

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

VOL. LXIII.

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

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. ELISHED STRET TURSDAT, AT NO. 8 NOETH DURE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TH B M S. TH B M S. SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in ad-vance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-ages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. ADVENTIONNEWS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one aquare, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-fire cents for each additional inser-tion. Those of greater length in proportion.

Jos Paiwring-Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

From the Maryland News Sheet.

We venture to say that there are few mothers whose hearts will not swell responsively to the tender entiments expressed in the following lyric. Every stanzas is brimful of unshed tears : A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

> DEDICATED TO MES. _____, ST. LOUIS. Father ! in the battle fray, Shelter his dear head, I pray ! Nerre his young arm with the might Of Justice, Liberty and Right. Where the red hail deadliest falls, Where stern duty loudly calls, Where the strife is fierce and wild Father ! guard, Oh ! guard my 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 stifling air is hot With bursting shell and whistling shot— Father! to my boy's brave breast Let no treacherous blade be pressed !

Father! if my woman's heart— Frail and weak in every part— Wanders from Thy mercy seat After those dear roving feet, Let Thy tender pitying grace Every selfish thought erase; If this mother's love be wrong— Pardon, bless and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night Shut the bright world from my When around the cheerful fire sight-Gather brothers, size- *Thers* I miss my boy's bright face From his old familiar place, And my sad heart wanders back To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep-Waking,-wearily to weep-Often dreaming he is near, Calming every adxions fear-Often startled by the flash Of hostile swords that meet and clash, Will the component survival to the search and the search of the startled by the flash Till the cannon's smoke and roar Hide him from my eyes once more !

Thus I dream—and hope and pray All the weary hours away; But I know his cause is just, And I centre all my trust In Thy promise :—' As thy day So shall thy strength be''—alway ! Yet I need Thy guidance still ! Father ! let me do Thy will !

If new sorrow should befall-If my noble boy should fall— If the bright head I have blessed On the cold earth find its rest— Still, with all the mother-heart Torn, and quivering with the smart, I yield him, 'neath Thy chastening rod, To his Country and his God.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

We had moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all It was pleasant to hear her flute-tones ed. run up together in hurried, musbroom again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkpartitions of brick so thin that sound was warbling I recognized each time as the wife is not annoyed ?' only a little deadened in passing through. notes died away. They were responsive For the first three or four nights I was un- to our neighbo

Begone, dull care !' And the fiend merry laughter of a happy child which had left me. sprung into his arms, and was being Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone mothered with kisses. of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, brow passed away, and I met my wife and wondering in her little heart, no doubt, children at the breakfast table with pleaswhat held her at a distance from her papa, ant smiles.

and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy ourls against her knee. She usual; but had grown to be such a thing sprung at my voice, and was in my lap at of course as not to be an object of thought. a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the But the effect remained, showing itself in 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 played before me as David played before dumb in my wife for a long period, was Saul, exoreising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent close around me, and happy as in other singing again, from room to room, as in times with their father.

the sunnier days of our springtime. As After they were all in bed, and I sat for myself, scarcely an evening passed in alone with my wife, the cares that 'infest | which I was not betrayed into beating time the day' made a new assault upon me, with my foot to 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Happy and vigorously strove to regain their lost Land,' 'Comin' through the Rye,' empire in my mind. I felt their ap- Hail Columbia,' in response to my neighproaches, and the gradual receding of bor's cheery whistle. Our children also cheerful thoughts with every advancing caught the infection, and would commence step they made. In my struggle to main- | singing on the instant our neighbor tuned tain the tranquility which so strengthens his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor the soul for work and duty I arose and -the harping David to our Saul ! walked the floor. My wife looked up to 'You live at Number 510, I think,' said a gentleman whose face was familiar, the Russians. me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needlework, and though I was not able to call his name .-as I glanced toward her at every turn in We were sitting side by side in the cars. my walk, I saw an expression of tender I answered in the affirmative. concern on her lips. She understood that 'So I thought,' he replied. 'I live at

I was not at ease in my mind, and the 514-second door east. knowledge troubled her. 'How wrong in me,' I said, in self-re-' Mr. Gordon.'

'Yes, sir; that is my name. Pleasant buke, ' thus to let idle brooding over mere houses but mere nut shells,' said he. Then outside things, which such brooding can with a look of disgust on his face, ' Doesn't in no way affect, trouble the peace of that whistling fellow between us annoy you home;' and I made a new effort to rise terribly ? I've got so out of all patience again into a sunnier region. But the fiend that I shall either move or silence him.had me in his clutches again, and I could Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning not release myself. Now it was that my | till night. Psah! I always detested whist-David came anew to my relief. Suddenly ling. It's a sign of no brains. I've writhis clear notes rang out in the air, 'Away ten him a note twice, but failed to send with Melancholy.' I can not tell which worked the instant either time ; it isn't well to quarrel with a

neighbor if you can help it.' revulsion of feeling that came-the cheer-'It doesn't annoy me at all,' I answered. ful air, the words of the song which were Indeed, I rather like it.' 'You do? Well, that is singular ! called to remembrance by the air, or, the associations of by-gone years that were Just what my wife says.' revived. But the spell was potent and 'First-rate for the blue devils, I find.

complete. I was myself again. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for During the evening the voice of my sundry favors in this direction." wife broke out several times into snatch-My new acquaintance looked es of song-a thing quite unusual of curiously.

late, for life's sober realities had taken the 'You're not in earnest,' said he, a halfmusic from her as well as from her hus- amused smile breaking through the unamiband. We were growing graver every day. able expression which his face had assum-

' is she musical ?' I inquired

The man sighed faintly.

'The history of many other lives,' said

'Altogether in earnest; and I beg of fashion, and divided from each other by ened lovingly. The cause of this fitful you not to send him that note. So your 'Not she.'

heart for music.'

WATERLOO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. The cloud that was gathering on my The return of Napoleon from Elba to Paris was the signal for all the allied armies of Europe to be on their march to brush him. Hurriedly Napoleon collected In a few days I ceased to notice the 120,000 men, to repel the million of whistling of my neighbor. It continued as 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 a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness resolved to cross the frontier, and fall upon which care, and brooding anxiety about one body of the enemy and then another, worldly things are so apt to produce. The until they should be compelled to negotivoice of music,' which had been almost ate.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 12th gradually restored. Old familiar ditties of June, Napoleon left the Tuileries for would break suddenly from her throat as his last campaign. He took leave of sphere, and soon all my little ones were she sat sewing, and I would often hear her 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 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

> 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 one of these divisions. Infamously he 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, leav-ing 2,000 of their dead behind them. It was 30 miles from Charleroi to Brussels. 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 men,' said the Emperor. 'Fortify your army by field works. Hasten so that, by midnight, this position, occupied and im-pregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack." Blucher, acting from information received by the traitor Bourmont, was hastening with 80,000 troops to join Wellington. Napoleon at the head of 60,000 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 s man.

But as Ney approached Quatre

Blucher. Napoleon had now but 50,000 upon his brow, she murmured, 'soft, my men, exhausted by exposure, marchings, love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do and many hours of the most desperate you love me now as much as ever, and will fighting. Wellington, with the reinforce-ment 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 troubled expression of countenance, as 50,000 remained to oppose 100,000.— something put him in m Everything now depended upon the success of his nether apparel. of a desperate charge, before the Prussians 'Oh Flora, there is not a coat that

could reach the field. The Imperial Guard adorns any tailor's window on Broadway, was immediately brought forward. Napo- that has so high a place in my affections as lean wished to lead it, but yielding to the yourself! You are to me what slander and earnest solicitation of his staff, surrendered | gossip are to young church members, or the command to Ney. In two columns funerals to married women-my life, my this band, which had never moved but to ambition, my hope, my all! A few days victory, advanced against the batteries of more and we shall be united forever. I 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 we leave them. 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 incessantly the gleam and the

thunder of war's most dreadful storm. At bent his way, full of joy, hope and supper, to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the same moment the Prussians came thundering upon the field. A gust of the bell and was ushered into the parlor. wind for a moment swept away the smoke, Flora was not there, and after waiting a and the anxious eye of Napoleon beheld few moments, he resolved to descend the that his Guard had disappeared. stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek

A mortal paleness spread over the cheek of Napoleon, and a panic seized every heart. A scene of horror ensued which brain. With stealthy steps he approached humanity shudders to contemplate. Napothe door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight leon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged which froze the blood within his veins. it into the deepest throngs of the enemy, that he might perish with the Guard. dishes and other articles of crockery. Be-Cambrone seized the bridle of his horse, fore it, with dishevelled hair and tucked-up saying, ' Sire, death shuns you. You will gown, stood Flora, a huge carving-knife in but be made a prisoner.' Yielding to these her hand, which she was in the act of solicitations, he reluctantly retired. The plunging—into a pan of hot water. She had been caught in the act of doing remnant of his Guard bade him adieu, shouting Vive l'Empereur ! They were housework ! With one loud shriek she fell soon surrounded, and called upon to surto the floor, while her distracted and bewilrender. Cambrone returned the immortal dered lover rushed from the house. reply, 'The Guard dies ; it never surrenders !' A few discharges of grape from engagement, along with several brittle the surrounding batteries cut them all cups, was broken on the spot. Thus were down. Thus perished the Old Guard of two fond and doting hearts irrevocably Napoleon, and thus terminated the battle separated ! If my story, dear reader, will be the of Waterloo.

Old Words with New Definitions. means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do Some clear headed, mischievous chap any work about the house, but always to gets off the following quaint definitions in let her mother and the other servants do it which there is considerable more of truth my object is more than accomplished. than poetry: Farewell!-New York Atlas.

Water-A clear fluid, once used as a drink. Honesty -Au excellent joke.

Rural Felicity-Potatoes and turnips. Tongue-A little horse which is continually running away.

Dentist-A person who finds work for This is the age of discoveries, and one his own teeth by taking out those of other of such a startling nature has just been

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NO. 19.

Jost Restarval, direct from New York and Philadel-lever be the same to you as I am now ?' ' Hear-ah me swear!' cried the ardent youth, dropping upon his 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 Flore, there is not a coat that DUST RESET MERING, all aret from New York and Philadel-his did of divert you and the set of the set and the set an

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spoons dancing through his ever-teeming

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can scarcely realize my happiness.' The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest-pattern of the happy youth. So CHAPTER II. It was a dark and gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles

Upon the dining-room table lay many

It is needless to add that of course the

A Strange Story.

The following wonderful story is told by

correspondent of the Dublin Evening

sional assistance, and an eminent archi-

tect was summoned from London. He ex-

amined the house uarrowly, and said there

seemed to be nothing for it but to build.

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 forgot-

ten. The survivors, probably, walled up

Intelligencer Office, No. 8 North Dake street, Lancaster, Pa.

able to sleep, excepting in snatches, for so apparently, in my own domicil, that anxin 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 ?'

'That everlasting whistle.'

• Oh !' A smile played over my wife's face. 'Does it annoy you ?' 'I can't say that I am particularly an-

noyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for said, smiling. My car was following the

want of thought, and this very fact will-' "I'm not so sure of that," remarked my listening until our neighbor passed to wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles words ' Come to the Sunset Tree.' To a from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am | yet still we heard them with singular disafraid, can not be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him just a little muffled, but sweeter for the 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, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed recognized its impression on the external as I took my course homeward at nightfall. senses. It had done its work of recalling I was not leaving my cares behind me. the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse Before shutting my account books, and looking my fire-proof, I had made up a after verse : 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 along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel 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. 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 thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of been ill at ease with myself and the world. ow, smiles or tears.

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, with pleased interest, for a little while, remanding an evil spirit,

I did not then remark upon the circummany noises came to my ears, originating, stance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's | her singing birds have died, or lost the iety in regard to burglars was constantly whistling propensity, which struck me in excited. Both on the first and second the beginning as vulgar; and I did not nights I made a journey through the house care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was. We were in our bedroom, and about re-

Sea' rose sweetly on the air.

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

"Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the wood's low sigh, And the gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie. When the burden and the heat Of labor's task are o'er, And kindly voices greet

And kindly voices greet The loved one at the door.

" But rest, more sweet and still

To which I added :

wife.

obstruction.

'Has there been any recent change ?' tiring for the night, when loud voices, as ventured to inquire. if in strife, came discordantly through the ' In what respect ?' he asked. thin party walls, from our neighbors on 'Has there been no voice from the the other side. Something had gone wrong inging birds? there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face. 'How very disagreeable !' I remarked. "Why, yes,' he answered, ' now that I ' The man's a brute !' said my wife emthink of it. There has been some low,

phatically. 'He does nothing, it seems to fitful warbling. Only last evening the me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, he hadn't something of the pleasant temand trembled a little while on the words of per of our neighbor on the other side.' an old song.' 'That is a more agreeable sound, I must

'The air of which our neighbor was confess,' was my answer as the notes of whistling at the time,' said I. What Fairy-like Music steals over the 'Right, as I live !' was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his 'Far more agreeable,' returned my hand on his knee. I could hardly help

smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, "He plays well on his instrument.' I and conviction that blended on his face. 'I wouldn't send that note,' said I, notes in pleased recognition. We stood neaningly. 'No hang me if I do! I must study

another air, set to Mrs. Heman's beautiful this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of tinctness through the intervening wall,

obliged to you for the suggestion.' A week afterward I met him again. "What about the singing birds ?" sked, smiling.

'All alive again, thank God !'. My wife recalled these lines from her inswered with a heartiness of manner that memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer

t wore a better expression than when I bserved it last. 'Then you didn't send that note ?'

He

actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody.'

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered Home, Sweet Home' was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks .--The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said 'Thank God !' as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

"But rest, more sweet and still Than ever nightfall gave, Our longing hearts shall fill In the world beyond the grave There shall no tempest blow, 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 Gaust of the skies-To the Sabbath of our God." All was now still on both sides. The THE EFFECT OF ELEVATION .- - It is not ready for their melancholy work. harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had every man who can bear elevation. It a pleasant flower growing near an unsight come into possession of fortune, or been ly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, raised by public honors, changes his had removed it from our consciousness. whole style of conduct! He thinks he has It was a long time since I had felt so somehow obtained the right to deal with all peaceful on retiring as when my head went others as if he were their fate! Then down upon its pillow-thanks to my light- again, it makes one almost indignant to see hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning according to a happy writer, . the great had to be annoyed. But for him I should have one particular privilege above the rest of gone to rest with the harsh discord of my the world, of being slow in receiving im-

scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and pressions of kindness and quick in taking hearing not before externally perceived in On what seeming trifles hang our states of sult you; but be very careful not to speak offence.' They may offend, and even inconsequence of my abstracted state. My mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, disrespectfully of or to them! The reason neighbor was whistling 'Begone, Dull a discordant jar, will bring light or shad- of all this, is that such elevation beyond their customary level makes men-giddy, On the next morning, while dressing so that they cannot see things as they saw myself; thought reached forward over the them before. Dick Steele said, ' there are day's anxieties, and care began drawing but two ways of doing anything with great

her sombre curtains around me. My people ; and those are, by making yourself neighbor was stirring also, and, like the either considerable or agreeable. and then, as my changing state gave power awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins, — latter practice is no less than servility, the an immense mass of 80,000 men, rapidly to resolutions quick born of better reason, * Day on the Monitzins, rang out cheerily meanestand most abject of all employments emerging from a forest and descending followed by Dear Summar Morn ;' wind- in the world, even when it happens to fall upon the plain. He hoped that it was ing off with 'Begone Dall Care !' and the | in with one's hnmor.

in a dark night of storm and floods of people. 'She was; but of late years life has rain, and through an ocean of mire, he albeen rather a serious matter with us, and lowed his exhausted troops to stop, a few miles before reaching that all important

ration to sleep in the open air. 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 other.

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 use him. the miry road, mingling their tumult with the roar of the tempest. In the morning Ney, in consternation, found that the En glish were in possession of the post. The of men. 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 the 16th of June came, a night of darkness and deluging rain. Napoleon, at Ligny, was a victor. Ney, ten miles distant, 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 be joined by his Prussian allies. Such was the

state of affairs when the morning of the doom without hindrance from me. I'm 17th of June dawned upon these drenched armies. Napoleon, leaving 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 caused me to look narrowly into his face. Waterloo. Wellington had here skilfully posted his troops on an extended ridge, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of

Blucher. It was the night of the 17th, No, sir. Why, since I saw you I've dark and rainy, when Napoleon reached the field. For eighteen hours he had not 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. Wellington's force has been variously

estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 men. Napoleon had from 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. Soaked with rain and out up by the wheels and the tramp of these armies, it now resembled a quagmire. At eight o'clock the clouds broke, and the sun hone 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,

At 11 o'clock the carnage commenced. ceased, and our whistling neighbor had only destroys his virtue and value together. The English, with their formidable battewarbled his good-night melody, which, like How soon a person, who has recently ries, were extended along the ridge of a close proximity to one another by the wingentle elevation, about a mile and a half in length. The French, from an opposing 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 Napoleon. In many places great gaps had been out through the British lines, and Wellington was in anguish, deeming the

Just at this time the quick eye of the my living-speak, anything you may com-Emperor discerned, far off upon the right, mand me.

My Dear-An expression used by man out of place in the region of sober fact, and wife at the commencement of quarrels. | and to belong purely to the atmosphere of Policeman-A man hired by the corpocumstances-the names for the moment I

Mail :

Bargain-A ludicrous transaction, in am not at liberty to indicate: which each party thinks he cheated the The Earl of ---- married not long ago,

Doctor-A man who kills you to-day to save your life to-morrow. English aristocracy regard with an affec-Author-A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin. however, being more continental in her

Friend-A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will exment appropriated to her use, expressed a Editor-A poor chap who empties his

rain in order to fill his stomach. Wealth-The most respectable quality

Bonnet-A female head dress for front were so awkwardly distributed that by no eats of the opera. conceivable plan of rearrangement could Critic-A bad dog that goes unchained the desired boudoir be fitted in. Thereand barks at everything he does not comupon it became necessary to invoke profes-

prehend. Esquire-Everybody, yet nobody; the equal to Colonel. Jury-Twelve prisoners in a box to try

one at the bar. though at the same time he could not re-State's Evidence-A wretch who gets : sist the impression that there must be anopardon for being baser than his comrades. ther undiscovered room somewhere in Public Abuse-The mud with which all that wing of the mansion. The noble

travelers are spattered on the road to desearl laughed at the idea; the oldest sertruction. vents and retainers of the family were Modesty-A beautiful flower that flourquestioned, and declared that they had ishes in secret places. never heard even a rnmor of its existence.

Lawyer-A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and resorted to, but without effect. Still the

architect retained his conviction, and dekeeps it himself. The Grave-An ugly hole in the earth, clared himself ready to stake his profeswhich lovers and poets wish they were in sional reputation on the result. The earl but take uncommon pains to keep out of. at last consented to let the walls be bored. Tragedian-A fellow with a tin pot on and, when an opening had been made, not his head, who stalks about the stage and only was the room found, but a sight pregets into a terrible passion for so much a sented itself which almost defeats attempt

night. at description. The apartment was fitted Marriage-The gate through which an up in the richest and most luxurious style enchanted lover leaves the blissful region of 150 years since. A quantity of ladies and returns to earth. apparel lay about the room, jewels were

Death-An impudent fellow who visits scattered on the dressing table, and, bnt for the faded aspect which everything people at all seasons, without invitation, and insists upon their immediately returnwore, the chamber might have been tenanted half an hour previously. On aping the call.

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

Virtue-An awkwaid habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word, which creates great mirth in fashion. able 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 GIPSY. CHAPTER I.

remained hermetically sealed up to the It was a beautiful evening in the dawn present day, when according to the best of summer. Two forms were sitting in calculations, after the lapse of a century and a half, daylight has accidentally penedow of a twelve thousand dollar housetrated into this chamber of horrors, which, heavily mortgaged-in the upper part of this city. The hand of one rested lovingly on that of the other, and the arm of one to the surprise of all concerned, has been discovered in one of the noblest mansions in the county of —____. THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER JOB PRIVING ESTABLISHMENT. No. 8 NORTH DUKE STRRET, LANCASTER, PA. The Jobing Department is thoroughly furinshed with new and elegant type of every description, and is under the charge of a practical and experienced Job Printer.-The Proprietors are prepared to PRINT CHEORE, NOTES, LEGAL, BLANKS, CARDS AND CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS AND HANDBILLS, PROGRAMMES AND POSTERS, PAPEE BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS, BALL TICKETS AND INVITATIONS, PRINTING IN COLOSS AND PLAIN PRINTING, with nestness, accuracy and dispatch, on the most resigna-ble terms, and in a manor not excelled by any establish-ment in the city.

words. This is a small sample of their small talk.

love. Bid me undertake any mission you battle lost, and that he wiped the cold please, and I will obey. Aye, even though sweat from his brow, saying, Would that it be-to cut my hair short-sacrifice my Blucher or night were come.' moustache--were large boots, or work for

O Charles ! oslm yourself. Do not

MANUAL AND DRILL BOOK, FOR MA the use of all Volntieer and Millia, Fordat, FOR rected, and adapted to the discipling of the solvier of the present day, by an officer in the United States Army At J.M. WarthARERING, may 16 tr 18] No. 44, Corner N. Quien & Orange stat miding speak in this terrible strain ; you make me it was shudder. No, Charles, I love you for your-Grouchy. It ought to have been. It was self alone.' Then placing her hand gently

made in an English county that it seems tion of LOOKING GLASS, PIOTURE AND PORTRAIT FRAMES, the three-volume novel. Here are the oir-

LOOR ING GLASS, PIOTURE AND PORTRAIT FRAMES, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PIER, WALL, OVAL AND MANTEL GLASSES, CONNECTING CORNICES, BASE AND BRACKET TABLES, WITH MARBLE S L A B S, TOILET GLASSES, AC, AC. Mouldings for Picture Frames, in lengths mitable for transportation, either GHL, Berling, Rosewood, Oak, Zebra, Birlseye, Mabogany, &c. Our new Manufactory and ex-tensive facilities enable us to furnish any article in our-tine which they can possibly require, at prices lower than they can purchase also where. Orders by mail attended to with promptness. Do not fail to call when you visit New York. OFFICE AND WAREADOMS: NO. 216 CHARLES, NO. 216 CHARLES, NO. 216 CHARLES, DETICA ON WAREADOMS: NO. 216 CHARLES, NEW YORK. and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions which members of the tion amounting to veneration. The lady, Vork. No. 215 CENTRE ST., NEW YORK. HORACE V. SIGLER, Agent. tastes, after a short residence in the apart-

mar 25 3m 11] wish to have a boudoir in the vicinity of DRY GOODS ATOLD PRICES

her bedroom. The noble earl would gladly WENTZ BROS. have complied with the request, but upon Have in store a large stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, examination, it was found that the rooms, as sometimes happens in antique buildings,

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patterns, and will plait to order BRAOKLEFTS, BRAOKLEFTS, BRARELEFTS, BREAST PINS, OROSSES, NEOKLACES, GUARD AND VEST ORTAINS, 45° Orders enclosing the hair to be plaited may be sent by mail. Gives drawing as near as you can on paper, and enclose such amount as you may choose to pay. Costs as follows: Ear Hings \$2 to \$5 - Breast Pins \$3 to \$5' - Finger Rings 75 cents to \$3.50 - Vest Chains \$6 to \$7-Necklaces \$2 to \$10. 45° Hair put into Medallons, Box Breast Pins, Bings, \$c. OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT AT FAIR BATTES, apr 16

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HAIR DRESSING AND SHAVING HAIR DRESSING AND SHAVING SAMUEL J. WILLIAMS takes pleasure in notifying his numerous filends and customers, that he has removed his Saloon from Cooper's Hotel to the basement under Peter M'Conomy's Shoe Store, in West King street, near the M riket House, and has fitted it up in new and eleganit style for the accommodation of customers. HAIR DRESSING, SHAVING AND SHAMFOONING done in the m st scientific and fashionable style, and his fourier in perations are performed with the createst ease

the apartment at the time, and its contents

HATE DESCRIPT, SHAVING AND SHAMPOONING done in the motions are performed with the greatest ease and comfort to all concerned. He will also color the hair and whiskers, and guarántes the colors to be applied without injury to either. Give the Professor a call, and be fasters binself that he will be able to render general satisfaction. AGP Don't make a mistake and get into the wrong ahop. Recollect, it is immediately under M'Conomy's Shoe Store. apr 15 tf 14]

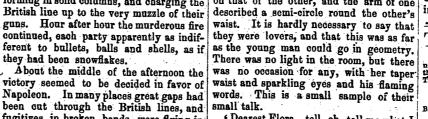
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fugitives, in broken bands, were flying in 'Dearest Flora, tell, oh tell me what I dismay towards Brussels. It is said that can do to make myself more worthy of your Dearest Flora, tell, oh tell me what I