NO. 16.

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

VOL. LXIII.

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THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

A PARODY ON THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT." Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.

The dead and dying alone Could their presence and pity afford; Whilst, with a sad and terrible tone. "Fight—fight—fight!
Though a thousand fathers die!
Fight—fight—fight!
Though thousands of children cry!
Fight—fight—fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament; at-fight-fight! t mothers and wives lament;

And fight—fight—fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent. Whilst millions of money are spent.

"Fight-fight-fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear.
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And a thousand lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

"War-war-war! "War-war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed;
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

" War-war-war! "War-war! Musket, and powder, and ball;
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
"Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep;
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so obeap!

" War-war-war! " war—war!
Misery, murder and crime
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee,
From my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder, and orime—
Crime, misery, murder, and woe:
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what I now know!

Ah! had I but known in my happier days, In my hours of boyish glee.
A tenth of the borrors and crimes of war—
A title of its misery,
I now had been j-ining a happy band
Of wife and obtidren dear, And I had died in my native land, Instead of dying here.

"And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless nights untold,
And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine and cold;
And worn-out limbs, and aching heart,
A grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound, and pieroing smart,
Had I escaped full well."

Weary, and wounded, and worn. Wounded, and ready to die,
The soldier they left, all alone and forlorn
On the field of the battle to lie. The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst thus, with a sad and terrible tone,
(O would those truths were more perfectly known!)
He sang the song of the sword.

FRIENDSHIP.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO A. D. W. Thy friendship is to me a holy light! And now enkindled may it never die, But ever live, enduring, steady, bright, And drive the clouds of trouble from my sky. Pure as the snow that e'er the winter sun At radiant noon-tide hath looked down upon, Deep and exhaustless as the crystal wave That gushes from the mountain's rocky cave. This may our friendship be !-unfailing, pure Thro' joy and sadness may it still enough And to this aching, care-worn, troubled Its holy, heavenly joys may it impart.

And tho' upon the grave's cold breast we lie, O! may our friendship never, never die! But live forever in the worlds above, And fill the swelling breast with holy love.

LANDISBURG, March 20th, 1862

PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY. I am a photographic artist. To prevent people from forming a mistaken conception of me. I may as well state at once that I do not pride myself on being an artist-

that, in fact, I consider that term, as applied to myself, all fudge. I am a photographer, and not a bad one. If you want elear, sharp, brilliant pictures, I am the man for you. As for being an artist, may confess here (nobody will know me) that I had much rather not be an artist.] should be very much ashamed of myself if I turned out such disgraceful smudges as artists delight in.

There was a man named Cox, a watercolor painter—perhaps my readers may have heard of him. Well, a lot of his pictures were exhibited in London some few years ago, and a friend of mine-one of our profession who sticks up for being an artist, and who does the art-articles in the 'Photograph Dial'-this friend of mine persuaded me to go with him and see the ladies cry out, 'How sweetly pretty!' and my friend 'What keeping! what ærial they were all acting, or that they had Some of them actually spoke out from the heart! I watched them, and saw it was

straight waistcoats! lieve it?) were things of which I could at the portraits when they are finished. for her because she was one of the overmake neither head nor tail. You might However ugly and awkward the sitters are, sensitive sort that will not accept pity at rough as a nutmeg grater! The coloring put each other into the worst possible light poor fellow with the rope round his neck, reminded me exactly of the blotting paper and the worst possible position, would be but I should do my duty all the same.—

to say there were not some pretty enough plenty of patience. Taking portraits is a gainst them; but at last I came into a room, the wait of which were all affame. I rubbed may not make up to make up pictures in it. There were a good many of Landseer's dogs-I have nothing to say of Landseer's cogs—I have nothing to say very different thing to naving one's portrait in rows on the church wall and nat compagning them; but at last I came into a room, taken; and I can fancy, though I am not stones when we entered the churchyard, the walls of which were all affame. I rubbed an imaginative man, that the feelings of Just within the gate we pulled up, the sitter are unlike enough to those of the were couldn't do better than this, counting for things, and I soon made up photographer. counting for things, and I soon made up photographer.

My mind what was the truth of the matter. Over and above the positives, I had I know in a moment what will make a

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1862.

tions. There was coffee and roasted corn, chicory and dandelion roots, and hundreds of things beside. Well, I got it into my head that this was the art-adulteration room. These, I thought, are hung up as a caution to the public! They may see a caution to the public! They may see what had art is and quart against it.

That yiew,' said the lady, 'will not they are so different from each other, when, they are so different from each other, when, they are so different from each other, when, as I suppose, all church people worship in as elsewhere. On a pillar close to me was never can make out a negative, where all they are so different from each other, when, as I suppose, all church people worship in as elsewhere. On a pillar close to me was never can make out a negative, where all the same manner and believe the same minner and believ

to me a good notion, and I amused myself Two pretty young girls from the Ladies' by looking at specimen after specimen. All School wanted themselves taken together, the plagues of Egypt were there. I thought with copies to give to all their school-felthese names were fanciful ways of alluding lows. Altogether I had done a good day's to particular defects and tricks. My friend, work, and as I smoked my evening pipe at the writer for the 'Photograp' Disl,' has the door of my van, I felt satisfied. I was some books written by a man named knocking the ashes out of my pipe, when Ruskin, which I could never make head an old man in a sober groom's suit came nor tail of; but I had learned, from opening them now and then, that this polite way of insinuating one thing by calling it interrogatively. another was a grand high-art dodge. I remembered the Seven Lamps of Architecture, and so knew very well what kind of have. While I was looking at one after

meaning the Nine Plagues of Egypt might contents of which ran as follows: another, a man with moustachies and a beard came up to me. I mistook him at first for one of us. I think he mistook me view. (I also wearing a beard and moustachies) and Scrudge to inform her what would be a quick pace to the vicarage, while I folfor a painter, which he turned out to be. their charge for taking these photographs.' his hand, that you, too, are worshipping ing my terms. The groom took it back devotions at the altar of art together.' '

I thought at first he was chaffing; but go on and pretended to agree with him, and so drew him out. I never heard such bosh tefore or since. The art-writing of nient to them will suit Miss White. She the 'Photograph Dial' is nothing to it; will have the photographs of the size nine always do. The personal remarks they though I will say that the painter was in inches by seven.' earnest, while my friend only pretends the I packed up carnest, while my friend only pretends the feelings and the knowledge he writes about. Thus I discovered that my specimens of art-adulteration were the works of art-adulteration were the works.

I packed up the necessary traps that night, and started with my wheelbarrow tent for the village of C—— a little after they are apt to run before the lens, in pursuit of each other, while one is taking ges; high, square—what I call comfortable through the air, too, as I soon found

don't want to be an artist.

have generally found to be weak-minded and took off my hat. men, and therefore not to be trusted in plain matters of fact. Those who pretend to believe in it are clearly not to be trusted; young. She was pale-faced, and her eyes wanted. for, if they draw the long bow in that, they will draw it in other things beside. This happy; but her voice was hard and her the bath while I focused, locked myself which the C—— church, now upon the as for respect; I took off my hat, though is why I have been so particular in stating manner proud. I had learned that the again in the church, put the slide into the carpet, may serve as a specimen. The there was a draught like the wind from a my views about Art before I tell my story. vicar, Miss White's father, had died about camera, and uncovered the lens. Half an country churches, I suppose, will not last blacksmith's bellows. I should no more litis a mysterious kind of story, which I a month before: so I could account for bour's exposure. I decided or a little more long in their present condition, if this rage think of touching the bell than you It is a mysterious kind of story, which I a month before; so I could account for hour's exposure, I decided, or a little more myself could never make out; and I don't her black dress and her unhappy look. It ness or drawing the long bow.

the town where we put up. Some would-be gentry, who live in little detached villas know that they are down. They give way

Half an hour in a church, with can't be made to understand that one cannot take a photograph where there is not room to focus. However, this is what we do in our summer trips-and the trips are very pleasant. We see a number of fresh places and faces; we get a good many negatives on hand, and among the rest an assortment of skies which are worth any 'Yes, ma'am. Nine by seven 1 think into the range of the lens, so that I could take in but a distant view of most of the money to those who know how to use thom.

Altogether, doing the provinces pays—
pays in the way of health, of pocket, and pays in the way of health, of pocket, and said, harshly.

I explained why I was obliged to charge

This

"Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise." When I was out in the south on my summer trip some years ago, I settled for mine persuaded me to go with him and see a week in the small town of L—— (I will them. I think people are mad. To hear not write the name in full, for this may happen to come to the sight of the lady- the darkest buildings I know. As if the and the gentlemen, 'What broad handling;' Miss White I will call her—and she might long narrow windows did not admit a not like old neighbors to know it.) Hand- sufficiently small amount of light, they fill not help thinking at first it was some farce and my first morning's work was a very purpose to bother us photographers. Well, ly as people go through the kneeling and ers, though not the most pleasant ones. seuted to lower my price a little. the standing and the sitting at church. Lovers will arrange each other, always pre-Lovers will arrange each other, always preferring one particular side of each other's Her dress was scanty and coarse, the crape face, or something of that kind; and was brown, her gloves were stained and Then lovers and mothers—both proverbi- turn out of her old home, as parsons' fami-These pictures of Cox's (will you be- ally blind-are always inclined to grumble lies always have to. I felt an extra pity have turned every one of them upside they expect the portraits to be pretty and any price. These notions passed through gether—the coarsest stuff I ever saw in that morning I had the usual trouble with one thing, and business is another. on which I dry my plates out of the bath! full of fluster and blushing, would start We always allow a little for coming down, It was nothing but a lot of dirty grays and and disarrange everything just at the last and are open to making bargains, in this greens and reds run into one-another, just moment, would stare each other, when sit-branch of our profession. For instance, as it bappened! Now this Cox, they tell ting, out of countenance. Then some of a gentleman says, I can't give you this me, was a great artist—then I say I don't the children were frightened, and kicked price for the front view of my house; then and soreamed, and some were in high we say, come, sir, we'll take the back Just another instance of what an artist spirits and jumped off and on the chair, view in addition at half price. That is is, and I will begin my story. I went to and some were sulky and stiffened them- the way we manage it. In the present the Brompton Boilers the other day, selves so that they couldn't be got to sit at case, I agreed at last to throw in a small What I went for was to see the photographs all. One baby woke up in the very act of positive of the vicarage for my original with which government is so shamefully having its likeness taken, and its portrait charge.

underselling us. When I had done with turned out very much like a catharine.

I will show you the views I want you those, however, I thought I would just wheel; of course I had several pictures of to take, said she, a little more graciously, take a turn round the building to see what children with half-a-dozen eyes and any when it was settled. She went in for the was to be seen there; and I hat, first thing, number of fingers; so that the average big church-key, and then we started for

a caution to the public! They may see ceeds to go toward repairing his chapel, here what bad art is, and guard against it The local actors wanted a group of themwhen they furnish their houses. It seemed selves in the characters of a favorite piece.

> up to me. 'Humkins and Scrudge?' he said to me,

Yes, my man, I said, 'Humkins and had no notion of the light and the dark uncomfortable for the back, I found on which had hitherto been flying to and fro, side of a building. I found that she wanted trying them, and without doors—not so perched upon a beam over my head and Thereupon he handed me a letter, the the pulpit and the communion table, and C- Vicarage.

'Miss White wishes two views taken of 'I see, sir,' he said, with a flourish of I wrote a polite note in answer, enclos-

with another letter. 'Miss White will thank Messrs. Humhe was perfectly in carnest, and I let him kins and Scrudge to take two views of view. By the time that was finished, the C -- church to-morrow morning (if sun would have worked round sufficiently weather permit.) Any hour most conve- for me to set to work at the interior.

Turner!' Turner—psha! I know they derisively having that sort of contempt for turned me sick! This Turner, then, was my wheelbarrow tent which anything unanother great artist; and again I say I accustomed excites in the urchin mind .- letter on the preceding night, to stay by Some of them accompanied me to C ---, the camera while I took the outside pic-However, it is the custom of the trade and the C--- children turned out in mass ture; and then I locked the camera in the to call one's self photographic artist, in- on my entrance, so that I left quite a church, and there it was safe enough. stead of plain photographer, just as one crowd outside the vicarage gate. The

graphs a bit the worse; and since everybody else uses it, I may as well use it too.
Now I look upon Art as only another
name for fancy and romance and imagina
The vicarage was little more than a arch was filled in with wood-work in which were doors. These I opened, and found other, with little fat cherub heads at the order, with little fat cherub heads at the ord name for fancy and romance and imaginathe deepest mourning. She advanced to
ton. Those who really believe in it I
meet me, whereupon I put down my tent
so I could leave open the second pair of which, between the two square windows,

were sunken and dull. She looked un-

act or word of politeness.

bit of business called me away from my portrait work; I lost a morning over it .-Then, interiors were difficult, sometimes impossible, to be taken. It all depended upon the amount of light. Churches are

Somehow I knew that she was poor .-

she said, emphatically.

Not a good picture; but I saw in a mowas a new tomb-very handsome tombin the foreground, with an inscription, 'To the memory of the Reverend Theodore White, M. A., etc.'

I said.

view.

a tall square pew (I suppose the vicarage pew) included in the picture. I managed to get them all from the opposite side of She will thank Messrs. Humkins and then, leaving me the key, returned at lowed more slowly, to arrange my traps.

my chemicals to be in capital order. Then the immortal Turner! Let us offer up our with him, and in less than an hour returned leaving my dark tent in the corner of the garden, as the distance to the church was so short, I prepared to take the exterior

always puts esquire at the end of a rich man's name, and so I state myself to be (as I am printed on my professional cards)

(as I am printed on my professional cards)

(as I am printed on my professional cards)

The course was not more than half to difficulty in making out enough of a picture on my ground glass to arrange the and be back again at my van in time for camera by. However, I got it fixed right

Then there are menuments of marriage at their a photographic artist. The 'artist' does most of the portrait customers.

The vicarage was little more than a arch was filled in with wood-work in which doors, too, and get light through the look- looks of a uniform deep brown snuff-color, 'You are the photographer?' she asked. ed paling gate, without suffering from the except where, in the centre, some white She was a tall, spare lady, not very intrusion of the boys. It was just what I face with upturned eyes, starts out from place where you were admitted on suffer-

I fetched my glass, which had been in

The light was beautiful; the sun was for titivating holds. Last year I took a would.' wish to be accursed of either weak-minded- is strange how differently different people just covered with thin white clouds; there view of a village church, which had been 'Don't add to your sin,' she said; make take grief. You may not know that we was as much light as one could have with- lately 'restored,' as the term is. I don't haste and finish your work, and let me get I have a partner in my business, and we photographers sometimes have grave offices out actual sunshine. If the sun would pop set up for a man of taste, but it did not rid of you. have between us, besides our place in town to perform, and see not a few people in out brilliantly during the last five minutes seem to me to go well at all with the green a traveling photographic gallery. 'Humkins and Scrudge' is the title of the firm; their sorrow. In cases of hopeless illness
we are called in to perpetuate the painI think we photographers come to have a and I am Humkins, at your service. I and drawn features; more than once I have sixth sense about light. We can measure my partner take it by turns to go out of town year by year, some time during the symmer months. I have been half over England in this way; and I can tell you differently it affects people. It softens the provinces is a your service. I and drawn leatures; more than once I have been sent for to take the cold, still image it just as if our eyes were the two pans of a balance. Or, I don't think it is (ur eyes, after all; I think we feel light rather than see it. I know as well as can be when my indicate the provinces is a year. that this doing the provinces is a very some and makes them beg, as it were, by pleasant sort of life, and pays well, too gentle, softened looks and tones and man-We not only take portraits, but do a good ner, for the human sympathy of even over it; I feel the moment when it polar-bit of business in the stereoscopic line strangers and servants. It humbles some izes into great white patches. I know (perhaps some of my readers know ' Hum- | who have been proud before, making them | when I am about to take it out, the very kins and Scrudge's views of Oxford and feel, I suppose, how all-vulgar and gen- fraction of a second at which it reaches its Cambridge?') also we take, on order, views teel, lords and beggars—are alike impotent best; and sometimes I can hit upon the of the houses of the gentry round about in these losses. But others it hardens .-- exact fraction, because my fingers are not

Half an hour in a church, with nothing with little front gardens to them, give us to their grief in secret, and come out from to do, is a long time. The time passes a good deal of trouble in this way. They their chambers with defiant eyes and rigid slowly enough when the congregation are mouths. They resent the presence of any in the pews and the parson in the pulpit, one, fearing that he has a hidden pity for but a church is still duller on a week-day. them; and feel as an affront each common All I could do was to look about me, and even in this amusement I was sadly Miss White, I saw at a glance, was one cramped; I could not move up the aisle of this latter kind. I put on my hat, and far from the belfry-arch without coming

church. The boys in the churchvard at first served to distract my attention. Of course they had discovered the open doors, and what seemed to her a smart price. This they collected round the porch gate, looking between its pales, and crying one to another, 'I see un, Bill-lookye, there he be;' or saluting me with the insulting question, 'Who put his head into a box?' But after a time they became tired of looking through the palings into the church, and began to find it more entertaining to wage war among themselves .perspective! what chiaro-oscuro! I could bills had been distributed some days before, them often with yellow and red glass, on The L -- boys and the C -- boys, I suppose, had a standing fend between fair one. I had three pairs of lovers, and I told her the reason why I was obliged to them, as all boys of neighboring places plotted together to take me in and laugh about a dozen children-lovers and child- charge her very much more than I should have. There was much rushing round the at me. But they really did it all as grave- ren are always our most numerous custom- for taking her portrait; and then I con- churchyard in pursuit of each other, and much shouting of their respective warcries, which consisted, I remember, of, Who put the wheelbarrow in the pound? on the L--- side, and Who biled the no sham-for them I should prescribe children never can be arranged at all. mended. I knew that she would have to goose? on the other. Now and then one

would flatten his nose for a moment against a low window, or would send a shrill whistle through the porch gate; but they ceased to take any other notice of me. have attended pretty regularly to the ministrations of the Reverend Barnabas Shuttledore, of Ebenezer Chapel. Miss Mary Jane Sorudge (sister of my partner,) whom hope next month to lead from the altar Mrs. Humkins, junior, is of the Baptist persuasion and of a religious turn, which facts may account for my present belief .-The Baptists have a notion that a church is an improper place, scarcely better than Sunday after Sunday, and there was the pulpit of the pulpit on the light side and the edge a playhouse, and, though we are to be pulpit her father had preached from of the cushion came faintly into sight. The Baptists have a notion that a church married in church—the ceremony there performed being held to be the most binding-I am sure that Mary Jane would think the worse of me if I entered a church upon the painting gallery. I don't mean number of glasses I used was about three the church, which was close by. The trail for any other than professional purposes. to say there were not some pretty enough to each child. Photographers need to have of children followed up at some little dis- Before I began to make up to Mary, I used

with printing, which, like a bad hand, couldn't be read by anybody but the man my attention to the other. Three painted who printed it; the communion table set shields of arms over the helfry arch. In the beffry and in some grand house, with lots of plate, big gold waiters and candlesticks (which the Reverend Theodore 'We are to take in that tomb, ma'am?' said.

She scowled at me, but her lips trembled. 'Yes. Now I will show you the interior on their backs: tiles with book stands tow.' So we went into the church. The view like greenhouse pavements; gold stars on ... Twenty five minutes. I watched a fat she chose there would not do at all. She the ceiling at one end; pews very low—toad crawling slowly up the aisle. A robin had no notion of the light and the dark uncomfortable for the back, I found on which had hitherto been flying to and fro, private as I should wish my pew to be.is a church in London (I dare say my rea- every window along one side of the church. C- church—an interior and an exterior the church, and she said that would do; sights) which was built as a pattern of this hind the lines of light. I felt that my

they ever had service in it I don't know with the pulpit. There would not be much man. Though the face was much younger, First of all I took the house, finding all for certain, but I fancy not; they would of a pulpic to be seen. be afraid of spoiling it. This style of Verging upon the half-hour. I paced church is harder to take than any other, because of the red and yellow glass in the

The church was very dark. I had great had expressly sent them to them as a nice stop him. Then there are monuments of marble, black and white nicely relieving each the darkness with a sort of ghostly life.

Then there is the country church, of Everything looked too new and polished ducked my head into the dark tent. stains, and damp, and dust.

but the weather had been taking the white out of it ever since, marbling the walls with streaks and patches of brown and gray, or vivid green. I could make out in these stains, dim confused landscapes, not unlike the productions of that artist named Cox, before mentioned. In places the plaster had fallen from the ceiting.—
The pews were like a parcel of old packing cases or orange-boxes. I never saw such pews before or since; though the owners seemed chary enough of them, in almost all their names being printed in black letters on a slab of white ground—
The flat square tiles of the parement had been mended up with common bricks, and here and there a stone had been let in, the whole being assimilated by a coat of green weather-stain. Tiny plants were springing up in the interstices—in the beliefy quite a nursery garden of them. There was a row of high-pointed arches on the other, a A great pointed arch led into the chaicel. Squeezed up in a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on the other, and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on the other, and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on gone was a row of high-pointed arches on the other. Squeezed up in a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on gone was a row of high-pointed arches on gone and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on the other. A great pointed arch led into the chaicel. Squeezed up in a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was a row of high-pointed arches on the other. The part of the parts of the parson must have had hard work to read his sermon there on a winter's afternoon.

The pulpit, I thought to myself, will not come out well in my picture. The font was under one of the pointed arches, just opposite the door. The top of its lid was covered for the pointed arches, just that letter for letter out of a book;

The pulpit, I thought to myself, will not caught and retained by magic—'quædam simulacra, modeis pallentia mirels,' (I copy that letter for letter out of a book;)

The top of its lid was covered for the constant of the pointed arches, just that letter for letter out of a book;)

The top of its lid was covered for the constant of t dovered, for some reason or other, with a they translate it underneath. You may fool's cap. The lady had wanted me to be sure that when any one begins to write include the font, too, in the picture; but poetically on a subject, he knows nothing it was simply impossible. Now, I may be of that subject. There is nothing poetical wrong, but this is the notion I have of to be got out of what one knows; and what was passing in the lady's mind. She every photographic artist will tell you that ceased to take any other notice of me; was poor; she was going to leave the there is nothing in the world more plain

I am a good Christian, I hope; and I home where she had lived all her life, and and matter-of-fact than photography. down and it would have looked just as graceful. They never can understand that well? The very paper on which hey were the eyes of the camera can't be blinded be supposed, however, that I lowered my printing goes, which one must do somepainted was a lot of old scraps pasted to. like the eye of a mother or a lover. On charge because I pitied her. Feelings are though she could not afford to spend times an extraordinary occurrence will If I Sunday, as some I could mention do. But much. Perhaps she would have chosen a happen in the most ordinary routine. An my life; full of chopped straw, and as both lovers and children. Lovers would were Jack Ketch I might feel sorry for the 1 must confess I am not often in a church. view of the vicarage before anything (how extraordinary occurrence happened in the For the last two years, or thereabouts, I her eyes brightened up when I promised to development of my picture. I can't exhave been of the Baptist persuasion, and throw in that little positive!), but then it plain it in the least, but I am going to tell struck her that a view of the church would you what it was. be more proper. There was the grave, she must have that, at any rate; then, there was the font where she was christened; veloping, a space remained perfectly white and there was the communion table where in the dark pulpit corner between the two she had taken the sacrament, and where, arches, while the rest of the picture was at one time, for anything I know, she might have had a chance of being married;

Ebenezer Chapel as a sort of holy ground;

twenty minutes and a fraction, I turned ment why she chose that spot. There couldn't be read by anybody but the man my attention to the other. Three painted on their backs; tiles with patterns on them with a shrill whistle that made me start.

private as I should wish my pew to be.— began to sing. The sun popped out from I knocked at the door, and a servant let Well, that is one kind of church. There behind the clouds and shone in through me in and showed me to a room where ders have been to see it among the other the pulpit looked darker than ever bedisorder. They were evidently packing sights) which was built as a pattern of this hind the lines of light. I felt that my up for leaving. Miss White was overlookstyle. It is a regular show-place, and very successful, I should think. Whether knew that Miss White would find fault into a case. It was a portrait of a gentle-

The minute-hand of my watch crept on. I Then there is another kind of church in have looked at it so often that I have learn-London: big, roomy galleries all round, ed to see it move. Time was just up. As supported on pillars beautifully painted to I turned to go to my camera, I saw the belllook like marble (that, now, is art I can rope swinging to and fro; and immediately understand;) a great organ, all polished after the heavy sound of the bell came mahogany and gilded pipes, like a hand-thundering down upon the top of my head. church through the air, too, as I soon found plain, so that one can't misread them, and | from the rushing of the boys to the porch framed off from all the rest of the orna- gate. However, I had my camera to think ments, as if to draw particular attention. about just then, and couldn't stop to specu-(The architects of the style of church de- late on the bell. I believe if a lion stood scribed in the last paragraph seem to me between a photographic artist and his camto use the Commandments as if Heaven era when the time is up, the lion could not

a good manp of them were standing at their doors to see what was the matter. The

could see she was in a towering passion. 'If I had thought, sir,' she said, 'that you did not know how to respect a sacred ance, I would not have employed you.' 'Ma'am,' I answered, for I was nettled,

There is nothing riles a man more than grass and the blue sky and the bright sun- a false accusation. I knew I should lose shine outside. The coloring looked tawdy, my temper if I spoke; beside, my picture like a masquerade dress the morning after. was spoiling, so I turned on my heel and

and clean, as if it had no affinity with those I am afraid I am using a great many outside weather influences, producing expressions which people who know nothing stains, and damp, and dust.

I walked up and down my limited space there is scarcely a family now which has of aisle between the pews, watch in hand, not an amateur photographer in it: some seeing as much as I could see of the young lady who spoils her pretty little church. It was an old ramshackled build- fingers, or some young gentleman who ing. Ages ago everything had been blackens his shirt ouffs and cambric pooket whitewashed that could be whitewashed - handkerchiefs, and whose pictures are not ceiling and walls and oak-beams alike; quite worth the spoiling of either. How but the weather had been taking the white ever, for the benefit of those who have no

. I had said all along in my own mind that

the pulpit would not come out well. In deshowing more and more detail every moment. This was natural, and what I Women have a sentiment in these matters Then suddenly a great blur made its apof religion. I know Mary Jane looks on pearance where the blur ought not to have Ebenezer Chapel as a sort of holy ground; been. I had never known, in all my proand has a portrait of the Reverend Shut- fessional practice, a stain like this or comtledore (worst photograph I ever saw) ing in the same manner. The stain came

I printed that afternoon, watching the printing frames in the intervals of portrait taking. The figure came out wonderfully sharp and distinct—an old gentleman with

of course I knew how to manage. But at last I decided I would let it be as it was.

The pictures were very successful. I framed them neathy and took them to O — vicarage on the following afternoon, when it was too late for portraits. I knocked at the door, and a servant let Miss White was. The house was all in

> it struck me like lightning, this was the same person as the figure in my photograph Miss White took off the paper in which I had wrapped the pictures. Of course she saw the figure in a moment. She gasped out, 'Paps!' and fell to the ground as if she had been knocked down. caught the picture as she fell, so that

the glasses were not broken. I keep the negative among my curiosi-

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When organized?
Name of superintendent. How many scholars converted gince the organization? How many scholars converted gince the organization? How many Bible-classes?

Do you support a mission-school?

Do you support a mission-school?

Do you hold a monthly Sunday-school concert?

Do you hold one or two sessions?

Number of volumes in library.

How many of the teachers were once scholars in a unday-school?

ust year.
What proportion of the children in your community are n Sunday-schools?
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in Sunday-schools?

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