

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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2nd GEO. SANDERSON.

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JOSEPH PARKER.—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Black Books, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill-tops, fold upon fold,

Like blood-stained banners with the sky,

Brimmed crimson, red, and frieze gold,

In the setting sun, like clouds laid low;

Down in the valley the storm-burst trees

Droop, heavily laden with falling rain;

And a spray-scattered tremulous breeze

In ripples crost the bending grain.

The winding river like silver streams;

Through drawn rivets that meet and fade;

And the western sun like a golden fire.

The departing sun like a lifeless cloud;

Showed out of the cliff, where stands revealed

The rocky ledge; and the herd appear

Like spots of color within the field.

And the braided banner of clouds are seen

To fever burn as with sudden shade;

Whose yellow mist of smoke between,

Are drawn by a west wind of fire.

And a farmer's boy, all aglow with light,

Looks over the cliff where the cedar grows,

And shades with his hand the dazled sight,

Calls to his comrade down below.

Then the brazen winds nod and ring,

And the swallows sing with him;

A neary arch is the hawk's first wing;

And the swarming landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-side a cottage shines—

The window westward flashes and glows—

Intelles and its shimmering vines

Of grape and vine like a vine;

And there is the two loves were—

Her slender figure his arms enfold;

And ruffles their necks of green and gold.

THE BOAT OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.
Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Where we're all in fraud but buoyant boat,
With a few ripples now and then, serene;

Together I and thou must float;

Beholding oft, on either shore,

Right spots where we should fain;

But time has swayed us, leaving o'er,

And so we speed—away, away,

Should chilling winds and rains come on,

We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—

Set closer till the storm is gone;

And if the sun's too bright for you,

Well know it's bright need not stay,

And happy while 'tis thine and mine,

When we're both afloat, afloat.

A BONNET SONNET.

Here's a tippy little sonnet on a jaunty little bonnet,
With a myrtle-wreath upon it, that I saw at church to-day;

With a bunch of curly below, in many a golden ringlet flowing,

On the lightest breezes outflowing, in wavy wildness playing;

'Twas a dainty, bewitching face in it, with wondrous grace;

And not the faintest trace in it—of anything unpleasing;

Pale and wan, and was, and fair, under two soft waves of hair;

Not too high, and not too fair; just arched like a dove;

And if that fairer hour should shine,

We'll know it's bright need not stay,

And happy while 'tis thine and mine,

When we're both afloat, afloat.

All within this little bonnet,

With the myrtle-wreath upon it.

ALL COUSINS TOGETHER.

BY FRANCES LEE.

The Cobb family were at breakfast,
"A little more gravy, if you please," said Mrs. Cobb.

As she raised her plate there was a loud, single knock at the door, which opened instantly, apparently of itself.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Wigglin," said Mr. Cobb to himself in a disappointed tone, as though he had expected to see the Secretary of War—or at least a contraband.

"Good morning, Mr. Wigglin," said he affably aloud.

"Your servant, Sir! Good Morning!" returned the visitor, stamping the snow from his boots in the same emphatic manner that he spoke. He was so large a man that he seemed exaggerated, with hair that had once been red, and whiskers that still were.

"Help yourself to a chair, Mr. Wigglin," said Mrs. Cobb, who had forgotten all about wanting gravy. But he preferred the corner of the wood box, where he sat with an old hat on his head and his brown hands clasped about one knee, as fearing it might in its energy, walk away of itself.

"I may as well be brief, and come right to the point. I am a plain man, as you know, neighbor Cobb, and when I have anything to say, speak out a *leettle-blunt*, we'll say, without the ceremony and palaver that certain ones of our neighbors have—I won't call no names on this occasion, you understand who I mean well enough." Of course he meant Colonel Dempster, to whom he was opposed in every thing, simply because it was his nature and life, to be opposed to somebody. Having given the inevitable hit at the urbane Colonel, he proceeded: "My business, and the reason why I called so early this morning, is to have some talk with you about buying young critters. It is my purpose and intention to take a fair start-to-morrow mornin' for Vermont, to look for some. I believe I am not mistaken in thinking you want more stock, and therefore I called in to say if you want to join me in an expedition of this kind, be ready to step aboard my craft at precisely half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning. I am a man of few words, what do you say, neighbor Cobb, yes or no?"

Neighbor Cobb took a moment to consider, and then assenting to his need of more stock, didn't know but he could arrange to leave home to-morrow as well as any time.

"Half-past five o'clock precisely! I have told you just how it is; I want to get an early start," reiterated Mr. Wigglin, and releasing his knee from durance, without the fashionable superfluity of administering the oath of allegiance, he followed it actively through the door-way.

At half-past five precisely, on the next morning, the mercury stood at a disconcerting distance below zero, but Mr. Wigglin's blue ping and gray horse drew up before Mr. Cobb's gate, with all the more zest, for he had an especial relish for generalizing the weather, and never yielded his plans a whit for its rigor or inclemency.

"How long have you been in the country?"

"And what is it ye'll be after spakin' about the likes of me?" returned the girl, turning about and spilling a quan-

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

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1862.

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The travelers were leagues away from their pig-sies and milk-pails when the sun came back from China, and showed with what opals and diamonds the prodigal frost king had been decorating even the humblest way-side bush and tree; and before nightfall they were near an old and aristocratic town, where Mrs. Cobb's cousin, Mrs. Doctor Danvers, resided.

"What do you say to giving cousin Danvers a call?" said Mr. Cobb.

"I am agreed to that," returned Mr. Wigglin. "But how is it, have your folks straw and provender enough?"

"Yes! I expect they are very forc'd-handed people, and Doctor Danvers is quite a likely sort of a man, I should judge by what little I have seen of him. They visited us once, some years ago, but has so happened we have never returned their call."

After some inquiry as to the way, the gray horse and blue ping stopped in front of Doctor Danvers' stately mansion just as the sun started off back to China again.

"I'll run in and see if the folks are at home," said Mr. Cobb, while Mr. Wigglin held in the gray horse with all his might, shouting: "Whoa! whoa! whoa, whirr!"

He was a cousin too, isn't he?" said Hespy, looking at Mr. Cobb, as she proceeded to stir up a Johnny cake for the passengers.

"I hope you are entertaining yourselves," said she. "The Doctor and I have an engagement this evening, so I trust you will excuse us, and make yourselves comfortable. If you would like to retire before we return, Geraldine will show you your room."

"I reckon these are folks who are as good as you think," said Mr. Cobb, beckoning with his hand to Mr. Wigglin to the sprited gray and follow him in.

"I will not waste your time describing the state of the atmosphere in the house, by the time Geraldine had discovered which gas pipe was leaking, except to say with Mr. Wigglin that it smelt most killingly."

"We must try to get off as early as we can this morning," said he, before cock-crowing, in a hopeless tone.

"We can get along well enough to camp down among the children. It would be kinder handy to have another room, but I hope you will put up with it, seeing as we are all cousins together, as it were."

"I guess I will go in and wait till they come. I suppose I am some connection of Mrs. Danvers," returned Mr. Cobb, beckoning with his hand to Mr. Wigglin to the sprited gray and follow him in.

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