

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOL. LXIII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1862.

NO. 19.

**THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET,  
BY G. O. SANDERSON.

Subscription—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Single copies, five cents. Advertisements, not exceeding one square, inserted free of charge. For each additional insertion, three times for one dollar. Longer notices, by special arrangement.

Advertisements—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Circulars, &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

From the Maryland News Sheet.

We venture to say that there are few mortals whose hearts will not well respond to the tender sentiments expressed in the following lyrics. Every stanza is brimful of unshed tears.

**A MOTHER'S PRAYER.**

DEDICATED TO MRS. \_\_\_\_\_, ST. LOUIS.  
Father! In the battle field,  
Shelter his head, I pray,  
Nerve his young arm with the might  
Of Justice, Liberty and Right,  
Where the red and the blue are  
Where stern duty loudly calls,  
Where the strife is fierce and wild,  
Father! guard the "guiltless child."  
Where the foe rush swift and strong,  
Madly striving for the wrong;  
Where the clashing arms men wield  
King above the battle-field,  
Where the stilling air is hot,  
With burning shafts and whistling shot—  
Father! to my boy's brave breast,  
Let no treacherous blade be pressing!

Father! if my woman's heart—  
Fail and weak in every part—  
Wander from Thy sacred path,  
After those dark roving feet,  
Let Thy light be the guiding star,  
Every selfish thought expel,  
If this mother's love be strong—  
Forsake, ideas and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night  
Shut the bright world from sight—  
When around the cheerful fire  
Thy dear children sit and sigh—  
Thine is my boy's bright face,  
From his old familiar place,  
Thy dear mother, who sits and weeps,  
To the tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—  
Weeping, wearily to weep—  
Often dreaming of the past,  
Calming every anxious fear—  
Often started by the shaft  
Of hostile arrows that meet and clash,  
Till the cannon's smoke and roar  
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream and hope and pray  
And I know his cause is just,  
And I center all my love  
In Thy promise: As thy day  
So shall thy strength be—always!  
Yet I need thy guidance,  
Father! let me do Thy will!

If new sorrow should befall—  
If my noble boy should fall—  
In the bright light of day,  
On the cold earth find its rest—  
Sill, with all the mother's heart,  
Tears, and sighs, and the smart,  
I yield him, "neath Thy chastening rod,  
To his Country and his God.

## MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

My whistling neighbor,  
I had moved into a new house, situated about the center in a row of ten, all run up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through.

For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, excepting in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domain, which I had not heard of before. The cause of this was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what whistling?"

"Oh! That smile laughing over my wife's face. 'Does it annoy you?'"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it; but I shall be if it's done on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, you doubt, what I am afraid, can not say of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silent, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt gloomy and depressed as I took my course homeward at twilight. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and looking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprang across the hall, and the eager voices that filled, as usual, the air, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repress my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary. I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thoughts recognized an agency which had been open to them before, the sense of hearing not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling, "Begone, Dull Care!"

"Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of that cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions which were better served, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remaining an evil spirit,

"Begone, dull care!" And the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had stayed before me as David played before Saul, exciting the evil spirit of discontent. There feeling no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that 'infest the day' made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain the tranquility which so strengthens the soul for work and duty, I crossed and walked the floor. My wife looked up with her inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needlework, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"I am troubled in me," I said, in self-rebuke, "thus sit as well as from her busied hands. We were sowing graves every day. It was pleasant to hear her fute-tones again, very pleasant, and my ear beak-ened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling, and, as my wife struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"He's very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess, was my answer as the notes of the fair-lyric music stole over the sea, and rose sweetly on the air."

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My car was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Heman's beautiful words "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse:

"Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
When the burden and the heat  
Of labor's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices fall,  
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest, more sweet and still  
Than any ever nightfall gave,  
Our longing hearts shall fill  
In the world beyond the grave  
Lies from the angelic bow,  
No scorching noontide heat,  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary, wandering feet,  
And we lift our trusting eyes  
From the hills our fathers trod,  
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had whistled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring, and my head went down upon its pillow—thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling I had been annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the wire's anxieties, and ears began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring aloft, and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins—

"Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn'" winding up with "Dear Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast table with pleasant smiles.

A few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had become so much a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the summer days of our springtime.

As that whistling voice, passing in and out of course as not to be an object of thought, but the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the summer days of our springtime.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June, Napoleon left the Tuileries for his last campaign. He took leave of Caulaincourt, saying, "Farewell; we must conquer or die." Driving rapidly through the day and the succeeding night, he arrived, on the morning of the 13th, at Avesnes, 150 miles from Paris. Here he had assembled all his available force. Wellington was at Brussels, and Blucher a few leagues from him, neither of them dreaming of attack. They were waiting for the arrival of 200,000 Russians, with whom they were to commence their march upon Paris. Napoleon's plan was to attack Wellington by surprise, and destroy his force, and Blucher's, and then to march against the Russians.

In an hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes the whole army was in motion. By different routes they were directed to meet at Charleroi, 35 miles distant, at an appointed hour. General Bourmont was in charge of these divisions. Informed that he had deserted, and revealed to the allies the plans of the Emperor. Behind the entrenchments of Charleroi, Napoleon found ten thousand Prussians ready to dispute his passage. He attacked them so vigorously that they soon retreated, leaving 2,000 of their dead behind them. Ten miles on this road is situated the little hamlet of Quatre Bras. Ney, with 40,000 men, was ordered to advance immediately to that spot. "Concentrate there, your army by field works. Hasten so that, by midnight, this position, occupied and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack." Blucher, acting from information received by the traitor Bourmont, was hastening 160,000 troops to join Wellington. Napoleon, with a force of 80,000 unexpectedly encountered him. After one of the most terrible conflicts ever waged, the Prussians fled utterly routed, leaving 20,000 weltering in their blood, and 10,000 prisoners in the hands of Napoleon. Had Ney obeyed his orders, the Prussian army would have perished without the escape of a man.

But as Ney approached Quatre Bras, in a dark night of storm and floods of rain, and through an ocean of mire, he allowed his exhausted troops to stop a few miles before reaching that all important point, which he intended to take with the earliest morning light. He sent word that the post was already in his possession. Wellington, at a ball in Brussels, turned pale with dismay, as he heard of the approach of Napoleon.

It was fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre Bras. Fully aware of the importance of that post, he instantly dispatched a division to occupy it. Through the whole night these troops pressed along the white road, mingling their tumult with the roar of the tempest. In the morning Ney, in consternation, found that the English were in possession of the post. The whole day was spent in the most bloody, desperate and unavailing efforts to regain it. The anguish of Ney, in view of his irreparable fault, was awful. The night of June came, a night of darkness and deluging rain. Napoleon, at Quatre Bras, was baffled, bleeding and exhausted. Blucher, with his broken battalions consequently escaped, and retreated towards Wavre, where he was joined by reinforcements. Napoleon sent Grouchy with 30,000 men to pursue him. Wellington fell back to Waterloo, to which the Prussian allies. Such was the position of affairs when the morning of the 17th of June dawned upon these drenched armies.

Napoleon, laughing Grouchy to pursue Blucher, passed over to Quatre Bras, joined his troops with those of Ney, and with this combined force of 70,000 followed Wellington to the spacious plain of Waterloo. Wellington had here skillfully posted his troops on an extended ridge, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Blucher. It was the night of the 17th, dark and rainy, when Napoleon reached the field. Staked out in a spot, he indulged in a moment of repose or received any nourishment. All the night the rain fell in torrents, as the emperor stationed his army for the battle of the morrow.

## WATERLOO.

BY JOHN S. G. ABBOTT.

The return of Napoleon from Elba to Paris was the signal for all the allied armies of Europe to be on their march to crush him. Hastily Napoleon collected 120,000 men, to repel the million of bayonets, now crowding upon France. Wellington and Blucher were in the vicinity of Brussels with 100,000 each. To save France the horrors of invasion, Napoleon resolved to cross the frontier, and fall upon one body of the enemy and then another, until they should be compelled to negotiate.

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Wellington's force has been variously estimated at from 72,000 to 80,000 men. Napoleon had 65,000 to 75,000.

The morning of the 18th dawned lurid and stormy. It was the Sabbath. The undulating plain of Waterloo was a vast wheat field. The French, from an opening by the wheels and the tramp of these armies, it now resembled a quagmire. At eight o'clock the clouds broke, and the sun shone out brilliantly. At half past ten the troops were all in their positions, the hospitals established in the rear, and the surgeons, with splinters, knives and saws, ready for their melancholy work.

At 11 o'clock the carnage commenced. The English, with their formidable batteries, extended along the ridge of a gentle elevation, about a mile and a half in length. The French, from an opening ridge, not an eighth of a mile distant, were forming in solid columns, and charging the British line up to the very muzzle of their guns. Hour after hour the murderous fire continued, each party apparently as indifferent to bullets, balls and shells, as if they had been snowflakes.

About the middle of the afternoon the victory seemed to be decided in favor of Napoleon. In many places great gaps had been cut through the British lines, and fugitives, in broken ranks, were flying in dismay towards Brussels. It is said that Wellington was in anguish, deeming the battle lost, and that he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, saying, "I would that Blucher or Ney were come."

Just at this time the quick eye of the Emperor discerned, far off upon the right, an immense mass of 60,000 men, rapidly emerging from a forest and descending upon the plain. "He hoped that it was Grouchy. It ought to have been," it was

Blucher. Napoleon had now but 60,000 men, exhausted by exposure, marching, and many hours of the most desperate fighting. Wellington, with the augmented force of Blucher's fresh troops, had 100,000 to oppose to him.

Twenty thousand of the French soldiers were now either dead or wounded. But 50,000 remained to oppose 100,000. Everything now depended upon the success of a desperate charge, before the Prussians could reach the field. The Imperial Guard was immediately brought forward. Napoleon wished to lead it, but yielding to the earnest solicitation of his staff, surrendered the command to Ney. "In two columns this band, which had never moved but to victory, advanced against the batteries of the foe. Both armies, for a moment, rested to behold the sublime spectacle.—Not a drum beat, not a bugle sounded, not a word was uttered. Sternly they strode on, till within a few yards of the cannon loaded to the muzzle. There was a flash, a roar, and a cloud of smoke shut the combatants from view, but within that cloud there was necessarily the gleam and the thunder of war's most dreadful storm. At the same moment the Prussians came thundering upon the field. A gust of wind for a moment swept away the smoke, and the anxious eye of Napoleon beheld that his Guard had disappeared.

A mortal palsy spread over the cheek of Napoleon, and a panic seized every humanly shudders to contemplate. Napoleon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it into the deepest thongs of the enemy, that he might perish with the Guard. Cambone seized the bridle of his horse, saying, "Sire, death suits you. You will but be made a prisoner." Yielding to these solicitations, he reluctantly retired. The remnant of his Guard bade him adieu, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" They were soon surrounded, and called upon to surrender. Cambone returned the immortal reply, "The Guard dies; it never surrenders!" A few discharges of grape from the surrounding batteries cut them all down. Thus perished the Old Guard of Napoleon, and thus terminated the battle of Waterloo.

Some clear headed, mischievous chaps gets off the following queer definitions in which there is considerable more of truth than poetry:

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

Opinion—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of quarrels.

Police-man—A man hired by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save your life to-morrow.

Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will exhaust him.

Editor—A poor chap who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.

Bonnet—A female head dress for front seats of the opera.

Crime—A bad dog that goes unchained and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody; the equal to Colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one at the bar.

State's Evidence—A wretch who gets a pardon for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—The mud with which all travelers are spattered on the road to destruction.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the earth, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage and gets into a terrible passion for so much a night.

Marriage—The gate through which an unchastened lover leaves the blissful region and returns to earth.

Death—An impudent fellow who visits people at all seasons, without invitation, and insists upon their immediately returning the call.

Lotteries—Concerns that pay the legislatures handsomely for the privilege of cheating weak minded people.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people in a vulgar world, which creates great mischief in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the head, whom you respect, in order to gain the praise of a few people you despise.

**The Broken Engagement.**  
BY GIBBY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. Two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of a twelve chamber dollar house—of a heavily mortgaged tenement in the heart of this city. The hand of one rested lightly on that of the other, and the arm of one described a semi-circle round the other's waist. It is hardly necessary to say that they were lovers, and that this was as far as the young man could go in geometry. There was no light in the room, but there was no occasion for any, with her taper waist and sparkling eyes and his flaming small talk.

"Dearest Flora, tell me, oh tell me what I can do to make myself more worthy of your love. Bid me undertake any mission not please, and I will obey. Aye, even though it be to cut my hair short—sacrifice my moustache—wear large boots, or work for my living—speak, anything you may command me."

"O Charles! calm yourself. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. No, Charles, I love you for yourself alone." Then placing her hand gently

upon his brow, she murmured, "soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love me now as much as ever, and will you be the same to you as I am now?"

"I have not my knees for the first time in his life, but suddenly rising with a troubled expression of countenance, as something put him in mind of the tightness of his nether apparel.

"Oh Flora, there is not a coat that adorns any tailor's window on Broadway, that has so high a place in my affections as yourself! You are to me what alabaster and gypsum are to young church members, or generals, my hope, my all! A few days more and we shall be united forever. I can scarcely realize my happiness."

The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest-pattern of the happy youth. So we leave them.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a dark and gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles bent his way, full of joy, hope and supper, to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor.

Flora was not there, and after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with visions of spoons dancing through his ever-teeming brain. With stealthy steps he approached the door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Upon the dining-room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery. Before it, with dishevelled hair and tucked-up gow, stood Flora, a huge carving-knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging—into a rag of water.

She had been caught in the act of doing housework! With one loud shriek she fell to the floor, while her distracted and bewildered lover rushed from the house.

It is needless to add that of course the engagement, along with several brittle cups, was broken on the spot. Thus were two fond and dotting hearts irrevocably separated.

My story, dear reader, will be the means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do any work about the house, but always to let her object and the other servants do it my object is more than accomplished. Farewell!—New York Atlas.

## A Strange Story.

The following wonderful story is told by a correspondent of the Dublin Evening Mail:

This is the age of discoveries, and one of such a startling nature has just been made in an English country that it seems out of place in the region of sober fact, and to belong purely to the atmosphere of the three-volume novel. Here are the circumstances—the names for the moment I am not at liberty to indicate:

The Earl of — married not long ago, and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions which members of the English aristocracy regard with an affection amounting to veneration. The lady, however, being more contented in her tastes, after a short residence in the apartment appropriated to her use, expressed a wish to have a boudoir in the vicinity of her bedroom. The noble earl would gladly have complied with the request, but upon examination, it was found that the rooms, as sometimes happens in antique buildings, were so awkwardly distributed that by no conceivable plan of rearrangement could the desired boudoir be fitted in. Thereupon it became necessary to invoke professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build, though at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be another undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion. The noble earl laughed at the idea; the oldest servants retained of the family were questioned, and declared that they had never heard of a rumor of its existence. The ordinary methods of tapping, etc., were resorted to, but without effect. Still the architect retained his conviction, and declared himself ready to stake his professional reputation on the result. The earl at last consented to let the walls be bored, and when an opening had been made, not only was the room found, but a sight presented itself which almost defied attempt at description. The apartment was fitted up in the richest and most luxurious style of 150 years since. A quantity of ladies' apparel lay about the room, jewels were scattered on the dressing table, and, but for the faded aspect which everything wore, the chamber might have been tenanted half an hour previously. On approaching the bed—the most curious sight of all was seen, and this it is that affords the only clue to the mystery. The couch held the skeleton of a female, and on the floor, underneath the bed, half in and half out, lay another skeleton, that of a man, presenting evident traces of violence, and proving that before he expired he must have received some dreadful injury. The secret connected with this tale of blood has been well kept, for not merely had all tradition of the scene faded away, but even the existence of the room itself was forgotten. The survivors, probably, walled up the apartment at the time, and its contents remained hermetically sealed up to the present day, when according to the best calculations, after the lapse of a century and a half, daylight has accidentally penetrated into this chamber of horrors, which, to the surprise of all concerned, has been discovered in one of the noblest mansions in the county of —

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