

The Lancaster Intelligencer

"THEY COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROGRESSIVE WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." RUSSKAM.

VOL. LXIII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1862.

NO. 32.

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Translated from the German of Schiller, by the Rev. Charles F. Johnson.

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men carrying the wounded. Before I got
half way there, one of the enemy's horses
came charging toward me, and with
a sudden bound I caught it. Having
mounted, I was riding as fast as I
could, when a body of cavalry came charging
along, with the bugler sounding
charge. I would have given these fellows
a wide berth, but unfortunately my com-
panioned fool of a horse would not let me.
Taking the bit in his teeth, he rushed
directly in among them; and I, being a
good deal excited and confused, thought I
was now obliged to fight, whether I would
or not. Had it occurred to me that I
could surrender myself a prisoner of war,
I should unquestionably have done so at
once; but instead of this, I began to lay
about me, right and left, with no particular
design in view, except it might be to get
away as quick as I could. Surely they
must have thought me either a madman or
a fool, to contend single-handed against
such odds, and they treated me accord-
ingly. Sabres flashed, blows fell, and soon
a broken arm and a broken head, I
dropped from my horse, and the little
signal I possessed trampled out of me on the
ground.

AN ANGEL.

A little paper boy sat down on the
curbstone and tried to think. His feet
were bare, and old; but never mind that.
The child air penetrated his ragged
garments; but never mind that. He
wanted to think. Who are those people
passing him, looking so warm and com-
fortable? What did it mean that they
should be so warm and comfortable?
He should be happy and cheerful, and be so
happy and cheerful as they were. He
heard that a man had such such
a heart; that he was well, with such a
will, and who lived up there? Somebody
said that God would take care of him.
Where was God. Why didn't He take
care of him? O if he could only see God
for one little minute, or the angel that
the good man told him when his mother
died! Did folks ever see God? Did they
ever see angels?

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

THE PIONEER'S LAST SHOT.
We question whether in all the history
of "hair-breadth escapes" a parallel to the
following can easily be found. The story
was told us by an old and valued friend
residing in the country near this city, and
whose early days were spent near the
scene of the tragic adventure here re-
corded.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

The dog is a Methodist, but his
attentions he attends the family on their
to church leaves them at the house of the
Lord where they attend, and goes on his
solitary and unbroken way till he comes to
the Methodist church, which is a little
further on. When he reaches the church,
he goes upstairs, and has a particular
place in which he sits; and when an in-
truder ventures into his place, he barks
madly, and his barking is a sign of his
displeasure and annoyance
that does the dog. His seat yielded, he
attends the service with decorum, and pays
dogmatical attention to the word of Scrip-
ture. Every Sunday he can be seen on his
way to church, foul weather as in fair—
and his denominational prejudices are as
well known as those of any gentleman in
town.

A SCHOOL BOY'S PRANK.

Two boys of
tender age, who went by the name of Tom
and Jack, became members of a district
school in a certain town. On making
their appearance the teacher called them
up before the assembled scholars, and pro-
ceeded to make certain interrogatories
concerning their names, ages, parents, &c.
"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to
one, "what is your name?"
"Tom, sir," very promptly responded the
juvenile.
"Tom does not sound well. Remember
always speak the full name. You should
have said Thompson."
Then, turning to the other boy, whose
expectant face suddenly lit up with the
satisfaction of a newly comprehended
idea; the teacher inquired:
"Now, then, my son, can you tell me
what your name is?"
"Jack-uss," replied the lad in a tone of
confident decision.

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