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

VOL. LXII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1861.

THE LANGASTER INTELLIGENCER. PUBLISHED EVER TURSDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUES, BYREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TEEMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

APPLICATION.—Adverthements, not, axceeding one of the Editor.

APPLICATION.—Adverthements, not, axceeding one of the control of t

Jos Parvino, Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labells, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the Midtest motion

APOTHEOSIS OF LOVE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE. There is no heaven but love;
All things that live and move
Are upheld by its breath,
And it is master of the bands of death.

It makes the weak heart strong. The congless gush with song; And spreads the earth with flowers, And builds enchanted palaces and bowers. It claimeth for its own Each lovely tint and tone, And maketh beauty seem The semblance of its own delighted dream.

And vocal to its ear, Dumb stars and solar sphere; Their muffled music comes In grandeur, rushing like the roll of drums It hears the angels sing, And their glad voices ring Through all the azure aisles And domes of heaven's illuminated piles.

It sees a mystic sense-A language deep, intense—
In the grass blades and weeds,
And floods of glory o'er the silent meads. It maketh women's eyes

Star-blossoms, mysteries! And in celestial sheen Arrays their loveliness of form and mien. It decks the virgin bride, Paining her balmy side With odorous pangs, which start To blissful music all her throbbing heart.

The infant on the breast Doth like a cherub rest,
And heavenly halos spread,
Like God's protecting breath, around its head. All things full well it knows;

And whereso'er it goes, Music and flowers attend; And dark brute forms rejoice It makes the darkness light, And light more grand and bright The wilderness doth bloom,

And at its call the dead come from the tomb. All the great works of man Are built upon its plan;
It paints, and carves the stone,
And the high realms of phantasy doth own.

The poet in his dreams, Transfigured by love's beams, Singe his golden song Upborne on fiery wings the heavens along. It breathes through every prayer, And makes the sufferer bear, The noble martyr die, And conquers, like a god, their agony. Religion, holy-eyed; God's vestal, glorified

Looking through faith to Him, In solemn temples and cathedrals dim; Or, in the secret heart Worshipping apart, Is love's divinest child By the deep mysteries of Heaven beguiled And war, and wrong, and strife,

And every evil life,
Through all the march of time
Are subtle helpers of its plan sublime And love one day shall reign
O'er hill, and vale, and plain;
And all the land and sea
Shall own the triumph of its sovereignty!

[Home Journal.]

TO MY COAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER Phough hardly worth one paltry groat, Thou art dear to me, my poor old coat;
For full ten years my friend thou'st been,
For full ten years I've brushed thee clean
And now, like me, thou'rt old and wan,
With both, the glow of youth is gone:
But worn and shabby as thou art,

I've not forgot the birthday eve When first I donned thy glossy sleeve, When jovial friends, in mantling wine, Drank joy and health to me and mine. Our indigence let some despise, We're dear as ever in their eyes; And for their sakes, old as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part,

Poor coat. One evening, I remember yet,
I, romping, feigned to fly Lisette;
She strove her lover to retain,
And thy frail skirt was rent in twain.
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,
And patched thee up as well as ever;
For her weet selke old as thou art For her sweet sake, old as thou art, Thou and the poet shall not part,

Never, my coat, hast thou been found
Bending thy shoulders to the ground
From any upstart "Lord" or "Grace,"
To beg a pension or a place.
Wild forest flowers—no monarch's dole—
Adorn thy modest button-hole;
If but for that, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet should not part,
Poor coat.

Poor though we be, my good old friend, No gold shall bribe our backs to bend; Honest amid temptations past, We will be honest to the last; We will be honest to the last; Far more I prize thy virtuous rags Than all the lace a courtier brags; And, while I live and have a heart, Thou and the poet shall not part, Poor coat.

DON'T PROPOSE IN THE DARK.

ings, so completely occupies one of the it was anybody's business.

and thriving family of Farmer Evans. -or, as is most probable, from a very some weeks in their family. lucky mixture of both-everything goes

generous, and so homely? began the world at Dean Gase, a little search no piano! It is impossible to desist the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, or be the sensation of relief and comfort industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans—so with which Charles Foster, sick of musical noted for her activity in tongue and limb, misses, ascertained that the whole dwelfier good looks and her plain dressing; as ling did not contain a single musical inhard sermons, and those I have preferred are your lordship, replied the sensation of relief and comfort or line the sensation of relief and comfort or least the sensation of relief and comfort o

girls, two grown up, and one the youngest we have to do.

twin children, there has been a series of could talk such nonsense-and liked to puzzles ever since the days of the Dromios. have such nonsense talked to her better Nearly of age, (I believe at this moment than anything in the world! both are turned nineteen, and neither has teeth, brown hair, clear, healthy complex- 'What ailed her?' ion, and that sort of nose which is neither them all, but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although ing a feature as is to be seen on an English

face. Altogether they were a pair of tall attired in garments of the same color and to turn her own senses against the evidence fashion, looked at all times so much alike, of her heart; 'Charles Foster?' that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart, and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to speak and think Patty, in a hoarse voice.

of them generally as the Evanses, than 'Oh, no—no—no! Did you think I had as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. from mistakes, which the sisters-Patty, produced by the unusual resemblance— make me Queen of England! were apt to favor by changing places in a walk; or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hungrave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instancebeing rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evanses 'They will be to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain angry; but not at my refusal. Oh, how would dance with every pretty girl in the versation.

stance of family likeness. ate, happy and kind, each was kind, happy, accents: you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was 'Said to me?'replied Patty, with bitter-Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her ness.

with its own ravelled threads, an invisible will you not say 'yes' now? darn in her mother's handkerchief, and was broods of young turkeys; she, too, that so last evening, and you are taking me for her pensively was watering her own bed of this very moment.' The pretty square farm house, standing baster blossoms of the white evening prim- jesting 12

at the corner near Kilbes lane, (for the first rose, whose modest flowers, dying off into 4 Then he mistook Jane for me last night phrase, although giving by far the closest a blush, resembled her own character—was and he is no deceiver!' thought Patty to bioture of the place, does, it must be con— Jane. Some of the gossips of Aberleigh herself, as with smiles beaming brightly fessed, look rather Irish,) and where the used to assert that Jane's sighing over the through her tears, she turned round at his aforesaid brook winds away by another lane, flowers, as well as the early steadiness of reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he until it spreads into river-like dignity, as it her character, arose from an engagement to sought to his pressure.

meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly my lord's head-gardener, an intelligent, 'He mistook her for me! He that defied common, and finally disappears amidst the sedate and sober young Scotchman. Of us to perplex him! green recesses of Perge wood—that pretty this I know nothing. Certain it is that And so it was; an unconscious and unobsquare farm-house, half-hidden by the tall the prettiest and newest plants were always served change of place, as either sister reelms in the flower court before it, which with to be found in Jane's flower garden; and sumed her station besides little Betty, who the spacious garden and orchard behind, if Mr. Archibald Maclane did sometimes had scampered away after a glowworm, and the extensive barn, yards and out-build- come to look after them, I did not see that added to the deepening twilight and the

angles formed by the crossing of the lane In the meantime, a visitor of another deconfusion which gave poor Patty a night and the stream—that pretty farm-house scription arrived at the farm. A cousin of of misery, to be followed by a lifetime contains one of the happinest and most pros- Mrs. Evans had been as successful in trade of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to perous families in Aberleigh—the large as her husband had been in agriculture, lose a lover as her sister was to regain one. Whether from skill or from good fortune quainted with her relations, and to spend

Charles Foster was a fine young man, right on his great farm. His crops are the whose father was neither more nor less than of two sisters is to be celebrated on the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; a linen-draper, in a great town; but whose same day. his cattle never die; his servants never manners, education, mind and character thieve; his children are never ill. He might have done honor to a far higher buys cheap and sells dear; money gathers station. He was, in a word, one of nature's tions, when the name of a very old gentleupon him like a snow-ball—and yet, in gentlemen, and in nothing did he more thorpooling and intolerable oughly show his own taste and good-breed-complaint had been made that the parish oughly show his own taste and good-breedprosperity, everybody leves Farmer Evans. ing, than by entering entirely into the could not endure him, he gave such bad He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so homely ways and old-fashioned habits of sermons,) gravely chided the poor parson. homely ways and old-fashioned habits of sermons,) gravely chided the poor parson. his country consins. He was delighted 'I am told, Mr.—, that your parish is with the simplicity, fragality and industry, very well satisfied with you in many 'Ha! Ha!' I shouted. 'didn't von re-There, after all, lies the charm. Riches with the simplicity, frugality and industry, have not only not spoiled the man, but they which blended well with the sterling goodhave not altered him. He is just the same ness, and genuine prudence of the great in look and word, and way, that he was English farm-house. The women, espethirty years ago, when he and his wife, with cially, pleased him much. They formed a two sorry horses, a cow and three pigs, strong contrast with any he had met with began the world at Dean Gate, a little barbefore. No finery—no coquetry—no gain of twenty miles off. Ay, and his wife French—no piano! It is impossible to des-

Evans promiseuously calls them, whose gaged his full esteem; Patty's innocent ages vary from eight to twenty, and three playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had of the family-are just what we might ex- known them apart from the first; and, pect from parents who are so simple and so indeed, denied that the likeness was at all good. The young men, intelligent and well- puzzling, or more than is usual among conducted; the boys, docile and promising; sisters; and secretly thought Patty as and the little girl, as pretty a little ourly- much prettier than her sister as she was headed, rosy-cheeked poppet as ever was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he the pet and plaything of a large family. was constantly at her side, and before he It is, however, with the eldest daughters had been a month in the house all the inmates had given Charles Foster as a Jane and Patty Evans were as much lover of his young cousin; and she, when alike as hath ever befallen any two sisters rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! not born at one time : for, in the matter of and pshaw! and wondered how people

Affairs were in this state, when one night reached twenty, exactly of a stature, (so Jane appeared even graver and more high that Frederick the Great would have thoughtful than usual, and far, far sadder. coveted them for his tall regiment,) with She sighed deeply; and Patty-for the two hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white "sisters occupied the same room-inquired,

She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung Greek nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor ce petit over her and soothed her. At length, she nez ret rousse, that some persons prefer to roused herself by a strong effort, and turning away from her affectionate comforter said in a low tone: 'I have had a great vexation to-night,

field. it be, perhaps, as common and as well look- Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him.' 'Charles Foster ?-did you say Charles and comely maidens, and being constantly Foster?' asked poor Patty, trembling, even

> 'Yes; our cousin, Charles Foster.' ' And you have accepted him?' inquired

forgotten poor Archibald? Besides, I am Even those who did pretend to distinguish not the person whom he ought to have asked the one from the other, were not exempt to marry him, false as he is; I would not be his, wife, cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as especially, who delighted in the fun so often his conduct has been! No! not if he would

'You refused him, then?' 'No : my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indred innocent tricks, to occasion at once a dignation that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly-the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain ! 'Poor father, he will be disappointed.

They will be disappointed, and both

on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to her own incomparable salve; pathy, and touched by an indignation most and could be hardly undeceived, even by unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could the pulling off of Jane's glove and the ex- no longer command her feelings, but threw hibition of the lacerated digital sewed herself on the bed in that agony of passion round by her own bandage. Young George and grief which the first great sorrow Kelley, too, the greatest beau in the parish, seldom fails to excite in the young heart. having bet at a Christmas party that he After a while she again resumed the con-

room, lost his wager, which Patty had 'We must not blame him too severely. overheard, by that saucy damsel's slipping Perhaps my vanity made me think his atinto her sister's place, and persuading her tentions meant more than they really did, narrative, and while I am dotting it down ioin her own unconscious partner; so and you had all taken up the notion. But that George danced twice with Patty, and you must not speak of him so unkindly.

not at all with Jane. A bantering piece He has done nothing but what is natural.

of malice, which proved, as the young You are so much better and wiser than I gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first am, my own dear Jane. He laughed and water) was pleased to assert, that Miss talked with me-but he felt your good-Patty was not displeased with her partner. ness; and he was right. I was never How little does a vain man know of woman- worthy of him, and you are; and, if it were kind. If she had liked him, she would not not for Archibald, I should rejoice from have played the trick for the mines of the bottom of my heart,' continued Patty,

Golconda. In short, from their schooldays, when Jane was chidden for Patty's
But unable to speak her generous wish,
bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and bad spinning, down to this, their prime of the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, womanhood, there had been no end to the wept in each other's arms, and were com-

confusion produced by this remarkable in- forted. That night Patty cried herself to sleep, And yet nature—who sets some mark of but such sleep is not of long duration. By individuality upon even her meanest pro- dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless duction, making some unnoted difference irritability, the dewey grass walks of the between the lambs dropped from one ewe, garden and orchard. In less than half an the robins bred in one nest, the flowers hour, a light, elastic step—she knew the growing on one stock, and the leaves hang- sound well-came rapidly behind her; a ing on one tree hath not left these maidens hand-oh, how often had she thrilled at without one great and permanent distinct the touch of that hand-tried to draw hers tion—a natural and striking dissimilarity under his own, whilst a well-known voice of temper. Equally industrious, affection- addressed her in the softest and tenderest

affectionate and industrious, in a different Patty-my own sweet Patty! have you way. Jane was grace; Patty was gay. If thought of what I said to you last night?

sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden, as merrily Do you not remember the question I asked as if she was running a race, so that the you, when your good father-for the first pigs did not mind her, was Patty. On the time unwelcome-joined us so suddenly other hand, she that so carefully was making that you had not time to say 'yes!' and

'Mr. Foster,' said Patty, with some hearing her sister read the while; she that spirit, 'you are under a mistake here! It so patiently was feeding, one by one, two was to Jane that you made the proposal

delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the 'Mistake you for your sister? Propose pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the ala- to Jane! Incredible! Impossible! You are

lover's embarrassments, had produced the

Bishop Burnet, at one of his visitarespects, but they are much discontented with your sermons. Now, there is no excuse friend, the composer, who used to play the for this; for, instead of preaching extemorgan occasionally at St. Jerome's Church. pore, as I am told you sometimes do, or He is a drum-major now, and that was his giving them your own compositions, you baton of office, which you presumed to be have only to preach good printed sermons, a cane.

Matrimonial Infelicities.

BY BARRY GRAY.

After a long absence, my estimable wife has returned home. I almost despaired of ever seeing her again, when one gusty November night, just as a party of my ancient friends were filling, for the third time their slender goblets with sparkling Golden Wedding wine, around my hospital mahogany, an ominous ring at the door-bell startled us into sobriety and propriety. The colonel, being a married man, was the first to detect the connubial tone of the bell, and rising hastily, said he believed he had an engagement which he must hasten to fulfil, and therefore begged me to excuse him. He had just finished singing a song, in which he had repeatedly declared that he had no intentions of going home until morning, and his sudden desire to be going now, rather surprised us. The major, who imitates the colonel in his movements, immediately declared that he, too, had an engagement; but the captain, with a disregard of rank which was pleasing to observe, ordered his two superiors to sit down, and not run away while such enemies-pointing to the tall flask before him-were in the

Perhaps it will be as well here to state

that quite a number of my acquaintances have recently become distinguished military characters-at least, not a few of them are celebrated for the inordinate amount of gold braid which ornaments their clothes, and the costly swords they carry. I have not yet heard that any of their swords have been baptized in rebel blood, or their gold lace tarnished through exposure to camp life. But I presume all this will come by and by; in the meanwhile, they add to the brilliant appearance of Broadway, and are much employed as escorts at military funerals, and take an active part in the reception of New England troops, passing through the city on their way to the seat of war. I don't wish to be understood as saying that my three friends above-mentioned won't march down to Dixie as soon as their regiment obtains its complement of men, but I will simply declare that their ranks are a most unaccountable time in filling up. One day the colonel will tell me that he wants less than two hundred men to fill his regiment, but when I see him, perhaps a week or two afterward, he has five or six hundred to obtain. When I question him as to where his men have gone, he says government has taken them away from him, and drafted them into other regiments. Of course this must be so, and the slander which the newspapers have cast upon some of the colonels, that they sell their men at so much per head to other regiments, cannot apply to my friend the colonel. It has just occurred to me that this is an unnecessary hiatus in my my wife is standing outside the front door, I am weary from my day's journey, supshivering with cold, and anxious to be ad-

mitted within. At the moment the bell was rung the third time, my friends all apparently understood who was coming, for they seized their coats and caps, declaring that it was getting late, and they thought they had better be going. They encountered my wife in the hal!, who glared at them significantly, and said she trusted her unexpected return had not frightened them

The colonel, who is a very polite man, expressed his regrets at being obliged to depart at the moment, he said, bowing, when so charming an addition was about to be made to their society. He trusted, though, that before he left for the seat of war, he should have the pleasure of paying his respects to her, and senew the acquaintance he so happily formed with her

Whether it was this flattering speech of the colonel's, or the sight of the gold lace and gilt buttons which covered his manly form, which soothed my wife's feeling's. cannot positively declare; but, at all events, when, with me, she entered the room where the table still stood, she did not denounce my visitors, as I had expected she would. She did ask, though, why I had selected the parlor for the scene of my festivities, and said that the tobacco moke which filled the room would impregnate her satin window-curtains all winter. She wondered, too, how I could permit my friends to spill their wine on the carpet, and thought it singular that I should allow them to throw their cigar stumps into the corners of the room. Then again she wished to know why I had selected my companions from the military; formerly, she continued, artists and literary men were your friends, and she thought them much more refined than soldiers.

'Oh, my dear,' I replied, 'I have not changed my friends, they have only changed their occupation; painters and authors can't live by their calling now-adays, so they have been obliged to gird on their swords and shoulder their muskets,

to enable them to sustain existence.' 'Oh!' exclaimed my wife, doubtingly. 'Yes,' I answered; 'didn't you recognize the gentlemen whom you passed i the hall?

'No!' she replied, 'they were as strange to me as if they had been Indians.

'Well, the colonel,' I said, 'you have only met once before; but the major is our old friend Potter, the author of 'Chivand now he sent his only son to become ac- Charles has gone home to his father's, to alry and Beauty,' and, as you are aware, make preparations for his bride. Archibald a poet of some merit. The captain-the has taken a great nursery garden, and there one in the red, baggy trousers—is the celebrated artist Mr. Splinter, who painted is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage the great historical picture, 'The Murder of the Noisy Children, by command of and dislikes children with all his soul .-He joined the Zouave regiment on account of the picturesqueness of the uniform.'

'Pray, who,' asked my wife, 'is the grey-bearded man, with the long cane,

cognize him? Why, he is our musical

stood that you had a new claimant for your affections, in the person of a babe left here some months ago, under mysterious circumstances, and concerning which you have never written me a word. I don't know'and here my wife drew her handkerchief - what I have done to warrant such treatment from you. If I had not been a loving, obedient, faithful wife, I might have expected you would introduce a strange baby into the house; but, under

which was unwarrantable,' and my wife leaned back in her chair, and covered her face with her handkerchief. But, my dear.' I said, apologetically, "I didn't introduce the child here; it was left by a woman whom I do not know, and

whom, I assure you, I never saw except on that occasion. 'Oh, yes, that is just what you men always say,' she replied; 'but why didn't you write to me about it, and not leave it

gossiping neighbors to inform me? Well, the truth is,' I replied, 'I really forgot all about it. I believe the child is still in the house; but I am not certain. I took charge of it, as well as I knew how, the first night of its arrival, but since then the cook, who conceived a fancy to it, has had the entire control of it. I believe she has discovered who its parents are, and doubtless, will be able to give you all the information on that point which you desire.

'If this be so, my dear husband,' she said. 'It is a load taken off my heart, for I received a terrible shock when I heard from the ancient ladies next door, who wrote me that they were kept awake nights by a crying babe in our house, and that they had seen it, and it looked exactly

'Like who?' I interrupted. 'Well, they didn't name any one, my dear,' my wife answered; 'they simply put a dash instead.'

'Leaving you to imagine,' I added, that they meant me.' 'Exactly,' said my wife.

Well,' I said, 'it is rather late to test the matter to-night; but to-morrow you can see and judge for yourself. Do you know, my dear,' I added, 'that you have been away from me nearly five months, and you must not be surprised if I have, unintentionally, adopted some of my former bachelor habits. I go to the play, I attend little suppers, I indulge in a pipe, I keep a dog and a night-key.'

Give yourself no uneasiness about them,' my wife kindly said 'it will not take me long to eradicate such habits in you, and, as there is no time like the present in which to begin a reformation, suppose you hand to me your pipe and night-key. 'Certainly,' I replied, and without hesitation, I gave into her keeping my meerschaum and key. Now, she sai

pose you turn out the gas, and we will go to our room. To-morrow we will see the baby, and decide as to what we shall do

A Domestic Editor.

Everybody will laugh at the following. It is one of the good things that Mr. Chan-dler, of the Adams county (Wis.) Independent, occasionally "gets off."

Our Shanghi editor is a married mana very married man, keeps two cows, a calf, hens, hens' husbands. Faust horse. a dog, gay sleigh, and such like quadru-peds. He believes in having milk in the family; and verily 'twould please thee to witness the fair-matrimonial airs he put on, and the editorial airs he puts off, as he goes forth like a fowler, and runneth among the hens and milketh ye bovines. Belike last winter at one of the artists' recephis dignity went rapidly down t'other night. New milch cow taketh to herself a certain pleasant habit of extending hinder hoof with a vank.

Editor sat beside lacteal glands, pail clasped 'twixt his knees, and thus engaged in teat squeezing he was heard to utter, in

a very solemn tone:
'Kick not that ye be not kicked; for with what violence ye kick, ye shall be kicked; and with what measure ye eat from, it shall be swatted over your countenance. Anon the bossy kicked like forked lightning, laying out Shanghi Chandler flat on his back, completely painting him with foamy cowjuice, flipping his hat far to the leeward, jamming up the new tin milk-pail like a stepped-on stovepipe, and causing a white editor, to spout milk from his nose

like a porpoise.

And then the wail that was heard was this: 'She hath laid my confidence waste and barked my shin; she hath made the milk-pail clean hasty and cast the milk away; the front of Shanghi is made white. Howl, all ye little families! Bellow, calf, crack your cheeks? Had I your tongue and voice, I'd use them so that heaven's vault should crack! 'Tis gone forever, 'twill come no more: never, never!-Break, heart, I pray thee break! I'm very much disgusted. I'm a body—a demnition cold, wet, kicked, unclean, unpleasant body."

So saying he smote the cow with a terrible curse, saying, 'darn your skin!'— Then kicked her just one kick, with such force that he said he had driven his toenail close back to his heel, and went in and asked Mrs. Editor to wash him off. Selah! UNINTENTIONAL JOKE.—One day, at

the table of the late Dr. Pearce, just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. We have lost,' said one gentleman, 'not less than six eminent barristers in as many Herod.' Splinter, you know, is a bachelor, months.' At this moment the Doctor (who was quite deaf) rose and gave the company grace, 'For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised.' This ludicrous combination was not intended by the Doctor, and was the more ludicrous on that | it soon.' account, because the objects to be connected were all the farther removed. We have many such freaks of nature. We see her occasionally blowing off the hat of some pause in a choral song; or making a don- ing.' key bray outside the window just as some country minister has opened his mouth to speak. Amusing tales, farces and burlesque, result from the conception of such things in the author's mind.—Fraser.

| R. J. T. BAKER, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, or HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, may be consulted professionally, at his Office, at Henry Bear's Hotel, in the property of Strasburg, on Thursday of the strasburg of the s

was at nineteen, and, in a different way; guirely to expensive as wont, every Sabbath, at thing about yourself and the children. White is the general effect of heat almost as good-looking.

The children six boys; as Farmer Janes work was wont, every Sabbath, at thing about yourself and the children. White is the general effect of heat upon substances? It enlarges their dimensions with you? A subject unsultable to their capacities of Because, my wife answered, Tunder humor.

Now, my dear, I said, 'tell me somether in the attendance in the interior in the attendance in the interior in the attendance in the interior i

A Highland Legend.

Once upon a time, in Burr Glen, on a wild winter night, a farmer and his family and servants were comfortably seated around a peat fire, when the wind was howling terribly around the house, and the drifting snow was clogging up the door-The farmer knew that his son and servant maid were much attached to each other, but he would not consent to their marriage. While they were all sitting the circumstances, I must say that the bringing of that child here was a liberty around the fire on that winter night, he thought of a plan by which the servant maid might be got rid of; so he said, that if, before the next day, she would bring him a skull that was in Saddell church, she should have his son for a husband. The girl's love was so strong for the young man that she joyfully agreed to the proposition, although it was quite seven miles to Saddell, and the road theretollay over the

Biennau Tuire. She knew the road well, and all its dangers and difficulties even by daylight, which would now be immensely increased by the darkness of the night, the fierce wind and the driving snow, and the slippery rocks and swollen torrents. But she did not shrink from the danger, and at once made ready and went on her way. The farmer took good care that she went alone, and that his son did not follow her.

The brave girl went over the hill and glen, battling with the snow storm, and tracking her path with the greatest difficulty. She passed safely over to the south side of Biennau Tuire, and at midnight reached Saddell Church.

Its doors were open, burst open perhaps by the violence of the wind. She knew the place where the skull was kept, and she groped toward it in the dark. As she did so, she heard a great and peculiar noise, made up as it seemed of loud moans. There was a tramping of light feet over the pavement, and she heard forms rush past her; then a moment's silence, succeeded by more mysterious means and sounds. Terrified, but not disheartened, the brave girl kept her purpose steadily in view; and groping towards the skull,

seized it and made for the church door. The tramping of feet and moans continued, and the forms pursued her. Grasping the skull she gained the door and shut As she did so she heard a rush against it; but she turned and fled. By daylight she had regained her lover's home, and, half dead with fatigue and excitement, placed the skull in the farmer's hands, and claimed the fulfilment of his promise. The farmer was taken aback by seeing the girl, having hoped that she would perish amid the snow and wilds. He would not believe that she had really been to Saddell, and taken the skull from the church on such a night; so he at once set out for Saddell with some of his men, expecting to be able to disprove the girl's tale, by finding the

skull in its place in the church. When he got there, and had opened the church door, they found within the building—not the skull, but a number of wild VERY LIBERAL REDUCTION TO WHOLESALE deer, who having found the door open, had sought shelter from the violence of the storm. The girl had told him the sounds she had heard within the church. Here was the cause; and much as he wished it otherwise, yet it was impossible for him to disbelieve her tale. There was nothing for him to do but to yield with the best

grace he might.

He gave his consent to the match, and to make assurance doubly sure, the lover took his brave girl to Saddell Church the very next day, where she replaced the skull in its position, and they were married off hand. And as some of the deer that had frightened her had been killed and cooked, they had a hearty wedding and plenty of good venison at the feast that followed.—Cuthbert Bede.

DIDN'T WANT TO STAND ON HER HEAD, —Jane Eliza——, a very pretty and interesting young lady of eighteen summers and seventeen winters-from the country-stepped into Brady's gallery a few days since to get a dozen album cards.

She was accompanied by a male cousin, who 'knows the ropes.' After being gracefully posted, the urbane operator took a look at her through the instrument, when Jane Eliza blushed, patted her dress down so as to make it touch the floor all round, and hurriedly beckoned her cousin to approach. He came near, when she whispered anxiously, 'Don't let that horrid man look at me through that thing, please man look at me through that thing, please he. 'I don't like to tell you,' she blush ingly answered. 'Oh, I must insist on knowing,' said he, 'Well,' answered she, 'if I must tell you, (lowering her voice) and when finished forms a perfectly fire Proof surface, 'if I must tell you, (lowering her voice) cold or Storms, Shrinking of Roof Boards, nor any exter-'if I must tell you, (lowering her voice awfully) it will turn me upside down.'-Our city friend, the cousin, smiled-he couldn't help it—and told her he thought For Coating Metals of all Kinds when exposed to the she must be mistaken. 'O, no,' said she, Mr. E. is an engineer, and when he was surveying the rail-road in the mountains last summer, he stopped at pa's ever so long, and he told us that if you looked through one of those glasses, the object (that's what he said) was turned upside down. He is a very scientific man, and he ought to know.' Our friend assured her he would not have her upset, if he could help it, and told Mr. Brady's representative, who had been watching the mysterions conference with some interest, that the young lady thought he might now proceed to take her without further preparation, and she was accordingly 'took.' The joke leaked out somehow, and Jane Eliza's lady friends often quiz her about her fear of a reverse.' - Washington Star.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—'I say, Phil, who is the pretty girl I saw you walking with on last Sunday evening ?'—' Miss Hogges.'
—'Hogges! well, she is to be pitted for having such a name.'—'So I think, Joe,' rejoined Phil; 'I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take

An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn; after which he boasted so much of his abilities, solemn man, as he turns a corner, and send that one of the party said :- You have ing him a zigzag chase along the road after told us enough of what you can do ; tell us it; or we see her makes modest man give an something you cannot do.'- Faith,' said involuntary sneeze during an impressive he. I cannot pay my share in the reckon-

NO. 49.

THE LARDASTER INTELLIGENCER

JOB-PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 8 NORTH-DUBB-STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
The Jobbing Designations in theoroughly furnished with
new and elegant type of every description, and is under
the charge of practical and apparenced Job Printer.
The Proprietors are prepared to
PRINT CHECKE,

NOTES, LEGAL BLANKS,

CARDS AND CHECKERS,
BILL HEADS AND HANDRELLS.

BILL HEADS AND HANDSHELS.

BILL HEADS AND HANDSHELS.

PAORE AND CHOULARS,
PAPER BOOKS AND PARPHIETS.

BALL THIS HIS AND INVITATIONS,
PRINTING IN COLORS AND PLAIR, PRINTING,
with nestuces, accuracy and dispatch, on the most reasonable terms, and in a manner not excelled by say applications must in the city.

ment in the city.

App Orders from a distance, by mail or estangles, promptly attended to.

Address

GEO. SANDERSON: & BON,

Theilligenant Office,

No. 8 North Duke street, Lementer, Pa.

COMETHING FOR THE TIMES! A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD,

JOHNS & CROSLEYS AMERICAN CRMENT GLUR The Strongest Glue in the World. The Cheapest Give in the World. The Most Durable Glue in the World.

The Only Beliable Glue in the World. The Best Glue in the World. AMERICAN CRMENT GITTE the only article of the kind ever produced which WILL WITHSTAND WATERAT

IT WILL MEND WOOD, IT WILL MEND LEATHER, your Harness, Straps, Belts, Bo

IT WILL MEND GLASS, nices of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle. ow away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily re

TT WILL MEND CHINA THAT PIECE KNOCKED OUT OF YOUR MARBLE,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put
on as strong as ever.

IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN,
matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, a shilling saved is a shilling carned. IT WILL MEND ALABARTER.
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match
it, mend it, it will never show when put together. IT WILL MEND BONE, CORAL, LAVA, AND IN FACT

EVERY THING BUT METALS. Any article cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS. "Every Housekeeper should have a supply of Johns & Crosley's American Cement Glue,"—New York Time. "It is so convenient to have in the house."—New York Empress, "It is always ready; this commends it to everybody." Independent.

"We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water."—Wilkes Spirit of the Times.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH. \$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bottle of AMERICAN CEMENT GLUR Price 26 Cents per Bottle. Price 25 Cents per Bottle,

Price 25 Cents per Bottle. Price 25 Cents per Bottle Price 25 Cents per Bottle Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

TERMS CASH. For Sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers generally IDHNS'& CROSLEY

(Sole Manufacturers.)

78 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,

Corner of Liberty Street. Important to House Owners. Important to Builders.

Important to Railroad Companies

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S IMPROVED GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING The Cheanest and most durable Roofing in use. IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF.

t can be applied to new and old Roofs of all kinds; steep or flat, and to Shinge Roofs without removing the Shingles.

NO HEAT IS REQUIRED IN MAKING APPLICATION make him stop.' 'Why not?' whispered The expense of applying it is triding, as an ordinary Boot la (7 don't like to tall you' she himshe can be covered and inlaked the same day.

LIQUID GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,

FOR PRESERVING AND REPAIRING METAL ROOFS OF ALL KINDS. This is the only Composition known which will successfully resistextreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals, to which it sidnerse firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of ordinary paint, costs nuch less, and will last three times as long; and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Tin and other Metal Roofs, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather.

It will not crack in cold or run in warm weather, and will not wash off.

Leaky Tin and other Metal Roofs can be readily repaired with GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, and prevented from further corrosion and leaking, thereby ensuring a perfectfurther corrosion and leaking, thereby ensuring a parfact-y water tight roof for many years.

This Cement is peculiarly adapted for the preservation of iron Railings, Stoves, Ranges, Bafes, Agricultural Impla-ments, &c., also for general manufacturers' use.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT for preserving and repairing Tin and other Metal Room of every description, from its great eleaticity, is not highred by the contraction and expansion of Metals, and will not crack in cold or run in warm weather.

These materials are adapted to all climates, and we are prepared to supply orders from any part of the country, at short notice, for GUTTA PERCHA BOOFING its goals, ready prepared for use, and GUTTA PERCHA CHIENT in barrels, with full printed directions for application.

AGENTS WANTED.

We can give abundant proof of all we claim in favor of ur Improved Roofing Materials, having applied them to everal thousand Roofs in New York city and vicinity. JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers, WHOLESALE WARRHOUSE, 78 WILLIAM STREET

Corner of Liberty Street, NEW YORK. Corner of tamores and Prices will be furnished on application.

PHONTOGERA PATTERN OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP

THE PORT I VIEW OR TAST TRANSCOME STORE THE OFFICE AND STREET OF THE OF