NO. 3.

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

VOL. LXV

## LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1864.

TERMS.
Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. \$2.50, if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptionars, however, expected to be paid in advance.

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REAL ENTATE, PRESONAL PROPERTY and GENERAL ADVERTISEMENT AND ALL OTHER ADVERTISEMENTS, BY THE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

unanimously adepted by the Betterstand of the City of Lancaster, Pr.
JNO A. HIRSTAND & CO., Framiner & Herald, PEARSOL & CO. 1887, Indig at World Experimental ORD, SANDERSON, Voltage and GEO, SANDERSON, Son, Indifference S. A. WYLLE, Daily & Westly supported WM. B. WILLEY, Joh Peinter, E. H. THOMAS, Charch Advances

THE LOVED ONE GONE.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant at our hearth.
Which never can be filled;
A gentle heart that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love.
Has hushed its wearied throbbing here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
His trusting soul has fiel,

His trusting soul has iled,

And yet we bend above his tomb With tears and call him dead; We call him dead, but ah! we know He dwells where living waters flow We miss thee from our home, dear one

Oh! life will be so dark without The sunshine of thy face ! le wait for thee at eve s sweet hour

We wait for thee at eve's sweet hou When stars begin to burn, We inger in our cottage porch To look for thy return; But vainly for thy coming steps We list through all the nours—We only hear the wind's low voice That murmurs through the flower And the dark river's solemn hymn Sweep along the woodlands dim. The bird we loved is singing yet

Above our cottage doo: We sigh to hear it singing now, Since heard by thee no more; The sunshine and the trembling leaves The blue o'er-arching sky The music of the wandering winds That float in whispers by-And speak in tender tones to me Of all life's parted hours and thee

I do not see thee now, dear one,

I do not see thee now, dear one,
I do not see thee now,
But even when the twilight breeze
Steals o'er my lifted brow,
I hear thy voice upon my ear
In murmurs low or soft,
I hear thy words of tenderness
That I have heard so oft;
And on our wounded spirit fallA blessing from above,
That whispers—though thy life is o'er.
We have not lost thy love.
Ah, no! thy heart in death grows cold,
Still loves us with a death untold.

No need of Fame's proud voice for thee, No need for earthly fame! Thou art enshrined in our fond hearts, And that is all the same :

full of faith, and trust, and hope, Ay, full of tatta, and creat, We tread life's troubled sea

We tread life's troubled sea
Till the last throbbing wave of time
Shall bear our souls to thee.
To thee, oh! it will be so sweet
With all our sins forgiven,
To mingle with our loved and lost,
In our sweet home in Hoaven;
To spend with all the blest above
An endless life of perfect love! ---

AFTER THE SHADOWS, THE MORNING. AFTER THE MADOWS, THE MORNAU.

The tempest may dash on the vale and hill.

But the sunshine will smite behind it!—

The caverned rock hide the mountain rill,

Yet a gleam from above will find it;

Gladness will sleep upon grief's pale breast

To soften the voice of its warning—

Over the darkness sweet Hope will rest,

And after the shadows, the morning.

Life may grow darkened, though love has thrown The strength of its life around it,
Till longer and deeper the shadows grown,
Hide the halo of bliss that crowned it;

Clouds may float down on our valleys of peace, And crush our meek flowers with scorning, et never this song in our spirits shall cease After the shadows, the morning.

Never so closely does pain fold its wings,
But the white robe of symputhy's near it;
And each tear that the dark hand of misery wring
Brings the touch of a blessing to oheer it;
As fades the dim night at the coming of day, When it weaves its bright web of adorning, So floateth pale grief from our life path away, Comes, after our shadows, the morning.

## THE PROFESSOR'S ADVEN-

TURE. Between eight and ten years ago, L engaged in a long vacation campaign among a mere huddled heap of clothing. the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupy a Professor's chair, and I was enwork on the Flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, traveled chiefly on foot. My route lay from the beaten paths and passes. I oftened journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn till dusk, among storile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pasturages, and untrodden save by chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate, at those times, if, towards evening, I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, where, in coma herd of milch goats, I might find the shelter of a rafted roof, and a supper of

black bread and whey. On one particular evening I had gone unifloris, a rare plant which I hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, but of which I here succeeded in finding one or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barron district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map, but lying among the upper defiles of the Val de Bagnes, between the Mount Pleneur and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rockstrewn moss to which I had climbed, there was no sign of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbassiere, surmounted by the silver summits of the Graffenière and Combin. To my left the sun was going down rapidly behind a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Ostdwaid's map, was the Mont Blanc de Chellon. In ten minutes more those peaks would be crimson; in one short half hour it would

be night. To be benighted on an Alpine plateau towards the latter end of September is not desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. Ltherefore began retracing my steps as rapidly as I could, descending ill. in a northwesterly direction, and keeping

markets to the first insertion, and are vertex per interference to the Scottish names had been subsequent insertion.

MARKINGES to be chalved to the chalved office, &c., to be charged 10 comb per line.

December 18th, 1986, the state of Schedule of Prices was nanimously adepted by the arcterished. Publishers in grev which precedes the dark. Refore I

hung with branches of dried herbs and at all costs be obeyed. tong strings of Indian corn. A clock I could not bear it. Resolved to escape. ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet; or, at all events, to sell life dearly, !

ing in the outhouse beyond.

traveler.' ing helpless, as if in the effort to remem- leaving me, a stranger, in the sole occupaber something, went out into the dairy, tion of their home.

milk which she set before me on the table. go or stay, and while I was wondering at deed. It was on a cold October evening, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the expression of that woman's face. She fancied I heard, something—something was young and very pretty, but her beauty that might have been the wind, save that ing hamlet. As we approached a ford friends. seemed turned to stone. Every feature there was no air stirring-something that gesture was mechanical. In the lines that voice. I held my breath-heard it again Though she served me, I do not think she any yet heard, guided me direct to the

done, she crept away, abjectly, into the not recall it without something of the same dark corner, and sank down again, same sickening sensation. a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband there was something toroh thrust into an iron sconce against

Valaisan peasant. l could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat, as if I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like fascinated, in the presence of this strange a man with bloodhounds on his track; pany with a half-savage mountaineer and pair; observing both, and, apparently, by now, stumbling over stones; now, torn by crossed their threshold. We remained breath; now, rushing forward faster than termined by our singly bearing Helen thus, by the dim light of the lantern and before; now, battling up-hill with straning agross the ford in our arms. the monotonous ticking of the clock, for lungs and trembling limbs; now, staggerfurther than usual in pursuit of the Senecio some forty minutes or more, all profoundly ing across a level space; now, making for silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as the higher ground again, and casting if in pain; sometimes the cows struck never a glance behind! At length their horns against the manger in the out- reached a bare plateau above the line of house. The herdsman alone sat motion- vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. length the clock struck nine. I had by stupefied, until the intense cold of apdreaded to hear my own voice interrupt sity of action. I rose and looked on a anticipate.

and looking back. and shudder passed over his body.

a sharp tookont for any chalact that might will get a them to got a will be add of all tiltic washed arrived, changed as the same of the s

fire-place; and through a lattice at the with my iron headed alpenstock, took my career by the hand of fate and the peck of farthest end, I could hear the cows feed- large clasp knife between my teeth, and be- a turkey. Attilla started in life with no ng in the outhouse beyond.

gan cantiously and noiselessly to descend other cause and capital than an old sword, Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my the ladder. When I was about half way and which he paimed off for the divine reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and down, the alpenstock, which was studiously weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed specimen box, took possession of the near-keeping clear of the ladder, encountered his political career to wetting his stockings, est stool, and asked if I could have sup- some dairy vessel, and sent it clattering to and there heard 'words which burn,' thus became acquainted was Helen Graham the ground. Caution after this, was use- which fired his soul and determined his herself. My heat looked up with the air of a less. I sprang forward, reached the outer course in life. My running away from man intent on other things. I repeated room at a bound, and found it, to my home arose from minor mortification lessly prolong a story. We were soon the inquiry.

| A compared to many the inquiry in the door wide caused by carrying a pretty girl over the married—Helen and I made our bridal 'Yes, he said, wearily; you can eat, open, and the moonlight streaming in. brook. With this, he crossed to the other side stand still, with my back against the wall, friends at fourteen years of age, and we stout fellow in a field, who seemed to be of the hearth, stooped over a dark object, prepared for a desperate defense. All both regarded, with little more than a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a which until now I had not observed, was silent I could only hear the ticking friendship, pretty Helen Graham, our small farmer, by inquiring some particular or outside the corner, and muttered a of the clock, and the heavy beating of my oldest girl at school. We romped and lars relating to the neighborhood. He word or two of unintelligible patois. The own heart. The pallet was empty. The danced together, and this lasted such a answered well enough, and I was about object mouncd; lifted up a wildered we- bread and milk were still standing where length of time, that it is with feelings of to give him sixpence, when Helen stayed man's white face; and rose slowly from I had left them on the table. The herdsthe floor. The headsman pointed to the man's stool occupied the same spot by the table, and went back to his stool and his desolate hearth. But he and his wife former attitude. The woman, after paus- were gone-gone in the dead of night-

came back with a brown loaf and a pan of While I was yet irresolution whether to As long as I live, I shall never forget the strangeness of my position, I heard, or when Helen, Donald and myself were re- we could induce him to enter our carriage furrowed her brow, was a haggardness -followed it as it died away. I had not more terrible than the haggardness of age. far to go. A line of light gleamed under In the locking of her tips there was an the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, anguish beyond the utterance of words. and a cry, bitter and more piercing than

saw me. There was no recognition in her spot.
eyes, no apparent consciousness of any I looked in—recoiled with horror—went object or circumstance external to the back, as if fascinated; and so stood for secret of her own despair. All this I some moments, unable to move, to think, noticed during the few brief moments in to do anything but stare helplessly upon which she brought me my supper That the scene before me. To this day, I can-

unnatural in the singular immobility of the wall, I saw the herdsman kneeling by his attitude. There he sat, his body bent the body of his wife; grieving over her, gaged in the collection of materials for a forward, his chin resting on his palms, his like another Othello; kissing her white eyes staring fixedly at the blackened lips, wiping blood stains from her yellow hearth, not the involuntary quiver of a hair, raving out inarticulate cries of pasnerve to show that he lived and breathed. sionate remorse, and calling down all the I could not determine his age, analyze and ourses of heaven upon his own head, and observe his features as I might. He that of some other man who had brought looked old enough to be fifty, and young this crime upon him! I understood it all enough to be forty; and was a fine muscu- now--all the mystery, all the terror, all lar mountaineer, with that grave cast of the despair. She had sinned against him, the countenance which is peculiar to the and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony

Istened—fancied I could distinguish a low south, as of one breathing. I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing of a chair, and a mark voice said, horsely:

'A traveler,' I replied, 'seeking shelter for the night.'

A traveler, 'I replied, 'seeking shelter for the night.'

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by the flickering of tinder, a man's face bending over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glane towards the door, 'Enter, traveler,' and went back to his seat beside the tempty harp sheep, with an lot overhead. A table, with the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the walley.

The sun was shining as særenely, in the walley.

The sun was shining as særenely, the sun was shining as særenely, in the walley.

The sun was shining as særenely, the sun was shining as særenely as when I fell saleep. I continue seemed to have allotted her. In the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely face with the fast problem, the dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an universely face with my hands, and an universely face with the fast problem, with a late

## BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home. upon trestles stood in a recess beside the strapped on my knapsack, armed myself Bolleau, we are told, was driven into his us political career to wetting his stockings,

Suspecting a trap, my first impulse was to | Donald Lean and myself were good proached in our carriage, I greeted a mystery of two lovers continuing friends. style-But the time was to come when jealousy lit 'Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken' ye'r her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew old frien's ?

it into a consuming flame. green eyed perpetrated this incendiary our appearance was heightened by its style; turning with our parents from a neighbor- and answer our numerous queries as to our across as we were accustomed to with the only one on record of a gentleman brook. Just as we were in the middle of water. the water-which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by easting her arm around his neck.

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone. our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had petrified with astonishment, but presently no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it both as much forgotten as if I had never briars; now, pausing a moment to take was settled that the point should be de- service in Norfolk, several years ago,

less, like a man caste in bronze. At Here I lay for a long time, beaten and effort, and I verily believe to this day, that mediately replied, Good Lord stick it in this time become so nervous that I almost proaching dawn forced upon me the neces- either arm like feathers. But I must not That quieted the old lady."

the silence. However I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster.

'Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep to-night?

He shifted his position uneasily, and, without looking round, replied in the same.

Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to message a before.

Style of action. I can shad a suddent action with the united the rest of the party to goes and then returned Helen with the utmost care. I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Leading the country of the party of the pa He shifted his position uneasily, and, without looking round, replied in the same form of words as before:

Yes, you can sleep, traveler.'

Where. In the loft above?'

He nodded affirmatively, took the lanter from the table, and turned towards the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond after a moment over the crouching figure

Thus perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the nearest height, from which it was probable that a general veiw might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, the laght, from which it was probable that a general veiw might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, the laght, from which it was probable that a general veiw might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond after the climb the nearest height, from which it was probable that a general veiw might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond him forest and pasture soaked from head to foot.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond him forest and pasture soaked from head to foot.

TWASHED STATES STAMP TAXES IN
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'Is your wife ill?' I asked, pausing nd looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, nd shudder passed over his body.

'Yes,' he said, with an effort. 'She is waved upward from some hamlet among looking back and palpitating in the crimson vapors of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a waterfall, or the more accusing silence of Hellen.—

Both believed that I had fallen from mere ward demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path.—

Soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Hellen.—

Both believed that I had fallen from mere wardshowing at a glance, the amount of duty on tax to be paid. Price 25 and the price 25 No. 44, Corner of North Queen and Orange streets.

No. 44, Corner of North Queen and Orange streets.

offer a shelter for the night. Pushing for- something in his face arrested the question little lake-a sullen pool-lying in the feeling dry and better humored, attempt- in Independent

ford adventure with Helen Graham, painting in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth, during the recital, became rrepressible. At the conclusion she re-'Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have

forgotten me? I gazed an instant, remembered, and was lumbfounded. The lady with whom I had

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needtour to the old place; and as we apbewilderment that I look back upon the my hand, and cried out in the old

The man looked up in astonishment. Well do I remember how and when the It was Donald Lean. His amazement at

where the water run somewhat higher than Different men start in life in different bore the seal of unspeakable terror. Every might have been the wailing of a human ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen ways. I believe that mine, however, is hands interwoven 'chair fashion,' and thus who owes wealth and happiness to rolling carried our pretty passenger over the over with a pretty girl in a stream of

> THE MYSTERY OF IT .- Two darkies had bought a quantity of pickled pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put Ino name can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I wished Donald at the 'bottom of the sea.' Being naturally impetuous I burst out with—
>
> 'You need to have' naturally impetuous I burst out with—
>
> 'You need na hand sae gingerly, Helen, down into de brine an felt round; but no as if ye feared a fa. I can aye carry pork dare—all gone, couldn't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up the barl, the recommend Mishler's Herb Bitters with the greatest confidence to all those afflicted with the Rheumann Round and the strength of the rate of the respectfully yours, HUGH NULLOY. a hole clar froo de bottom ob de barl, and dragged de pork all out!' Sam was said: 'Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?' 'Ah, Sam, dat's de

mystery-dat's de mystery!' "LET HER Go."-" I WAS," said a reverend gentleman, "attending divine during a season of excitement. officiating clergyman was in the midst of a Helen was to determine who carried her most interesting discussion, and old lady most easily, and I settled with myself among the congregation arose and clapped privately in advance, that the one who had her hands and exclaimed: 'Merciful obtained the preference would really be the Father, if I had one more feather in my person who stood highest in her affections. wing of faith I would fly to glory.' The The reflection stimulated me to exert every worthy gentleman, thus interrupted, im-I could have carried Donald and Helen on and let her go, she's but a trouble here,'

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. | a sharp lookout for any chalet that might | I was about to ask what ailed her, but | the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a | As we approached the house, Helen, | PROSPECTUSFORIS64. | A Democratic Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly Newspaper.

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Yours respectfully,

С 108ЕРН Н. ВКОWN. or mysterious down in your wicinity lately?' 'Yas, Sam; most strange things happen at my house yesterday night.

All mystery—all mystery to me.' 'Ah, Julius, what was dat?' 'Wall, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' I went down into de cellar for to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down into de brine an felt round; but no setting the strange of the provided the strange of the provided the strange of the stran ALTOONA, Pa., May 1, 1863.

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