

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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Advertisements—Advertisements not exceeding one square (12 lines), will be inserted free of charge for one week. Those of greater length in proportion.

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

THE BORDER LAND.

These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who frequented to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave in a long and severe illness.

I have been to a land! A border land! Where there's a stranger, dim light; Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band, Seem'd to rise to the light of the night.

And I met with a friend in that border land, Who had been to the gates of the grave in a long and severe illness.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Up, like warriors blithe and ready, Up, my soul, to meet the foe; Never greater field was set, Than with honest eye and steady, Never terror yet more dread.

WANTED.

I want a wife—domestic, good and pure, Who, with a smile, can meet me at the door; I want a wife who has a temper sweet, But who can fight her own way to the shore.

Andravi; or, The Idiot of the Alps.

Far up among the frozen heights of the Alps, their homeward pathway lit up by the declining sun, a band of hunters were making their descent; now treading, with practiced step, the precipitous defiles which have bewildered and appalled an unaccustomed traveller, now leaping with precise and energetic bounds enormous gorges which yawned between the mountain sides, and where one careless step might have sent them instantly to the deep gloom below.

As thus in silence they proceeded, and just as they achieved a steep descent, a shout of surprise from the foremost assembled his companions at his side, when they beheld, deeply imbedded in a huge snow-drift, the dark figure of a richly-dressed stranger—evidently not a native of those hills.

Perchance the fall has unsettled his reason, and no wonder. But let us away, as we may need aid ourselves, for the sun is down, and the night is closing.

Lifting the stranger along over their irregular and still dangerous road they left the spot, and ere long arrived at the nearest home among the mountains, where the stranger was provided with refreshments and a couch by the humble occupants; and the others separated for their respective dwellings.

Sleep and kind care soon restored Andravi, for such was his name, but whether his infirmity of mind was natural, or the result of his fall, the shock and the fright—certain it was that but few words could be elicited from him, and those were not coherent. His mind was wandering and imbecile; and as he could not give any indications as to where his home was, or had been, and was now comparatively helpless, he was suffered to remain among those mountain homes to what he could learn to do, in return for the affection afforded him; and he soon became widely known among the mountaineers by the undignified sobriquet of 'Le Fou, or The Idiot.'

Yet Andravi was treated by all with a certain respect, growing out of the surmise that the rich dress in which he had been found indicated that he must have been a person of some rank or riches in his own country, and that, therefore, when undesired, always appeals to the human sympathy. And more than all this, Andravi, finally becoming familiar with the mountain paths, and evincing the possession of remarkable strength, daring and agility, after abiding a year in those lofty fastnesses of snow and ice, learned sufficiently to become a professional guide to travellers; and whenever any journey of that kind, requiring special skill and fortitude, was to be undertaken, it was sure to be entrusted to the hardy frame and general instinct of the intrepid, though generally mute and otherwise idiotic Andravi.

His quietude, his usefulness in his adopted calling, and his childlike devotion to those who had been thus kind to him, made the idiot of the Alps universally regarded, and many a prayer went up, from rude but honest hearts, among those frozen regions, that the All-seeing eye might watch over and protect, and some day restore him to his reason and home.

But still for years he dwelt there, and none knew who he was or whence he came. Yet, as year after year rolled by, men learned to look upon him with a sort of awe, as one especially guarded by Providence; since he underwent such risks in the most furious Alpine storms, in the deepest darkness, the most icy and precipitous steep, the most impetuous torrents, or the most treacherous snows. His self-reliance, his escapes, like his looks and manner, seemed unnatural; and the idiot of the Alps, standing the theme of many a thrilling tale of mountain life.

Once, while guiding a small party of enthusiastic tourists through an almost inaccessible and seldom attempted region, while the travellers were felicitating themselves upon achieving such a height, and beholding its sublimities, a lady of the party, venturing near the dizzy brink of a stupendous gulf, dropped a costly necklace, which fell over the edge far into the icy and perpendicular chasm beneath. Her cry of regret was heard and understood by Andravi, who was instantly at her side, and despite the urgent remonstrance of all, he made signs that he would descend and recover the lost article; and fastening one end of a cord to a hunter's pole he bore, and which he buried firmly in the ice above, he rapidly descended the fearful gulf.

The man is an idiot, and we are idiots to let him do this fool hardy feat!" exclaimed one, as breathlessly they gazed on their guide's descent. "Should his hands fail him, or the rope break, he would be lost, and we too; for we could neither advance nor retreat our way."

The Magic Ring.

In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty; the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependents and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities.

Yet, though there arrived from all climes people of many ranks, none ever came who seemed to know of his previous history, or could satisfactorily solve the mystery that hung about him.

And he was the same quiet, listless, unintelligible creature as a guide, but more gentle and incoherent, save as in his acts as an Alpine pioneer, and towards the humble inhabitants of the district where he first had been found, and where he continued to dwell.

The reward he received from travellers; he distributed, as if from instinctive gratitude, to the neighbors who treated him so kindly; clinging to a majestic and frightful fury and bewilderment, which bound them to him the more, and made him seem a sort of spirit of the spot, by whose side no peril could befall.

Sometimes, with but a scanty supply of food, he would be absent for days together, and when tracked and found by his foot-prints in the snow, he would be heard mumbling to himself, or absorbed in contemplation of some lofty mountain way, as if he expected the promised approach of some one.

But this mode of life was to have an end. As wild a storm as ever leaped an avalanche, filled a desolate valley, or buried a blind traveller, burst upon the mountains one afternoon, and whirled and whistled through their dismal gorges in frightful fury and bewildering tumult. Andravi went forth, for such times he seemed to love.

Beneath a snowy cliff, from whose hoary sides a series of many mountain paths was visible, night not yet having added to the terrors of the tempest—Andravi took his stand; nor had he waited long before he saw a muffled traveller approach, toiling through the snow toward him.

The idiot remained motionless and mute, and the stranger started at the statue-like form as he advanced, and announced that he had lost his way. "Guide me, if you can, man. I'm wealthy, and will reward you amply. You seem to doubt; but the name of Andravi carries belief with it in his own country. Why do you stare so? Speak to me!"

Newest Fashion of Courtship.

Mr. Baldwin, in his recent book of African adventure, has given a singular account of the method of courtship among the Dutch Boers of Southern Africa.

The amorous swain seeks his lady-love for a 'spit,' whereupon, if disposed to favor him, when the old folks have gone to bed, she produces a candle, the length of which indicates the desire for the continuance of talking and demonstrating. There are two Boers of Southern Africa, and may have its delicacies, but we are not sorry to see in the last No. of Madame Demorest's Spring Fashions, published in New York, that in this country it is becoming increasingly decorous for young people who seriously intend matrimony, to be keeping hours so completely out of the way to all other sorts of people.

They like to set up that sort of style after they are married, well and good, but in the name of civilization and common sense, these 'upstarts' ought to be everywhere abandoned. They lead to the breaking off of more marriages than they promote, many times over, for it must be a remarkably strong affection that can survive such long protracted scenes of talking and demonstrating. There are many other obvious considerations bearing on this subject. The head of every respectable house should have the entire command and looking up of his own castle for the night. He is the natural and legitimate protector of his own hearth and all who live under his roof, and there should be no coming in or going out after the retiring hours, unless by a person of honorable, he need not make use of such extraordinary hours to a work and declare them. There will always be opportunities enough in a natural sort of way for the saying of all those tender things which are best said alone. Walks in the country or music in the city, or the interviews of reasonable hours, are and ought to be sufficient to maintain affection.

Madame Demorest well observes that now, in the best circles, nothing is esteemed more rude than the instant retirement of all others, so as to isolate the two who are supposed to be attached. This is sometimes done before a word has been spoken on either side, and of course the moment it is perceived it either commends the parties or breaks off what might have ripened into an engagement. If a man has good sense he will be apt to make his feelings quite as manifest as he has made up his mind and deems the occasion hopeful. Until then he will thank no one for taking it for granted that he is engaged. The ladies will be apt, especially, to resent such interference prematurely.

But even when the most devotedly attached couple are engaged, there is one thing to be remembered, and that is, that the young man should not be so much interested in all the rest of the world. Persons of fact will know how to keep themselves out of the way of those parties who do not desire their company, but love delights in conquering all sorts of impediments, and no true lover will wish all obstacles to be removed.

These marriages generally prove the happiest where the affection of the young are blessed by the approbation of the wisdom of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favoring Providence and the unknown future. But where reasonable parents and reasonable young folks act with full confidence in each other's word and conduct in each other fully and frankly, there it is that future happiness is naturally to be expected.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—It was night, Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at the post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But a moral darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the dim and unsteady light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relation to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

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