

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.  
LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1863. NO. 17.

## THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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Job Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blank Books, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

ESTABLISHED 1825. An esteemed lady friend of this city sends us the following. It was originally published in a Southern paper, and, besides being a capital hit at the folly of the President for issuing his Emancipation Proclamation, contains a great deal of genuine poetry and good sense.

### A SOUTHERN SCENE.

"Oh! mammy, have you heard the news?"  
"Thus spake a Southern child,  
As in the nurse's arms she lay,  
She upward glanced and smiled."  
"What news you mean, my little one?"  
"It must be mighty fine,  
For I have heard the news so red,  
Her sunny blue eyes shone."

"Why, Abram Lincoln, don't you know  
The Yankee President,  
Whom ugly pictures show us saw,  
When up to town we went."  
Well, he is going to free you all,  
And make you rich and grand,  
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,  
Like the proudest in the land.

A gilded coach shall carry you  
Where'er you wish to ride,  
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,  
Like the proudest in the land.

The eager speaker paused for breath,  
And then the old man said,  
"White closer to her fatherly cheek  
She pressed the golden lead."  
"My little missus stop and see—  
You'll be mighty rich and grand,  
When you see in your glass."

"You see old mammy's wrinkly face,  
As white as any cotton,  
And underneath her handkerchief  
Whole heaps of knotty wool."  
"My darlin' face is red and white,  
Her skin is soft and fine,  
And on her pretty little head,  
Her yellow ringlets shine."

"My white you made dis difference  
Twixt mammy and me, my dear,  
You reads de dear Lord's blessed book,  
And you can tell me true."  
"De dear Lord said it must be so,  
And he says I for you,  
With talkin' like de white man say,  
His boy you'll be, my dear."

"Lankee man Linkum all de same,  
But when I wants for free,  
I'll ask de Lord of glory,  
Not your knotty wool to be."  
"Dee's notin' tall to see;  
My mammy's couch what carries him,  
Is a good enough for me."

"And honey, when your mammy wants  
To change her bonnet dress,  
She'll pray like de old mammy,  
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,  
Like the proudest in the land."

"And when I has de time de done come,  
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,  
Like the proudest in the land,  
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,  
Like the proudest in the land."

"Come, little missus, say your prayers,  
Let de old man Linkum 'bide,  
De debil knoke who'll 'bings to him,  
And he'll take care of his own."

For The Intelligencer.

### A VICTORY.

There are hearts that are bounding with gladness  
Through our broad land to-day,  
There are hearts that are bowed with sadness  
At tidings of the fray.  
With the shout for the nation's glory  
Come the cry of the day,  
And, in each pause of the thrilling story,  
I hear the shout of the day.

Far, far, or lake, mountain and river,  
The welcome message fly,  
Glad, loud the chorus swell  
To glory in the day.  
And the nation's heart with a thrill  
Of mingled joy and pain;  
Of joy—that our soldiers' duty well,  
Of sorrow—for the slain.

When we place the wreath on the victor's head,  
And greet him with acclaim,  
We cannot forget our soldiers' dead,  
Nor their unsullied fame.  
For the victory which we celebrate  
Was bought at a fearful cost,  
And our joy is mixed with deep regret  
For those we have loved and lost.

LANCASTER, PA., April 29th, 1863. F. M.

### THE BABY BAPTISM.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Poor, dear Uncle Clem! There never was any one like him for getting into scrapes, I am sure. Deserving people always seem to pitch upon him in an instant as a proper person to play their pranks on, and the worst of it is that experience does him no good, not the least, so that he and only seems to become used to being imposed upon, and rather to like it than otherwise. I never shall forget, if I live for a hundred years, that dreadful Sunday when— But I'll not anticipate. The facts shall speak for themselves.

Father's church, I think I have frequently spoken of father's church before (a quiet distance from uncle's house, so that he does not often go there on a Sunday. But now and then, on occasion of a special invitation, he makes an effort—rises at six, which you have to do, you know, to attend morning service in Brooklyn, where you live in New York, to absolutely get there. To be sure, he generally falls fast asleep in ten minutes; but that is owing to the fatigue of the journey.

The day last summer, mother came over on the purpose to tell us that the services at our church were to be a very interesting nature on the next Sabbath. Over twenty sweet little babies were to be baptised.—The Rev. Timothy Dorking was to assist father, and the new organ was to be used for the first time.

"You must come with Kitty, Brother Clem," said mother. "It will be one of the most pleasing ceremonies you ever witnessed. Twenty infants! Just think of that, Brother Clem!"

"Do you think they'll all cry at once, mam?" inquired uncle, scratching his head ruefully.

"I don't see why they should cry at all, replied mother sharply. "There's nothing to frighten them."

"I should think the organ and the choir would," replied uncle.

"Bless you for a foolish old bachelor, laughed mother. "Music always keeps a child quiet if anything will."

"Oh!" said uncle, looking relieved.—"I'm very glad to hear it. Well, sister, I'll come."

"I should think approvingly. 'I know you would,' she said. 'I shall expect you early, but if you find we're late the house, come right over to the church. Bridget and Diiah will both be there. I've arranged

to have a cold dinner, so there will be no one at home."

"On second thoughts," continued mother, "Kitty had better come over on Saturday night. It always takes her so long to dress for church, and I would not have her late for any consideration."

If mother had only known what would come of that arrangement! But she did not, and went away in a very pleasant mood, nodding and smiling from the stage window.

It may be fancy, but I really do think that while she sat there talking to Uncle, I felt cold chills creep through my frame, and was sure that something dreadful was about to happen. I'll stick to that—I really had a presentiment of evil.

Saturday night came, and I left for Brooklyn, arriving at home without any misadventure, and having strict instructions for Bridget to call uncle in good season.

And so she did. He had eaten his breakfast by seven, and was entirely dressed for church by eight, and started, with ample time to take his leisure and arrive comfortably.

He took the cars at the corner, reached Fulton street ferry, crossed it, and jumped into the cars on the other side. It was full of people going to church, and the passengers were obliged to sit very closely.

Next to uncle sat a nice looking young woman with a baby in her arms. Uncle says she was so pretty that she quite interested him, and so young that he wondered if she really was the baby's mother.—

After a while he spoke to her—taking advantage, as he says, of his grey hairs.

"That is a pretty child," he said. "How old is it?"

"Just three months," replied the woman. "Your?" asked uncle.

"Yes, sir." "Dear me," said uncle, and there the conversation flagged for a little. After a while the woman spoke again.

"I'm taking the child to see its grandparents," she said.

"Ah!" said uncle. "They doat on the baby," said the young woman.

"I don't wonder," replied uncle. "What do you call it?"

"What is your baby's name?" explained uncle.

The young woman hesitated a few moments, which uncle thought was odd, and then replied—

"John, sir. John Todd."

"Ah," said uncle. "Well, John is a good, substantial name—old fashioned, though."

"It's his grandpa's," replied the woman. "Then, uncle says, she talked to the baby, tossed it, cooed with it, and made such a pretty picture of herself altogether, that he was half in love with her. Every now and then he exchanged some word with her about the weather or the war, (she said her husband was a volunteer,) and so they went on until there were only themselves left in the car and they were quite up amongst the scattered and unbuttoned seats. There the car stopped to change horses, and the young woman said to uncle—

"Poor baby wants something to eat."

"Dear me," said uncle.

"There is such a nice little cake shop around the corner," said the young woman, "and I could get back in time, only—"

"Only what?" said uncle.

"Only I don't like to ask you to hold baby until I come back."

"I'll do it," I'm sure, with the greatest of pleasure," replied uncle.

"It would annoy you, sir, said the young woman.

"Ah, not at all."

er in the side with my fan, but she took no notice. She said afterwards that she fancied I was drawing her attention to Mr. Kismet's sky-blue bonnet with pink flowers, and was shocked that I should do so in prayer time. So I stared at the baby, and at uncle, and at father in the pulpit with his eyes shut, and really thought I should go mad, or had done so.

Where on earth did uncle get that baby? who was it? and why did he bring it there to be christened? Mother says that if she had only known of it in time she would have walked across and ordered him out of the pew; but she, poor soul! had not the least idea of what was going on.

After a while the prayer was over, but mother, still wishing to improve me for idle thoughts in church, took no notice of my nudges and whispers, and it was not until the middle of the sermon that sister Clementia, who sits with her husband just behind me, leaned over and whispered—

"Kitty, that is not Uncle Clem!"

"It must be," I replied.

"How did he come by that baby?"

"Dear knows," I whispered; "I can't imagine."

Clementia paused a moment and then whispered again: "Uncle Clem is a depraved old wretch!"

"Oh, Clem!"

"But I'm sure now. Oh, the bare-faced creature!"

"Some one will hear you, Clem, I whisper.

"And every one will see him. We are disgraced for ever!" whispered Clem.

"Mother! mother! you shall listen.—Don't you see that man? Don't you see Uncle Clem in the pew with the babies who are to be christened, with a baby in his own arms? Mother looked, and her countenance became perfectly rigid. 'Oh! if I could get at him,' whispered Clementia.

"The whole church will be looking at you presently, Clem," said her husband. "You mustn't be so excited, my dear."

"Can I help it?" replied Clementia.—"What does all father that he seems to see nothing of that disgraceful object?"

"And father, indeed, had not looked that way, and did not, until the sermon being over, he arose and stood before the party in the front pews. Even then, being near-sighted, he had christened two children before he noticed Uncle Clem, who had risen like the others, and was apparently waiting his turn. An idea that he had seen some one very like this gentleman before first broke upon him, and the next instant he was sure of his identity.

It is strange, but true, that if you meet your dearest and most intimate friend in a place where you have no idea of meeting him you will at the first glance believe him a stranger. So it was with father.—How could he believe that Uncle Clem was before him with a young infant in his arms, and so he had said in uncle's ear—

"What is this child's name?" and uncle had answered, "John, I believe," before he knew him.

Father says that he believes he should have fainting but for the consciousness that the eyes of the congregation were upon him. He could not make a fuss there, and he was half distracted. However, he concluded the only course to pursue was to go straight on, and accordingly he did so, showing, as mother said, very praiseworthy presence of mind. And so, before he knew what had happened, uncle had promised to bring the baby up properly and teach him his catechism.

How the service went on I don't know; I heard not one word, and we were very much relieved when it was over. Clementia fairly ran out of church, and in our party mother and I went on at such a rate that they frightened me.

"It is some mistake, I'm sure," I pleaded. But both insisted that the deed was done with malice prepense, and that Uncle Clem was a depraved creature. As we were at the worst, steps sounded in the hall, and father and Uncle Clem with the baby entered. Uncle was very pale and looked very much frightened, but father was quite calm, and he had heard the truth of the matter on the way, and had decided that on the whole uncle's conduct was rather praiseworthy. But mother, as yet in ignorance, pounced upon him like an eagle, and, beginning by informing him that she was a fool to have the slightest confidence in him, talked to him for an hour and three-quarters without a moment's cessation, proving him a villain of the deepest dye, and winding up by ordering him from the house, and forbidding us to speak to him. Clem satisfied herself by putting in horrid ejaculations and contemptuous epithets.

At last, when both were out of breath, poor uncle entered into an explanation, and told the story of the woman in the car.

He believed, at first, of course, but mother was a long time coming around, and she somehow dislikes uncle to this day. Nevertheless, with father's intercession, the family were in a manner reconciled, and the child was handed over to Dinah to take care of while we dined.

Of course the affair caused some scandal in the church, where Uncle Clem is quite well known everywhere, and the only mischief done is that people will believe poor uncle a little touched in the upper story, and not exactly accountable for his actions.

As for the baby, uncle says it is an hour with the sum required, with which the secretary of Leo X. had sent a letter, in which he urgently begged the artist to hang him with a pistol.

The next day Maria and Barberigo were married in the church of San Stefano. The stranger wished to enjoy the commencement of their happiness, by witnessing the ceremony; and when the boatman, overwhelmed with gratitude, begged of him to tell him his name, he answered that he was called MICHAEL ANGELO.

Twenty years after this little adventure, Antonio Barberigo, by one of those sentimental changes, the key of which belongs to Providence alone, was general of the Venetian republic. But however intoxicating this unhopd-for elevation was to the boatman, he never forgot his illustrious benefactor; and when Buonarroti died at Rome, after the most glorious old age and most brilliant career that artist ever knew, it was the hand of the boatman that traced, above the Latin epitaph composed by order of the successor of Paul III, for his favorite, those two grateful lines which time has respected, and which may yet be read on the monument of this great man.

As for the sketch mentioned in this story, it was brought from Italy in the knapsack of one of Napoleon's corporals.

## MARIA'S DOWER.

One day in the year of grace 1550, a fisherman landed in front of the palace of St. Mark, crossed that celebrated place, and stopped at the door of a hostelry, over which the emblematic lion of Venice was rudely delineated. He was a tall and powerful man; his browned features were full of that force and intelligence so often observed among the inhabitants of that favored climate, but his eyes had lost their usual lustre, and the boatman's broad forehead was bowed down by painful reflections. Entering the tavern, he perceived in the darkest corner of the hall a stranger who appeared plunged in profound thought. He, too, had those manly and striking features which generally accompany moral energy. His dress was of severe simplicity; a doublet and hose of black velvet covered his powerful limbs; a silken cap, cut out at the temples, and fastened by two bands under the chin, was the fashion of the day, concealed in part his thick and curling hair, some gray locks of which fell carelessly over his neck.

"Gianmetti," said the gondolier, addressing a stout ruddy man, who was walking up and down the room, "do you still persist in your refusal?"

"I do," answered the Venetian. "I am too poor to be your son-in-law, I suppose," replied the boatman. "Before thinking of your daughter's happiness, you think of her fortune; and Gianmetti, must I not influence you, remind you of the gratings you own? Have you forgotten that I saved your life at Lepanto, when Venice armed over her women to defend the republic against the soldiers of the Barbassos?"

"Don't you know that Maria and I were brought up together, and have sworn, ever since we were children, to live always for each other? And that these pledges were renewed, when age gave strength and constancy to our attachment? Do you want to make her unhappy, my dear? Are you the Doge, that you are so ambitious? or a patriot, that you are so ungrateful?"

"No, but I am rich, Barberigo."

"And I shall be rich, Gianmetti. I have strong arms, a bold heart, youth and faith in God. Fortune may, some day or other, alight on my gondola."

"Ostias in the air!" said the inkeeper. "Do you know?" answered the boatman. "Lorenzo de Medicis was a merchant, Francisco Sforza was a drover, why may I not be a general one of these days?"

"Because, Barberigo, Fortune disavants a million for every three she favors. At any rate, I will not be a father-in-law of a man whose whole fortune is a skiff—Maria might better—"

"Be a patrician's mistress than a gondolier's wife," said the Venetian, who had placed them; though true it is that each one knows his own sorrows better than another."

"She granted the whale his wish, and flew away, well contented that she had that day done three benevolent actions."

The following year the kind-hearted fairy sought out the creature she had changed, and asked them if they were very happy."

"Oh, I was very silly," said the cow, "when I changed the potty troubles I had known and tried, for greater ones I had never heard of. I was a fool to look there was more freedom in the air than on the earth. I have lived in perpetual terror of hawks and the guns. Oh, I wish I were a cow again."

How to Procure a Husband.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more often they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-first year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other disdained. Harriet began to be set down for an old-maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a mutual one, and to which those who by nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have seen, was both handsome and very rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is a fine creature, but she is too good for you, you know, even in this declining town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old-maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair of this kind is to get a man as young and wealthy as herself."

"Away went the niece with the uncle.—On the way home, he thus addressed her:—'Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow. You had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting.'"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Here, look you, is the wedding-ring given you by your late husband—Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The "keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow ceased a great sensation. The young gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance indeed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."

## The Benevolent Fairy.

Once there was a fairy that had more benevolent and enlarged views than most of her species. She said her people had done very wrong in confining all their gifts to mankind, who had long since ceased to be worthy of their glass slippers, magic rings, wonder mirrors, and pretty little hump-backs; her heart burned to be of service to the brute creation. So she stepped up to a cow which was grazing by the wayside.

"Cow," said she, "what do you wish for most in the whole world? If you will tell me, you shall have it."

The fairy was not much bigger than a grasshopper, and the old cow thought it was very presumptuous in her to pretend to have such power.

"However, there's no telling," thought the cow, "for these little mosquitoes that do me so much mischief are a great deal smaller than she is."

Then the cow said:—

"If I might have my wish I would be a bird. I do not like to be tied up in the barn every night, and never be allowed to get into pasture. The birds have no troubles; they are free and happy. They can fly away from danger, and in the winter they can warm themselves by the sun. Then they are at liberty to go all round the world, and gather information from every country. I am weary of this life of servitude and sameness."

When the fairy heard these words she touched her with a little wand, and the cow changed to a bird, and flew merrily away. Soon after the fairy met a robin and she said:—

"Pretty robin, what would you most like in the world?"

"I should like to be a whale," said the bird; "I think it is very degrading to be such a mite of a creature as I am; I always look on anything large with envy. Besides, I should like to live away down under the water, because I find me so safe there: hawks could not find me, or the guns of cruel men reach me."

"The fairy thought he was a foolish bird, but she did as he wished; her wand touched him, and he was changed into a whale. As the fairy stood by the seashore she saw another whale afar off, and she jumped into an argonaut shell and went to the whale to ask him if he were happy.

"No, I am not," replied the whale; "but I am sure I should be if I had been made a horse instead of being a whale. Those beautiful creatures do not have to wait upon themselves; they are fed and tended, and their coats brushed to shine like the sun. No harpoons pursue them; they live in plenty, and die in peaceful old age."

"If it were strange," said the fairy, "that every one should be unhappy where God has placed them; how true it is that each one knows his own sorrows better than another."

She granted the whale his wish, and flew away, well contented that she had that day done three benevolent actions.

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## CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1863.

The publisher of Codey's Lady's Book, thanks to that public which has enabled him to publish a magazine for the last thirty-three years of a larger circulation than any other American magazine, with the most popular authors in this country.

Authoress of "Aloha," "Hidden Path," "Moss Rose," "Who will furnish a stock for ever?" &c. &c. of the Lady's Book for 1863. This volume will place the Lady's Book in a literary point of view far above all other publications. Our author Marston writes for no other publication. Our author Harriet writes for no other publication. Our author Harriet writes for no other publication. Our author Harriet writes for no other publication.

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