

# The Lancaster Intel.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." -BUCHANAN.  
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## THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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## SNOW AND SLEIGHING.

Poets are inspired by snow, just as sedate pedestrians indulge in merry shouts about snow-falls.—Take for instance the following:  
Now, spirit in white, with footstep light,  
Come trooping down the sky—  
Like shapes of a dream, or like angels they seem,  
As they float so airily by.  
Oh, the winter snow the winter snow!  
We loved it once full well!  
And with childish awe, ringing merrily out,  
Hailed the snowy shower as it fell!  
But now, since we know that under the snow,  
Lies the light of day,  
There are treasures fair—treasures more rare,  
In darkness hidden away.  
Our gladness is o'er, and we love no more  
To see the snow-fall come;  
For a heavy chill, and a sense of ill,  
It brings to our hearts and home.  
Oh, the treasures fair! the treasures so rare,  
Hidden under the snow,  
Are not the sweet flowers that in summer hours  
Set much and music a-flow.  
Something more bright to our yearning sight,  
Something fairer than they,  
Lies long under the snow.  
On the bleak and cold day,  
If we think of the daisies of dead,  
Under this covering lid,  
What a deep pang of sorrow and hearts know  
For that something that is hid!  
Oh, snow-fake fair! fall light as air!  
Fall light and soft, I pray,  
On the treasures we so dearly regret,  
Buried, and hidden away.  
A merrier strain is sung by "John," in a New York sporting journal:  
What ho! my boy, turn out, turn out!  
The snow is light and soft,  
And everything at Tattersall's!  
That can, this day, may go!  
Get down the stage, rig shafts and poles,  
See them put on together;  
The fancy may be afraid of cold,  
And this is "catting" water.  
Shake out the reins, string all the bells,  
Foot stoves and straw a-plenty;  
And horses range to suit demand,  
From one to six or seven.  
And mind you have "him" or "out,"  
"Woe" orders come, "Woe" orders come,  
"I wish you were a horse,"  
Must put these on and through.  
Have patches ready (under the seat,  
Let's get the whole day;  
But lady's fancy may be nursed,  
And she'll be out in a trice.  
Big Sorel! Tom and Dincher match,  
They'll move along together;  
No matter how the runners scratch,  
Or slowly get the water.

## THE OLD MOTHER.

Poor old lady, set her aside—  
Her children are grown, and her work is done;  
In their service she toiled many years,  
But she's gone away, and her place is vacant.  
Give her a home, for decency's sake,  
In some back room, far out of the way,  
Where her arched back and her wrinkled brow,  
It might catch your eye when you would be gay.  
Strive to forget how she toiled for you,  
And credit you on her loving breast—  
To her sorrow and her grief, and her pain,  
Many an hour when she could not sleep.  
No matter for that—buckle her off;  
Your friends might wish for her witty say;  
But to "wear patches" on her old back,  
Get her out of the way of the coming guest.  
Once you valued her cheerful voice,  
Her hearty laugh and her merry song;  
But to "wear patches" on her old back,  
Her jokes too sharp, her tales too long.  
So, poor old lady, bustle her off—  
Her cheerful room let her sit alone;  
She must not meet her guests to-night,  
For her children are grown and her work is done.

## EUGENE HARTLEY AND I.

By LEONORE GLENN.  
It was just at the sunset hour of a calm autumn day that Eugene Hartley moored at a few rods from our cottage. I can remember so well how the setting sun's rays glistened on the glass of the boat that evening, and how softly they rested on the little ripples of the broad river.—The bell rang and the boat pushed out from shore, every moment widening the gulf between my heart and that of Eugene Hartley. He turned his handsome face earnestly toward me as I stood in the doorway, and I saw that his eyes were full of the rose bushes that clustered around the door, and smiling sadly, waved his hand once more, then turned around and walked away.  
I watched the boat till it was a mere speck far down the river, and its waves had ceased to wash the pebbled shores, and then I felt for the first time that I was alone.—I sat by my window, watching the moonbeams playing over the water, and listening to the wild screams of the night birds in the neighboring grove till the night was far gone. My heart wept over the loneliness and would not be comforted.  
Eugene Hartley and I were to be married in just one year; yet how long a time it seemed to pass! I was long time to the picture but it served to occupy my attention.  
Hurried letters came irregularly from Eugene, but he almost ceased to speak of his business. He told me to try to have the picture of the boat departing completed by the time he came back, which would be some time during the winter. So I worked with renewed vigor.  
October came, and the sketch was finished and framed. I was very proud of it, for it was the first one I had ever made without a copy. I hung it up just exactly a year from the day Eugene had left. He was well my mind was nearly wholly taken up by my household cares, or I should have been utterly wretched. As it was, I had but little time of my own, except in the evenings, and part of these I usually spent down by the water's edge, looking as far as I could see down the river, and watching the reflection of the glimmering stars as they danced over the water, while from above they looked down on me sweetly, almost sadly. I thought, and in listening to the murmur of the tiny waves that rippled so softly at my feet. Perhaps it was a foolish whim, but I felt nearer to him while standing there than in any place else, because it was there I last saw him.  
In just a week his first letter came. It was written on the boat, and filled with glowing descriptions of the beautiful scenery along the river; of the amusements and enjoyments in the evenings; of the pleasant company on board, and finally wound up by telling me of his good health, and especially how well he was, and that I must try to enjoy myself while he was away, to make the time fly faster. It was a very cheerful letter, and I felt more light hearted after I received it.  
The days rolled on, I suppose the same as they always had done, but to me they seemed much longer. I heard regularly from Eugene every two weeks. He seemed much pleased with his business, the place

## and people, and always wrote encouragingly.

On I shall never forget those bright, quiet autumn days. It was well that I enjoyed them so much, for the dark hours came soon enough. I remember I used to wander away sometimes to the grand old woods to think. My soul drank deep in the hushed and solemn music there, and the wild, tempestuous throbbings, and yearnings were calmed into a peaceful quiet. I always felt better after a ramble there, and even now I cherish the memory of those hours as among the sweetest of my existence. But the chilling winds and light snowflakes at length ended that pleasure for me, and as I had more time than during the summer for amusement, I commenced taking driving lessons. I loved it and threw my whole soul into my work, consequently improved rapidly—so my teacher told me at least. He was one of the most splendid-looking men I had ever met, and he had a pleasant, winning way in speaking that made him very agreeable. I liked him very much, and as I had never had a brother he seemed to fill that place exactly. I remember one afternoon he was unusually sad and thoughtful, and after vainly endeavoring to fix his mind on his lesson, said to me:  
"Put it all away, Edith; it is no use to try—I can't work to-day."  
"Does anything trouble you, Mr. Allison?" I ventured to ask.  
"I will tell you all about it," he replied; and taking a miniature from his pocket he gazed at it almost mournfully for a few seconds, and passing it to me said:  
"Is there not some one there?"  
I never saw a sweeter, lovelier face.—Without waiting for me to reply, he continued—  
"It is two years to-day since Annie Gray died. She was the day-star of my existence, and since her death my footsteps have been without a guide. I pray God you may never suffer as I have done through these two long dreary years. It has been one unchanging round of misery. I was left so lonely, but I could not interest myself in drawing any longer that day. My sympathies were awakened, and I almost forgot my own loneliness in pitying his.  
The next day a letter came from Eugene. It was a week after the usual time, but the miniature it contained made amends for the long days of waiting. I would scarcely have known it, his beard was heavier, and for the first time since I had known him he wore moustache. I was a little disappointed. It would have been much pleasanter if he had looked just as he did the evening he went away, but still it was better than none at all.  
The winter wore on, and I lived almost alone with my pencil. If I did not receive letters as long, or so often, from Eugene as when he first left, I attributed it to his pressing business, but I could not forget nearly every time, though I could not help feeling somewhat unhappy, I scarcely knew about what.  
It was on the last day of spring that I was to take my last lesson of Mr. Allison, for he could not content himself in any place long at a time; and he had become weary of our quiet place, although he had quite a number of pupils. It was a sad day to me, for I had learned to look upon him as a valued friend; then he had always had so kind and patient a way in pointing out my defects—I knew I should miss his ever ready hand many times when commencing a new picture.  
"Persevere with the instructions I have given you, Edith, and in a year or two, perhaps, I will call and see what progress you have made. Good bye."  
This was about all he said during the entire lesson. He was sadder than usual, and I knew his thoughts were not with the present or living.  
I continued my efforts during my spare time, and finished—as I thought—some pretty pictures; and so the hours passed by.  
One day in July, I received a short letter from Eugene, saying it would be an impossibility for him to return at the stated time, but that he would send his name to a check, and that he must spend every minute to clear it up. This was a sad blow to me, and it was several days before I could reconcile myself to the thought at all. I went down to the river shore one evening to listen to the waves. It seemed such a long, long time since he had gone away, yet I could recollect exactly how he looked as he stood on the bank of the river, and how he had always once darkened that doorway might be well seen by the Inca, said:  
"Young man of the hills, where the Inca is ever known, subject to Huasca, has that chosen the child of the vales in preference to the daughter of thy sovereignty?"  
To which the youth, after steadfastly regarding the Inca, replied:  
"The will of the great source of light be done. The sentence of the Inca is just."  
Then, turning to the girl, he added:  
"I go now with joy to dwell where I shall await thy coming, to possess thee forever."  
"But wherefore couldst thou work," then said the girl, "accomplish the work which thou hast undertaken?"  
"It had been done," said the youth, "had the labor been accompanied with the hope of possessing thee."  
At this reply the young girl, suddenly throwing off her upper garments, which had hidden these which would have betrayed her true character, and taking the entranced youth by the hand, advanced up to the foot of the throne of the Inca, and exclaimed:  
"Great father of the children of the sun, I whom thou lovest as thyself, demand the remission of the sentence against the youth, now bound down before thee, until he be known whether the great work he had undertaken can be accomplished or not."  
Inca Huasca, whose affection for his daughter was beyond all other feelings, electrified by the occurrence, signified his assent to the proposal. A few months after this the great aqueduct was completed, and the engineer and the princess became man and wife.

## THE INCA'S DAUGHTER.

A PERUVIAN LEGEND.

Huasca, the Inca of Peru, who reigned at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and who was remarkable for his love of the arts, especially those connected with the improvement of his capital, proclaimed that whoever would find means of conveying water with facility to his palace and to Cuzco, should receive in marriage his youngest daughter, then a beautiful girl in the first bloom of womanhood. This offer was no sooner made, than a young man appeared, called Huasca, who declared himself capable of performing the great work. He was immediately furnished with as many men and all the materials, which he thought proper to demand, and the work was commenced.  
While the work, however, was in progress, an incident occurred which damped the ardor of the youth for the accomplishment of what he had undertaken, and seemed to overthrow all expectations of its ever being completed. Among the numerous attendants upon the workmen for the preparation of their food, and the care of the camp in which they dwelt, there appeared a great beauty, who, while attending upon her father, was observed by the youthful engineer, who became so violently enamored that his attention was distracted and turned from the object upon which his mind had hitherto been bent. He saw that the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken would result in his marriage with the daughter of the Inca, and this, though accompanied by all the honors the sovereign could bestow, would deprive him of that which he valued more than life, and tie him to a bride whom he had never seen, and had now ceased to desire to know.  
Owing to this state of Huasca's mind, neglect, languor and disorder reigned in the camp. At first seemed to every one as if it were a conviction on the part of the engineer, that the accomplishment of the work was beyond his power. Some time passed without any change, during which Huasca had frequent opportunities of meeting the young attendant to whom he had become attached. This, however, was by and by remarked by the people in such a manner as to induce the young girl to retire and return no more to the camp. Huasca still more the mind of the engineer, who was unable to obtain any further information concerning her.  
The confusion into which everything was now thrown became known to the Inca, who soon learned also the real cause of the engineer's default, and determined to take his revenge by putting to death the subject of his sorrow. The character, however, of the offense was such that Huasca was forced to appear before his executioner, and appeared, guarded, in the presence of the Inca, who sat upon his throne, surrounded by his nobles. Huasca, happening to be a man of moderate passions, asked the culprit, in the presence of his nobles, whether he had anything to say before his execution in extenuation of the crime he had committed by treating his sovereign with contempt.  
To this the young man replied, that he had only to thank his sovereign for all the favors he had received, and more especially for that he was about to receive, which would place him beyond the reach of such suffering as he had endured since he had become acquainted with the innocent cause of his misfortune.  
At the moment that the Inca was about to command the tender mercies of the executioner, the girl who had been so suddenly appeared among the crowd of nobles, dressed as she had been in the camp of the workmen, and rushing into the centre of the hall, exclaimed:  
"Stay, Inca! Arrest the hand of justice for a moment, while I put one question to the unfortunate culprit. It shall be such as the Inca will not disapprove."  
From the moment of this strange appeal upon the demand of the girl, there was no sound heard. The whole of the nobles present remained motionless and silent. But, had no embarrassment overwhelmed them, the presence of their sovereign would have restrained equally their words and their acts. Huasca, who alone seemed unmoved, nodded assent to the demand of the girl, who now walked up to the youth, and laying her right hand upon his forehead, and standing a little on one side, that his countenance might be well seen by the Inca, said:  
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## From Huu's Travels in Peru and Mexico.

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## Giving a Fellow the Sack Literally.

A green, awkward girl, the daughter of wealthy parents in Arkansas, having come to New Massachusetts, to be educated, a young dentist, named Brown, conceived a notion that his shortest road to fortune would be to marry her. But then she was the laughing stock of the seminary, because she was so gaunt, masculine and ungenteled in her dress, and Brown felt that it would require all his nerve to stand the ridicule of several of the young pupils with whom he had flirted until he was satisfied that they had no money or expectation of any.  
However, he consoled himself with the reflection that he should speedily obtain influence enough over her to enable him to become, in a measure, her adviser in the matter of costume, manner, &c. The foremost thought was to amend her long, lank form, by the aid of orisoline, which she had never worn, and his flattery had no sooner secured him a confidential place in her good graces, than he ventured to make her present a pair of pink skirt or sack, together with a hint to fix up pretty handsomely for a ball, to which he had invited her.  
The night arrived, the party were assembled, and the Arkansas damsel made her grand entrance from the ladies' dressing room, amid the titter of laughter from the school girls and village belles. The hoop sack was shockingly out of shape, projecting in front like the spouting horn of Noah; but that was nothing more than the exposure it made of her somewhat inconspicuous black hose, the fascinations of which were somewhat augmented by yellow rosettes of her white satin slippers (men's size) encasing her delicate feet. To complete Brown's horror, her flaxen head and freckled face were "set off" with a profusion of green and yellow bow knots, of formidable size, intended to do execution as hair ornaments.  
Madam, who, at sixty, the disappointed dentist went through the first dance with her, taking little or no pains to conceal his disgust, and then hurried away to the whit room to escape the compliments and sarcastic ridicule of his old flames.  
The unfortunate partner, who was clear grit, was deeply incensed when informed of her abandonment, and some of the sympathizers advised her to "give him the sack"; but that was nothing more than the exposure it made of her somewhat inconspicuous black hose, the fascinations of which were somewhat augmented by yellow rosettes of her white satin slippers (men's size) encasing her delicate feet. To complete Brown's horror, her flaxen head and freckled face were "set off" with a profusion of green and yellow bow knots, of formidable size, intended to do execution as hair ornaments.  
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