Lancaster Intelligencer. The

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

VOL. LXIV

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1863.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER ged to have a cold dinner, so there will be er in the side with my fan, but she took

fortably.

old is it ?'

woman.

uncle.

woman.

 E_{-}

"Oh. not at all '

'But I'm afraid.'

'Yes, sir.'

parents,' she said.

do vou call it ?'

then replied-

"(Call it ?

'Ah !' said uncle.

'Your's ?' asked uncle.

BLISBED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS. SUBSCRIPTION.-Two Dollars per annum, payable in ad-vance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-ages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. ADVIRTISEMENTS.-Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines,) will be insorted three times for one dollar, and twonty-free cents for each additional inser-tion. These of greater length in proportion.

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EP 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 feeling :

A SOUTHERN SCENE. "Oh ! mammy, have you heard the news !"" Thus spake a Southern child, s in the nurse's aged face She upward glanced and smiled.

"What news you mean, my little one It must be mighty fine, To make my dariing's fuce so red, Her sunny blue eyes shine.

"Why, Abram Lincoln, don't you know The Yankee President, Whose ugly picture once we 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, mammy, all your work shall be Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath, And then the old nurse said, While closer to her swarthy check She pressed the golden head :

"My little missus stop and res-You' talking mighty fas ; Jes look up dere, and tell me what You see in yonder glass?

"You sees old mammy's wrinkly face black as env coal And underneath her handkerchief Whole heaps of knotty wool.

"My darlin's face is red and white Her skin is soff and fine, And on her pretty little head, De yaller ringlets shine.

"My chile who made dis difference Twixt mammy and twixt you? You reads de dear Lord's blessed book, And you can tell me true.

"De dear Lord said it must be so : "De dear Lord salu it must be so, And, honey, I for one, Wid tankful heart will always say, llis holy will be done.

"I tanks mas Linkum all de same But when I wants for free, I'll ask de Lord of glory, Not poor buckra man like he.

"And as for gilded carriages, Dey's notin' tall to see; My massa's coach what carries him, Is good enough for me.

"And honey, when your mammy wants change her homespun dre She'll pray like dear old missus, To be clothed with righteous

"My work's been done dis many a day, My work's been done dis man And now 1 takes my ease, waitin' for de Master's call Jes when de Master please. "And when at las de time's done come,

And soon old mammy dies

to one at home.' to notice. She said afterwards that she 'On second thoughts,' continued mother, fancied I was drawing her attention to 'Kitty had better come over on Saturday Mr. Kissem's sky-blue bonnet with pink night. It always takes her so long to dress feathers, and was shocked that I should do so in prayer time. So I stared at the Dafor church, and I would not have her late by, and at uncle, and at father in the pulfor any consideration.' pit with his eyes shut, and really thought If mother had only known what would come of that arrangement! But she did I should go mad, or had done so.

Where on earth did uncle get that banot, and went away in a very pleasant by ? whose was it ? and why did he bring mood, nodding and smiling from the stage t there to be christened ? Mother says window. It may be fancy, but I really do think

that if she had only known of it in time that while she sat there talking to Uncle. she would have walked across and ordered him out of the pew; but she, poor soul! I felt cold chills creep through my frame, and was sure that something dreadful was | had not the least idea of what was going about to happen. I'll stick to that-I on. After a while the prayer was over, but really had a presentiment of evil.

Saturday night came, and I left for mother, still wishing to reprove me for idle thoughts in church, took no notice of my Brooklyn, arriving at home without any nudges and whispers, and it was not until misadventure, and having strict instructions for Bridget to call uncle in good seathe middle of the sermon that sister Clementia, who sits with her husband just

behind us, leaned over and whispered : And so she did. He had eaten his breakfast by seven, and was entirely dressed for 'Kitty, that is not Uncle Clover ?' church by eight, and started, with ample 'It must be,' I replied. · How did he come by that baby ?' time to take his leisure and arrive com-'Dear knows,' I whispered ; 'I can't

He took the cars at the corner, reached magine. Clementia paused a moment and then Fulton street ferry, crossed it, and jumped whispered again : ' Uncle Clover is a deinto the cars on the other side. It was full of people going to church, and the praved old wretch !' passengers were obliged to sit very closely. 'Oh, Clementia !' Next to uncle sat a nice fooking young 'I never thought it of him,' said Clem ; woman with a baby in her arms. Uncle but I'm sure now. Oh, the bare-faced says she was so pretty that she quite intercreature !?

ested him, and so young that he wondered ' Some one will hear you, Clem, I whisif she really was the baby's mother .-pered. 'And every one will see him. We are After a while he spoke to her-taking advantage, as he says, of his grey hairs. disgraced for ever !' whispered Clem .--Mother ! mother ! you shall listen .--'That is a pretty child,' he said. 'How Don't you see that man? Don't you and I were brought up together, and have 'Just three months,' replied the woman.

babies who are to be christened, with a baby in his own arms ? Mother looked, 'Dear me !' said uncle, and there the and her countenance became perfectly conversation flagged for a little. After a rigid. 'Oh ! if I could get at him,' whisnered Clementina.

while the woman spoke again. 'I'm taking the child to see its grand-'The whole church will be looking at you presently, Clem,' said her husband. You musn't be so excited, my dear.' 'They doat on the baby,' said the young 'Can I help it ?' replied Clementina .-

What does all father that he seems to see 'I don't wonder,' replied uncle. 'What nothing of that disgraceful object ?' And father, indeed, had not looked that way, and did not, until the sermon being

'What is your baby's name?' explained over, he arose and stood before the party in the front pews. Even then, being The young woman hesitated a few monear-sighted, he had christened two chilments, which uncle thought was odd, and dren before he noticed Uncle Clover, who had risen like the others, and was appar-

'John, sir. John Todd.' ently waiting his turn. An idea that he 'Ah !' said uncle. 'Well, John is a had seen some one very like this gentlegood, substantial namo-old fashioned, man before first broke upon him, and the next instant he was sure of his identity.

though. 'It's his grandpa's,' replied the woman. It is strange, but true, that if you meet Then, uncle says, she talked to the baby, your dearest and most intimate friend in a dolier's wife; she had better slumber in cvery one should be unhappy where God ed it in Paradise, and was taught its heautossed it, cooed with it, and made such a place where you have no idea of meeting ill-gotten wealth, than live obscure and has placed them; how true it is that each pretty picture of herself altogether, that him you will at the first glance believe her abont the weather or the war, (she said was before him with a young infant in his her husband was a volunteer,) and so they arms; and so he had said in uncle's ear: "What is this child's name ?' and uncle went on until there were only themselves left in 'the car and they were quite up had answered, 'John, I believe,' before he amongst the scattered and unbuilt streets. knew him. There the car stopped to change horses, Father says that he believes he should and the young woman said to unclehave fainted but for the consciousness that 'Poor baby wants something to eat.' the cycs of the congregation were upon 'Dear me,' said uncle. him. He could not make a fuss there, and 'There is such a nice little cake shop he was half distracted. However, he conaround the corner,' said the young wocluded the only course to pursue was to go straight on, and accordingly he did so, man, 'and I could get back in time, only

MARIA'S DOWER. The Benevolent Fairy. One day in the year of grace 1550, a fisherman landed in front of the palace of Once there was a fairy that had more benevolent and enlarged views than most St. Mark, crossed that celebrated place, of her species. She said her people had done and stopped at the door of a hostelry, over very wrong in confining all their gifts to which the emblematic lion of Venice was mankind, who had long since ceased to be rudely delineated. He was a tall and worthy of their glass slippers, magic rings, powerful man; his imbrowned features wonder mirrors, and pretty little luck-

were full of that force and intelligence so pence; her heart burned to be of service often observed among the inhabitants of to the brute creation. So she stepped up that favored climate, but his eyes had lost to a cow which was grazing by the way their usual lustre, and the boatman's broad side. forehead was bowed down by painful re-'Cow,' said she, 'what do you wish for

most in the whole world? If you will flections. Entering the tavern, he perceived in the darkest corner of the hall a tell me, you shall have it.' stranger, who appeared plunged in pro-The fairy was not much bigger than a

found thought. He, too, had those manly grasshopper, and the old cow thought it and striking features which generally acwas very presumptuous in her to pretend company moral energy. His dress was of to have such power. 'However, there's no telling,' thought

severe simplicity; a doublet and hose of the cow, ' for these little mosquitoes that black velvet covered his powerful limbs ; a silken cap, out out at the temples, and do me so much mischief are a great deal fastened by two bands under the chin, as smaller than she is.' was the fashion of the day, concealed in Then the cow said :

· If I might have my wish I would be a part his thick and curling hair, some gray bird. I do not like to be tied up in the locks of which fell carelessly over his neck.

'Giannetini,' said the gondolier, adbarn every night, and never be allowed to dressing a stout ruddy man, who was walk- go but into pasture. The birds have no ing up and down the room, 'do you still | troubles : they are free and happy. They can fly away from danger, and in the winpersist in your refusal ?'

' I do,' answered the Venetian. 'I am too poor to be your son-in-law, I Then they are at liberty to go all round

suppose,' replied the boatman. 'Before thinking of your daughter's happiness, you every country. I am weary of this life of think of her fortune; and Giannetini, must servitude and sameness."

When the fairy heard these words she I, to influence you, remind you of the gratitude you owe me ? Have you forgotten touched her with a little wand, and the that I saved your life at Lepanto, when cow changed to a bird, and flew merrily Venice armed even her women to defend away. Soon after the fairy met a robin and the republic against the soldiers of the and she said; Barbarossa.' Don't you know that Maria 'Pretty robin, what would you most like in the world ?'

see Uncle Clover in the pew with the sworn, ever since we were children, to live always for each other? and that these bird; I think it is very degrading to be pledges were renewed, when age gave such a mite of a creature as I am ; I always strength and constancy to our attachment ? look on anything large with envy. Besides, I should like to live away down un-Do you want to make her and me unhappy? Are you the Doge, that you are so der the water, beause I should be so safe ambitious ? or a patrician, that you are so there: hawks could not find me, or the guns of cruel men reach me."

ungrateful ?' No, but I am rich, Barberige.

'And I shall be rich, Giannetini. I have strong arms, a bold heart, youth and plunged into the water with a mighty faith in God. Fortune may, some day or noise. As the fairy stood by the seashore other, alight on my gondola.

Castles in the air !' said the innkeener. the whale to ask him if he were happy. 'Who knows ?' answered the boatman. Lorenzo de Medicis was a merchant, Francisco Sforza was a drover, why may not be a general one of these days ?' 'Because, Barberigo, Fortune disapbeautiful creatures do not have to wait upon

points a million for every three she favors. themselves; they are fed and tended, and At any rate, I will not be a father-in-law their coats brushed to shine like the sun. No harpooners pursue them; they live in of a man whose whole fortune is a skiff.--plenty, and die in peaceful old age." Maria might better-' 'Be a patrician's mistress than a gon-

'It is very strange,' said the fairy, 'that knows his own corrows botton than an

'How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affec-'Nothing of the kind. My niece is sinerely attached to you.' Then her fortune. I suppose, is not

equal to what you told me ?? • On the contrary, it is larger.' Well, what is the matter, then ?'

'A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when 1 was in a good humor--we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow.' 'What ! is Colonel Lumley living ?'

'No. no. she is a spinster.

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old-maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

Kissing.

Squire, you are older than I, and I suppose you will think all this kind of thing

s clear sheer nonsense ; but depend upon it, a kiss is a great mystery. There is many a thing we know we can't explain. still we are sure it is a fact for all that .--Why should there be a sort of magic in shaking hands, which seems only a mere form, and sometimes a painful one, too; for some folks wring your fingers off al-most, and make you fairly dance with pain, ter they can warm themselves by the sun. they hurt you so. It don't give you much pleasure at any time. What the magic of the world, and gather information from t is we can't tell, but so it is for all that. It seems only a custom, like bowing, and nothing else; still there is more in it than

meets the eye. But a kiss fairly electrifies you; it

warms your blood and sets your heart to beatin' like' a bass drum and make your eves twinkle like stars on a frosty night. It ain't a thing to be forgot. No language can express it, no letters will give the 'I should like to be a whale,' said the sound. Then what in nature is equal to the flavor of it ? What an aroma it has ! It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it. It don't cloy, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable,-

It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapor. It has neither color nor form .---The fairy thought he was a foolish bird, Imagination can't conceive it. It can't be but she did as he wished her; and he imitated nor forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is ubiquitous.

It is disembodied when completed, but she saw another whale afar off, and she instantly reproduced and so it is immortal. jumped into an argonaut shell and went to It is as old as the creation, and yet is as young and fresh as over. It pre-exists, 'No, I am not,' replied the whale; 'but still exists and always will exist. It I am sure I should be if I had been made pervades all nature. The breeze as a horse instead of being a whale. Those passes kisses the rose, and the pendent vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it. and raise its tiny waves like anxious line to receive it. Depend upon it. Eve learn-

ties, virtues and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendant.

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Shall close dese tired old eyes. "De dear Lord Jesus soon will call Old mammy home to him And he can wash my guilty soul From ebry spot of sin.

"And at his feet I shall lie down. Who den and nose for me; And den, and not till den, my chile, Your mammy will be free.

"Come, little missus, say your prayers, Let old mas Linkum 'lone, The debil knows who b'longs 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 Comes up the orphan's cry; And, in each pause of the thrilling story, Is heard the widow's sigh.

Far, far, o'er lake, mountain and river, The welcome tidings fly; Loud, louder the chorus swells ever---Of "Glory !" " 'Victory !" And the nation's heart thrills with a swell Of winded on production Of mingled joy and pain : Of joy—that her sons did their 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 BAPTISING.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. Poor, dear Uncle Clover ! There never arms. was any one like him for getting into ed. scrapes, I am sure. Designing 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 in the world, and he 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) is quite distance from uncle's house, so that he does not often go there of 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, when 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 statigue of the journey.

One day last summer, mother came over on purpose to tell us that the services at our church were to be of 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 Clover,'said mother. 'It will be one of the most pleasing ceremonies you ever witness-Twenty infants ! Just think of that Brother Clover.'

'Do you think they'll all cry at once, ma'am ! 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

ohild quiet if anything will.' 'Oh !' said uncle, looking relieved.-'I'm very glad to hear it. 'Well, sister,

I'll come.' Mother smiled approvingly. 'I knew Mother smiles approvingly. the baby, whose great blue eyes who open you would,' she said. I shall expect you to their fullest extent, and who was suckcome right over to the church. Bridget and Dinah will both be there. I've arran-

showing, as mother said, very praisewor-'Only what ?' said uncle. thy presence of mind. And so, before he 'Only I don't like to ask you to hold knew what had happened, uncle had prombaby until I come back.' ised to bring the baby up properly and 'I'll do it, I'm sure, with the greatest of teach him his catechism. pleasure,' replied uncle. How the service went on I don't know;

'lt would annoy you, sir, said the young I heard not one word, and we were very much relieved when it was over. Clementina fairly ran out of church, and in our party mother and she went on at such a 'No more words about it, my dear,' said rate that they frightened me.

uncle. 'Go and get your infant some cake,' 'It is some mistake, I'm sure,' I pleadand he took the child in his own arms, and ed. But both insisted that the deed was leaned back with it while the woman ran done with malice prepense, and that Uncle out of the car. Clover was a depraved creature. As we It was a warm day, and somehow or other were at the worst, steps sounded in the while Uncle Clover was waiting for the hall, and father and Uncle Clover with the woman's return, he fell asleep. How long baby entered. Uncle was very pale and he slept he did not know, but he was looked very much frightened, but father awakened by the conductor shouting---was quito calm : he had heard the truth of - avenue, sir !' the matter on the way, and had decided He had told him where to set him down that on the whole uncle's conduct was

when he got in, and started up to find him- rather praiseworthy. But mother, as yet self alone in the car with the baby in his in ignorance, pounced upon him like an eagle, and, beginning by informing him "Where's the young woman ?' he inquir- that she was a fool to have the slightest confidence in him, talked to him for an

What young woman ?' inquired the conductor.

'This baby's mother, of course,' replied the deepest dye, and winding up by orderunele. ing him from the house, and forbidding

'Your wife ?' 'Good gracious ! My wife ! No !' 'Then that is not your child, sir ?' 'Oh, dear, no! I'm only holding it

until its mother comes back,' replied poor uncle entered into an explanation, uncle. and told the story of the woman in the car. The conductor began to laugh. Why, I believed it at first, of course, but mother

uncle could not imagine, as there was noth-ing to laugh at. The young woman will somehow dislikes uncle to this day. Nevbe very much alarmed. I'm afraid.' he ertheless, with father's intercession, the said, gravely; and the conductor laughed family were in a manner reconciled, and again the child was handed over to Dinah to

Then uncle began to see through the take care of while we dined. matter. Of course the affair caused some scandal

'I'm afraid you're sold, sir,' said the in the church, where Uncle Clover is quite conductor. 'It's a very common thing.' well known everywhere, and the only mis-What is a very common thing ?' asked chief done is, that people will believe poor uncle.

uncle a little touched in the upper story, ' For that kind of women to leave their and not exactly accountable for his actions. babies with strangers who are not up to As for the baby, uncle says it his duty the dodge,' replied the conductor. 'You're to see it cared for, because he promised regularly taken in. sir.'

father he would when he was baptized .-Uncle would not believe it. But every So it has been left with a poor woman in one of whom he made inquiries laughed at the country ever since, and uncle has dehim, and finally he took the child in his cided to have him properly brought up, at arms and started in sheer desperation for his own expense. Mother says the thing our house. The door was locked, for ev- is perfectly absurd.

ery one was at church, and poor, foolish, F'We once had a very awkwara deluded uncle, remembering what mother horse to shoe,' said a smith, 'and I was had said about coming there if service had punishing it severely to make it stand still. begun, obeyed her, and with that child still huddled up on his coat sleeve, pro-My shop was just before the kitchen window, and my wife, who is a kind hearted ceeded to the door and up the steps. woman, came out and reproved me for my Now, on that day there were so many babies to be baptized that the parents had conduct to the animal. She went up to it, patted it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb,

been requested to take the front-pews, in and we could have done anything with it." order to avoid the confusion of rising all over the church, and when the sexton saw O, that people would try kindness ! It is uncle with a child in his arms, he natural. a mighty cure. ly concluded he was one of the parents IFA man named Oats was had up reand ushered him straight up the middle cently for beating his wife and children.

aisle into one of those pews. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the We were at prayer, but when I heard brute remarked that it was very hard a uncle's step, I peeped over my handkerman was not allowed to thrash his own chief and sat stupified with astonishment. oats.

Uncle was just going into that pew with the baby, whose great blue eyes were open IFA man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is ing his thumb at such a rate that it could like one who illuminates the outside of his be heard all over the church. I hit moth- house and sits within the dark.

'True, Maria has taken the eye of the other.' proveditore's nephew. This young nobleman has been to see me, and has offered-' ' To marry her ? 'No demonio ! Much as the pobles of

Venice try to make themselves popular, they don't sell their titles so cheap. 'To buy her, then ?' happy.

Just so. Wretch ! and for how much do you sell your daughter's honor ? 'The bargain is not yet closed. I ask two thousand ducats, and the nobleman offers fifteen hundred; but as I know the the earth. I have lived in perpetual terworth and searcity of my goods, I will not bate a sequin.' were a cow again.'

The stranger, who had listened attentively to the conversation of the two Venetians, rose, and clapping Barberigo on the shoulder, told him; 'Boatman ! Maria shall be thy wife."

' Never !' said the host. 'Why, you jew ! not if this man brings you two thousand pistoles as a wedding present?

'Oh, in that case, Barberigo shall be my son-in-law, and I would sign the contract cheerfully ; but consider, signor, that this poor lad owns nothing but the four planks of the boat; and unless he should be lucky enough to find the Dode's ring-' 'Without looking to such a chance as that, you shall finger the money before long.

out of my pocket, my good fellow,' replied the stranger, ' because 1 am just now poor as a lazzaroni. There is so much suffering to relieve from Florence to Venice, that I could not find a single paul in it. But be of good cheer; my poverty is sister to wealth, and my art fills my purse as the and fortune have been niggardly often as cheat and to which the set of the and to which the set of the and the set of the s hour and three-quarters without a moment's cessation, proving him a villain of often as charity empties it.' So saying, the stranger opened a portfolio, took from Harriet, as we have said, was both handme to speak to him. Clem satisfied herit a parchment, which he spread on the self by putting in horrified ejaculations table, and in a few minutes sketched a hand, with such surprising perfection, that chant in the north of England, came on a and contemptuous epithets. At last, when both were out of breath,

the boatman, ignorant as he was in matters could not repress a cry of astonish-'Here!' said the unknown artist, to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly. of art, could not repress a cry of astonishment. handing his hasty sketch to the fisherman, take this parchment to Cardinal Pietro Bembo, whom you will find at the palace of St Mark, and tell him that a painter, who wants money, wishes to sell it at two thousand pistoles,'

'Two thousand pistoles !' cried the innkeeper, wondering. This man is a foolhe must be dumb or crazy. I would not give a sequin for it.'

hour with the sum required, with which the and before the end of three months I will secretary of Leo X. had sent a letter, in return her to you as the wife of a man as which he urgently begged the artist to young and wealthy as herself.' honor him with a visit.

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, over-

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 enigmatical changes, the key of which belongs to Providence alone, was general of the Venetian republic. But however intoxi- Jewels, and whatever else you need, your eating this unhoped-for elevation was to sunt will supply you with ; and accustom the boatman, he never forgot his illustri- yourself to cast down your eyes.'

ous benefactor ; and when Buonarotti died at Rome, after the most glorious old age and most brilliant career that artist ever

knew, it was the hand of the bostman 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. you an untruth."

it is adapted to all circumstances! There She granted the whale his wish, and is a kiss of welcome and of parting, the long lingering, loving present one, the stoflew away, well contented that she had len or the mutual one, the kiss of love, of that day done three benevolent actions. joy, and of sorrow, the seal of promise, and The following year the kind-hearted the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange,

fairy sought out the creatures she had therefore, that a woman is invincible whose changed, and asked them if they were very armory consists of kisses, smiles and tears? 'Oh, I was very silly,' said the cow, Is it any wonder that poor old Adam was when I changed the petty troubles I first tempted, and then ruined? It is very

easy for preachers to get up with long had known and tried, for greater ones I faces and tell us that we ought to have had never heard of. I was a fool to think been more of a man. My on opinion is, there was more freedom in the air than on if he had been less of a man it would have been better for him. But I am not ror of hawks and the guns. Oh, I wish I going' to preach ; so I will get back to my story; but; Squire, I shall always main-

tain to my dying day, that kissing is a How to Procure a Husband. sublime mystery .- Sam Slick.

The following true story might, perhaps, THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER furnish matter for a little comedy, if com-

furnish matter for a little comedy, if com-edies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse! The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealtby, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the block of another and the start of ble terms, and in a manual ment in the city. Source of the city. Source of the city of t bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the

richest heiress in her native town ; but she No. 8 North Duko street, Lancastor, Pa. P H O T O G R A P A Y IN ALL ITS BRANOHES. Executed in the best style known in the art, at C. G. CRANE'S GALLERY 532 Ancu STREET, EAST OF SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA. LIFE SIZE IN OIL AND PASTIL. S TEREOS COPIC PORTRAITS, Ambritypes, Daguerrootypes, &c., for Cases, Medalliou ine, Rings, &c. Imar 19 21y 'But where am I to get it, signor ?' had already completed her twenty-ninth stammered the astonished boatman. 'Not year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old-maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself la-COLD PENS! GOLD PENS! GOLD PENS! GOLD PENS! FROM THE BEST MANUFACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY. The Colobrated BAGLEY PENS (C. F. Newton & Co's) some and very rich. Such was the state and SHORT NID3, To suit the style or wises of the purchaser. "TIP TOP" GOLD PENS. These excellent Pens, manufactured by Dawson, Warre & Hyde, always on hand and for sale at prices to suit th times, at of things when her uncle, a wealthy mervisit to her parents. He was a jovial,

> 'You see,' said her father to him one day, . Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome ; what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandalloving 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 in this world is to seize the right mo-The gondolier went, and returned in an ment; but let the girl go along with me, GEO. D. SPRECHER, No. 28 East King St., 2 doors West of the Court House. No.28 East King St., 2 uous reactions of the self my best quality are This is to cortify that I do not self my best quality of Pesch Bottom Ganged Slate to any other person in Laucaster, than Geo. D. Sprechor, as ubove stated. R. JONES, Manufacturer of Feach Bottom Roofing Slate. 197

Away went the niece with the uncle .-On the way home, he thus addressed her : 'Mind what I am going to say. You

THE DAILY EVENING JOURNAL AND THE WEEKLY DEMOGRATIC LEADER. are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, child-These Democratic papers, istely published by Albert D. Bolieau. (whose connection therewith has on urely ceased.) are now published and edited by CHARLES N. PINE and ALFRED E. LEWIG, and will, hereafter, be conducted fear-lessly, as ORGANS OF THE OREAT DEMOCRATIC PART. They will defend the principles of the Constitution, the Ruonra or THE STATES, and the liberties of the poople. The Evening Journal is published every atternoon, (Sun-day's excepted.) at \$6 per annum, or \$3 for six months, parable in advance. It contains splitied articles on the less widow. You had the misfortune to whelmed with gratitude, begged of him lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting.'

· But uncle---- '

'Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Here, look you, is the weddingring given you by your late husband .-

The Keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited 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 decreed that this should be precisely the the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future

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