

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. LXV

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1864.

NO. 2.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKES STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON & SON.

Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. \$2.50 if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscribers are, however, expected to pay in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Business advertisements by the year, or for a longer period, at the rate of \$12.00 per square of ten lines. For a shorter period, the rate is \$1.00 per square of ten lines. For a longer period, the rate is \$1.00 per square of ten lines. For a shorter period, the rate is \$1.00 per square of ten lines.

THE DEACON'S BULL.

Wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found in the world.

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast to give your farewell to the world?"

"Oh! I am an old, sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will no longer see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him. No, I would be an unfeeling father, I would be barbarous, if I lived on thus!"

"How, sir, have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me? She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always!"

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading in her certain death," answered the old man, in despair.

"Good sir, come go with me to the nearest inn that is still open, and let us drink a bottle of wine together. You will relate to me your history, and if you like I will let you know mine. So much, however, will I say to you beforehand. Chase all thoughts of self murder out of your head. I am rich, and if things be as you say, from henceforth you and your loving daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses, the deacon began.

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing for inheritance, and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and so remained to old age in a dependent, subordinate position. Finally, I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child wastes to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her working herself to death for me; therefore, it is better I go. Now, you know all."

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nothing is easier than to be rich. Tomorrow I will make my will, and you shall be my heir. My heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of pure curiosity. I would to know how one looks who really deserves the name of 'old man.'"

"But, young man, what can it be that so early has made you unhappy?" questioned the clerk, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest bankers in the city. My father died five years since, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one without exception, with whom I have had any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me on account of my money; others have pretended to love me on account of my money; and so it went on. I left a niggard, dressed in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being—a young girl, to whom my whole heart went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it proved as if I was going to be happy at last. At last, the young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the marketplace, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day, my girl appeared with red eyes—she had been weeping—and told me we must part, confessing that her life belonged to another. With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithlessness decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into pleasures which so-called good society has to offer, but found my lost peace of soul never, never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man!" said the older, wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you for, I, at least, was by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. Tomorrow I will arrange my affairs, as I have already told you. You will remain in this inn to-night, and early in the morning I will return to you. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not, in the meantime, speak to any one of what has taken place between us."

"You have my word. Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm Siebert. Here is my address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper giving the locality of his dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer class, at a distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl Thomas," said the young man. "Take this bank note; it will last until my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the proprietor called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and left the house.

Hardly had the morning broke, when Carl, with his hat on his head, went to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was not without some trouble that he found the house. It was in a poor situation. The young man knocked, opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

"What did she say?"

"The young girl whose inconstancy had made his life unbearable stood before him. She had grown pale—very pale; but he knew her at the first glance. It was Bertha, whom he once hoped to call his wife."

"At his appearance the young girl sprang towards him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming—

"You did not expect to see me?"

"The young girl sank into a seat, and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her hands.

"Are you Wilhelm Siebert's daughter?" asked the young man, quite coldly, after a pause.

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

This warlike spirit the deacon could never conquer, even though he had been frequently rebuked by the good dominion for showing so much of the church militant in his daily bearing; and he could find no greater delight, when he could obtain an audience, than in reciting the days of his captivity, and telling bloodless tales of when I was out in '13 and '14."

Among the deacon's fine stock was a bull, a splendid animal, which for strength, size, and beauty, excited the envy and admiration of the whole country. So much was the deacon's bull praised, that very soon its owner began to believe that he possessed the best wadent animal that ever existed, and to boast accordingly. From morning till night, nothing could be heard in the neighborhood of Littlefield but praises of the deacon's bull, and estimations of its value. At last, such a pitch did this estimation reach that the deacon not content with bearing the palm from every cattle raiser in the county, sought, like Alexander, fresh worlds to conquer, and offered his bull to the opposition of the entire country. To do this properly, deacon Joseph issued a handbill setting forth in glowing lines the qualities of his bull, its size, age, weight and color, leading off with a challenge to any one possessing an animal of like size and age, to bring it forward, and vanquish the deacon's bull in a fair fight for one hundred dollars. Here, it was that the old warlike spirit peeped forth, and the deacon instead of offering to match his bull for any of those qualities that go toward making good beef, proffered the challenge for it fighting quality.

These handbills were scattered far and wide by the aid of a peripatetic peddler, and one of them found its way to the hands of a noted breeder of stock in the western part of the State, who determined on accepting the challenge on behalf of a fine young animal of his own, and making an attempt to fob the deacon's hundred dollars. Accordingly he started with his bull for the deacon's, but by some delays on the road he did not reach his destination until late on Saturday afternoon. Upon stating his errand he was warmly welcomed by the deacon, and longest residence bestowed upon the splendid animal he had brought with him. It was too late that evening for the trial, and the bull was accordingly driven into the rich pasture to recruit after the journey, and his owner made free of the deacon's house.

The next day being the Sabbath the family all set forth to church, the deacon surrendering his place in the family pew to the stranger, and staying at home under the plea of not feeling well. After they were well gone, the deacon, to aid in dismissing the thought of the two bulls, and of the coming fight on the morrow, got down the family bible and read a chapter; but still the bulls milled themselves with the texts, and wandered away with his thoughts. At last the deacon could stand no longer, and peeped on his hat, and went to take a look at the fierce monster that was on the morrow to carry away the laurels from his bull and the hundred dollars, or leave him the happy victor.

Here he stood in the centre of the field, coal black, and shaking his fierce shaggy head in defiance. The deacon gazed in admiration, and the thought crept into his brain that to-morrow was a long time to wait, and that as there was nobody to see, and no one to tell tales, he might as well give the bulls just one little turn at each other, that he might be better able to judge, and that if the contest waxed too warm he could drive off his own animal without trouble. No sooner thought than done, and the deacon stealthily let down the bars that led into the field and proceeded to drive his bull; but the stranger, hearing the sound of the deacon's voice, and without delay rushed through, and in quicker time than it takes to relate tackled the deacon's bull.

The fight was terrible, and the deacon delighted. For a while he forgot his Sabbath-breaking in the keen enjoyment of the fight, and the belief that his bull would be the victor, but at length the stranger began to have the best of it, and the deacon fearing the defeat of his favorite, took a hand in the fight himself. He tore a rail from the fence and rushed at the black bull, punching and pushing him in the rear, and striving to drive him back to his pasture. The attack instead of attaining its object only increased the animal's rage, until with one fierce lunge he laid his antagonist on the ground, pierced him through the chest with one thrust of

ANOTHER YANKEE TRICK.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doublin, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that it was Peabody, one of Shakspeare said it did, rather roughly. "If Suke Peabody has taken the shine to that gawky long-necked stammerer sly ether Gasset, just as close he is a city feller, she ain't the girl I took her for, that's sartin. No! it's the old folks; darn their ugly pictures! Old Mrs. Peabody allers was a highfalutin critter, full of big notions; and the old man, that soft-headed driver, about by his wife just as our old one-eyed rooster is driven about by our cantankerous five-toed Dulkan hen. But if I don't spite this fun my name ain't Jonathan. I'm going down to the city, next week by the railroad—and when I come back, wake snakes! that's all!"

The above colloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the land, in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resides.

Mr. Jonathan Doublin was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, only daughter of Deacon Elderberry Peabody, of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when, one day, he was informed by a neighbor, one Mr. Cornelius Gasset, who kept a retail dry goods store in Hanover street, Boston, suddenly made his appearance in the field, and commenced cutting out the game. Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined upon a last and bold stroke to feel his rival. He went to the city, and returned; of his business he said nothing, not even to the pumping maid aunt, who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabodys—but labored away in his corn field, patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day Mr. Gasset was seated with the old folks and their daughter, in the parlour of the Peabody mansion, chattering as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there ye are, Mr. Cornelius Gasset? Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is it that ye promised me before the praste, ye habteen nagur? Runnin' away from me and the children, forsakin' your lawit wedded wife, and runnin' after Yankee gals, ye confidential!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gasset, taken all aback by the charge.

"Divil a bit of mistake, ye sarprint! Oh! wirra! wirra! was it for the likes of ye that I saked little Dennis McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and as because ye probed, or made a fool of me, ye dirty thief of the world! Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, because he was too sick with the small pox to come any further, or will ye wait till I drag ye up?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gasset. "Go and I'll follow you."

He thought it best to temporize.

"I give you ten minutes," said the virago, "if ye ain't there it's my cousin, Mr. Thady Mulgrudery, will be after ye, ye thief!" And away went the unbridled guest.

Mr. Gasset was engaged in stammering out a denial of knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, a black-eyed, hatched face woman, in a flashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream, "Ah! mon dieu les voila! Zere he is. Traitor! monster! Vat for you run away from me! Dis two, two years I navair see you—navair, and my heart broke very bad entirely!"

"Who are you?" cried Gasset, his eyes strained out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

"He ask me who I am? O, you var respectable gentelomme! Hear what he say. Who I am? *perdue!* ah—I am your wife!"

"I never saw you before—so help me Bob," cried Gasset energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said old Deacon Peabody, "if you do, I'll kick you into fits. I won't have no profane or vulgar language in my house."

"Oh bless you, respectable old man; tell him he must come viz us—tell him," sobbed interrupted her utterance.

"It's pesky bad business," said the deacon, chalking with unwonted fire. "Gasset, you've a rascal!"

"Take care, Deacon Peabody! take care," said the unfortunate shopkeeper. "I remarked you was a rascal, Gasset. You've got and married two wives, and that're's flat burglary, if I know anything about the Revised Statutes."

"Two wives!" shrieked the French woman.

"Half a dozen for aught I know to the contrary," said the deacon. "Now you clear out of my house—and go to the station, and clear into Boston—I won't have nothing more to do with you."

"But Deacon, hear me."

"I don't want to hear you, ye sarprint," cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands; "marryin' two wives, and comin' courtin' a third. Go long—clear out!"

Given Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror; and in despair he fled to the railway station, belted pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That afternoon Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doublin, dressed in his best, and driving his fast-going horse before his Sunday-go-to-meeting phase. He reined up and accosted her:

"Halloo, Suke! get in and take a ride."

"Don't keer if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say you," said Jonathan, grinning, "that ere city feller's turned out a pooty pup, ain't he?"

"It's dreadful if it's true," replied the young lady.

"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he won't never of no account, anyhow. What do the folks think about it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forget that night I rode you home from singing school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly, breaking off.

"I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I give you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well they was good, wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a full orchard of them are kind of fruit, Suke," said Jonathan.

Susan was silent.

"O'lang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. "Have you any idea where you are going Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No you hain't—you are goin' along with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence; and you don't come back until you're Mrs. Doublin's—no how you can't fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan!"

"Darn the old folks," said Jonathan, putting on the string again, "if I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be traden you off on to some city feller with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doublin were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said confidentially:

"I say as well tell you now, Suke, for I hain't got any secrets from you, that Gasset never seed them women after they came steppin' into your house and blowed him up. I had, though. Cost me ten dollars—thunder! I teachened them to say; and I expect they done it well. Old Gasset may be a shopkeeper, but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Doublin, he must get up a plaguey sight earlier mornings."

DREAMING ON WEDDING CAKE.

A bachelor editor, out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of excellent wedding-cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

We put it under our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and snored prodigiously. The got of dream gently touched us, and to in fancy we were married! Never was a little edder so happy. "It was my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here. But no! some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have adding for dinner to please our lord.

In a hungry dream we set down to dinner, and we were seated at a table, and a huge shawl almost obscured from our sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we, fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, my love, ain't it nice?"

"Glorious! the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.

"Oh, no, dearest; bread pudding. I was always fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding!" exclaimed my wife, while her lips slightly curled with contempt.

"Certainly, my dear; reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir, and my pretty wife's poor flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry. I am sure it is very good; it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch!" fiercely replied my wife, "you know it is plum pudding."

"Then, madam, it's so meanly put together and so badly brewed that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly, emphatically, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that!"

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face—the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding," gasped we, pluck to the last, and gasped a roasted chicken by the last.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as we had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smashed across our head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our head, and, flying with swift wings across the table, alighted in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" roared the war-

PROFESSOR FOR 1864.

THE WORLD.

AN Independent Democratic, Daily, Weekly and Semi-Weekly.

UNION OF THE WORLD AND REVOLUTION.

The World, to which the New York Weekly has been added, has been published for the last of January, 1864. Nothing less than this should have been the result of the Union of the World and Revolution. It is a paper of the highest quality, and its circulation is increasing rapidly. It is a paper of the highest quality, and its circulation is increasing rapidly. It is a paper of the highest quality, and its circulation is increasing rapidly.

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Could anything be more affecting than the following? Its author's name is unknown, but he deserves a high place in the poetic ranks:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.

Flirting,
Flirting, flitting about,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying like a fairy, with a merry sound,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome crowd.
Beautiful snow! from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as a dove.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Laughing,
Laughing, hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye.
And over the snow, with a merry sound,
Snapping at the crystals that eddy around.

The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To witness the coming of the beautiful snow.
How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with honor and song.
How the gay sledge like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye.

Kinging,
Kinging, dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow,
Show us pure white, and falls from the sky.
To be trampled in mud by the crowd passing by.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell.
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell to be soiled, and to be spit on and beat.

Reading,
Reading, breathing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for the sake of a dime.
Mating the living and fearing the dead,
Miserable hell! have I fallen so low?

And yet was once the beautiful snow,
When I was pure as the snow—but I fell!

THE SUNNY SIDE.

When darkest hours of sadness
Come stealing o'er the heart,
When fate seems to decree thee,
And from thy side depart,
Bear up beneath the anguish,
And break the sinking tide—
For 'er the vale of shadow,
Oh! there's a sunny side.

Let early ties be broken,
Whisper of love be dead,
It matters but a little
That the heart is sad.

For those who many others
In whom thou dost confide,
Where'er they stand and pine—
Yes, there's a sunny side.

Our lifeline here is fleeting,
It passes soon away,
Like airy dreamy visions,
And dust to turn to clay.

Then take thou heart in earnest
Before the dawn of day,
Life is made up of struggles,
There's yet a sunny side.

This wide world may look dreary,
While every golden moment
The life-bloom waxes and fades,
Delay not in thy efforts
Against the wind and tide,
To do what thou wouldst have to do
Upon the sunny side.

WEARY OF LIFE.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels lying in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the strand, and was preparing to make a leap, the design of which was not to be mistaken; but that instant the younger seized him by the arm, exclaiming:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself."

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the sower spoken in the most serious tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes, when, if you like, we will make the great journey together. Arm in arm is the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose hand was not withheld. The former continued, in a tone of seeming enthusiasm:

"So be it! Arm in arm! Truly I did not dream that a human heart beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come, let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the young man back, and fixing the dim, half-extinguished eyes searching upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed—

"Hold! You seem to me too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp."

"Brilliant!" answered the young man, scornfully. "What have I to hope for in the world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come, quick!"

"You are still young. You must have a few sorrowful experiences to make life thus insupportable to you."

"Without exception?"

"Without exception."

"Well, then, perhaps you have now found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really? That is highly interesting! It is a pity I did not make your acquaintance earlier!"

"Leave me to die alone, young man. Live on. Believe me, time heals all

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

THE DEACON'S BULL.

CONNECTION STORY BY J. W. WATSON.

DEACON JOSEPH JONES, of Littlefield, was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious, and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which