I must run the risk of losing my life on railroads in attending to business, so as to enable me to provide for you and the children.'

'You find time, though, on these occasions,' my wife said, 'to get a few hours' shooting; so it is not always business alone that keeps you away.'

'Well,' I said, 'suppose I do occasionally steal an hour from business to shoot or fish, haven't I a perfect right to do so? You speak as if it were a sin. I'm certain I work hard enough after I get back, to pay for the indulgence. You wives, though, think that husbands ought to do nothing else but work for their families. And wether the weather be hot or cold it matters little to you; but the moment June arrives, you, forsooth, begin to talk about the heat, and your health, and change of air for the children, and summer complaints, and hint, and insinuate, and suggest, and finally declare that you must go into the country to escape that boisterous Fourth of July, with its noise and dirt. You want to go only for a few days, but as you get away you settle yourselves down for the entire summer under green trees, and when we poor husbands write to you to come home, after the Fourth is passed, you answer that it would be dangerous to take the children back to the city until the cool weather arrives. So the result is that we husbands destroy our health by hard work, and partaking of eating-house dinners, while you sit in muslin gowns, and eat strawberries and cream, and enjoy yourselves generally, without cares and annoyances of any kind.'

'Well, I confess,' said my wife, 'that you have drawn a graphic picture, but one that is scarcely correct. For my part, I have my cares and troubles when in the country as well as I do in town; but the change of life is agreaeble and beneficial, and enables me to endure the confinement which is mine the rest of the year.'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't see how you will be able to go this season; the times are so hard I can scarcely obtain money enough to enable us to live at home. You know as well as I do that I have met with serious losses during the last few months, and how I can spare a cent for unnecessary expenses is more than I can tell.'

'I shall not require more than a hundred dollars,' said my wife, 'to get ready with; and then our board in the country will not be much.'

'I don't wish to hear you say any more about it,' I said; 'I can't give you a hundred dollars, and you must content yourself with remaining in town this summer. Oh, you needn't look so grum about it, for it can't be helped.'

'I suppose,' my wife said, 'that if my mother invites me and the children to visit her, that you will not object to our going, especially as it will not cost anything for board, and our expenses for the whole three months will be scarcely fifty dollars.'

'I had rather pay your board for a year,' I said, 'at a fashionable hotel, than have you spend a week in that miserable village where your mother lives. I don't see why you can't be contented to stay at home with me, instead of forever wanting to be visiting your mother. Why, it seems to me as if you were there only the other day, and now you wish to go and spend the summer with her. This is another of your mother's confounded conspiracies against my happiness. Why she, who has two or three daughters at home with her, wants you there too, I don't see. I should think she would be glad you were off her hands. As for having the children under their control, I won't consent to it. She spoils them by indulgence, and destroys all the good effects of my teachings. What grandmothers were invented for I don't know. If there is one class of persons I dislike more than another, it is grandmothers.'

'I am inclined to think,' said my wife, maliciously, 'that if it had not been for you, my dear mother would not now have been a grandmother. So that you have yourself to blame, after all, simply because you married me.'

'Pshaw!' I exclaimed, 'if I had not married you some one else would, and then the old lady, I have no doubt, would have been grandmother to a lot of ugly imps with red hair.'

'I wish,' said my wife, 'that you would not speak to me in that way; and, moreover, I don't think it respectable in you to call my mother an old lady.'

'I may be mistaken,' I said, 'but it seems to me that a woman of sixty has a right to be called old. Why, I sometimes look at you, and imagine I perceive traces of age on *your* face.'

'I am not so old as you are, at all events,' said my wife; 'and if age is leaving its marks upon me, it is owing to your unkind treatment. But I should like to know whether I can take the children and make my mother a visit.'

'How do you know that your mother wants you?' I asked.

'Because,' my wife replied, 'she has written for us to come.'

'I thought so,' I said; 'then all your talk about going into the country to board was mere moonshine.'

'No,' she answered, 'for I had rather go elsewhere than to my mother's because I think she has cares enough without my adding to them. But still I think it would be more advisable for me to go to my mother's than to remain in the city during the hot weather.'

'Well, now, my dear,' I said, 'listen to me. I have invited my sister and her family to pass the month of July with us, and I received a letter to-day from her saying that she will be here on the first of the month; so, under the circumstances, I don't see how it will be possible for you to leave home until August, and then, if you like, you can spend a few weeks with your mother. My sister has not been here since last autumn, and her boys are anxious to spend the coming Fourth of July in the city. I knew it would be an agreeable change for her and them, as the country is dull enough where they live, and the Fourth is always a stupid day in their vicinity. I ordered to-day,' I continued, not heeding the sad looks of my wife, nor seeming to notice the tears that filled her eyes, 'fifty dollars' worth of fireworks, which I think will be enough to keep her six boys busy all the Fourth. You look as if you didn't think that quantity would be sufficient for them,' I said, as with a clouded brow she turned her face from me, gazing out of the windows toward the setting sun, which was, doubtless, just at that moment sinking behind the mountains which shelter the village where her mother lives. 'I will order more, if you deem it necessary.'

'Do as you think best,' she replied; 'I have nothing to say.'

'But what do you think about it?' I still persisted.

'I think fifty dollars enough,' she said, 'to throw away in fireworks, in such hard times as these.'

'Well,' I cried, 'I am glad to see you have grown economical within a few minutes. By the way, you had better write to your mother and tell her you can't go to her at present; but in August, if the times are better and I can spare the money, you shall certainly go.'

'I don't desire to go at all, now,' she replied; 'it is not likely that I shall be able or well enough to get ready to go anywhere, after having waited a month on your sister and her six great boys.'

'Now, you had better sulk a little,' I said; 'it has always been just so since we were married; I can't invite any of my relations here but you get vexed about it. At all events, my sister and 'her six great boys,' as you call them, are coming here, and you'll have to make the best of it.'

My wife said nothing in rejoinder, but laid down, with a sigh, the bonnet she had been retrimming for the little girl to wear when she should go to visit her grandmother, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, left the room.

'That thing is got along with,' I said to myself, as the door closed behind my wife, 'and now let me light my cigar and read the evening papers.'

THE WARNING.

BY MAY MYRTLE.

The belief in signs, dreams, omens, and warnings, which has, in our day, almost entirely disappeared, was once so prevalent, that it was a rare thing for a death to take place in a family without some member being warned of the coming event, in some supernatural way. My revered grandmother was no exception to this ancient belief; on the contrary, she could relate numerous instances of unnatural visitations, and strange appearances, which had occurred in her own family. But her particular forte lay in warnings. None of her kith or kin were ever called to pass through the dark valley of shadows without her receiving some supernatural intimation, or, as she called it, 'being warned' of their decease.

I will here state that my grandmother had been a widow for many years, and resided with my mother, as did her two youngest children, Ralph and Alice. Ralph, a spirited lad of seventeen, assisted my father in his business, and Alice, dear Aunt Alice's time, was mostly engrossed by 'us children.'

For several months, she had been troubled with a hacking cough, which was in itself warning enough that the time was soon coming when we should be obliged to part with our kind and careful nurse.

After awhile, she became unable to sit up all day, and my mother moved Aunt Alice's bed from her chamber into the parlor, as she was no longer able to go up and down the stairs, and it was more convenient to take care of her there. My grandmother slept in a chamber directly over this, the stovepipe from the parlor passing up through the floor and into the chimney—thus making her room warm and comfortable.

The night after Aunt Alice was moved into the parlor, grandmother received a very decided warning of her death. She said, that after she had been in bed a short time, she was aroused by a light shining upon her face, and opening her eyes, she beheld the form of a new moon arise from one corner, slowly sail across the room and finally disappear behind her bed. She was so sure that she had seen this, and became so nervous and excited about it that my mother thought best to have some one to sleep with her the following night; so my sister Mary, a girl of fourteen, shared grandmother's bed. But strange to say, they had hardly retired to rest, before we were startled by a loud scream from Mary. She, too, had seen the mysterous appearance, just as it came the evening before—a half moon rising in one corner, passing diagonally across the room, and disappearing behind the bed. The room was left vacant, everybody in the house believing it to be haunted.

When this came to the ears of my Uncle Ralph, he expressed his decided contempt for the whole affair. It was second nature for grandmother, he said, to see sights, and Mary had, no doubt, been so scared at the thought of passing the night in a room where grandmother had seen something, that she had fancied she saw it too. He would sleep in the room himself, and was not at all afraid of being troubled with new moons, or old ones, either; so he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber. He made no alarm during the night, but at the breakfast table he declined any questions. The truth was, he had seen exactly the same that had so alarmed his mother and Mary; but he was a bold determined fellow, and made up his mind to find out the cause of this singular appearance; and besides, he did not like to confess that he had witnessed the same thing that he had scoffed at as a delusion in others. Six nights in succession he slept in the haunted chamber, and every night, the same thing occurred. On the seventh night, he was lying awake, about midnight, thinking of this strange circumstance, and trying in vain to arrive at the solution of the mystery, when he heard Alice begin to cough in the room below. Immediately, he heard my mother's footesteps coming into Alice's room, as was her custom whenever she had a paroxysm of coughing. At the same time, the supernatural light appeared in the corner floated slowly across the room, and went down behind his bed. A thought struck him.

'Sarah,' he called, 'have you got a light.'

'Yes,' she answered.

'Are you standing by Alice's bed?'

'Yes,' again.

'Well,' said he, 'walk from her bed to the door with the light in your hand.'

At once the half-moon arose from behind his bed, and moved steadily across toward the opposite corner.

'Now come back again,' he said.

She did so; and as if following the sound of her footsteps, back sailed the mysterious light.

He sprang out of bed, with a hearty laugh. The mystery was solved. The earthern pot throught which the stovepipe passed, from the lower into the upper room, was too large for the pipe, and a light passing from the door to the bed in the lower room, cast its reflection through this aperture, and as it shoved on the wall above was exactly the shape of a new moon. My mother's repeated visits from her room to Aunt Alice's bedside, with a light in her hand, had been the cause of grandmother's supernatural warning; and but for the boldness and perseverance of her son, would no doubt have been handed down to successive generations of grandchildren, as solemn warning of Aunt Alice's death, which took place some weeks after. Probably, all supernatural appearances might be explained as the effect of some natural cause, if people were not too superstitious to risk the trial.

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Cashier of the Lancaster County Bank.
LANCASTER, PA., July 6th, 1861. [july 9 6m 29

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"Hung them, sir, as high as Haman," was the instantaneous reply. "They should have been a terror to traitors to all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life."
As he said these words, he half rose in his bed, and all the old fire glowed in his old eyes again.
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