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

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TERMS.

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A COMMON STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX. So, the truth's out. I'll grasp it like a snake— It will not slay me. My heart shall not break Awhile, if only for the children's sake. For his too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed; None say, he gave me less than honor claimed, Except one trifle scarcely worth being named. The heart. That's gone. The corrupt deed might be As easily raised up, breathing, fair to see, As he could bring his whole heart back to me. I never sought him in coquettish sport, Or courted him as silly maidens court, And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him, any woman would: But shut my love up till he came and sued, Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood. I was so happy I could make him blest! So happy that that I was his first and best, As he mine, when he took me to his breast. Ah me! if only then he had been true! * If for one little year, a month or two, He had given me love for love, as was my due! Or had he told me, ere the deed was done, He only raised me to his heart's dear throne Poor substitute! because the queen was gone Or, had he whispered when his sweetest kiss Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,. He had kissed another woman like to this, It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep Were not the anguish far too dry and deep. So I built my house upon another's ground; Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound. And when that heart grow colder, colder still, I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfill, Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will.

All, anything but him. It was to be: The full draught others drink up careless! Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me I say again, he gives me all I claimed. I and my children never shall be shamed: le is a just man; he will live unblamed. Only, O God, O God, to cry for bread, And get a stone! Daily to lay my head Upon a bosom where the old love's dead! Dead? Fool! It never lived. It only stirred Galvanic, like an hour-old corpse. None heard Galvanic, like an hour-old corpse. So let me bury it without a word. He'll keen that other woman from my sight, I only know that it was his delight-

As his was mine: I only know he stands Pale, at the touch of their long severed hands, Then to a flickering smile his lips commands, Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show. He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow, We little reck whatever wind may blow. And so my silent moan begins and ends, No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends. None knows; none needs. I have a little pride; Enough to stand up, wife-like, by his side. With the same smile as when I was a bride.

TO MY WIFE.

Come to me dearest—I'm lonely without thee— Day time and night time I'm thinking about thee; Night time and day time in dreams I behold thee— Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee; Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten, Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten, Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly, Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy! Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin. Bwallows will nit round the desolate ruin, Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing; And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure, Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure. O Spring of my spirit! O May of my bosom! Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom; The waste of my life has a rose-root within it, And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it. Figure that moves like a song through the even—
Features lit up by a reflex of Heaven—
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple—
O, thanks to the Saviour, that even by seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love, As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love nannot but weep but your tears will be flowing; You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing I would not die without you at my side, love, You will not linger when I will have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow; Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow, Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek,

love,
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should carest thee, Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee

HOW I CURED MR. WATKINS. I was turned of thirty (not ashamed of

my age, either,) and, excepting my loneliness sometimes, when I thought I had neither kith nor kin, and the little pinching made necessary by my small salary, was getting along very happily and prosperously as a village schoolmistress, when the whole current of my life took a sudden

I was sitting one day, after school, mending my shoes for the fourth time (for the quarter's salary was not quite duel. when Mr. Wells walked in with his little hurried knock, that leaves no one time to get suspicious work out of the way, and with an 'Ahem-good morning, dear-I've got some important intelligence for you. stood just inside of the door.

'You'd better sit down then, while you disburden yourself of it, sir,' I said, laughing, as I put on my shoe.

What a dear, good, slow old man he is And did he ever have important intelligence, I wonder! He sat down, took out his glasses, rubbed them three times, put them on wrong, then right, and finally took the letter from his pocket, opened it, smoothed the wrinkles, with another 'ahem!' looked over the glasses at me, as if I was some curious specimen of natural

history. 'My dear sir,' I said, 'I am under the deepest obligation to you, and I love you like a father; but it won't be safe for you to keep me waiting much longer.'

'Spoken like yourself, my dear,' said he. and I won't keep you in suspense; but I was only looking at your eyes to find something there that a friend has seen more plainly than myself.' And he proceeded to read the letter he held.

It would take too long to relate the conversation and all the particulars of the history, as he gave them to me, but I will make them plain in as few words as possible. Miss Watkins, an old school friend of his wife's, was dying, and would leave an only brother in a very peculiar state of nervous disease, with no relative, or friend even, whose presence he could bear, encumbered with quite a valuable property in the country, which he had neither sense nor will to control, and, heavier burden still, a load of unoccupied days, and weeks, and years, without even the stimulus of severe disease to give them a tone. He was much younger than his sister, being no more than thirtyten years to nurse and amuse him. Now, when a sudden disease had laid her low, her

who, at the same time, had no other ties to look of a gentleman, stand in the way. Why she thought of me, I do not know, and how she found out all stammeringly, looking at my flowers.

to Mr. Wells and myself was that, if I would take so great a charge upon myself, he said, speaking more to himself than me. me independent for the rest of my life, and I said, shaking the flowers loose into my would confer upon a dying woman the lap.

Thoused at It would scarcely interest you, and if Mr. Wells when I had finished reading my

'What do you think of it?' I asked. 'I think Providence gives you an opportunity to do a great deal of good,' he an-swered. You are well fitted for such a task of arranging the flowers, asking him materially better your prospects (glancing | many times, (I'm sure he brushed away a at my shoe). But you will want a few hours for consideration.'

man, you always counsel me right. What | meant to do, too, if he gave his permission ought I to do ?'

I think you ought at least to try,' he

said. 'Then I will try,' I answered, 'if you can with the legacy-no bribes for me. She may pay me just what I receive here, and I will do the best I can, provided I can longer do any good.'

'I think you won't repent it, and I'm very glad to have such a favorable answer in that way. to send Miss Watkins; for I assure you her heart is in it,' he said, as he went out. again to ask permission about repairing the in strength, pushing him before it relent-

the step I was about to take crossed my just as I pleased. mind, I comforted myself with the reflection that I was entirely alone in the world, poor and friendless, excepting the good made. I had no experience, and besides, people who had compassion upon my forlorn the servants would be so much more childhood, and if they thought I had better | prompt if they were obeying their master's take this responsibility if I had health, hope, a clear conscience, and a pretty good stock of patience, what should deter me from giving the new life a trial?

I pass over the journey which I made with Mr Wells in the old chaise and gray mare that had carried him for twenty years, with all the varied incident and pleasant onversation by the way; the sad greeting of Mrs. Wells, who had been in attendance apon her friend, and closed her eyes only the night before; the funeral; the depar
the proposal, but I pretended not to see. When I was sitting with him reading, or walking about the grounds.—

A sister could not have been more tenderly considered, more gently cared for; but he was taking his proper place in the house

'How very thin you are grown,' he said.

'How you surprised me!' I answered. the night before; the funeral; the deparded that he gave up, though with ture of my two friends, and the dreary a poor grace, and allowed himself to be and without a struggle or effort I fell into 'I should never have thought of seeing ed. I almost repented of my decision. were sweet and soft on the third morning, and I went out to see what sort of a home I had got. A lonely enough place it was. but very finely situated, with noble old trees, and meadows, and thickets, and brooks, and a fine lake, though a small one, with the remains of a bath-house and a any for a long time. He turned away buried out of sight. I had been first there boat in the little cove. The house was mournfully. rather a stately one of brick, and there were gardens about it that had been fine, and plenty of tumble-down pigeon-houses, and pigsties, and poultry-yards, and stables. I thought, as I stopped on a hill to look at

the decaying old place, that it should look getting myself, I went humming a tune least I meant he should;) for after I had or walking, as of old; but those times gently told me. Mr. Arthur had not been was just arranging his breakfast; and after a glass, and crowded them into one corner. 'Mr. Arthur can't bear flowers,' I was

told. 'Never mind, put them in, and say I sent them, and I will take the the respon-

I found afterward that she was obliged to throw them out of the window. I exseen him, except during the funeral service, into a carriage, but I heard nothing from him, except the fretful jingling of his bell spoil the whole contrivance. once or twice, and the monotonous reading of the 'companion,' whose voice sounded much like the drone of a spinning-wheel. She was reading a work on moral philosophy, for I was mean enough to stop on the stairs and listen long enough to catch a and some of their parishioners, and he what sort of a pudding he would have.

that day, and I had a chat with him. 'Is Mr. Watkins really a confirmed invalid?' I asked.

messes?' I inquired. could only be persuaded to take a little exercise.

Would a little fresh air, or a little noise, or the smell of a flower annihilate him? I tyranny I made him give up his gruel and 'Nothing better for him than all these,

said the doctor smiling. Only they must | proposed, and after much persuasion was be administered with discretion.' But if he thinks I am going to wait in very pleasant weather. He would critisix months for permission to pay my re- cise the reading, sometimes ask for an

The next morning, 'an estry from Para- fond, and relate anecdotes of his youth must confess it, I am a little ho and the school-fellows who had come home (Again I must ask forgiveness.) as mornings there must be, I think I to spend the vacation with him. went out after breakfast, and taking a long walk, came back with my hands full of I told him I was very fond of singing, but I will take you to the first stage myself, flowers, and feeling quite tired. The only indulged myself in the luxury when or, if you wish, I will go quite there with windows and blinds of Mr. Watkins' room I was out in the woods among the birds. you.' were closed, but his parlor door stood He stammered, colored, said he hoped he

'Come in, Margery,' said a faint voice. 'It's not Margery, sir, but myself, come to inquire for your health, and bring you some flowers,' I said, walking into the room in front of a pale, listless man, half reclining on a sofa, and looking at a volume before him as if it had been a wild beast prisoned songs go free. I had been long- grieve themselves to death for the loss of ready to devour him. He started, turned five, and it had been her sole business for red, then pale, and pointing to a seat, heart's content, until the darkness fell, my teeth hard together, and would not sank back, helplessly, and played with the and I heard my companion weeping as cover of the book to hide his distress.

denial, to take such a charge upon her, and man, effeminate as he was, had the air and

'You have been very fortunate,' he said the remarkable traits in me that I have Yes, indeed! And you are very

'I came near losing my life there once,' I should have such a legacy as would make 'Tell me about it while I tie these up,'

you'll please excuse me, I should be grate-ful,' he said, in the tone of an abused child.

'Oh, certainly,' I said. 'Another time place, and there can be no impropriety in all manner of questions, telling him how it, since Miss Watkins' companion and thickly the flowers bloomed on a certain tear then,) how gracefully that beech drooped to the lake, and how I meant to 'Not an hour.' I said. 'You are a good sketch it some day, and other things I -among the rest, to work in the flowerbeds in the front garden. 'O yes,' he said, languidly, 'I had his

permission to do whatever I chose.' And get some one to fill my place here without difficulty. But I will have nothing to do that I took my leave, laying a fresh dare say Margery threw it out of the window when she went in, and I know she give up the charge when I think I can no was very careful to close the door, and intimate that Mr. Watkins was miserable after my call. But I was not to be baulked

If, in the few days that were required hen-roost, and get a little advice as to how to furnish a substitute and prepare my it was to be done. Mr. Watkins looked of a man of such privileges and responsismall wardrobe for the change in my for- excessively annoyed, would leave the whole tunes, any secret anxiety or regret as to | matter in my hands, and permit me to do

> That was hardly fair, I told him. really thought the repairs ought to be orders. In short, I made him have Tom the gardener in, and hold quite a consultation, much to that worthy's astonishment. When the repairs were completed, and all swept and garnished about them, I went for him to come and see it. He actually persuaded him to go round and tell me the that I had won such a man back to his

beneath his windows.

have me work there? I had already ar- and it was hard to find myself nothing ranged the other flower beds.

better in a twelvemonth, or it should not fully tended, and the next morning I com- he liked it or not, the house was always be my fault. I gathered hands full of menced. I suppose he heard me striking full of company and excitement. Once in flowers, for it was early summer, and for- the hoe and spade against the stones (at a while we had a quiet morning's reading through the hall. That was one of been a couple of hours at work, he sent grew more and more rare, and I could not gardener do that hard work. I kept it up looked upon me as an inferior. Then my able to bear singing for several years. She every morning for a week, taking care to pride rose. I hadn't believed there was work pretty hard and make some noise, so much in me. I was something like the watching the disposition of the viands upon and at the end of that time I sent him a stripped trees I walked among. All the a tray, I put a few of the dewy flowers in bouquet of the flowers, and asked if he leaves that had something like the would not come out and see my improve- me in that fortunate summer had fallen, pretty good care to fatigue him well. Then might walk on my faded honors for ever-I sat him down quite as a matter of course, care. Never mind, it was something to and ringing the bell carelessly, I asked if have bloomed once, and they should find pected all that day a summons to call upon he would not as lief have his luncheon there that my fibre was as tough as any of theirs. the invalid in his room, for I had not yet with me. I knew he was annoyed; for I went home from that walk quite hard, Margery always took in his luncheon, and determined to think myself ill-used

And I ate a plate of sandwiches, and chatted with all the relish in the world. I sentence. The family physician called smiled two or three times at my description of some of the droll people. Then I offered to wait on him to his room, and Bailey, or his sister.) was careful that he should bear his own out the grove at the back of the house, patient grow more and more interested in had not been so much engaged.' the volumes I brought him. I cooked his luncheon, too, and in a playful sort of simple messes, and take more generous food. I soon saw a change in him. He if he could only be interested in them, | liked the morning exercise that I always induced to let me drive him out sometimes

spects to him, he's somewhat mistaken, I extra cup of chocolate when he was very looked at some view of which he had been He asked me one day if I ever sang.-

> Didn't he dislike singing ?' I asked. Not in the least-at any rate, not a little haughtily; and bowing a little now,' he answered.

It was twilight, and without another word I opened my mouth and let the iming to sing all day, and I sang to my

chatting merrily.

week after he had seen me turning an old, shone pleasantly upon them. I had been as happy there as ever before. munificent offer of a large annuity. If so, I had no home to leave when I came there, no friends to regret or long for. If I only once in the next three months, could do him any good I was more than satisfied. And as to my finances, I told on business. There was always a kind on business. There was always a kind on business. There was always a kind on business. The proprietors are prepared to the proprietors are prepared t satisfied. And as to my finances, I told on business. There was always a kind him laughingly how much money I had message to me, and Mr. Wells used to say, laid up out of my small salary for the last in answer to my inquiries, that Mr. Watbouquet on his book as I went out. I five years. He should see that I was not kins was quite well, and remarkably attenso poor as he thought me.

> all he said. I knew that his moral nature was roused to a consciousness of the wickedness of and very snowy-Mrs. Wells sent the boy such a waste. It was what I had wanted, up to the school-house with a note for me

bilities. To be sure, he was mouths in such a burden of listlessness as lay upon

would a feeble child. But as the summer passed, our relations to the parlor. began to change. From being a nurse, 'You teacher, tyrant, I found myself obliged to she said. settle gradually into a companion and sort of upper servant. Mr. Watkins treated said a voice that thrilled me like a lighttion. He consulted me upon all subjects, and drew me, I scarcely knew how, into blank of two lonely, rainy days that follow- conducted out. Once there, I introduced mine. I was pleased that it should be so; you. him to the hens and chickens with the most it was what I had labored and wished for But the sun rose brightly, and the fields ridiculous gravity—I made him feed and -a remarkably fortunate termination to count them; and when he would leave, I my mission; and I was proud and thankful

name of a flower that had just bloomed sphere. But there was a lingering dissatisfaction, which I tried hard to root out of 'It was a favorite flower of my sister's my heart, and was most heartily ashamed once,' he said, 'though I have not seen of; but which nevertheless would not be -most considered of all-the prop on l asked him if it would disturb him to which a gifted man leaned absolutely; here. more than an esteemed guest among oth-'Not in the least,' he said, 'if I would ers. For now Mr. Watkins had taken up be good enough not to remove that flower.' his manhood again; old friends and neigh-I promised that it should be very care- bors crowded around him; and whether

ments. I knew he would be ashamed to and left me but a very scant skeleton of a refuse, and when I got him out, I took trunk and a few straggling boughs. I I wished him to go with me into the sitting- more, with as much impunity as I trampled room to see the wild flowers I had brought. on the dead leaves now, and nobody would when he was muffled all up and half lifted into a carriage, but I heard nothing from toe, as though the breath of a jostle would wrote to Mr. Wells that I was coming, an-

nounced my departre to the housekeeper, However, I made him take it there, and and then walked stiffly into Mr. Watkins he ate much more than usual, too, I saw. sitting-room, where he and Mr. Bailey were (Mr. Bailey was always there now, and told him I should leave the next day, told him stories of Mr. and Mrs. Wells, as carelessly as I would have asked him Leave !- and to-morrow, Miss Ray ?

(he always called me Miss Ray before Mr. 'Yes, sir,' I answered coolly.

'No more than any person need be, who has shut himself up for ten years,' was the dragged him out to see about the thinning Mr. Wells writes me, and they clamor for their old teacher. I must say my heart Wouldn't a good bit of beef or mutton and persuaded him to let me read to him draws me strongly back there. (I hope I be better for him than all his broths and after I went in. After that I was regularly may be forgiven that falsehood.) I think installed as reader; at my own request, or | I can be dispensed with now; and I should 'Much better,' said the doctor, 'if he rather demand, it is true; but I saw my have announced my intention before if you

> He followed me into the hall. 'You ought to give me the refusal of a week or two, Esther,' he said, with a faint smile and a very gentle voice. He would have used that same term

with a servant. My proud blood was all up, but I held the reins tightly, and my roice was calm. 'I have already stayed from my duties

longer than I ought, Mr. Watkins-stayed from my home, I should say; and as said, smiling in turn, as he bowed himself tired, make me stop the horse while he winter draws on I feel that I must be there in my own suitable place. In short, if I fond, and relate anecdotes of his youth must confess it. I am a little home-sick." Then we will not detain you,' he said.

By no means; and I should be quite

slightly open. I stepped up, and tapped hadn't stood in the way of pleasure. He content if Daniel took me to meet the wished me to do whatever I liked about stage in the gig. If he pleased it would do just as well. 'It should be as I liked,' he said, now

stiffly, I went up-stairs.

I've seen children fling their cakes or toys away to gratify a stubborn pride, and them. I was just like such a child. I set weep that night; neither when Mr. Watwhen a sudden disease had laid her low, her cover of the book to hide his distress.

silently as he could in its shadow.

kins again in the morning urged me to earthly thought was for him, and where in the world the person could be found who up the hill, I said carelessly, though I nonsense, Mr. Watkins, and want to go to words he pressed his deep obligations, and turning running quickly with a large loaf

As his own marri

the remarkable traits in me that I have seen up that being so, and sat down in never been able to perceive before or since, indeed: And you are very went on without doing so, and sat down in never been able to perceive before or since, fortunate in having such a fine variety the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.

The book-keeper reached him in out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while the window towards his sister's grave.

The window towards his sister's grave.— out of sight, and I found myself while while while while the window towards his sister's grave.

The window towards his sister's grave.

The book-keeper reached him in out of sight while while while while while while while while while wh lonely room at home, and the unexpected dealy bethought himself, laid the bread From that time I sang as much as I absence from home of my friends, who had chose, and Mr. Watkins' door was always opened quietly when I began.

I don't know how he found out the its dead, to mourn, and to be comforted, amount of my salary, unless he took the as those can who feel that they have lived unaffected piety. He inquired after his trouble to write to Mr. Wells, who was his the best of life, but scorn to walk less family at home, and learned that his father sister's executor; but one day, about a proudly in the shadow than when the sun had lived in a village, about four miles

tive to business. I hope I had not wished And I have wasted those years,' was otherwise, but it gave me a pang to think

that he could do so well without me. One afternoon-it was late in February, lessly, more and more into the proper life put on my bonnet and went slowly along, carry, for my mother was sick in bed.' watching the heavily-laden trees by the wayside, and the low-lying clouds that getting a man's strength and courage, and promised them a yet heavier burden. I stopped so often to look about and think. him, was not shaken off at the first effort; that it was growing dusk when I stepped I tended and encouraged it as a mother I thought it no harm. Mrs. Wells looked out from the dining-room and pointed me

'You will find an old friend in there,' me with all possible deference and atten- ning shock, and a warm hand held mine,

opened his eyes wide with astonishment at and never seemed to be so well pleased as the bright parlor, and pulled off my shawl the proposal, but I pretended not to see. when I was sitting with him reading, or with a dear, familiar kindness, quite irre-

hope,' he said, with a look and tone that brought the blood into my cheek.

'No, indeed, Mr. Watkins,' I said, trying to look indifferent. 'I'm indispensable

as you were needed. You broke that promise when you went away so suddenly. It was scarcely fair.'

'You had no further need of me.'

said. I lost my physician, nurse, companion, everything in one. Esther, will you take a life-lease of the place and its master, and come back again ?

Mrs. Wells said she rung the tea-bell six times, but I always thought she was joking. However, I can only add that in a very short time I became Mrs. Watkins and it all came about, as you may see, through my skill in curing Mr. Watkins.

Providence Prospers Honesty.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON. A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant.

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, and that moment Herr Ritcher in the third year of his clerkship, Gottleib entered-

'What is the matter here?' he asked, turning towards the book-keeper.

'A worthless beggar boy,' was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work. In the meanwhile Herr Ritcher glanced

towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. 'Ha! my little lad, what is that you

nicked up?' he cried. The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle. 'And what will you do with it?'

'My jacket has holes in it,' was answer. 'I will sew up the big ones.' Herr Ritcher was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. But are you not ashamed,' he said, in

a kind, though serious tone, 'you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you work?' 'Ah, my dear sir,' replied the boy, 'I do not know how, and I am too little vet to thrash or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brother have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread since then I have not eaten a morsel!' harden many a heart against the claims of

his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said: 'There is a half dollar, go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother and brothers, but bring the other half to me.'

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away. 'Well,' said the surly book-keeper, 'he

will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again.

The merchant was moved by the boy's from Dantzie, where he owned a small much worn dress, he said with so much. The good people of the parsonage were house and farm. But his house had been embarrassment and effort, that I was some | not so much surprised to see me as I had | burned to the ground, and much sickness time in comprehending him, that he wished expected. They had heard from Mr. Wat- in his family compelled him to sell his farm. I would accept a larger stipend, since the kins, of his almost perfect recovery, and He had then hired himself out to a rich one I received must be altogether inade- had been looking for me, they said. I was neighbor, but before three weeks were at servants would still remain, and it would bank, where he must have gathered them quate to my wants, and far below what overwhelmed with praises and welcomes, an end he died, broken down by grief and such a sacrifice as mine required. He although I thought they seemed a little excessive toil. And now his mother, whom would have added something about his surprised when I told them that I sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, deep obligation to me, but I stopped him had come to my school again. Perhaps was, with her four children, suffering the at once. He was under no obligation, for they thought I would accept Mr. Watkins' bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek assistance, and had gone at

'Listen, my son,' he began, 'have you then really a wish to learn? 'Oh, yes; I have, indeed!' oried the boy, 'I have read the catechism already, to come down to the parsonage to tea; and | and I should know a good deal more, but after the copy-books were all prepared, I st home I had always my little brother to Herr Ritcher suddenly formed his res

'Well, then,' he said, 'as you are good honest and industrious, I will take good care of you. You shall learn, have meat but the principle of his life was there, and into the hall, but as they drank tea late, and drink, and clothing, and in time earn something more. Then you can support your mother and brothers also.'

olution.

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, 'my mother all this while has nothing to eat.'

At this instant, as if sent by Providence an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Ritcher's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother's tidings of her son Gottleib, and food and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Ritcher directed his bookkeeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum for the poor family, and promised future assistance

As soon as this was done. Herr Ritcher at once furnished the boy with decent 'Not exactly sorry,' I answered. 'But clothes, and at noon led him to his wife. physician, he said, softly. Esther, the school will do very well without you. Gottleib's story, and of the plan he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance. whom he accurately informed of little and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottleib attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster father took him swered, 'and you promised to stay as long into his counting room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the waiting desk, as on the school bench. the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exer-'How inexpressibly I have needed you. cised it. With all this his heart retained Esther!'he exclaimed. 'When you went, its native innocence. Of this weekly alcised it. With all this his heart retained lowance, he sent the half regularly to his the forbidden things, the housekeeper Margery to ask if I had not better let the but feel that some of Mr. Watkins' guests friend, my very life and soul-you were mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of the noble Ritcher and of her faithful son, in a condition

above want. After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottleib in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to trade in Hamburg quills. When he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, Samuel Ritcher, in Dantzie, and asked the which was very good and still to be had at book-keeper for alms. 'You will get a reasonable price. He asked his foster nothing here,' grumbled the man, 'so be father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well, that had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen

> This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottleib continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill and fidelity; -then he took the place of the book-keeper who died about this time, and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Ritcher as a partner into his business, with a third part of his profits. But it was not God's will that the

> pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease east Herr Ritcher upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined on his couch All that gratitude could suggest, Gottleib now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, Herr Ritcher closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his beloved foster, son. He had long looked upon It is quite customary for beggars by them both as his children. They undertrade to contrive tales like this, and thus stood him; they loved each other, and in silence yet affectionately and earnestly, genuine want. But this time the merchant solemnized their betrothal at the bedside trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Ritcher's death, the house of Gottleib Bern, late Samuel Ritcher, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzie. It owned three large ships employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until in her two and seventieth year she

As his own marriage proved childless.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. had the courage, the cheerfulness, the self- felt my own cheek flush a little; for this your own room, I said, rising and offering the lifelong friendship I had carned from of black bread in one hand some he took the eldest son of each of his two my arm.

He took it without a word, stopped at him. It is a wonder that I got away so him door to say thank you, hesitated as if he would have said something more, but heartless; but Mr. Bailey was there; breathless; there is the rest of the money; he begged at went on without doing so, and sat down in flinch. I had to keep up until Daniel was once for a knife to cut off a piece of the him. It is a wonder that I got away so money in the other. There is the rest of the money; he begged at went on without doing so, and sat down in flinch. I had to keep up until Daniel was once for a knife to cut off a piece of the him had proved such a source

poverty, of honesty, industry and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. -Psalms xxxcii.

POPPING THE QUESTION. POPPING THE QUESTION.
Fair Sally and her lover, Mat,
Close by the fire in silence sat;
A dish of applies, rosy-faced,
Was 'tween them on the table placed.
In vain poor Mat essayed to speak,
While blushes mantled Sally 's cheek;
For well she knew what Mat would say,
If he could only find the way.
To him she cast a side-long look,
And defuly sileing it in twain,
She passed half to the silent swain.
Mat looked confused, then brightened up,
And said, as he the apple took;
"Now, Sally, desrest, anto me,
As kind as to this pippin be...
You've halved the apple pray have me."

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

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