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TERMS.

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UNLIKE, YET LIKE.

There is a blue which paints the sea at morning, When skies are bright and treacherous breezes fair There sea-gulls sail, the snowy wavelet scouring, And cut-with treless wing the fragrant air. A darker hue in solemn distance warning. Where gallant fives have grappled with despair

How like the eye of Woman, sad and tender, Revealing, hiding all her heart-profound; Retealing of storms from which no walls defend her, Or of some trust the tempest has not found; Flashing in Love's bright morn with burning splen-dor. Or darkening where some mighty hope went down.

III. There is a blue the distant mountain folding, When autumn sun-sets linger on the height; The craggy outline all to beauty moulding, As slowly robing for the coming night:

A solemn court the giant monarch holding Above the world, in ione, majestic night.

So looks the eye of him whose patient seeking So looks the eye of him whose patient seeking Beholds how all things in their order stand: No idle vengeace on the sinful wreaking, He strives to find what mighty Love has planned: To him the earth, in myriad voices speaking, Tells of a glorious thought in structure grand.

But looking upward from the waters glanding, And from the mountain, solemn and at rest, Above the clouds in golden radiance dancing, Behold a blue, the beauteous and the best! A sapphire path o'er which the coursers prancing, Bear Phobus onward to the glowing West.

Eves of Childhood! with thy blue supernal, As spring hides summer 'neath her vesture vernal, As skies hold stars and suns while nature sleeps: What promise fair, what gleams of hope eternal The gazer finds, and choice the vision keeps.

----THE PEACEFUL WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing, Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morr,
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
To tade till trembling stars begin to shine. A little longer yet, a little longer, Shall starry night be beautiful to thee And the cold moon shall look through the blue

Flooding her silver path upon the sea. A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will, Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer, Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer still—patience, beloved!—
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and Divine, that wait thy soul.

A little longer ere life true, immortal, (Not this our shadowy life.) will be thine own, And thou shalt stand where winged archangels A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee, And fills thy spirit with a great delight

Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgo Our sun a darkness, and our day a night. A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,

And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal, No mortal knows and lives shall then be thine A little longer yet, and angel voices Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear, Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

A COLLOQUY. A. L. AND THE COMET. A. L.-Stop, comet, stop! here am I, Abraham Lincoln.

Boss of the universal Yankee nation;
For you I've done the best I could think on.
In bringing out my gracious Prochamation;
Give us your tail—I'll mount and ride afar—
Comet.—Hi-yah!

A. L.-Comet! behave yourself, and don't be huf

To me, who offer such sincere embraces; What though the process prove a little roughlish,
I'm bound to mirgle up our severat races; Red folks I hang, but black ones dearer are— Comet.—Hi-yah! Hi-yah!

A. L —Comet, hold on! it is derogatory
To my exalted station thus to treat me:
Come; let me tell you now a little story—
What! can the slippery rescal mean to cheat n Have I been spatching at a shooting star? Comst.—Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Boston Courier.

TEN YEARS AGO.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

We stood in the gloaming, Willie and I listening to the wind sighing among the trees, and to the beating of our hearts .-We stood there silently, fearing to trust just one hour for three long years! We had agreed to bear this parting

calmly; but it is no light thing to part calmly from your only friend. Willie thought so, too, for the deep eyes that I thought you had gone to the opera.' looked down into mine were unutterably sad, and the proud lips trembled like a woman's. I had striven for strength all said: day, long; but now I trembled, and should have fallen it I had stood another mo- you are beautiful to me.' ment. We sat down silently, each heart and stood sentinel in the very spot where veins. I said, quickly: they had stood on other nights, when I was

When I was happy!" How long ago that seemed. I felt to-night as though I I am not your brother.' never could be happy again; and looking beyond the floating clouds, I wondered if loving mother that two months before had

lay beyond those fluted pillars! We sat on the steps of my old home, was governess now in a fine house in town, was not a spot where I could meet my darling. I wish I had not written that word saying they loved me as their own child. "darling," but somehow it seems as if it and begged me to be indeed their child. aprings unconsciously to one's lips in Though distressed, to seem ungrateful I speaking of ones they love; and in all told them I could not be his wife; that I this wide world I loved only Willie!

the strength each so sorely needed. A for me no second lovings. pleasant summer wind was blowing, drift-ing a shower of leaves from the white rosebush that was planted the day I was born. roof with George Leland. But this they I almost wished we could die there and would not hear of; George was going far be covered with the pure leaves, like the away, with his uncle, and I must remain Leland, Clare? Babes in the Wood."

ness, for he was older and stronger than I breathed more freely when he was permit me to congratulate you upon your the court as gentlemen' instead of 'your man in his life as Lindley Murray, and this parting, I could only think of the dreary to-morrow, and of how I could ever way, and once more I was happy—no, not mystery here. I have never been married apologise thus:

May it please the court, also took up the cudgel for her husband, when the matter was discussed, by declar-

And now the solemn old town-clock Willie must be 'afloat.'

Clare, we must go.'
Go where? O that we could go tocame off conqueror. I had entered my in upon my mind.

Reader. I will n

ly to my new home.

for the children I had care of were waiting dressed each little form and laid it to rest; dark eyes flung taunting glances down to-morrow, I must say good night. and then I was free, as my two older pu- upon me, while the words forsaken, forepils were in the dressing-room with their

my wretchedness, and tried hard to real look seemed to come into the face, I son myself into calmness. But, alas! I dashed the weight right through the dear was powerless to banish thought and mem- eyes I had once loved, shivering the ory. A kind face would come between picture to atoms. Then there were letters me and the starry sky, and a rich voice to be destroyed, and a curl of glossy hair, kept saying, 'Good-bye, Clare.'

owned me; I was only Clare Summer- the window and sat down, in the bitter, field, the poor governess!

upon my pillow, feeling that I was indeed I ever loved. My lip curled scornfully, alone.

the night we parted. Then came his long, heart, I grew happier.

third year of waiting drew near its close. a more careful toilet than usual. suddenly his letters ceased, and for months George Leland, the son of my employer, and when I recovered, they told me I had had a brain fever.

Doubtless the family knew of my soreven George seemed as though he could their guidance, for the heart must have barren heart. But what did it matter ?some one to love, and kindness is never the world did not know it.

I was standing by the window, lost in ourselves to speak, for we were to part in thought, when I was startled by an arm more, and we stood face to face. My heart stealing gently around my waist, and turning quickly, I stood face to face with

'Your curls are beautiful, Clare; and

to-night, my brother.' 'Do not call me your brother Clare .-

could know her heart was aching !-my that he was a brother to me, and no more.

had loved William Halstead from a child, room, Mr. Halstead. Your wife will feel We sar on the old steps, battling for and though he had proved false, there was

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1863. THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER so he accepted the situation of tutor to a gone. In those years I had learned much George Leland, saying you and he were rich man's son, the said son being on the —among other things, to 'suffer and be to be married in a week, and inclosing eve of departure to Italy, where he was to strong.' I was no longer the sensitive wedding-cards done up in the usual dainty eve of departure remain for three years.

than I can bear to leave you and this dear large closet in my room, to keep it from been done us; but for the sake of Mr. old home, where I wooed and won you. other eyes. It was like many of the oldful of the white rose-leaves that had drift- and a window at the other. There was breasts. It was a hard thing to do, when fortune to be deprived of the educational ed like a snow-wreath at our feet, he pressed them to his lips, and then folded and there I had been wont to dream my been lost in vain regrets; that for ten long fail to grow intelligent, if they enjoy in pocket Bible that I had given him the many long months-ay, years-it had been losing faith in mankind and wonight before. Our parting words had closed and locked; like the love-dream at mankind. me up; and folding me to his heart, pressed

Once there, I had no time for thought, beautiful lips whispered, Darling Clare.' well be.

now. I belonged to no one; nobody and I destroyed them. Then I flung up

This was ten years ago. Clare Summerfield still. To-morrow I am | [felt like some triumphant general. I had to take a new name, and -but I must not | won a great victory

After that the days and weeks passed uncounted. I did not heed the flight of

paid me. so precious as after some great sorrow.
When I had been an intimate of Mr.

destroyed, for a time, the sweet home-

Oh, George! how you frightened me. its throbbings and grew still. He did not notice my remark, but passing his hand once or twice over my hair,

There was something in the tones of his

And then he poured forth a hurried tale of love that distressed me beyond mea- gloom. I moved farther into the shadow my precious mother could see her child sure. I told him that I could not love him, as a footstep fell upon the gravelled walk. But he would take no denial, saying he revery. Some time must have passed, gone to dwell in that "Beautiful city" that would wait years, if I would only be his when a voice startled me. wife at last; that he had waited years, for he had loved me from the first, and many winter wind, without even a shawl about which, after mother's death, had been sold, times the confession trembled upon his you. Mr. Leland is not over-careful of and was now unoccupied. I had stelen lips, but he feared to risk the story of his the treasure he has won.' down here to say good-bye to Willie. I love till time had destroyed my love for I turned suddenly and met the dear

Willie. That night I passed more wretch- eyes that, ten years ago this very night, and in all that palace-like mansion there edly than any night for years. Next day, had been dark with the anguish of our Mr. and Mrs. Leland both talked to me, parting.

piness away for love, and lost.

Ten o'clock! is it possible? Come, many memories to ignore. I had fought a George that told me of your marriage, I

been said long before; so he only raised my heart, it must see the light no more.

saken,' rang in my ears. I snatched up a beavy paper-weight, and though when I I sat down by the window, alone with raised my hand to strike, the old, pleading that had been given to me when a school-There was no one to call me darling girl, a few faded flowers, and a ruby ring; mid-winter night, feeling that a wall of ice From very weariness I laid my head was built up between me and the only one as I thought of the past. Talk about meek women, indeed! I felt that night

on a great victory:
Two more years drifted away. It was After Willie left, I toiled my days out, my twenty-eighth birthnight, and I stood and watched my nights out, as I had done | before the mirror robing for a grand reception to be given at the house of Judge loving letters; and carrying them next my Stanmore. I was indifferent as to my toilet generally; caring little at any time for The first year was one of dreary unap- dress. Why should I, when no loving preciated toil. After that my employers eye would look upon me ?-no father, grew to love me, and the children loved mother, sister, or brother in all the earth! me, too. I will not weary you by relating But to-night it was different; there were me, too. I will not weary you by relating to be some distinguished strangers present sentence?' the weeks and months rolled on till the from transatlantic shores, and I must make i debathen a new sorrow filled my heart; for ted a little while-an unusual thing for me -between two dresses, a black velvet and I heard no tidings of him. Then came a rich white satin. At last I decided in the stunning news that he was married! favor of the velvet; the sombre color suited my sombre heart best. It seemed had a letter from a friend in Rome, giving strange that I who had felt no thrill of him an account of the wedding. After this, I knew nothing for many weeks: did it not? I combed out my long hair, and brushed it into heavy burls, gathered them into a knot behind, and thrusting a jewelled bobkin iuto the shining mass, left them to trail over my neck. Black was time. I lived in a kind of stupor, caring singularly becoming to me to-night, for

only to fulfil my duties faithfully, and my cheeks and lips were a vivid crimson, render a full equivalent for the money and my eyes flashed like diamonds. The rich black dress showed off my white neck and round arms to good advantagerow, for they were strangely kind to me; rounded for all my eight and twenty years. I suppose I was called an 'old maid: not do enough to make me less sad. The women of eight and twenty generally are girls, too, treated me with the tenderness I believe. The close-fitting bodice, with of sisters. I yielded myself passively to its berthe of rich lace, covered a bleak and

I were no jewels, save a tiny diamond star, that flashed and gleamed above my Leland's home five years, the two elder forehead-the gift of Mrs. Leland. Readgirls, Mary and Louise, were married; and er, do you know for whom this toilet was from that time I became as an own child making? Among the distinguished stranin the house. Then three more years gers from abroad was William Halstead, passed away, when an event happened that one of the most popular authors of the day. The rooms were crowded; but among

feeling I was beginning to feel. This is all the many faces I saw only his face.how I came about. The family had all His face was pale, and his eyes large and gone to the opera, leaving me alone, shadowy. He had thought and studied as I had a headache, and did not wish to his life out—that was plain to be seen.— But what need I care? This William Halstead was nothing to me. A moment gave a fierce bound; I shivered, for I thought it was going to prove a traitorheart; but in less than a moment it ceased

'I am happy to see you, Mr. Halstead.' He held out his hand, silently; but I took no notice of it; and as others came up to clasp the hand I had refused, I

moved haughtily away. Later in the evening, I stood alone on the veranda, as far as I could possibly get faint with the anguish that must not be voice that set my heart to fluttering, and from the sound of human voices. It was spoken. The stars came out one by one, sent the hot blood surging through my bitter cold. The night wind blew keenly upon my uncovered neck and arms, but I 'You are pleased to be complimentary did not heed it; it was not half so cold as the chill at my heart. I shuddered at the darkness of my future, wondering if I

could bear it. The distant hum of voices added to my It passed on, and once more I sank into

'Clare, this is madness, standing in the

For a moment my heart grew faint, and my limbs trembled; but pride soon came to my aid.

' You had better return to the drawing lonely among so many strangers.' 'My wife, Mrs. Leland? 'Mrs. Leland? I can but ask, in return, what Mr. Halstead means?"

'Are you not the wife of Mr. George Babes in the Wood."

Willie was the first to regain his calm
Thereshed more first to regain his calm
Thereshed more first to regain his calm
Thereshed more first to regain his calm-

was I; and he could not get anything to ago; but I was content.

do here that would help him to grow rich;

Two years had drifted away into the by- a fortnight, when a letter reached me from honors.

girl that had bartered her whole life's hap- fashion. I need not tell you of the sorrow that almost overwhelmed me. Here I was a woman now, strong and self- was the reason why, for two or three rang out the hour of ten, and at eleven reliant, with all an outraged woman's ram-months, my letters remained unanswered. pant pride to hold in check; all her many, 'I never received one of them. It was

gether! O Willie! how can I see you go?' room one night, determined to destroy in all that passed between us; suffice it not one in twenty of those present would me, and I have need of all my strength was to forget him; that was the plan. I to say, before we parted, all was explained, read with the same attention. This is to night. Oh! Clare, it is almost more had a picture of him, that I had hung in a We found out the bitter wrong that had He stooped down, and gathering a hand- fashioned closets, with shelves at one side, secret of their son's dishonor in our own them in between the leaves of a little dreams. Now it was different, and for years our hearts had been aching, and we

Willie said he could forgive him, for it On the night in question, I unlocked the was his love for me that had caused him ually silent in his own house, may be, in a last kiss upon lip, cheek, and brow, then door and entered. I had determined to to sin; that he did not blame him very he left me. I flung myself down, and lay destroy every token of the wild dream that much-he did not see how he could very upon the earth till the night dews pene- had brought me so much misery. The well help loving me. I pressed my hand trated my thin garments and sent shiver- sight of the bright face hanging there over his mouth, to shut in the flattering which they enter, dull, silent, uninterestings over my weary frame. I then flung almost maddened me. The firelight shone words; but, dear reader, I will tell you, ing at home among their children. If my shawl over my head, and passed rapid- full upon it. At first, it seemed to smile in confidence, that I felt just as proud and down tenderly upon me, and I thought the happy in hearing them as a woman could stores sufficient for both, let them provide

Then either my mood changed or the But the little clock on the mantel tells instruct children and make them happy at to be put to bed, and their mother had picture did, for I sould have sworn the me that it is creeping on into the wee home, than it is to charm strangers or grown impatient at my long delay. I un- handsome mouth grew haughty, and the sma' hours;' and as I am to be married amuse friends. A silent house is a dull

Lesson in Composition. A writer to the N. Y. Observer, relates

the following of the late Dr. Murray, alias Kirwan: Dr. Murray pursued his collegiate course Williamstown, during the Presidency of that acute and accomplished critic, Rev. Dr. Griffin. In his fourth year he was brought into more immediate contact with the venerable President, whose duty it was to examine and criticise the written exercises of the graduating class. Dr. Murray, when a young man, and even down to the day of his last illness, wrote a free, round and beautiful hand—and his exercise at this time, which was to undergo To-night I sit writing in the same home, as if I had the strength of a thousand men. had been prepared with uncommon neatthe scrutiny of his venerated predeptor, ness and accuracy. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to use a quill or pen, with a very

broad nib. oung Murray, with becoming diffidence, esented his elegantly written piece for the ordeal. This discerning eye of the President passed quickly over the first sentence, and with a benignant look, he turned to his pupil, and said in his peculiar

Murray, what do you mean by this first Murray answered blushingly:

Then say so Murray,' and at the same Having carefully read the next sentence, the venerable critic again inquired : Murray, what do you mean by this? He tremblingly replied: 'Doctor,

mean so and so.' 'Please just to say so,' striking out again about one-half of the beautifully ritten page.

made no clean mark) he proceeded to de- to wit: face the nice clean paper of the young colmained of the carefully prepared manu-

This trying scene was not lost upon young Murray. He considered it one of the foregoing is not original with ABE, but most important events of his college that it legitimately belongs to BEN LUCAS, course. It taught him to think and write whose oddities are so familar to this comconcisely; and when he had anything to munity. Sitting at a table of a hotel one say, to say it, in a simple, direct, and intelligible manner.

Indeed, much that distinguished him, as one of our most vigorous and pointed stranger sitting next him whether he knew writers, may be attributed to that early what would make more noise than a pig lesson, 'Say so, Murray.' 302

A MOTHER. - By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, der a f-f-fence! the seeds or plants that shall sometimes give to heaven the fragrance of their blos- borrowed all his philosophy. soms, and whose fruit shall be as a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering that Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn her peculiarity, and one of them playfully to the Christian mother than the thought addedthat every word that falls from her lips, young souls around her, and form, as it quality even in him.' were, an underlying strain of that education which peoples heaven.

----Virginia, the inhabitants, especially the ne- involuntarily repliedgroes, were greatly alarmed. Among others ; was a negro boy, who, having heard his father say the cholera would soon be along that way, left his work one day and betook by his overseer, soon after, fast asleep .---Being taken to task for leaving his work, he excused himself on the ground that 'not being prepared to die, he had gone to the woods to meditate.'

'But,' said the overseer, 'how was that you went to sleep? Well, I don't know, massa, how dat was 'zactly,' responded the negro, ' but I speck I must have overprayed myself!'

IF A negro preacher was holding forth on Sunday, and in the course of his remarks said, 'Dar be two roads. De fust is a brought straight road leading to death and brimstone. De oder is a straight and narrow road leading to hell and damnation.' 'If dem be de fac,' shouted Sambo, rising was criticised in the village paper, which from his seat, 'dis are nigger's for de woods.'

Home Conversation .- Children hunger perpetually after new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, and not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We do not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to desperate battle with my own heart, and said, hurriedly, a light beginning to break hear the self-same words uttered An audiance will listen closely from the belearn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem as drudgery to study in the book; and even if they have the mischildhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitmany respects, a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company they have no mental activity and mental for their own household. It is better to place for young people-a place from which they will escape if they can. I hey will talk or think of being 'shut up' there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father,

mother, talk your best at home, AN ORIGINAL DUEL .- Old Col. S., of Wisconsin, was an odd genius, a queer compound of comic seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hatching them up and dealing them out in small doses on different occasions. One evening at a party, a young gentleman upon whom the colonel had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, challenged the colonel to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted. Having the choice of weapons and the appointment of the place of meeting, the colonel told the young man to repair the Introduced into his august presence, tain spot, and added, that he would see following morning at six o'clock to a certhat the weapons were there.' The following morning, at the indicated time, the young man repaired to the indicated spot; said spot being among the lead mines, was naturally furrowed with mineral holes .-Well, youngster,' said the colonel, sticking his handa in his pocket and ejecting a superfluous quantity of tobacco juice from his capacious mouth, 'are you ready ?'-Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: 'Here's where we are to fight,' indicating a mineral shaft near by, which time drew his heavy pen through line after was at least fifty feet deep, and here are our weapens,' pointing to a pile of rocks. Your'er to go down that ar hole and throw rocks up, and I'm to stay up and

throw rocks down., It is needless that the challenge was withdrawn.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY VINDICATED!-Lincoln gets off the following piece of ex-In this way, with his broad nib, (which traordinary philosophy in his last message, ' It is not so easy to pay something as it is legian, so that at the close of the exercise, to pay nothing, but it is easier to pay a the erasures nearly equaled all that re- large sum than it is to pay a larger one, and it is easier to pay any sum when we are

able than it is to pay it before we are able.' We insist that the idea embraced in the day, when no one happened to be disposed to engage in conversation, BEN, in his stuttering style gravely inquired of a

fast under a fence. The stranger replied with an emphatic BEN.--T-t-t-two pi-pi-pigs f-f-f-fast un-

And from this anecdote ABE must have A GOOD EXAMPLE, -A pastor was mashe can make, the ever-ascending and ex- king a call on a parishioner, an old lady, panding souls of her children, to her who had made an habitual rule never to Maker. Every word that she utters goes speak ill of another, and had observed it from heart to heart with a power of which so closely that she always justified those she little dreams. Philosophers tell us, in whom she heard evil spoken of. Before their speculations, that He cannot lift a the lady made her appearance in the parlor finger without moving the distant spheres. several of her children were speaking of

'Mother has such a habit of speaking every expression of her countenance, even well of everybody, that I believe if Satan the sheltered walk and retirement of home, himself were the subject of conversation, may leave an indelible impression on mother would find out some virtue or good

Of course this remarked elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old la-PUZZLED FOR AN EXCUSE.—Some years dy entered the room, and on being told since, while the cholera was prevalent in what had just been said, immediately and

'Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance.'

Bill H-took a jug to the shop himself to the woods. Here he was found and asked for a gallon of whiskey. He gave his promise to pay for it on the spot. The jug was not empt . But he stated that he had already bought a quart, but wished the concern filled as full as it could hold. When the gallon was poured into the jug the money was not poured out of Bill's pocket, for the latter was as empty as the former was full. Promises to pay were not received, and the grocer poured the gallon back again into the measure, leaving Bill to truge off with his quart of rum, not much worse for the little water with which it was diluted. The grocer's gallon was a little weaker, but Bill's quart had become a great deal stronger.

F A chap out west named Barnes, who had made a speech at a war meeting, said it was a very patriotic address but the speaker slandered Lindley Murray awfully. The next day Barnes wrote a note to the never loved any one but you-never— in the heat of debate 1 called your when the matter was discussed, by declarnever! I was to embark for America in honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer ing that Murray began it by abusing her husband, and got as he gave !'

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