

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1864.

VOL. LXV

NO. 40

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

Published every Tuesday, at No. 8 North Duke Street, by GEO. SANDERSON & SON.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum in advance. \$100. If not paid before the expiration of the year, all subscriptions are, however, expected to be paid in advance.

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Business advertisements by the year, or fractions of a year, in Weekly columns, at the rate of \$100 per square of ten lines. 10 per cent. increase on the yearly rate for insertion in the Daily.

Real Estate, Personal Property and General Advertising to be charged at the rate of Four cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

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who stood by regarding it with evident complacency.

"I had never wear it in the past," I said, "like a fight in blue."

Nothing more was needed. From that time henceforth that was the color with Mr. Coldstream. In all its shades, from the darkest indigo to the lightest azure, it was the principal color of his wife's wardrobe, meeting her every remonstrance with the assertion:

"A beautiful color, Mrs. Coldstream, and so becoming to your complexion."

Mr. Coldstream had two children, a son and a daughter, who were brought up on the agreeable principle of giving them everything they didn't want and continually crossing their inclinations. The natural result of this was that the son left home at the first opportunity, and the daughter determined to get, so soon as she could, a husband.

So he was sensible and pretty, and had more than the usual share of feminine tact, her prospects in this respect were very encouraging.

"My dear Patty," said her mother to her, one day, "it won't do for you to encourage Charles Reed's coming here anymore; your father has a strong prejudice against him."

Now Patty owed her euphonious name to the fact that it was among the few that Mrs. Coldstream disliked, a dislike that was shared by the young lady herself, who at one time made an effort to change it to Martha, an attempt that was instantly vetoed by her father, who declared that Patty was her name, and Patty it should be.

But my dear, what will you do?" said Mr. Coldstream, looking very much distressed. "Your father declares he shall not come into the house again. And you know, as well as I do, how set he is in his way."

"I know he always contrives to be on the contrary side, whatever happens. You need not look so troubled, mother. I won't have any trouble with father, if I can help it, it is only for your sake. But I will manage to have my own way for once in my life, as you shall see."

Patty smiled as she said this, and though her mother shook her head dubiously, as if she had little faith in the assertion, she offered no further remonstrance.

The next day they were all seated together in the family sitting room. Mr. Coldstream was in a rather melancholy mood, nothing having occurred for some time with which he could possibly find any fault, or get up any contention.

Patty sat by the window, to all appearance completely absorbed in fashioning some dainty bit of embroidery, though occasionally her bright eyes gleamed out upon the path that led to the road, with an expectant look.

"I heard a step. Even before her eyes fell upon the young gentleman, who was just opening the gate, the warm color flashed up from the cheeks to the temples, probably with anger, for she immediately exclaimed:

"I declare! that disagreeable Charles Reed isn't coming here again!"

"Hey, what's that?" said Mr. Coldstream, pricking up his ears, as though, like a war-horse, he scented the battle afar off.

"Charles Reed," returned Patty, composedly threading her needle. "I really wish he had sense enough to know where he wasn't wanted! I suppose, because I've talked with him considerably lately, just to pass away the time, he fancies I'm in love with him."

"Here the young lady gave her head a toss as much as to say, whatever he might think, she hadn't the least idea of it."

"You would show your sense if you was," retorted her father, "instead of encouraging such a set of silly, brainless poppajays, and which I am determined you shall do no longer! Mr. Reed is a very promising young man, as I have often had occasion to remark, and his preference is an honor to any lady."

Mr. Coldstream was blest with a very convenient memory, and his daughter's language had aroused such a strong spirit of opposition that he actually believed that he had always regarded the young man with unusual favor.

"Well, those who like his company are welcome to it! I am going up stairs," said Patty.

Mr. Coldstream was from her seat, she began to pick up her work in a very cool and deliberate manner.

"You will do no such thing, Miss Patty," said Mr. Coldstream, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at the unprecedented audacity of her words and manner. "Just resume your seat, if you please. And see, too, that you treat the young gentleman in a proper manner!"

Patty flitted down into her seat, matter-of-factly to which her father could not reply, just at that moment the person in question entered.

The young gentleman, though noted for his ease and self-possession, was evidently embarrassed by his reception. The unexpected cordiality of the old gentleman, who the last time he was there, had treated him with marked rudeness, and the unusual countenance of his daughter, puzzled him.

Patty sat with her back turned partially towards him, her eyes bent steadily upon her work, without giving the slightest sign of recognition.

Mr. Coldstream darted a displeased glance at his daughter—regarding this as a tacit rebellion against his authority.

"Patty," he said, clearing his throat, and speaking in a loud voice, "don't you see our young neighbor, Mr. Reed?"

Patty arose stiffly from her seat, extending, to which her father could not reply, just at that moment the person in question entered.

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stomished lover, who had risen from his seat, and who began seriously to fear that the young lady had taken leave of her senses.

It was some time before Mr. Coldstream's astonishment and anger would allow him to speak.

"Very rude and improper conduct," he said, "I will be the last to forgive you for bringing up our daughter, Mrs. Coldstream, it is high time she was taken out of your hands."

The reader will readily conclude that, under the circumstances, Mr. Reed did not care to prolong his stay.

When he arose to leave, Mr. Coldstream invited him to come again in a tone and manner that would have been very gratifying to him, had it not been for the fears that he began to entertain that he had not obtained that strong hold upon the heart that he was so desirous of winning, as he had supposed.

In the meantime, Patty had run out the back way, down through the orchard to the garden gate, which she knew how to pass, and stood waiting for him.

Charles's countenance brightened up as he caught a glimpse of her smiling face, so much so that, at its conclusion, he caught her in his arms, repeatedly kissing her cheeks and lips. And though Patty blushed, she did not look in the least angry, nor did she make the slightest resistance, but only said—

"For shame, Charles!"

Charles did not fail to respond to Mr. Coldstream's invitation, spending at his home at least two evenings in every week; taking very philosophically the various exhibitions of sullenness and ill temper with which Patty rewarded his perseverance, and seeming on the whole rather to enjoy them than otherwise. This quite delighted Mr. Coldstream, who declared him to be vastly superior to the common run of young men, and just the husband for Patty, inasmuch as he would have a mind of his own, and not give way to all her whims and caprices.

Patty immediately began to extol the graces and accomplishments of the elegant Alphonse Fitzpoodle, following it up by lavishing upon him, when he next called, his sweetest smiles. This had the effect of elevating the young coxcomb to the highest point of felicity, but from which he was rudely rudely down by Mr. Coldstream's coolly informing him that his company was not desirable, and that, furthermore, he need not trouble himself to call again upon his daughter, much to the satisfaction of the latter, to whom Fitzpoodle was an insufferable bore.

Encouraged by Mr. Coldstream's words and manner, and not at all discouraged by Patty's coolness, Charles made a formal proposal to the former for the hand of his daughter. As he was careful to insinuate that Patty's manner towards him was not calculated to inspire him with much hope, Mr. Coldstream immediately gave his unqualified approval.

"Never mind Patty," he added; "leave her with me. She will come round in time, if she sees there is no help for it. If you carry a steady hand with her, not giving her too much of her own way, she will make you a good wife as you can find."

Mr. Coldstream smiled grimly to himself as he said this; and, certainly, rarely never felt more satisfaction at an opportunity of subduing some vicious horse than did this most amiable individual at the thought of bringing to terms his refractory daughter.

At the first opportunity, he informed Patty what he was pleased to term her undeserved good fortune.

As he expected, she stoutly rebelled; and as she expected, he as stoutly insisted. A stormy scene followed; and it was not until Mr. Coldstream gave her the alternative of marrying Mr. Reed, or leaving his house, that Patty yielded, and then it was with a very ill grace.

"I won't be married for six months, at any rate," she said.

"You will be married this day fortnight," he replied.

"I do not approve of long engagements, as I have often told you," was the anticipated rejoinder.

"Then it shall be done very quietly, as in that case I shall need no further outfit, and shall escape the annoyance and fatigue of shopping."

"You need not trouble yourself to give any further directions," returned Mr. Coldstream, with a lofty air. "I am quite competent to decide these points. You will be married in a manner suitable to your station, and in the presence of your friends and acquaintances, and not, as you say, as though you were ashamed of the husband I have selected for you."

Then taking a roll of bills from his pocket book, he handed it to his wife, saying—

"It is my wish that you see that Patty has everything, in the way of clothing, that is fitting my daughter should have. And if that sum is not sufficient, you can call on me for more."

It was Patty's wish to go at once to housekeeping. Though surrounded by every nominal comfort, she had never enjoyed the peace and freedom inseparable from a truly happy home, and which she now hoped to realize for herself. But she knew that Charles was not able to buy a house; neither would his moderate salary admit of his renting such a one; as she wished. But she was aware that her father was the owner of several tenements, and had been hoping, all along, that he would offer to give them one, which he could well afford to do. She knew her peculiar disposition too well, however, to let him know that she had any such expectations or wish.

One day, as she was conversing with one of her young friends, she remarked, in a very confident tone—

"We shall board, as a matter of course. I do not intend to tie myself down to housekeeping yet a while, I promise you."

Her father heard this, as she meant that she should.

"Don't be too sure of that, Patty. I don't approve of a young couple boarding out, as I have often said before. It gets them into bad habits—the wife especially, making her shiftless and extravagant, which you are too much inclined to be already. It is, of course, my intention to settle something upon you on the day of your marriage, and do shall be a house."

"Charles won't be able to furnish it, so we shall have to board for a while at any rate."

"I'll take care of that. I rather think I am able to furnish a house, as well as my neighbors. So don't flatter yourself you will get off on that score."

When Mr. Coldstream entered the room, to whom Charles immediately made his intentions, asking him if he had any choice.

"I will leave that to you and Patty," he said, looking very much gratified; for it was something which he had expected.

"Well, Patty, what do you say?"

"Now, if Patty had not known her father so well, she might have thought he was really desirous of ascertaining her wishes in order that he might gratify them; but as it was she was too wary to be caught in such a trap.

"If I must go to housekeeping," she said, pettishly, "I don't care much where. Only don't let it be that dull, lonely place on Pleasant street."

"The very one that is the most suitable, as any one with the least particle of sense would see. It is very convenient and is in perfect repair, besides having a nice garden attached to it."

And taking his hat, he invited Charles to walk over and examine it.

"The very one I wanted," exclaimed Patty, gleefully, as the door closed after them.

But there was something in her mother's eyes that instantly sobered her.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said, in a low voice. "An half-brother, myself, at acting such a deceitful part. But what do I care? You know very well how everything would be if I should speak out as I feel, and that there is no other way of getting along with father."

Mrs. Coldstream could not deny this. "I am not blaming you, my dear," she said, gently. "But this peculiarity in your father is calculated to cultivate, in those living with him, a spirit of artfulness and deception, unless the disposition is naturally truthful and sincere, as I trust yours is. I hope, in your new home, you can act yourself, and will not then try to be anything else."

"I know one thing," exclaimed Patty, energetically, after a long and thoughtful silence, "that if I thought Charles would ever have to be managed so, dearly as I love him, I would sooner die than place it in his power to make me so completely wretched."

It was not until Patty stood beside him, when her heart had so freely chosen to be made his in the presence of God and man, that she dared to let her eyes shadow forth the blissful and happy emotions that filled her bosom.

The change was so sudden and complete that her father noticed it.

"Ah! she is making the best of it, as I know she would," he said to his wife, in tones of triumph. "See what it is to have firmness and judgment! If she could have had her own way she would have married that contemptible coxcomb, Fitzpoodle, instead of being the wife of an honest and sensible man."

As the time moved on, not only proving the worth of the heart she had won, but binding it to her own by yet dearer ties, happy home than hers.

Her father, however, took the whole credit of it to himself, declaring she owed her happiness entirely to him, and often asking her if she did not remember how determinedly but she was on rejecting Charles, and throwing herself away upon the worst mortal man in town!

Patty never attempted to dispute these assertions, though she sometimes remarked, with a roguish smile, that she was not the only person who went by contraries.

Towards the close of a beautiful day, during the invasion of the North by the rebel army a superior officer of that army presented himself at the door of one of the most aristocratic residences of the place, and respectfully begged a bowl of coffee for a sick companion. The lady of the house hastened to prepare it, and presently he received at her hands a large pitcher of the refreshing beverage.

He pledged himself to return shortly, and the lady, impelled by curiosity, resolved to discover whether he was truthful, or whether it was a pretext for regaling himself with a luxury. She saw him come and stooping figure she had noticed, and on reaching the door he said: "May God bless you for your kindness to a suffering man. He is feeble and almost exhausted and you cannot know how much this has comforted him."

He offered her a pen and she refused. He lingered as if wishing an invitation to tarry, and immediately some young ladies, whose curiosity to see a splendid rebel officer, outweighed their fear, appeared on the threshold, and among them a little girl of three years.

At the sight of her, the sad face of the confederate brightened, and extending a hand, he said, "Sister, left a little girl at home, just about your size, and she would be very sweetly. Can you sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wouldn't you like to sing me a song for my little girl's sake?"

"Mamma said you were a rebel, and had come here to shoot us, and burn our house."

"Oh, no, my little dear, I couldn't think of shooting you," he replied with evident embarrassment. "I will take care of you."

"Will you? Then I will sing you my newest new song, and regarding him as a worthy friend she placed her hand in his, and looking up into his face with childish confidence, began to sing, with lisping accents:

"The Union forever, barrah, boys barrah! Down with the traitor, up with the star, with as much assurance as though she had known, just about your size, and she would be very sweetly. His face took on its former serious, abstracted look, and he seemed unconscious that she had ceased until one of the ladies inquired if he would favor them with singing. He consented to join in that grand old hymn which can never die, and he reverently uncovered his head while they sang.

"Be still, oh God, exalted high, and the fullness, and richness, and exquisite melody of his tones can never be forgotten."

He took leave of the party, but, as if having forgotten himself, turned back and inquired: "Will one of you ladies oblige me by exchanging a postage stamp, for I wish to communicate with my sister in Washington, which I cannot do with my stamps or currency."

A lady promptly assented, and received the curiosity, and on discovering traces of his High Mightiness, Jeff. Davis, perched on the tip of her finger and eyeing it as a snake inquired in the saucy spirit of mischief which her beauty and grace guaranteed her. "Will it bite?"

"No, it's warranted not to bite," he said, smiling at the oddness of the question.

"How long are you rebels going to stay here?" she continued.

"Are you in haste to have us go? We shall protect you as carefully as your own army would do."

"Perhaps so, but we don't need protection, and that is not the object of your coming."

"We propose to make a tour of the North, partly on business and partly on pleasure."

"Well, but how long will it take you to accomplish your plans?"

"Really, I could not say, perhaps six weeks, perhaps all summer. Possibly we may like it so well we may never go back."

"No," she said, with a burst of passionate impulse, "I hope you will never get back, and I wish you would stay here, and bleach in the sun all the way from here to the Potomac."

"You are very bitter, I should have expected that from a Yankee lady, but hardly from you."

"I am from the opposite extreme, from Iowa, but I hate a rebel worse than the Yankees do. You are rebelling against the power of God and the kindness of man."

"Lady, you don't consider what you say. These are fearful words."

"I know they are, but I will repeat that I hope that not one of you will escape to carry back the tidings. You had no right to come here and destroy our homes, and take away our friends and leave nothing but desolation in your track. You may not hope for the blessing of God upon your undertaking."

"Lady," he answered, while a tear sprang to his eye, "I would not be feared here to-day, had not your army found its way to my home, and desolated it. I had a beautiful young wife, fair as the beauty of heaven, loving, and tenderly loved, but even her they did not spare, but well they broke her heart with fear and sorrow."

"I have resolved to forfeit my life, and my home, and my friends, and my all, to avenge the wrong."

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father gave her to a wealthy Southern lady visiting North, who took a fancy to her. Her name was Ella, and the lady's name was Notwithan."

"My wife's name, and you are her sister! That accounts for my strange fascination. But it is a sad meeting. Will you not forgive a brother who has met death in defence of your sister?"

"She could not utter a word, but her tears fell like rain, and she placed her hand on his head, granting him the coveted petition."

"Thank you. Be kind to Ella and Maggie, if you can ever see them. Tell them my last thought was for them. His sentences, which from the first had been distinct and unconnected, grew more and more feeble, until she stood alone before the dead."

Such sad developments these dark days bring. Who shall count the hearts bleeding, breaking, because the light of the household has gone out forever? Will not our Father in Heaven soon say: "I have seen that it is enough?"

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, LANCASTER, PA. The Proprietors are prepared to execute in the most perfect manner all orders for Job Printing, including the printing of Books, Pamphlets, Tracts, Circulars, and all other kinds of Printing, in the most elegant and durable style.

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