

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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 TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; one dollar for six months; and five cents per copy, in advance. Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$100 per line for the first week, and thereafter at the rate of \$75 per line for the second week, and \$50 per line for the third week. There is no charge for the insertion of notices to friends, or for the insertion of notices of death. Notices of death are inserted for the first week free of charge, and thereafter at the rate of \$50 per line.

Mr. Theophilus Tims had been married but a very few months to his young and pretty little wife; but even in that short time he had discovered a great change in himself—a change which he never had anticipated, and the realization of which he could scarcely credit.

Not that Mr. Theophilus Tims was a man to be in bodily fear of a woman! Not he, indeed; for there was no individual who would more vigorously have resisted direct attempt to assume that masculine attire of dress, vulgarly called breeches; and a word of authority from a woman would have aroused every recollection of his being one of the lords of the creation, and would have induced him, for the mere support of the dignity of his sex, to have resisted and quelled that authority.

"I never was created to be hen-pecked?" was an objection that Mr. Tims had made to himself many a time, and oft before and since his marriage, and he sincerely believed it. But Mr. Tims was a sensitive man, a very sensitive man, and he had a holy horror of saying or doing anything that might remotely or immediately be wounding to the feelings of another. Mr. Tims anxiously desired to be happy himself, and he ardently wished every one with whom he was connected to be happy also; and he had a nervous dread of being a rock on which the happiness of some one was doomed to be wrecked. This nervous fear had made Mr. Tims oscillate for a long time on the bachelor's list, and it was a matter of considerable surprise to him when he found himself seriously paying attention to a young lady. He had repeatedly argued the matter with himself, and he had always concluded that he was not to be married; but, to his astonishment, he found himself in the midst of a matrimonial career.

It was his fate to fall most violently in love with Miss Louisa Jennings, a pretty, little, sentimental blonde, with blue eyes and golden ringlets. Miss Jennings walked like a sylph and sang like a nightingale, and was, moreover, a very sensible and intelligent girl. She had always thought that as a matter of course, she would some day be married; and she had made up her mind that, whenever such a consummation was brought about, she would keep her husband in proper discipline. Her mother had done so before her, and her father—good, easy man—had been all the better for it, and indeed, had never suspected that he was entirely ruled by his wife.

As Miss Jennings was all smiles, mildness and acquiescence, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Tims thought he had found just the lady to suit him—one who would love him devotedly, but who had such an elevated opinion of man's prerogative, that she would not find fault with or grieve at his having entirely his own way. Miss Jennings had heard of the wild bachelor's life her lover had been leading, and she had studied his disposition pretty closely; the result of her investigations, however, did not discourage her in the prospect the future presented. She had suffered the credulous Mr. Tims to believe everything he chose, while she deliberately made up her own mind in regard to his tactics; it would be necessary to pursue in order to cool down his ardent spirits, to temper his wild notions of matrimonial liberty, and to render him a bearable, reasonable, and obedient husband.

Until the question was actually "popped," Mr. Tims had matters and things entirely his own way. This crisis, however, was not brought about until after some months' preliminary courtship. It was a delightful evening in the month of May when Mr. Tims asked the important question that was to decide his fate. The moon was beaming brightly in the little parlour, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of Spring flowers. Mr. Tims had not actually and deliberately intended to put the direct question on that occasion; but there was something in the atmosphere, something perhaps in the position he occupied, that was irresistible. He hesitated a moment as the dialogue took such a turn as dialogues between young ladies and young gentlemen will sometimes take, and then he came to the positive: "Will you have me?" but a supplicating case, that might be applied, and which might or might not be introductory to further tender negotiation. Miss Louisa Jennings, however, had heard something about the frailty of young gentlemen, and she was not disposed to understand parables. She affected not to know what the young man was hinting, and at length, by her bewitching simplicity, she brought him finally upon the point of the question. "Not when you refuse out of the question, but when you say yes?"

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

Tims, as the lady hesitated; "you cannot love me, and you would spare my feelings by avoiding the confession of the fact. This discovery is painful to me, Louisa; but it is better that I should suffer pain than that you should. Farewell, Miss Jennings—may you ever be happy!" Saying this, Mr. Tims seized his hat in a very malicious manner, and looked at the top of his head. He then glanced a second time at the lovely fair, and prepared to make a real tragic exit; but a tender, half-dreary "Oh Theophilus!" brought him immediately to the feet of the beautiful Louisa again.

"Then you do love me?" exclaimed the now delighted Mr. Tims.
 "Only too well!" sighed Louisa.
 "And why, dearest, would you not say so?" asked the transported Theophilus.
 "Theophilus," said Miss Jennings, "I have struggled with myself to overcome my feelings, and to regard you only as a friend."
 "And why have you done this?" asked Mr. Tims, giving way to all the astonishment he felt.
 "Oh! Theophilus," exclaimed Miss Jennings, "have you looked into your own heart, and have you studied mine, and can you not see that you are not in love with me, but that you are only in love with the idea of being married?"
 "I have feared your constancy," said Miss Jennings, gravely; "for know, Theophilus, that I should be exquisitely wretched if I did not meet with an equal return for my affection. My nature cannot be contented with ordinary love; nothing but boundless devotion could gratify me; a devotion as limitless as my own would be to you, and which I have feared you could not return."

Her views were further explained on the subject, and, what is a little surprising, Mr. Tims appeared to be perfectly delighted with them, and was as ready with suggestions as she was with objections to them. The engagement was, therefore, entered into, to their mutual satisfaction, and for that night, at least, they were as perfectly contented as they could be. But Mr. Tims was destined to find that this innocent state of matrimony interfered mightily with his bachelor life, and his bachelor parties; for whenever he absent himself from her, Louisa would know his whereabouts; and if he had been anywhere he should not have been—in any place which an embryo married man should not be—he was sure to meet with such glances of eye, such looks of fearful scorn, that he would have concluded in his own mind that he must be a monster, and he would promise amendment, not only to the lady, but also internally to himself.

One by one he dropped his gay and dissipated friends. He gave up his card parties, his billiard tables, his boating clubs, his gunning excursions, and all the little masculine amusements he had been wont to delight in. He did all this, however, not without a great deal of mortification; and he would promise amendment, not only to the lady, but also internally to himself. "Never mind," he would say to himself sometimes, "we shall soon be married, and then it will be different; Louisa will not be so exacting, and I shall hardly feel so complacent."
 They were married soon afterwards, but the performance of the ceremony and lapse of the honeymoon did not alter his opinion of Mrs. Tims. At length he began to grow restless when he found himself sobered down into a respectable and dutiful husband, and without any assumption of authority on the part of his wife.

"It won't do at all!" I must consult my own feelings, and not as I please, without any reference to consequences. I will mention all my old friends—all fine fellows, except Ralph Rattle, and I never mention his name but Louisa looks as if I was about to plant a dagger in her heart. "True, she is a little wild for a married man, as he is, but still his wife loves him and takes no notice of his slight eccentricities. "Not to heaven Louisa was like her!" and Mr. Tims sighed as he fell into a reverie, the result of which was that he thought he had been a great deal of himself, and, as a commencement, he determined to accept an invitation to a bachelor dinner party, to be given the following week by his friend, Ralph Rattle.

THE BUMMER.

The word "Bummer" is a late acquisition to our language. Neither Webster nor Worcester, in their respective lexicons, have located a Bummer. Nevertheless, it is one of much significance, and is comprehensive in its meaning. It is used by those who are adepts in slang terms to denote a wretched, forsaken, dissipated man. Whenever a man has become lost to a sense of shame, destitute of the means of living, is an object of derision to the thoughtless, and of pity to the compassionate, he is styled a "Bummer." While the "Bummer" may occasionally be found in the country village, he is peculiarly indigenous to the city, where he and his confederates abound in great variety and perfection. His haunts are the lowest and vilest localities, where his bestial appetites are gratified to excess, and where the lowest depths of degradation are reached in the easiest possible manner. Hundreds infest this city, and can be daily seen creeping along the streets, pleading for alms in the most importunate manner, or knocking on the door of some article of furniture they may steal without the probability of arrest. The Bummer thrives best near a market house, and there are several localities near the Centre market where numbers of them rendezvous. No description can adequately convey a correct idea of the Bummer. It is necessary to visit his haunt to fully appreciate him.

Mrs. C. keeps a grocery in a little weather-boarded shanty, that has withstood the storms of nearly a century. Of course it is beyond necessary to repair the building; they may stay without the probability of arrest. The Bummer thrives best near a market house, and there are several localities near the Centre market where numbers of them rendezvous. No description can adequately convey a correct idea of the Bummer. It is necessary to visit his haunt to fully appreciate him. Mrs. C. keeps a grocery in a little weather-boarded shanty, that has withstood the storms of nearly a century. Of course it is beyond necessary to repair the building; they may stay without the probability of arrest. The Bummer thrives best near a market house, and there are several localities near the Centre market where numbers of them rendezvous. No description can adequately convey a correct idea of the Bummer. It is necessary to visit his haunt to fully appreciate him.

Before his wife had finished, Mr. Tims had almost forgotten Ralph Rattle and his party, and, as he concluded, he took off his hat, he put down his gloves, and he placed his cane quietly in one corner of the room. Still Mrs. Tims urged him to fulfill his engagement, but he positively declined, and the more she insisted the more resolute he became, until at length he everything, while he thinks that he would never more visit Ralph Rattle's. "Am I not a faithful creature to be so fond of my wife?" asked Mrs. Tims of her husband some half hour afterwards, as he demurely sat by her side, instead of rattling away, as he anticipated, with the champagne at his friend Rattle's. "It is needless to quote Mr. Tims' reply; suffice it to say that he did not dine with Mr. Rattle, nor did he ever again pay a visit to the place. He had been thoroughly broken, and ever afterwards mere insinuation from Mrs. Tims that he did not love her was sufficient to make him acquiesce in any arrangement.

Notwithstanding all that has been related, Mr. and Mrs. Tims live together very happily. She is conscious (without hinting at the fact) that she has her own way in everything, while he thinks that he would never more visit Ralph Rattle's. "Am I not a faithful creature to be so fond of my wife?" asked Mrs. Tims of her husband some half hour afterwards, as he demurely sat by her side, instead of rattling away, as he anticipated, with the champagne at his friend Rattle's. "It is needless to quote Mr. Tims' reply; suffice it to say that he did not dine with Mr. Rattle, nor did he ever again pay a visit to the place. He had been thoroughly broken, and ever afterwards mere insinuation from Mrs. Tims that he did not love her was sufficient to make him acquiesce in any arrangement.

"Malice outwitted." The owner of a saw-mill in the country, having a little enmity against a neighboring farmer, laid no less a plan of revenge than to get him arraigned as a thief, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. But as the honesty of his neighbor afforded him no ground for accusation, he resorted to the most cunning device he could devise for his own purpose, and he succeeded in securing the help of a lantern he found in a neighbor's house. But the farmer did not happen to be so fast asleep as his enemy supposed. He heard a noise, or thought he saw a shadow, and getting up pretty soon after to satisfy himself upon the subject, he found the lantern he had seen in his neighbor's house. He was indignant, and he promptly arrested the thief, and sent him to the penitentiary. His course was promptly taken. Allowing his enemy just time to get fairly home and into bed, so that the light of the burning pile might not be detected, he set fire to the boards, which being well seasoned, and in a few minutes entirely consumed. Early in the morning, the farmer had anticipated, the sawyer came with a load of stable and search warrant, to look for his property.

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The following story by Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:
 On his last voyage home, the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was loved intensely by five young gentlemen, passengers, and, in turn, she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted her friend, the captain. The captain, being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the man who jumps after you." The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready manned, in case of accident. Accordingly, the next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. "Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out under water, she says to the captain: "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "Take the dry one!" And the young lady did, and married him.

A CONFIRMED CASE.—A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit, and proposed the following method: "At some time when dead drunk, she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored."

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