

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

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## THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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**TERMS.**  
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**NOTHING TO DO.**  
Miss Mollina McMorran was hearty and hale. Yet wished to be slender and languid and pale. So defrauded her stomach of what was its due, and cheated her muscles of exercise too; she dipped in the gullet her fingers to rare, and wiped their dry ends with a delicate air. Then crossed her white hands on her hoop-bespread loveliness.

Too inert to converse, and too vain for a nap; For still 'twas her aim in attracting the view, To convince all beholders she'd nothing to do. Miss Julia de Scamp was agile and bright. Her step like the queen of the fairies was light; So, her feet for the sloth of her hands made amends, And she took for her calling to care on her friends; At all seasons and times she selected her view, Though they might be busy, she'd nothing to do, And a plenty of small talk around her to fling. She was habited like a brooklet in spring, Hanging up a chain like she went from the door; Glad for such trifles as time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackard would dawdle all day Over croquet and worked, or novel and play; She sorted her shades with her friends; But her poor mother's man was her father's eye. When her mother died, she was left alone, and her father's eye was her mother's eye. She found nothing like her father's eye, and she was left alone, and her father's eye was her mother's eye. She found nothing like her father's eye, and she was left alone, and her father's eye was her mother's eye.

**THE SHADOWY KISS.**  
Two deep bay windows lit the room, In which we watched the evening gloom; In this myself and Lucy sat, And maiden smiles in that; The twilight on the wall below, And on our ceiling cast a glow.

**The Tale He Told the Marines.**  
Now mind, I will guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell you as he told it. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is so inclined, from— But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is—

But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda-water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkins is a man who has had some strange experience, and this is not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice in exactly the same way, if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord— Well! it does not matter here. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket-ground, and the second time was in the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water, and smoking cheroots with three officers of Marines, one of whom told me five gloves (ladies' six-and-a-half) and a withered rose before him, was telling how, after leading me on in this way, after gaining my young affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! sir, she throws me over and marries Blubber.

"It's like the sex," said the second Marine.  
"It's woman that seduces all mankind," said the third Marine.  
It reminds me of what once happened to myself," said Jenkins; "I never will, and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way, to press me thus."  
"You acted in a very lady-like way the other day, you do not," I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl.  
"However," I went on, "it's no good arguing about it—I will promise to give you your hand?"  
"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursula Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?" She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country); but resolution is one of his strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through. I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.  
"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said, suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."  
"I continued the execution of the Dead March—"  
"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."  
"I laughed, seized another bag, and not looking steadily at her, said:  
"Will you promise to give me your hand?"  
"I've answered you already," was the reply.  
"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"A young man who was desirous of marrying a daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stammering manner commenced—"  
"Mr. O—, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," gruffly replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellow to marry the rest of them!"

about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"  
"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."  
"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sunken head she sent me flying into the water; and then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat.  
"Jenkins," said I to myself, "revenge! revenge!"  
"I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my dining—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed.  
"Jenkins," said I, "revenge!"  
"The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend; but she had broken the arrangement, and she was now properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.  
"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. "Some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!" she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"  
"Perfectly," I answered.  
"Come along, then!" she cried; "be quick, before papa comes back."  
"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said:  
"How jolly!"  
"I was higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.  
"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy; and I whistled.  
"What do you mean?" she cried.  
"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.  
"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling unobscuredly.  
"Foolish! I said, 'Oh dear, no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!' and I went and said sand-bag."  
"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered, in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags; but I kept her back.  
"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you, O Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife."  
"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied, "one which I should have thought you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.  
"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags! I shall ask you five times to be my wife—Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the custom would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."  
"What do you mean?" she cried, "I never will, and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way, to press me thus."  
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"Mr. O—, are you willing to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," gruffly replied the old man; "and I wish you would get some other likely fellow to marry the rest of them!"

"I threw a piece of meat among Bears, and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave the most outrageously—the men or the bears?"

"I explained that I adored her so much that she was to be my wife, and she would consider my feelings all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and

standing perfectly erect, looking like the goddess of Anger or Boastfulness—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon—she said:  
"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"  
"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:  
"I've already got rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing. Will you promise me your hand?"  
"She sat in sullen silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself on her knees and bursting into tears, she said:  
"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home and I will be a sister to you."  
"Not a wife!" I said.  
"I can't!" she answered.  
"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me, after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments to give her time for reflection, and then said:  
"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."  
"I took up the fifth bag.  
"Come," I said, "my wife in life or my companion in death! Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms as if it had been a baby.  
"Come, Fanny, give me your promise."  
"I could hear her breathing, and most would not pain any living thing; and, confess, she had beaten me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables; endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Pankiwanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave; your dog—your footstool—your horse—your umbrella, and to whoever you shall order, to do whatever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:  
"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."  
"With all my heart," I asked quickly.  
"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.  
"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.  
"Gentlemen," said Jenkins, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand as if he were going to take an oath: "Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground and the balloon had been given over to the covered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned to her to receive anew the promise of her affections and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my father, which she assured me had been given with all her heart."  
"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-wind in his hand, "you villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!"  
"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this oath, I'll relieve you of the trouble; and I'll throw the pieces on the ground."  
"And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning. Miss P.— I forgive you." And I retired.  
"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"  
"As I said before, it's like the sex," said the second Marine.  
"Yes, it is," said the first Marine.  
"It's just my case over again," said the first Marine. "After drawing me on in that way—after gaining my affections in that traitorous manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!"  
Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But I said before I began that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true; but yet the marines believed it.

"Before the days of chloroform there was a coach who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. 'Stop,' cried the dentist, 'compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating!' Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. 'Now don't be impatient, that is Demergo's way; be seated and calm; you will be sensible of the superiority of my method.' Another application, another tug and roar. 'Now, pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder.' By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed: 'That is my mode of tooth drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Demergo and Parkinson.'"

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**A Horse Bought and a Lawyer Sold.**

BY A COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
The lawyer's experience, as given below, is not a singular one, and some of our readers, no doubt, have abundant reasons for sympathy with him in his troubles. The difficulty is, experience in such a case does not always bring wisdom—  
I had a wife and three small children. My office was in Boston, and we lived in a handsome house. I received the exercise of riding, and I rode now and then, toward evening, with my family, would be good for us all, We had formerly lived in the country, where every body keeps horses, and a horse seemed really necessary to our comfort, and so I determined to buy one. I had owned several horses in my day, and I had known something of horse-flesh, and I had been engaged in several horse cases in court, and of course I knew, as every man of observation knows, that horses are a dangerous commodity to deal in. Being, however, forewarned, and being a lawyer, I felt no apprehension that I could not look pretty well after one side of the bargain.

Before trying to buy an article, I always make up my mind exactly what I want. Then I am not misled by every foolish fancy, as one is liable to be who looks through the market for something that suits him.  
The horse I would buy must be a good saddle-horse, a pacer, or a miler under a good saddle, but of course a square trotter in harness. He must be young and sound, of handsome, sprightly figure, kind as a kitten, never needing the whip, but yet safe for my wife to drive, not afraid of the engine, fast or slow at the driver's election. To be sure, I had once heard our minister, when I lived in the country, tell the only horse-jockey in the parish that he wanted just such a horse, and I heard the jockey's answer repeat. "Why, you old fool, there ain't no such horse. Yet I had heard of such animals, and seen them advertised, and if I had not happened to see one that exactly answered the description, it was probably because I had not been looking particularly after him.

When it became known that I was in want of a horse, it was really amusing to see the attempts made to deceive me. They evidently thought I was a green hand at the business, and that I was a fit subject for any imposition.  
One fine-looking animal was brought me, that to a careless observer, would have seemed nearly perfect. He had a slight cough, but the owner assured me it was nothing, only a little cold the horse had taken the day before, by standing in a draught. He could not deceive me. I had owned a horse with the cough, years ago, and advised him to take his worthless steed to somebody who did know so much about horses. Another would have suited me exactly, but he had several scars on his legs, caused, as the dealer said, by breaking through the stable floor. I inquired a little, and ascertained that he had taken fright, upset the carriage, and gone home, two miles, on the dead run, with the forehead wheels, into his stall, carrying with him a horse-master and a groom, and that he stood in the floor, and so had cut himself to pieces trying to kick away the fragments.

Another had an interfering strap on his ankle, having lately been badly shod. I saw through that poor falsehood at once.  
I think I should have bought of one dealer whom I knew, and who assured me he would not for the world deceive me, but had not the singular animal exhibited the unfortunate peculiarity of standing on his legs exclusively at intervals, and he attempted to ride him outward from the stable, owing, probably, to a defective nervous organization.  
I determined to have no more to do with dealers, but to keep a sharp lookout for myself, and when I found the right kind of an animal, to buy him, even if I had to pay a high price.  
Walking one afternoon from Cambridge to Concord, I met a man who was driving the harness horse at the foot of Kirkland street, and looking back, I observed a beautiful black horse, surmounted by an elderly, cadaverous gentleman, who had somewhat the air of a clergyman. The horse was moving at an easy, ambling pace, scarcely faster than a walk, the rider hanging loosely on his neck, while the reins were serenely reading a newspaper. In the language of Berlin Hites, "I mentally exclaimed, 'I have found him at last!'" accented the traveller, and passing by the details of our conversation, it is sufficient to say that the animal was everything that could be desired, and although it would weigh nearly break the hearts of the owner's family to part with him, he could be bought for the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.

It may be interesting to the reader, although somewhat premature, to learn what I afterwards ascertained, that the owner's family consisted of one bull-terrier pup which slept with him in a stable-loft every night.  
I met the owner, by appointment, next day, at my office in Boston. He had been employed, he said, as travelling agent of a Boston house, and had no further use for the horse; he would give me a written warranty of the animal as perfectly sound and kind; indeed I might take him home a week and try him, and see for myself. Nothing could be fairer than this. I took my prize to my own stable, I kept him full a week, I rode him and drove him daily; my wife rode him and drove him; my admiration of him increased. He was to all appearance sound and kind. He was fast or slow, as I chose to have him. He would face the cars without winking, and stand without tiring. In short, he was a perfect horse. At the end of the week I paid the price, took a written warranty, and went home rejoicing in my success. Every horse should have a name, and we coined to call this one, on account of his many good qualities, Honesty. For a few days I was engaged constantly in a long trial in court. The horse stood still in his stable, well fed and well groomed, so as to be in the best condition for when my leisure days should come. Barney said one day that he had harnessed Honesty to the wagon to bring some oats from the store, and that he refused for some time to start from the yard. However, Barney was no horseman, and I thought that the fault was in his awkwardness in handling the reins. A day or two later, my wife's brother took her with the children out for a drive with Honesty, in the carriage, and she reported that the animal insisted on going

up Beacon street, instead of Tremont street where they wanted to go. This did not seem exactly right, but still I had full faith that Honesty would prove all right when I held the reins.

Finally, my trial in court was finished, and there was to be a picnic near Fresh Pond, where all my friends were going. I had bought a new light top-buggy, and Honesty to match, and I drove up. Honesty was in high feather, and made the new carriage spin along like a linen wheel. We passed the afternoon in the woods, and when our carriage was brought up for our return, everybody was attracted by our elegant turn-out. I confess I felt not a little pleased with this universal appreciation of my taste. I don't know why it is, but everybody considers a compliment to his horse as fully equivalent to one to himself. We bade adieu to our admiring friends; I handed my wife into the carriage, gathered up the reins, and waved my hand by way of parting salutation. Honesty pawed, but did not move forward. I chirruped and shook the reins. Honesty shook the reins. Honesty shook his head, and gave a significant snort. A friend took him by his bit, when he stepped rapidly backward, till the new buggy brought up against a tree. I touched him with the whip, when he reared and snorted, and my wife screamed. "Don't whip him, cried a friend, "whipping never does any good to a contrary horse."  
"He is an offender, I see by his actions," said another.

The details of the exhibition are not agreeable to dwell upon. Neither coaxing, whipping nor pushing could induce that beast to even draw the empty carriage out of its tracks. I asked a friend to take my wife home, and leaving my elegant carriage ignominiously led the obstinate brute to a stable near by, and left him for the night.  
A sadder and a wiser man I rose the morrow morn'. I persevered with Honesty a while, but after being kept two hours by his stopping in a rainy night on Cambridge bridge, on one occasion, and being obliged to leave him in the stable-yard, when in great haste to meet an engagement at Lexington, I reluctantly concluded that he was not perfectly kind, and my brother-in-law, and I went to Concord, and my wife had long since declined further experiments with him. I was puzzled whether to admit myself duped and cheated, or attempt to cure the defect. I rode the beast occasionally, and sometimes drove him, with various successes. One day I had business at Concord, at the country court, and with a friend drove into that beautiful village just at sunset— Court had just adjourned for the day, and my brother-in-law, and I went to Concord, and my wife had long since declined further experiments with him. I was puzzled whether to admit myself duped and cheated, or attempt to cure the defect. 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