

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.
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"LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"—Webster.

You would sever the Union—but can you undo the relations of brother to brother?

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had passed out of his possession altogether, and on going home he charged Fanny with having the knowledge of its whereabouts. Anyhow, he said she was the last one who had it. Fanny looked half pleased and half provoked, but admitted that she had met with a similar loss, and as fair exchange was no robbery, she would keep his since she had found it, if he would be satisfied with her's in return. So they thought it a settled matter, and next day, after working hours, Nathan sprang up and strolled over to Uncle Joshua's to ask his consent. The old man sat smoking his pipe in the porch. His evening opera had just begun; the sun was setting, and there was a soft, benign expression about the old gentleman's mouth which Nathan thought boded well for his mission. He was a manly, straightforward young fellow, and after shaking Uncle Joshua's hand, he sat down by his side, and said, gently:

"Uncle Joshua?"

"Fanny, I pause, which Uncle Joshua filled with two long whiffs at his pipe.

"Fanny and I love each other, Uncle."

"The deuce you do."

"She referred me to you, sir,—have you any objections?"

"Any objections to her referring you to me? Of course I haven't, why should I?"

"Any objections to our getting married, Uncle Joshua?"

"Getting married, eh! Well, what would you do with a wife?"

"Does her and cherish her?"

"Love that mean support her?"

"Why, of course, sir."

"And what have you to support her with?"

"Two stout arms, and a stout heart, sir."

"Well, they won't do for my Fanny, Nathan, no how. Fanny hasn't been educated and accomplished, and made a lady of, just to throw herself away upon some young country chap, who, one of these days, will be just such a stolid old farmer as her father. Now, I've seen you kinder hanging round here a good deal, but I never dreamed it was Fanny you was after. I don't believe in cousins marrying, anyhow, for the Bible expressly forbids it."

"It forbids only the marriage of second cousins, sir."

"Well, whoever wrote that law, didn't suppose first cousins would ever be such fools as to wish to marry."

"I believe I could make Fanny happy, Uncle Joshua."

"May be you could; but my grandchildren would all be idiots."

"Oh, Uncle!"

"Nathan, 'taint no use talking—Fanny don't know her own mind yet—she can't marry each other, and as long as you imagine she ought to be your wife, and she thinks you ought to be her husband, why, the less you see of each other the better. Just keep away from her after this, and when Fanny gets over this nonsense and is married to some one else, you may be as cousins again; till then, you must be to each other nothing."

"We shall be all the world to each other, always."

"I've no doubt you think so Nathan, replied Uncle Joshua, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe; 'but mind, you must come here no more, and don't let me hear of your enticing Fanny into any clandestine meetings; if you do, it will be the worse for you. Go home now, like a good lad, and get rid of the matter of noisiness at once. I don't want to fall out with you, my own sister's son, but if you persist in this matter at all, then I shall declare war."

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"Uncle Joshua let me see Fanny, just to bid her good bye."

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you no more until you are the wife of some one else. He has given you up sick and clean, and I hope you've got too much spunk to feel any hankering for him, after that."

Fanny's cheek flushed very hotly, then grew white again. She swallowed a quick sob, and said:

"Very well, if after all he said to me last night, he can give me up in this way, I'm sure I don't care. He didn't even bid me good-bye!"

Uncle Joshua thought by the way the bluish shade settled around Fanny's mouth, that she did care a vast deal more than she imagined she could.

"To-morrow afternoon, in time for tea?"

"Never had Fanny felt such a dread of 'to-morrow afternoon' in all her life. It came at last, and she knew the expected guest had arrived, because Uncle Joshua was in the parlor down stairs talking to somebody, and that somebody, she felt sure, was Jeffrey Jacobs.

"I'll run out and get the eggs out of the speckled hen's nest," thought Fanny, before I put on my bonnet, and slapping his hand on his knee, said, 'let 'em marry, let 'em marry, Joshua, you're rich enough, if Nathan ain't and you can set 'em up in such style, as would make Mr. Jacobs' eyes water.' Acting upon the kindly impulse he started for the house.

Meanwhile, Fanny had been started at seeing a tall shadow fall across the threshold, and looking up, she clasped her two little hands over her breast and ejaculated, 'oh, Nathan! The next moment he had her in his arms, and their lips had been as cousins will sometimes. Then Fanny drew herself up and stepped back.

"How is it, Nathan, you come to see me to-day, when you have kept away so long, and besides, gave me up without bidding me good-bye?"

"May Fanny, said Nathan, his subaltern reddening a little, 'you don't know how Uncle Joshua talked to me. He told me never to set foot in his house again if you were put out of my reach, by being married to some one else."

"Oh, Nathan, did father say that?"

"Indeed he did; and he forbade my bidding you good bye, and I have had such a lonely, wretched feeling in my heart all this time. Then I heard you were soon to be married to this New York chap as is staying around here, and I couldn't keep away any longer."

"Why, Nathan, I would like to have some fair pick him up and set him down gently on the summit of Mount Blanc. I wouldn't marry Mr. Jacobs if he and I were the last of creation, and only one strip of green turtur left for us two to inhabit, I would either jump off, or push him off, that's sure, for I can't bear him."

"Oh, Fanny, what a relief to me to hear you say that! It pays me for sneaking into his house in this way, when I've been as good as turned out of it. I felt mean to do it, might mean; but, oh, Fanny, if you only love me still, and will always love me, I would walk into the dominion of the Fire King himself, though he waved a fire-brand in my face to keep me out."

Again their lips met in that cooingly sweet and just at that moment they heard Uncle Joshua's step coming towards the door.

"He mustn't find you here, Nathan—Father, you know, is so set in his way—he would never forgive you. Here, she cried lifting up the lid of the lounge, 'jump in here—lie down, and I will let you out just as soon as I can."

Nathan was in, the lid closed, and the cushion replaced on the lounge before Nathan fairly knew what he was about.—When Uncle Joshua came in, Fanny was on her knees brushing up some shreds into the dust pan. Unobserved she managed to put her lips close to one of the knot holes and whisper, 'oh, you breathe?' to which Nathan as softly replied, 'Yes, but it is awful hot here."

Uncle Joshua sat down and called Fanny to his knees.

"You are looking pale, child, and you're troubled. What ails you? Tell your old father, Fanny."

"I am not sick father, indeed, I am not. How can I be sick? I am not, but I do wish Mr. Jacobs would go away, for I can't bear him."

"What! and you wouldn't marry him, Fanny, if he should ask you to?"

"No, never, never!"

"Well, I s'pose that young scamp Nathan has something to do with that?"

"Mustn't call him a young scamp, father."

"Mustn't call him a young scamp, father. He'll make me one of the best of managers, and wouldn't be carrying you off from the old home as some of these city chaps do, and he'd work the farm as I grew old, and all that?"

"Indeed, indeed, yes! I know he would!" eagerly exclaimed Fanny.

"Well, said Uncle Joshua, drily, 'I don't intend to let him try that game yet awhile. Run and get me a glass of cool water, that's a good child."

Fanny cast an anxious look toward the lounge, and left the room. The instant she vanished, Mr. Jacobs threw up the curtain and stepped in through the window.

"Mr. Grey," he said in a low voice, 'I come to bid you adieu. After knowing Miss Fanny's feelings toward me, as I learned this afternoon, I can no longer stay. I would have loved your daughter, sir, and would have been glad to have lent my wealth toward embellishing this fine old place, but Miss Fanny has willed it otherwise, and I've nothing more to say."

"All right," said Uncle Joshua bluntly; "as for the place, it's got along so far with my means, and I don't want no one else's money to keep it up for the rest of my days. As for Fanny she's a girl of good judgment, and if she cannot like you I s'pose she has reasons for it."

"No doubt she has," Mr. Jacobs said, very much nettled, "and if you lift up the lid of that lounge yonder, I presume you'll find about six feet of her reasons in there."

Uncle Joshua smelt a rat at once; but pretended not to notice Mr. Jacobs' remark, he quietly hid his good bye, hoping his visit had not been so unpleasant this time as not to bear repetition, and as he wished to reach the depot for the evening train, Uncle Joshua stepped to the window and ordered the horses put to and permitted him to go and pack up.

When Fanny re-entered the room her face was lying quietly on the lounge.

"Bring me a pillow, Fanny, I believe I'll take a nap."

Hadn't you better go into the other room, father, it's cooler there."

"No, child, no, I'll stay here, I believe, and s'pose you'll do down and keep the fire off with it smooth."

Poor Fanny! there was no alternative, but the perspiration pouring from her face in sympathy with poor Nathan, who she really believed would melt in that close box. The minutes slipped by—her father still slept, and with tears on her face, she again put her lips to the lounge and said, 'Can you breathe?'"

"What's that, child," said Uncle Joshua, instantly opening his eyes, 'did you ask if I could breathe? I dreamt you did—it's drenched hot here—but I can breathe, oh yes!'"

The next minute he was snoring again, and Fanny, in despair, sat fanning away the flies, not daring to ask Nathan another question, but suddenly she heard him say softly, 'Fanny!'"

"Fanny," said Uncle Joshua quickly, without opening his eyes, 'some one is calling you; run, it may be your aunt; and Fanny, kiss me; good night, child! it is your last time and you must go at once. You need not come back."

Fanny felt as though her heart would break, but she did not reveal the truth of the matter to Uncle Joshua, so trusting that Nathan's excellent constitution would survive his close imprisonment she went away.

In a few minutes Nathan heard Uncle Joshua snoring again, and he made up his mind there was no use trying to endure this any longer. He got up, and brushed his hair, and a steam bath was nothing to this horrid incarceration. He was getting nervous, too, the dimensions of his box were so like a coffin! He shuddered, and the perspiration poured out faster than ever. Suddenly drawing up his knees and pushing with the palms of his hands, he tried to lift the lid of the box. He succeeded in raising it about an inch.

"Hollo, Uncle Joshua, 'hallo within there, what's to pay? Is anybody in a tight box?"

Nathan suppressed a groan.

"Hallo, I say, are there any spirits in this lounge as would like to communicate with me? If so, let them rap."

Nathan gave three very emphatic raps. The hope suddenly entered his heart that he could frighten his tormentor off.

"Are you a relation? Three more distinct raps."

"Are you a dead relation?"

"Almost," groaned Nathan in his most sepulchral tones.

Uncle Joshua chuckled, 'I think I know your spirit, spirit, he said, 'it sounds to me wonderfully like my nephew Nathan's, who used to be hanging round here after my Fanny—I ha'nt seen him in some time—'he's an honest fellow and kept a promise he made me to come here no more—'he's an honorable chap and sticks to what he says. Well, spirit of Nathan, what do you want?"

"Oh, Uncle Joshua," groaned Nathan, in utter despair, 'don't fool with me; let me out and forgive me."

"But I owe you a grudge for trying to tilt me off the lounge a minute ago. Before I let you out, tell me how you got in?"

"I came to see Fanny and hid from you," said the voice of poor Nathan, rendered sepulchral in spite of him.

"And you and Fanny have agreed to give each other up, I s'pose?"

"No, sir, we have agreed never to give each other up—we intend to love on till we die."

"Indeed! Well, what if I give you my will you live here with me, promise to give up chewing tobacco, work the farm and do me nothing every Sunday?"

"With all my heart."

"Upon your honor."

"Yes! Oh, for heaven's sake let me out!"

"Very well. Shade, of Nathan, come forth!"

Uncle Joshua lifted up the lounge and poor Nathan crawled out, looking more like a parboiled beef than a spruce young farmer be.

Uncle Joshua put his hands on his sides and surveyed him. "You've had a warm season, I reckon," said he, "but there's one consolation, it sweat the tan off, I guess, and you'll look all the better for it in the end."

Fanny and Nathan were married; and often now, when Uncle Joshua of a winter's evening sits surrounded by his merry grandchildren, every one of whom are relatives of old saying that cousin's children are always fond, he recalls them with the history of the nap he once took on the old box lounge.

"SAY IT OR Bust!"—The late eloquent and learned Dr. Rice excelled in the fervor and unctious of his prayers. In his morning prayer he was an aged negro, very pious and very excitable, who would always put up such touching feelings. This at length became quite annoying to Dr. Rice, especially as Caesar's hearty 'Amons' not infrequently filled the room. Finally the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplication to the throne of grace. He fairly 'wrestled in prayer.' In the gallery, as usual, sat Caesar, writing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not suppress and would not utter. More and more fervent waxed the prayer—deeper grew Caesar's emotion—more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold out no longer. 'Amen' shouted Caesar. 'Massa Rice, I had to say it or bust!'"

A good joke occurred about a Congressman the other day, in the Army of the Potomac. A Michigan Colonel was in command of the guard. Citizens were prohibited admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal to pass them, saying that they were Congressmen. The corporal stated the case to the Colonel.

"They are Congressmen, are they?"

"So they say, sir."

"Well let them pass and go where they please," let them tramp on torpedoes, go into the magazines, and wherever there is any prospect of their being blown to the devil, for that is the quickest way to end the war."

Good Advice for Matrimonial Candidates.

The following items of advice to the ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness, are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager:

If you have blue eyes, languish.

If black eyes, affect spirit.

If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats and long gaiters.

If you are at least doubtful as to that point, wear the long.

If you have good teeth do not forget to laugh now and then.

If you have bad ones you must only sip.

While you are young, sit with your face to the light.

When you are a little advanced, sit with your back towards the window.

If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone.

If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a low tone.

If you dance ill, dance seldom.

If you dance ill never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no puerile excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of the desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.