hundred distributed in positions hard by

months than during the entire war of

A minister, appointed chaplain in

an Ohio regiment, lately wrote the follow-

ing note to a brother preacher :- Dear

brother if you can get a commission as chap

lain, will pay you \$6ty a month and a livin beside. The cause of krist kneads you in

F A married lady consulted her lawyer

on the following question, viz: 'As I wed-ded Mr T — for his wealth, and that

wealth is now spent, am I not to all intents

WHAT IS A BLOW ?-Hearing a physi-

sian remark that a small blow will break

the nose, a rustic exclaimed, Well. I

dunno 'bout that; I've blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it.'

for the first time, he having been absent in

California, was much astonished that he

should claim any authority over her, and on

an occasion of rebellion, as he administered

punishment, she cried out-' I wish you

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

No. 8 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa

had never married into our family!'

A child of five, having seen her father

his army.'

marry again ?'

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD,"-BUCHAWAY.

VOL. LXIII.

## LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1862,

NO. 14.

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TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

The following, from the Louisville Journal published in January, is perhaps the most magnificent poem which the war has produced. It is worthy of golden letters: IN STATE.

O Keeper of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world and tell us what
the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior
shield or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field, With both lips closed and both eyes sealed, A mighty figure is revealed—
Stretched at full length and stiff and stark as in the hollow of a shield. "The winds have tied the drifted snow Around the face and chin, and lo, The sceptred Giants come and go, And shake their shadowy crowns and say: ways feared it would be so."

"She came of an heroic race:

A giant's strength, a maiden's grace, Like two in one seem to embrace, And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in he colossal form and face. "Where can her dazzling falchion be? One hand is fallen in the sea: One hand is fallen in the sea; The gulf stream drifts it far and free, n that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other in it rest, The Starry Banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the

"And on her brow a softened light,
As of a star concealed from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white,
Or of the rising moon behind the rainy vapors of the "The sisterhood that was so sweet-

The Starry System sphered complete, Which the mazed Orient used to greet— The Four and Thirty fallen stars glimmer and glit ter at her feet. ter at her feet.

"And, lo, the children which she bred, And more than all else cherished, To make them strong in heart and head, face to face as mortal foes with their sword crossed above the Dead!

"Each hath a mighty stroke and stride, And one is Mother-true and tried, The other dark and evil-eyed; And by the hand of one of them his own dear Mothe

"A stealthy step—a gleam of hell
It is the simple truth to tell—
The Son stabbed, and the Mother fell:
And so she lies—all mute, and pale, and pure, an irreproachable. "And then the battle-trumpet blew:

And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through;
And so they clashed above the bier, and the night
sweated bloody dew! "Now, whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is Great and man is small,
The truth shall triumph over all—
Forever and forever more the Truth shall triumph
over all!"

Thus saith the Keeper of the Key, And the Great Seal of Destiny, Whose eye is the blue canopy; And leaves His firmament of Peace and Silence over

From Reynolds' Miscellany

The Tradition of the House of

## Fothgay. BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

Family histories in England, when they come to be analysed and examined intoin the traditions of crime or superstition which environ them; in the revelations of those dark and inscrutable secrets which are bound up in the histories of a raceoffer, in their varied interests, the most breathless and 10mantic phases it is possible to imagine; and in nine cases out of aud ask for forgiveness, which we may be ten prove, beyond all eavil or question, that ' truth is stranger than fiction.'

Besides the great picturesque beauty which distinguishes the majority of our old manorial houses, there is not one of other attached to it. Their secret panels -their hidden staircases-their undiscoverable passages-their many ways of entrance and exit—their subterraneous communication with places miles away evenmostly the record of civil war, but as often a consequence of capricious design, the main purpose of which lies in obscurity, until the said family history is hunted up; and then we find that the most astonishing -at times the most astounding-at times the most barrowing events, are bound up in what may hitherto have been a sccret most men shrank from unravelling.

How pleasantly they lie-those noble old English houses-in the repose of those fine old woods which surround them! them off! How placed their 'lily meres' walks! How soft and green their close-How soothing the mown, velvet swards! cawing of the rooks in the tall elms-and how thoroughly English such a picture is, take it in any manner you will, view it in any light you like!

Much of the most startling portions of the history of the country is associated with the manorial houses of England; so ling.

'It is long—very long ago, since you sections of the more compendious chronicle. Some of the greatest names on record are identified with those lordly houses which long now.' gave the heroes birth-and it is with the

The house of the Fothgays of Fothgay, lying in the deepest seclusion of the county of Derby, which is watered by a had been shot. tributary of the Trent, offers us the first illustrations in the scenes of Family Histories we purpose to lay before our readers.

The house itself dates from the days of the later Tudors-a stone let into the space surmounting the fireplace in the great hall bearing the date of 1588, the year of the great Armada, when the founder of the house, Sir Edward Fothgay, a captain in Queen Elizabeth's navy, distinguished himself in the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and thus laid the foundation of the fortunes of his house.

by a quaintness and a charm, scarcely describable in words. There was so much | nant anguish would tremble and twitch on harmony in its irregularities, even-there was in the style of the erection all that pleases a fancy which delights in what we understand by 'nooks and corners;' within and without, a delightful sense of rooms with warm nestling places about them, which is utterly inseparable from all we idealize in the word comfort.

At the time our story opens, and when Sir Gideon Fothgay was head of the house, a strange change had fallen upon the family and its fortunes, and the heyday of

sudden check; while over all the shadow of a terrible fate, rather felt than recognized or known, seemed to hover-and the coming of the blow, though retarded, was only deferred to fall with greater weight and a fall certainly at last.

Sir Gideon Fothgay, represented as a stern, gloomy man-having barely yet arrived at middle age-had lived a wanderer in foreign lands for some years back, and the only one of his name was an orphan daughter, Elsie Fothgay, a strangely whose face no one could gaze long without feeling a mysterious sense of awe and admiration stealing over the mind.

Her beauty was of a weird and almost solemn order. Her great luminous eyes for. looked forth upon you with a power of light that was felt to be at times unbearable. Her hair, in torrents of tempestuous blackness, fell wildly at times around her shoulders, or streamed upon the breeze as she raced madly around the garden walks; and if any met her glances then those orbs of hers flashed out with a startling glare which reminded one of the dread influence of the evil eye.

Elsie Fothgay had, so to speak, several forms, moods and varieties of loveliness. In some of her moods her scowling beauty was startling to look at; her eyes would dilate and flash, or contract, and the pupils would lessen with a fierce and feline expression, just as the eyes of a tiger or a light or of rage.

of tossing locks, too, the small, pale even. coquette face would shine whitely with an She is-she is-dead, my dear! quisitely cut, would express themselves so dead!" closely that the blood left them, and a rush of irrepressible passion would run whisper. through her trembling frame, all of a hand, her beauty had an in expressibly sad of a difficulty than by looking it steadily and morunful cast. You felt an infinite in the face. pity and tenderness for this lonely mother-

inexplicable, you became a companion of her solitude, so to speak, and every latent out of place. tenderness in the inner being was awakened on her behalf. The lonely house, lying in a sheltered

waving woods, which entirely shut her in lected as she was at most times. from the outer world, although an inexpressible sylvan charm was imparted to it, Fosdyke. nust, in one respect, have exercised an influence, and not a healthy one, perhaps, upon her.

of her own age and sex, no wonder the do so. impressionable child should have grown The up, marked by peculiarities of so eccentric to say.

a kind.

'How can she be dead when I see her

startled creature; and a nurse, a motherly woman of a stronger minded order, -these were all she knew, or was accustomed to meet with.

Hence, her ignorance was on a par with did not occur to those nearest to her that her ignorance of the world and its ways was the natural consequence of isolation; streaming hair; and she smiles upon mewhile, on the other hand, her subtle logic so piteously, so sadly.' often confounded them.

She seemed to think like no other child, and every act she did was committed upon only dreams.' impulse. One moment she would storm out furiously, and the next fall in passionate tears on the bosom of the offender,

sure was readily enough granted. There were the usual number of domesties, male and female, under charge of the venerable housekeeper, Mrs. Wyford, engaged in their various occupations at Foth-

requisite for keeping up its past dignity. seasons. With few of these, however, did little Elsie come into contact; and though there was not one among them but went into in it, as the phase goes- still there was a male form. sheltering tenderness yielded instantly for

the table, looking over her pupil's lesson, and had tended her death-bed.
while Nurse Fosdyke sat apart with her The face, white and spectral How their trim and stately gardens set needle, watching her charge out of the corner of her eye -- in such evenings, Elsie, -their ornamental lakes-their terraced seated in a nook of the bay window, watching the waning shadows, would moan, and murmur to herself the sweet name

' Papa—papa!' What is it, my pet?' the nurse would ask. 'I want my papa, nurse. When will he from among them.

come home ? 'Soon, now-very soon, now, my dar-

said that,' sighed Elsie. 'Yes, darling, yes; but he will not be

Nurse, where is my mamma?, demore interesting of these that we purpose | manded the child, abruptly, one evening, as she changed the question. 'Why, bless the dear one!' exclaimed

the nurse, giving a start, as though she 'You must not ask questions, Miss Elsie,' interposed Madame Leon, in a tone of grave authority, though she really knew

not why or wherefore she could have said The nurse looked aghast, her lips quivering and her eyes filling with tears; then, snatching her to her, buried the child's

face in her motherly breast, There were times when, in her graver mood, the great lambent eyes were hidden by her long drooping eyelashes-when the moan of a young soul rocked upon a bed The building was, in fact, characterised of agony would break over her purpled lips-when an expression of the most poig-

> dreaded to see more than aught else. 'What is my pet thinking of ' she said, soothingly, to her charge on all occasions. Of my mamma! of my mamma! burst forth Elsie.

on her pale lips-a sign of sorrow the nurse

6 Oh, mamma! will you never, never, never come back to Elsie more? The burst of grief which succeeded this was dreadful to witness.

With quivering lips, and eyes running

THE LANGASTER INTELLIGENCER. its prosperity seemed to have received a fondness would Nurse Fosdyke, on these she kept the inmates of the house away

heart!' 'Pray be calm, my little angel,' said that Elsie could not do without.

to grief so.' This time, Elsie was not to be quieted.

on having her doubt solved. solemn eyes seemed to plead the deeper

'Mamma is not here, Elsie, my pet,' replied the nurse, soothingly, but still as doubtful of the result of her answer. When will she be here?' asked Elsie and this calmer tone was not more reassu-

ring than if put in her sterner mood. 'I-I don't-know,' said Nurse Fosdyke. with a hesitating manner that might plead being half guilty to the possession of some unwelcome secret.

'Where is she, nurse?' persisted Elsie. 'My pet, don't now.' Where is she—where is my mamma?

'Oh, heaven help me !' oried the strong woman, all trembling, 'for this is more than my courage can bear.'

'Nurse,' continued Elsie, as her voice cat dilate or lessen under the influence of deepened, and the flash came into her eyes and the scowl came over her brows, which Out from the midst of her vast wealth made her childish beauty look so terrible

almost ghostly gleam. The thin lips, ex- me-oh me!' moaned the nurse- she is 'Dead!' repeated the girl, in an awful

'Yes, my dear, dead!' replied the quiver and alive with nervous influences. nurse, now almost desperately, and like

The governess looked on in no little less child which inclined to tears, and by dismay, for she saw that her pupil was in a magnetic sympathy, otherwise utterly a temper not to be trifled with, and mere commonplace interference would have been

'Dead!' said Elsie, sternly. 'Do you dare to deceive me? The scowl now darkening her marble dell, and surrounded by lofty hills and brows seemed to frighten the nurse, col-'My darling Miss Elsie,' began Nurse

Shut up from the companionship of those spite against the term, 'but don't you the pretty creature under his wing, and without looking at it in a glass,' retorted The nurse was dumb, not knowing what

An old groom, who led her pony about so often ?' continued Elsie, with the col- old knight seemed to lavish all his old

See her !- see your mamma ? A shudder of absolute terror shook the strong woman.

'Merciful goodness protect us! what an intellect of the most subtle order. It can the child mean?' murmured Nurse Fosdyke, like one driven to her wits' end. 'I see her, with her white face and long

Don't, my darling-don't, my cious!' almost screamed the nurse. 'It's

The child shook her head. It meant to say, and did say, that there were realities rectly to both by the ties of kindred, and beyond the power of dreaming-that there were facts quite out of the domain of fancy, and that this was one of them. '1 see her now! There she is! Look! cried the child. She pointed out into the evening air,

laden with vapors; for the autumn had them that has not a story of some kind or gay Hall; so that if a cloud hung over set in, and the long, moaning winds were the old manorial establishment, it certainly giving tokens of that solemn mise ere did not arise from any lack of the means which sing the dirges of the departed In the wreathed mists which were riding

across the waters of the broad pond where the lilies grew, and beside of which Elsie frantic encomiums upon her beauty, and loved to sit and lose herself in dreamy discussed her temper-now angelic, and reverie, there actuall grew before the steaat another time having a spice of the devil dy look of the woman the outline of a fe-It became clearer-more and more dis-

the motherless girl, for the story of her tinet to the two women. The features bereavement was a sad and a tragical one. became recognizable. Madame Leon had In the evenings when the twilight came, never seen Elsie's mother, but Nurse Fosand Madame Leon, the governness, sat at | dyke had been with her in her lifetime.

The face, white and spectral as it was, had a certain sweetness of expression like cally) whether she had a liking, without a that often worn by Elsie. The lustre of the large dark eyes shone across the evening gloom. The black hair waved on the gay, might influence her affections .- she had plunged-the poor darlingshoulders, and the gaze of the phantom seemed to be bent towarns the window with and a winning creature. Be this as it may, covered the pond, and was seeking to find a yearning, imploring look, as if seeking Sir Gideon married her, and Philip Foth rest for her hot, weary, restless heart in for and selecting some individual form gay was the bridesman at the wedding. that dreadful oblivion of eternal sleep, from

She is smiling—she is beckoning me—

go to her.' 'Oh, my child-my love-my darling! no, no, no!' cried the nurse; clasping the girl with a strong clasp to her breast. Oh. me! what is to be the end of all this sad and miserable piece of work?

'And you say my mother is dead?' Elsie uttered these words in a tone of reproach, of quiet irony, of a reproof utceive me again.

The French governess shook with all to believe in these unrealities, must neceswith the same.

The two women had, for the instant. forgotten Elsie, and were watching the visitant, which, wreathing in a thin, white misty vapor, disappeared.

Elsie was lying in a deep, tranquil sleep, fled cry of joy, such as we utter at times cousin. when recovering from some hideous dream that she caught the fair, frail burden up, during the whole night following.

Madame Leon, too terrified to remain alone in that shadowy, ghostly apartment, betrayed, the trusting fool-but that his followed silently, though, as it were, under wife was false, and that his kinsman, whom as a despatch from the field of battle, and sufference, for the nurse was jealous of a month ago he would have hazarded life quite a full of fact :with tears—with a fierce, almost tigerish interference in her province; and while for, had dishonored him?

occasions, seize the child, and press her to with a high and haughty hand, she tolera- wild with headlong passion, the other her throbbing heart with a force that almost wrung a cry of pain from her. latter was a necessity of her own Elsie's, sciousness of guilt?)—were crossing 'My darling-my darling! don't speak the child could not dispense with. The of this-don't break your poor nursey's nurse looked on the governess as she would ing-and the unhappy woman lying in a have looked on food, or air, or something swoon on the sward they were trampling

her governess. 'It is wrong to give way | That evening, while the shadowy night -while snow-flakes were falling, precur- thirst that was setting his blood on fire. It would seem that the child had been sors of the coming winter—while the winds brooding upon a fact, the nature of which were moaning and rumbling, and hollow and sparks flashing from each weapon. beautiful girl of about ten or twelve, on she could not quite arrive at, and was bent gusts in the twisted chimneys—that eve- Something rose faintly from the ground ning Nurse Fosdyke relieved her mind. 'I want to know about my mamma,' she and shared her dark secret with another; said with a resolute quietude that her and principally because it concerned Elsie, confided to the governess the following particulars, which, to avoid some circumin a version of our own:-

Sir Gideon and Sir Philip Fothgay were two cousins, sons of two brothers, one of whom, the father of Phillip, had fallen in tha wars of Marlborough in Flaneers; and the boy, who soon after lost his mother, was brought to Fothgay Manor to be brought up with young Gideon, to be educated, to be treated with equal fondness, and to be in all respects, save inheritance, on the same footing as his cousin Gideon.

Philip Fothgay had nothing to fear from poverty, as his father had bequeathed him a liberal fortune, so that there could be no sense of dependence left on the youth's mind. It was only to give him compan- Elsie, with her peculiar instinct, soon ionship, a cheerful home, for Fothgay Hall was then a happy place.

'Ah me,' said the nurse, 'how different in those days when we were all ten years younger, and the great hall rang with laughter, and the guests were many where there comes now never a one.'

At the time when the young men had left college, and were living at the Hall When she was in repose, on the other a woman who had no other way to get out previous to taking their proper places and stations in the world-for Philip was des- not love me,' she would say, in tones that tined for the army, and Gideon, the very prototype of his great Irish namesake, bold, brave, daring, with a frame of iron and sinews of steel, was meant for parliament -he who ought to have commanded armies at this very time comes a third person he sat gloomily apart. into the family of Fothgay, one of the most lovely and bewitching creatures that eyes ever dwelt upon. Helen Garthside—which was her name

-was also a cousin by the mother's side, and by a conjunction of circumstances which would sound like mere invention but ued Nurse Fosdyke, unmoved, and facing 'You call me Elsie—nothing more,' said for the truth of the fact, she too was an his scowling brow.

'You call me Elsie—nothing more,' said for the truth of the fact, she too was an his scowling brow.

'Fair and foul!' he muttered. the young girl. 'The others may call me orphan; and old Sir Gideon-a brave, she continued, with a sort of warm-hearted, kindly old gentleman—took put her at the head of his household in the the nurse. place of his own dead wife-for Mistress Margaret Fothgay had departed this life in peace a twelvemonth before; and the stout lected air of one going to hold an argu- love on the pretty creature that was now or two offering sufficient room for exercise; ment, and having the best ground to stand her governess, a timid, weak and easily upon.

Hall was happy—all went merrily till the 'Her own father!' knight himself died, and was laid, with many tears and sincere regrets, in the the elder, and indeed the only son, ' reigned in his stead,' and after the proper time of sorrow for the good old man was over, things went on for a time pretty much as hefore.

The two young men were nearly of an age, four or five and twenty. Helen her away; I do not see my child there, he Garthside was nineteen, and a very queen

of a woman. Now, when two handsome young men and a lovely young woman, bound indihaving an equal claim upon their sympathes—when this is the case, one inevitable consequence must follow-somebody must fall in love; and so long as it is only somebody with somebody, it is all very well; but when two men fall in love with one and the same woman, the matter assumes complicated forms of difficulty not easy to contend with.

Young Sir Gideon was a tall, finely-built again. man, dark of feature and hair, but frank and honest of temperament, though hot and had become suspicious of himself, and passionate enough otherwise. Phillip Fothgay was fair and delicate of feature, though physically hardy enough. The two a cruel wrong, and was now about to beyoung men rode together, fared together, were indeed greatly attached to each other -so much so that it was this very attachment, if none other, which kept Phillip still at Fothgay Hall long after he had decided for the army; but the winning grace and the beauty of Helen Garthside was

really at the bottom of all. Whether she was a coquette ('which I ing and heavy with a menacing storm of don't believe,' said the nurse parentheti- snow. to say. Sir Gideon, as the master of Foth- seared nurse was rushing after the child,

So time and circumstances ran ou, and wants of the still Philip Fothgay remained at the Hall, day.

While paralyzed in the horror of the moshe always does so !' cried Elsie; 'let me and well nigh a twelvemonth passed by when Helen Fothgay gave promise of that ment, and the people were rushing out of cherished gift and blessing which, to a the house towards the pond, into which the loving husband, is the fondest and dearest poor outraged and maddened child had pledge of love that can be given to him- flung herself, his eyes fell on a pile of unhe was about to become a father. He had opened letters lying on his tacle and withentered upon some of the duties which his out well knowing what he did, he seized station and his rank in life demanded of one at random, and found that it was datehim, and had, at the time we speak of, been ed 'Virginia.' He read as follws. staying in the metropolis for some time, terly scorching in its tranquility, as when a letter from home counseled his pure as the driven snow—as innocent as an though she said, 'Do not attempt to de- immediate return. This letter was written unborn child! I hasten to tell you this, by Mrs. Wyford, the housekeeper, and rising out of a sick bed, after fever and a Helen Fothgay, the young wife, knew long sea voyage had left me prostrate; and the terror which a superstitious mind, apt nothing of it. He arrived at the Hall one it was but recently I heard from one lately afternoon in the late autumnal months, and come here that you had deemed me dead, sarily succumb to, as she murmured in her leaving his horse at the lodge to be taken and your wife false. In the name of truth, own tongue ejaculations of astonishment, to the stables, crossed by the 'pleasance' disabuse yourself. I was but taking a of fear, and of devout adjurations mingled in order to take his wife and cousin by sur- mad farewell of her-for I loved her well, prise—his heart beating with a fond and too!—but I also loved my honesty and soft emotion from thinking of the event my honor, and that day you wronged both. that was so soon to happen, and to make This, my cousin, ought to have been certihim a proud and happy father.

the garden slopes, and well he knew them to you the love and kind remembrance o on the carpet, her head pillowed on the both. One was his beautiful and beloved old times in the name of your cousin. nurse's footstool; and when Mrs. Fosdyke wife-the other was his cousin Philip; turned her head away and let her eyes fall and as he saw that she leaned on his arm, on her beloved charge, it was with a sti- he only felt the kindlier towards his so clearly written, and which he was only

> away! What could he think-he the duped, the

swords, lunging and parrying and thrustwith their quick and battling feet.

Sir Gideon knew nothing, cared for was weaving itself into blackness without nothing, but to satiate the murderous They were clashing steel against steel

-rushed between-and from one or the other received a wound-a death blow, other received a wound—a and was borne into the house bleeding. The same hour was Elsie born. Sir Gideon hurried off to London. Philip, locution on the nurse's part, we shall give knowing nothing of the sad disaster, and only desiring, in perfect innocence, to relieve Sir Gideon and his wife of his presence, crossed the country, and at the mouth of Humber took shipboard, and was so far lost to memory, that when news of his death came from the Southern Amer. on in speechless terror, and the servants icas, the retainers at Fothgay Hall went of the Hall, who arrived just in time to into mourning; and Phillip Fothgay was dead-Helen (Garthside) Fothgay was help. dead-and Sir Gideon Fothgay was no one knew where.

> Sir Gideon Fothgay, all of a sudden, had returned to his old home-had returned a changed, saddened and unhappy man.

At first he seemed strenuously to avoid the sight of his forlorn girl-child; and found that she was an object of repugnance to him. To Nurse Fordyke this was something so unnatural and cruel, that the woman grew indignant, and only cherished her neglected pet the more-fostered her like a lioness who had taken some orphan cub under her charge, and loved it better

than if it had been her own. Very sad, very shy, trembling and timid grew the unhappy Elsie. 'My papa does made the woman's heart throb with the that father. very pain of pity. 'My papa, whom I would love so well, will not look upon me.' One afternoon the nurse took Elsie by the hand and led her into his room, where

'Take her away. Do you not see Philip Fothgay in every line of her face?' he exclaimed, as he leaped up to his feet. ' Are you mad, master ?' said the nurse. 'No. Are you to question me thus?'

'She is dark-Philip was fair,' contin-'One does not always see one's own face

'What do you mean ?' your very scowl, when the noor

silent rage expressed in the scornful emfamily vauit. And Sir Gideon Fothgay phasis of the words, which the woman knew but too well.'

'You has a diseased fancy, master,' she said, coldly. 'You will be sorry for it some day.' 'Do you think I am not sorry for it

now?' he said, more sadly. 'Go-take | brilliant victories achieved by our arms. added bitterly. 'Let me go-let me go!' cried Elsie. in a shuddering whisper. 'He does not love me-he will not love me! My heart -my heart will break! and I have no

father now but Him in heaven!" Her voice rose into such a wail of piteous agony that the tall, strong man was inexpressibly touched by it, and absolutely felt a strange flutter and tremble among the fibres of his heart, as though responding to the memory of a lost, silent voice six hundred Indians. No wonder Gen. -one listened for with eager fondness, eral Brock who commanded the latter but which would never fall upon his ear

The start he gave was that of a man who awake all at once, to a burning, bleeding truth, which made him believe he had done

come guilty of another wicked act. But Elsie had rushed out of the room. Outside the Hall, looking forth from the

wrent embayed windows, the winter had suddenly settled and set in sternly. The horizon all across the long level of the low-lying grounds, seen across the lawn, the garden, and the fields, lay lower-

Outside the window, flake after fiake, the decided love, for either, would be difficult wintry snow was falling; and while the Philip, on the other hand, was a gentle through the thin, cracking ice, which had

'Dear Cousin Gideon; Your wife is as fied to you before. I trust it is not too Two persons were walking together on late to do the service meant, and to carry

PHILIP FOTHGAY. He could not deny the plain truth here too eager to understand. The year that What was his horror-his rage-his had passed-the thousands of miles which silent, wordless pain-to see Phillip turn lay between the two men-the long mysand bore it to her chamber, where her own suddenly round-clasp the worshipped wife tery of the silence that had placed an bed lay beside Elsie's and never left her to his bosom-kiss her lips and then break almost insuperable barrier between the father's heart and the child's-were things he did not stop to discuss.

After followed an enclosed scrap-brief The writer of the accompanying epistle

A few words, and the two men-the one | died of fever, caught while exploring some | about fourteen thousand ; that of General unknown river coast inland, and the pro-per rites of civilized and Christian people the left bank of the river and about eight per rites of civilized and Christian people have been done over his grave.

have been done over his grave. 🦠 And this was the end of the gallant, the handsome, the brave lad Sir Gideon had that of the enemy seven hundred killed loved in his youth! Innocent of harm to him and fourteen hundred wounded. It is -loving as he had loved, and had not suc- safe to say that, notwithstanding the torceeded! Dead!—dead to his forgiveness por of a large portion of our army, and
—his awakened old love!—dead and his the taunts that we have thus far been wrongs dead with him! The stricken man only 'playing,' at war,' a greater number of gave a groan of pain, and hid his face in lives have been lost within the last five nis hands.

Then came a terrible reaction. The letter fell out of his hand-the stern, strong man grew dazzled with a sort

of rapture. But meantime-and a returning tremor came with quickening pulse upon him-meantime, where was his child? This time he sprang forth himself just in time to behold her being taken out of the water by her honest old groom, Dan Snaffle, aided by Nurse Fosdyke, and surrounded by a crowd consisting of the lodge-keeper's wife and little ones, gazing

encumber each other with their useless and purposes a widow, and at libety to 'My darling !-my Elsie !-my little

wronged one !--my dove !' The half-fainting child heard her father' strong though trembling voice, as he took her out of the arms of the groom, and bore her into the house, followed by the

troubled nurse. 'Oh, master, master!' she began. Silence, nurse! She is dearer to me

than life.' 'My papa loves me now, nursey,' she said, with an angelic smile lighting up her fair, pale face. 'Forever-forever! And may God

pardon me that I have been so blind-so

pardon me that I have been so blind—so deaf—so long!'

Oh! how lovingly the twining arms clung to his neck! How throbbingly the man elasped his darling to his heart!

So we leave her clinging to the breast of that father.

She had recovered, as it were, from the dead; for Elsie yet became the light, the hope, the bright glory of Fotbgay; and it was not till the troubles of the Civil War fell upon the land that its brightness died out, and its name faded away from the memories of men.

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## THE BATTLES OF 1812.

than thousands. We cite a few incidents

from the war of 1812 to show what petty

dred men, while that of the enemo con-

sisted of only seven hundred English and

wrote to Sir General Provost-when I

detail my good fortune, your Excellency

Queenstown, two columns of three hund-

fled into the woods, leaving their breth

hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss

was only four killed and seven wounded.

Brigadier General Smith abandoned his

favorite project of invading Canada West

because, although he had been preparing

the greater part of the summer, and had

energetically drammed up volunteers, he

had succeed in collecting only fifteen

hundred men, and he did not think the

expedition would be successful unless he

had fifteen hundred more. At the battle

of York our force was seventeen hundred

that of the enemy seven hundred English

and one hundred Indians. Our loss was

three hundred killed and wounded; that

of the enemy one hundred killed, three

taken by our troops was the British

standard and mace. Over the latter hung

a hnman scalp! Commodore Perry's vic-

er been definitely known. At the battle

of Chippewa our loss was three hundreb

and twenty-eight; that of the enemy five

hundred and fourteen. At the battle of

Fort Eric our loss was eighty-four . that

of the enemy fieve hundred and eighty-

four. At the battle of Baltimore

than half that number. Our loss was one

hundred and seventy; that of the enemy

mac sixteen thousand strong, and a re-

view of seventy thousand. The British

some seven hundred killed, wounded an

At the battle of

will be surprised.'

THE BATTLES OF 1812.

The Albany Journai, in contrasting the creats of the present war with that of 1812, exhibits the magnitude of the present contest. The war of the revolution was relatively a mere succession of skirmishes. The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operations, shrink into contemptible insignificance beside the gigantic operations. What do you mean?

'She has your face, feature by feature—your dark hair, your smile—ay, even your very scowl, when the poor darling's heart darkens with the knowledge that her own father does not love her.'

'Her own father!'

There lay bitterness and anguish and influence of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly rises to the dignity of a modern reconoissance. The 'battles' nificance beside the gigantic operations -your dark bair, your smile-ay, even we look back at the history, more espeheart darkens with the knowledge that her compare its leading incidents with those There lay bitterness and anguish and modern reconoissance. The 'battles' P H O T O G R A P A Y

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Pins, Rinks, &c. [mar 19 2ly] dwindle down into the veriest martial emeutes: the casualties are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorions engagements counted rather by hundreds

DRY GOODS ATOLD PRICES affairs, relatively, were some of the most WENTZ BROS.

Have in store a large stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, The first battle of any importance was that of Brownstown, near Detroit, fought Muslins, Sheetings, Shirtings, Calicoes, &c., thy the attention of all Housekeepers, and those abou August 9, 1812. Our force was only six commencing.
GOOD CALICOES, 10, 121/2, 15 and 16 cents.
ched and Unbleached Sheetings and Shirtings, hundred; that of the British and Indians combined seven hundred and fifty. Our d and Unbleached Sheetings and Shirting large assertment of HOUSEKEEPING GOODS. loss was eighteen killed and sixty-three hem purchased before the advance in prices Consequently selling at Old Prices. wounded; that of the enemy one hundred and sixty. General Hull's 'army,' which JUST OPENED: NEW LOT OF BALMORAL SKIRTS, disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, numbered but twenty-five hun-

ful Purples—Magenta—Green—Scarlet— CASE RICH NEW STYLE DE LAINES, Selling at the Old Price, 25 cents. THE WHOLE STOCK OF THE WILLE SLOCE OF DRESS GOODS
SELLING OFF AT REDUCED PRICES,
To make room for Spring Stock.
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Descriptive Circulars furnished on application. on our side. Gen. Van Rensselaer in his report says :-- One third of the men who remained idle might have saved all. As it was, some looking on, while many ern to their fate.' At the siege of Fort Erie the English threw two thousand red.

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years, and is the largest of the kind in the United States.
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tion of LOOKING GLASS, PICTURE AND PORTRAIT FRAMES, of the enemy one hundred killed, three hundred wounded, and two hundred prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared to the battle of Belmont or that of Ball's Bluff, either as regards the numbers engaged or the losses sustained. At the battle of Sacketts Harbor the enemy's force was seven hundred; ours five hundred. His loss in killed and wounded was one hundred and fifty; ours one hundred and fifty four. Among the trophies taken by our troops was the British tended and many troops was the British taken by our troops was the British troops the letter than the trophies taken by our troops was the British troops the letter than the trophies taken by our troops was the British troops the letter than the trophies taken by our troops was the British troops the letter than the trophies that the trophies the trophies that the trophies the

mar 25 3m 11 DRESSLER'S
HAIR JEW ELEY STORE,

tory on Lake Erie was esteemed a big thing' in its day; yet his whole fleet cousisted of only fifty-four guns and two BRACELETS.

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NO. 206 North 87H STREET ABOVE RACE swivels; that of the enemy sixty-three guns and two swivels! Our loss in killed and wounded was one hundreb and twenty-three; that of the enemy has nev-

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BRACELETS,
EAR RINGS,
BREAST PINS,
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So Orders enclosing the hair to be plaited may be sont
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the enemy's force numbered from seven C. Z. GOTTWALS, to eight thousand; ours was probably less PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 812 SPRING GARDEN STREET, PHILADRLPHIA.

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