

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1864.

BY GEO: SANDERSON & SON.

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THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It is ascertained, by inspection of the registers of many countries, that the uniform proportion of male my heart to see one of those grog holes I rage. to female births is as twenty-one to twenty; ac- had been told of in the morning, but such cordingly, in respect to marriage, every twenty-first a blessing could not be seen. It was inman is naturally superfluous.

I long have been puzzled to guess, And so I have frequently said, What the reason could really be That I've never happened to wed; But now it is perfectly clear I'm under a natural ban; The girls are already assigned-And I'm a superfluous man !

These clever statistical chaps Declare the numerical run Of women and men in the world Is twenty to twenty-and-one; And hence, in the pairing, you see, Since wooing and wedding began, For every connubial score They've a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go, And giddiy rush to their fate, For none of the number, of course, Can fail of a conjugal mate; But while they're yielding in scores To Nature's inflexible plan, There's never a woman for me, For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churi, To solitude ever inclined; It isn't that I'm at fault In morals, manners or mind: In morals, manners or mind: Then what is the reason, you ask, I am still with the bachelor clan? I merely was numbered amiss, And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I'm in want

like a County Mayo spalpeen, going to cut furnished without speaking a word, and 'Let me put up your bag, boy,' said down the English harvest. No, I must both promptly paid for in broad penny the Innkeeper, as I took my seat at the s THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. | like a County Mayo spalpeen, going to cut | furnished without speaking a word, and not, I thought, take the coach road, I pieces. 'Terrible day, sir,' I said, lighting my would travel by a way less public. Being

informed, on the morning of the day in question, that the old road over the hill lord. He nodded. Shocking condition,' out of it by and by.' was shorter by three or four miles than I continued, looking at my nether habilivehicle available-business urgent, and barbarians about the fire, and all laughed marked; 'it is a hair-trigger and will go last sentence, I knew, by the darkening the new lines, and that being only travel- ments. ' Missed the coach at Kells-no ed by horsemen and foot passengers, it was of course cleaner and more pleasant got to take the road rough and smooth. at the idea of a man changing his shoes off at the slightest touch." to travel. There were plenty of houses, I Can I have bedding, supper and break-

wes told, on the way, to take shelter in fast ?' from a shower, besides two or three 'Can't accommodate,' was the laconic

sheebin taverns, where a man could get a reply. horn to heat his blood or quicken his 'Too bad,' I said, 'can you not con- and was contemplating how I could effect horn to heat his blood or quicken his speed, if he were not fool enough to be trive to find a place for a single man ?'

road behind me per hour, and continue the civil reply, sweeping my nine penny this rate of traveling for half a day or pieces with a sweep of his hand into the more, carrying my appointments on the drawer of the counter, and looking at mc counter, brought the landlord in double top of my sheelelagh, if limited means with the left eye closed. 'You'll find,'

he continued, 'a more suitable place to words spoken between him and the new head saying. accommodate you three or four miles arrival, the door opened, and a tall, com- 'Stir a limb and you die.' I took the old road, as directed by huge old beggar man, who, of all mortals further on. Good night, sir,' and the manding feminine figure, in heavy travelin Ireland, I thought, should know by- graceless bigot looked ominously at a ing costume, entered the room where I roads the best. At first the way appeared brace of brass-mounted ministry dogs the wore a man's overcoat, close buttoned pleasant enough, but after walking a hanging within reach, as much as to say, She wore a man's overcoat, close buttoned couple of miles things began to change 'Make tracks. or you'll smell powder.' roads the best. At first the way appeared Make tracks, or you'll smell powder.' couple of miles things began to change for the worse. The road was rough, lonely and exceedingly desolate looking, with

to walk at a brisk rate for over an hour | Sir Innkeeper, and 1 hope wisely apologize and a half, and during that time could see for this insult offered to a gentleman, and panion of which she carried conspicuously only three or four of those miserable one too in the service of his King and stuck in her belt. hovels. It was then about 2 o'clock in country. Good night, Mr. Gab.' And the afternoon, and raining hard, with a seizing my bag, I dashed from the sign rather corpulent build, blonde complexi m,

west. I was wet through and wished from eyes flashing fire and bosom heaving with elastic step, haughty bearing, and a clear, How the puddles leap'd, splashing about

my legs, as I slough'd it along, talking to myself, cursing bigotry, and vowing deed 'a hard road to travel,' as the song retaliation on the diminutive churl of the says. At three o'clock the rain began to fall in torrents, and I was compelled to Red Swan. About an hour's hard walking brought

of giving up the ghost in hopeless despair. | the tory Captain. It was, viewed in the I entered, almost doubled, (for the door | dim light of the moon, a long, low, murwas not above four feet in height,) saying derous-looking barrack of a place-a kind

my 'God save all here,' the usual saluta- of earman's inn. (God bless the mark), tion in the vernacular tongue, and looking about twenty miles from Dublin, in a lonely part of the road, with no house about for some stool or bench to sit on. Wet day, sir,' spoke something in the within half a mile of it. The dwelling shape of an old woman, bent over the part, barn, stable, cowhouse, and a large

open shed, were all in one range, several smouldering embers of what might once rods in length, with deep sink-holes filled have been called a good turf fire. with mud, and stagnant rain water in front, 'True for you ma'am,' I replied, shakbetween it and the road. So villainous ing the rain off my weather-beaten beaver,

and rubbing the fur with the cuff of my that 1 really imagined there was not a Sit up to the fire, young man, you sound pane of glass in any of the four before, and hope I never shall again. I must feel cold,' said the same stooping windows on the front side, through every am a stranger, ma'am, and bound for the till I left Ireland. effigy, pulling a three legged stool close one of which appeared, stuffed out, an oity on urgent business. The storm to where she was hunchered.

the rain off my hat.

her. 'Biddy, throw me a clod or two,' she | night. The door was lying half open, and I said, addressing a gaunt, ill-favored men of the feminine gender, perched on entered, a single tallow candle was burnthe hob stone, with one hand gr: sping a | ing on the counter, dimly revealing the long, black wooden crook, suspended from interior. It was a groggery of the most an opening in the roof called the chimney, unblessed aspect, with but little induce- grays, and commodious phæton. 1 must sharp corner. and with the other stroking the sleek fur ment to put up the night in. But 'any of a large yellow tom-cat, sitting on her port in a storm,' says the mariner, and I you accept of a drive I shall be glad of After being twice bidden she was resolved to use it in such an emerknee. obeyed, furnishing the fuel, which I as- gency. The host was behind his counter, a sisted to place in position, and soon I had the enjoyment of a tolerably warm fire. huge, black-whiskered, uncouth kind of 'How far may I be from the Dublin person, wearing a gray ricze coat, slouched road, ma'am ?' I asked the crone, setting felt hat, and no neck tie. His features my hat on, and preparing to make my were coarse and repulsive, while the twinkle of his small gray snake-like eye, as he exit. 'Is it how far you are from the cross roads, you are after axing ?' she demanded, brim of his old hat, had something in it, turning up one of the thinnest and most sinister and murderous. • Can I have a bed here for the night ?' cadaverous faces I ever beheld to mine. I asked, not much caring whether I could 'That's what I want to know, ma'am, if you please,' I answered. or not. After fumbling in the ashes with a piece 'Are you alone, boy?' he demanded, re garding me attentively. Alone,' I answered haughtily, not of stick for a minute, as if in mental calculation on some abstruse problem, she quite satisfied with his calling me boy. replied : 'The cross roads are about as 'How far do you travel, youngster far the one way as the other ; make miles Again he demanded, leaning over the of that, if you know how.' counter to inspect my walking gear. · Do you mean, good woman, that I have 'Near thirty miles,' I replied, commence as far more to go on this old road, as I

'Not for a little,' I replied, 'I want to hung there.

The ill-favored man exchanged glances pistol, and bidding me use it only at her from under his slouched hat, with the other word of command. when he should be thinking of his bed. After a few minutes a sifting cross ex-

amination recommenced. I saw plainly that I was doomed to some dreadful fate,

my escape, leaving bag, overcoat, and all 'Don't keep beds for pickpockets, or in their hands, when a carriage was heard easily leave three and a half miles of dry for the emissaries of Captain Rock,' was driving to the door, and, soon after, a road, with a large tree overhanging half beside me to revive me by it. Two long succession of quick, heavy raps, as if from the way, two men emerged from behind the hours, as I learned afterwards, passed bethe butt end of a carriage whip on the quick to the outside room. After a few

brace of brass-mounted military dogs was seated amidst my rude companions.-I dashed the weed from my mouth, drew over her forehead; a long black veil caremyself up stiff as a ramrod, looked him lessly hanging to one side. She carried but few cabins and those of the meanest straight in the eye, and answered, with in her left hand a heavy coachman's whip, and most wretched aspect. I continued calm dignity, 'You'll hear from me soon, while in the other she held a long, bright. silver-mounted duelling pistol the comdashed, trampling the other villain under the horses' feet and the wheels of the flying

She was above the medium height, of vehicle. Two shots from behind the hedge were strong cold wind blowing from the south- of the Red Swan, like a sky-rocket, with perhaps about thirty years of age, with fired at the carriage without effect, while the wood resounded with the hell-hound sweet, musical voice, which she used with ories of perhaps a dozen more of the banditti.

an authoritative and commanding air .--But we were safe, nor did we rein up The innkeeper followed close at her heels, till we had left the wood four or five miles to await her commands, with evident behind us. uneasiness depicted on his ugly counte-

When we were eight or ten miles from nance. The whole gronp of rowdies were equally confounded, and s'irunk like the city, and in a populous part of the ly hove in sight just as I was on the point me in view of the tavern referred to by cowards from the presence of that singular country, she became more communicative, and told me her story in a few words. She

I stood up, and made an easy, and re- was the widow lady of a rich merchant in spectful bow, which she deigned slightly | the city; had large money transactions in the country, and was returning with $\pounds1500$ to return. After looking peeringly into in gold and Bank of Ireland notes, as was the eyes of all my companions, without known to the robbers. One of her man uttering a word, she did me the honor of a similar sorutiny. I could not help smil- servants, she said, knew all this, and was ing. It was a weakness of mine whenever an accomplice with the banditti. The house she met me in was their rendezvous, met the fixed stare of a pretty woman. and there she expected to find the villain, She smiled in return, and asked in a sweet, but was disappointed. She gave me low voice: 'Do you belong to this house?' 'No, ma'am,' I answered, shakher name and address, but charged me to was the aspect, as I approached the door ing my head. 'Are you of this party ?' keep the affair of that night a profound she asked again. ' Never saw one of them secret. Of course I promised, and kept my word

After driving me to a fashionable hotel. she alighted, introduced me to the clerk, old coat, hat, or pair of ragged corduroy drove me to take shelter here for the night, I work the proffered seat and thanked breeches, any available dud to exclude and I shall leave, God willing, if my life then in his office, and after being in private the pelting rain and piercing cold of the be spared till I see the full dawn of day conference with that functionary, shook me by the hand, giving me something to-morrow morning.'

Consulting her gold watch, and prefolded nicely in a piece of paper, which senting it to me for inspection, she said : she bid me look at when I went to my room. 'It's ten minutes, you see, to eleven. — Then mounting her carriage she drove off, I'm going to the city, have a fleet span of waving me a last adieu as she turned a of necessity be there at three o'clock. If your company, for I'm alone.' our company, for 1 m alone.' Then, sinking her voice to a whisper, Ireland. she continued; Next day the clerk refused to take any · I called here to see if the notorious pay, saying, ' that was all settled by the leader of this banditti were in, but he is lady. not. So much the worse ; the scoundrel is. I fear, strongly posted in his old haunt, an account of the shooting of a noted high-Well-will you accept just as I expected. looked at me from under the turned down of my invitation ? There is no time to way robber, ten miles from the city, long the terror of the road, by some unknown lose.'

Got a military education,' I said, with over and above strong. It won't bear a assumed pomposity-laying my right hand man.' 'I will trust it. He has fainted.' on my left side, as if an officer's sword I was too much exhausted to answer

any of the questions they shouted to me. Glad to hear that,' was her reply. The reaction of promised relief was too 'Here, take this,' handing me a cocked great after such a night as I had passed. Before I could realize the purport of the 'Be careful,' she re-

She took the other from her belt, laid it one was descending. I felt the dress of across her lap, gathered up the reins, and, the brave girl touch my cheek; I heard after again carefully looking through the her pitying tones; I knew she raised my bushes on both sides of the road, put the horses in easy motion and rolled on. We had not gone more than ten or twelve rods when, at a hollow place in the geon. Wine was lowered, and she knelt

Mary and learned of her love for me. Lee, the pet of the village, the idol of home, the centre of many loving hearts,

home, the centre of many loving hearts, left all to follow her orippled husband to his city home. If by the exercise of my brain I have made work for my hands—if my right hand has earned a luxurious home—if by the love of a lifetime. I have humbly en-deavored to make her happy—did she not earn all this, and more, aye, more than I can ever give her ?' can ever give her ?'

CAR BY CHEER STREET, INTELLIGENCER THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. No. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, LANCASTER, PA. The Jobbing Department is thoroughly furnished with new and elegant type of every description, and is under the charge of a practical and experienced Job Printer.--The Proprietors are prepared to PRINT CHECES, NOTES, LEGAL BLANKS, CARDS AND CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS AND HANDBILLS, PAPER BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS, BALL TICKETS AND INVITATIONS, PRINTING IN COLORS AND PLAIN PRINTING, with nestness, accuracy and dispatch, on the most reasona ble torms, and in a manor not excelled by any establish-ment in the city. ## Orders from a distance, by mail or otherwiset promptly attended to. Address (BC). SANDERSON & SON, Intelligencer Office, North Duke street Lanceafter, PA.

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THREE HUNDRED INVALIDS, have been cured since November, 1862, by the us modifications of Electricity as applied at the Ele-nstitute on Orange street, between Duke and Lime s

Lancaster, Pa. NOT ONE CERTIFICATE has been published since the Xiectrical Institute has been established in Lancaster, but this system of practice has been left to sink or swim upon ITS OWN MERITS,

NO. 8.

TTS OWN MERITS, some of the most respectible and substantial citizens o Lancaster county, have been treated and cured, as can be seen by reference to themselves, or the books of the Institute.

Institute. DIBEASES of every kind have been treated successfully, and in a number of instances, after all other systems and medicines had failed, and the individuals had been pronounced in-curable and

her pitying tones; I knew she raised my head as she stood in the twilight beside me; but I could not speak. Others had hurried to the house, and one for the sur-geon. Wine was lowered, and she kneit beside me to revive me by it. Two long and especially PROLAPSUS UTERI

road, with a large tree overhanging half the way, two men emerged from behind the hedge, one laying hold on the bridle of the horses on the right side of the phæton, while the other levelled a pistol at my head saying. 'Stir a limb and you die.' Your money, Mrs. Dasher,' demanded the other robber at the rein with a voice like thunder. 'You carry five hundred pounds in gold and bank notes. I know all about it. Delay half a minute'—the word was not finished, when the man covering my head leaped into the air, shot through the brain by the unerring aim of the right-hand grey, and off the phæton dashed, trampling the other villain under

MISHLER'S BITTERS. Below we publish another lot of certificates re BITTERS: BITTERS:

ALTONA, PA, May I, 1863. Dr. Whitfield-Sir: This is to certify that I have been afflicted with the Rheomatism for many years, and have tried many things said to be cures without any relief. I an employed drying sand for the P. R. R, and having to be in the damp and steam nearly all the time, I was afraid that I never would get well again. One of my arms has been so bad that I was afraid I would lose the use of rise it with my other hand whenever I wished to change its position. The bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters I got from you the other day, has so much relieved me that I can now raise my arm without difficulty and it is getting as strong as ever.

an now have seen. From the wonderful improvement it has made in my health, I can recommend Mishler's Herb Bitters with the greatest confidence to all those afflicted with the Rheuma-tism. Respectfully yours, HUGH MULLOY.

MANHEIM, Nov. 5th, 1863.

MANHEIM, Nov. 5th, 1863. B. Mishler—Dear Sir: I have been selling your Bitters for a long time, and have used it myself for Neuralgia, which has eatirely cured me, and my customers use it and think it to be the best Bitterg; they have ever heard of. Indeed it thas given entire satisfaction in every particular. I intend to keep a full supply on hand all the time at my hotel, "Washington House," Mauheim. A. H. REIST.



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BOYS' CLOTHING.

1as, 2c. BOYS' CLOTHING. Just finished the largest and chaspest assortment of Just finished the largest and chaspest assortment of Boys' Glothing in this city, Consisting of Boys Over-Coats, Freek, Sack and Monkey Coats, Roundsbouts, Panisloons and Vests, of all sisses and qualifies. Justice and we show the CLOTH's, FALL STYLE CASSIMERES AND YEBTINGS, CLOTH's, FALL STYLE CASSIMERES AND YEBTINGS, Which will be made up to order in the most fashionable style at very reasonable prices. Persons ordering grautents at this establishment can depend upon getting them at the time specified. Thankful for the very liberal patrongs heretofore be-stowed upon this establishment, the proprietor respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

Sign of the Striped Coat, No. 42 North Queen street, east side, near Orange street, Lancaster, Pa. sep 29

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KS FOR OLD AND YOUNG!

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ary lowest prices. Among his extensive assortment may be found:

LANCASTER, PA.

Of personal beauty or grace For many a man with a wife Is uglier far in the face; Indeed, among elegant men, I fancy myself in the van But what is the value of that, When I'm a superfluous man

Although I'm fond of the girls, Although 1'm iond of the girls, For aught 1 could ever discern, The tender emotion that 1 feel Is one that they never return; 'Tis idle to quarrel with fate, For, struggle as hard as 1 can. They're matched already, you know, And 1'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times, With women so pretty and plenty, To know that I never was born To figure as one of the twenty ; But yet, when the average lot With critical vision I scan, I think it may be for the best That I'm a superfluous man !

REMEMBERED BLISS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE. Anis ! a lid to think, Amid past hours of deep delight, That aught could break the golden link "that then between us seemed so bright We little dream what time may bring---The heart is a mysterious thing! A change came o'er thy gentle brow, And we are but as strangers now.

Yet sometimes in my sadder moods. Yet sometimes in my sadder moods, Amid dark scenes of toil and strife, And oft in woodland solitudes, Afar from gay and busy life, Thy image rises to my eye As bright as in the days gone by; Thy voice, low, musical and clear, Steals like a spirit on my ear; The vanished joys come wildly back Along life's dark and arid track; Old thoughts within my bosom stir, And I am still thy worshipper. The bird that o'er my pathway flies,

The fleeting vision of a dream-The star that lights awhile the skies, Then turns away its eilver beam These, these are emblems to my heart Of what thou wast or what thou art : The hird, the dream, the star are flown The bird, the dream, the star are flown, And I am left alone—alone. Yes still thear with sweet delight The song the bird sang in her flight; The dream with all its fairy train Still haunts the chambers of my brain; And ofttimes when I gaze afar Thro' tears where beamed the vanished star, It seems again to burn on high, The glory of my elouded sky, And on its lovely diso I trace Ine glory of my clouded sky, And on its lovely disc I trace The pictured image of thy face, And kneel in worship as when first Its Eden-light upon me burst.

A Night on the Dublin Road; OR THE IRISH AMAZON.

BY J. GOLDRICK. It was a cold drizzly day in the latter end of the month of November (said my How I tripp'd it along. friend C-----) that ill luck found me on my way to Dublin, in quest of a roving situation. I was at that time about twenty- | felicity of seeing the broad, deep, muddy, one years of age, smart, ambitious, and | mail-coach road, with its vast thoroughtolerably well posted on the general topics fare right before me. Half an hour more then distracting public attention in Ire- took me to the tavern. It was a respectaland, namely, Catholic emancipation, and ble two-story building, reputed for its the policy of equal rights to all loyal sub- good accommodations, and the reasonablejects, irrespective of their nationality or ness of its charges. The proprietor was oreed. I carried letters of recommenda- a small, middle-aged military-looking kind tion from two members of Parliament in of personage; very polite to his customers, my own country, to a nobleman in the city, full of talk, honest, pretentious, rather soliciting his influence with some of the noted for his rabid politics, and the hatred high custom-house officers to obtain for me he bore to all who sought by constitutional Included a situation for which I was coup-which they labored. He held the rank of sidered fully qualified, notwithstanding | Captain, in the yeomanry, when Napoleon my youth and apparent inexperience in was in his glory, and England menaced the rough duties of an exciseman's life. with a French invasion; and once a Captain Besides a limited sum for travelling ex- a Captain forever; he still retained the penses, I held a check on the bank of name, and was known far and wide as Ireland for ten pounds, the gift of a lady Captain GAB, of the Red Swan tavern. friend. a near relative to the nobleman to The Inn Keeper was in his sanctum of whom I carried the letters of recommenda-

tion. As I was always light-hearted, smart on foot, and a good economist, I deter-mined to ride Shanks' mare, and save the with the deep yellow mud of a Dublin mail cosch hire, that is, I resolved to perform the journey on foot, and have a pleasant time on the road with my guinea. I did not choose, however, to follow the broad 'A glass of malt and eigar, sir, if you be mortifying to my pride if any of my hat on three hairs, with wonderous conse-

came ?' I asked, looking from one to the other of the women. 'You are but half way,' she said;

either way.' 'This is the Half-way House; the coat. tavern is over six miles from you, young familiarity he was beginning to assume. gentleman,' spoke the lady on the hob, with a bashful giggle, and a few more swings of the long, black crook. 'Thank you, Miss,' I said bowing of my bag, as if to feel its weight. politely. 'Any public houses on the way, before I reach the cross roads ?'

prescriptions ?' 'Not that I know of,' was the reply, followed by another swing, and a fresh pull at the cat's tail. • Good day, ladies,' I said, bouncing to

ture. I laughed. my feet, grasping my bag, and out with 'You pretend to tell fortunes.' I said. me in the heavy down-pour. What a fix to be in, at 4 o'clock of a

what luck do you make out for me ?' short November day, raining like sixty ing, I see ;' he said, grinning horribly On a lonely outlandish road, dripping wet, hungry, chilled with cold, and depressed in spirit. But reflections were of no use -these six miles must be traveled, and you.'

that quickly, or I must be out all night. Land of Goshen ! how I did use my pivots!

The fast walking soon warmed me, from head to foot, and about 7 o'clock I had the and grinning again continued : 'You're going to the city, are you ?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, with stiff affected accent, and an indifferent swag of the

head. · Do you know any body there ? 'Hundreds,' I answered, growing tired with this hateful catechizing.

days ? you have a good Catholic nose of your own I see.'

church. Go regularly to your duty ?' drams when I entered, bag in hand, not a a very prepossessing looking customer, I make a fool of yourself.'

must confess, for I was wet through, and coach road, evident sign to the experienced eye of a shrewd inn keeper, that I was not blessed with heavy pockets.

ing, and playing cards. this place, nor the company I had got kissed her. road, too much cut up by coashes, drays plesse, I said, kicking my feet on the tiled this place, nor the company I had got kissed her. and carriages; besides I thought it would floor, outside the counter, and settling my amongst, and wished from my heart I had 'Could face_the devil, ma'am,' was my been again on the road, bad as the night reply, stamping my foot on the floor of the be mortifying to my pride if any of my hat on three nairs, with wonderous couse - beta again the set in betraying a contrast of the mail coach and see me, the ambitious decanter on the counter, and disposed of fear, and I sat down among them, intended the mail coach and see me, the ambitious decanter on the counter, and disposed of fear, and I sat down among them, intended young sugger, wading knee-deep in mud, in double quick time. The cigar was next ing to make myself agreeable.

'You do me an honor, madam,' I said, and soon the matter dropped without fur-· but I must confess that at this late hour. ther investigation. and under the circumstances. I'm not, as you see, in a condition to appear in company with a lady of your rank.'

appointment of Guager, held the office for ' Nonsense,' she replied, smiling, ' what nine years, but never since heard anything have you got here ? 'Nothing, ma'am.' I answered, 'but of the fair widow, Mrs. Dasher, my Amason

a light carpet bag '-taking hold of it in friend on the Dublin road. my hand, and pulling out a shilling to give the landlord

'It's all right, your honor,' said that individual, too glad to get rid of my lady friend and myself as soon as possible. We ing to unbutton my overcoat and shake 'Your name, with submission,' he left the house and found the lady's phaeton they call it six miles to the cross roads, sontinued, coming out from behind the standing at the door, the span of grays pawing the road impatiently to be off with counter, and assisting to divest me of my their fair mistress.

The rain had by this time ceased, but I told him though I did not like the the wind, which had veered round to the southeast, was blowing in fitful gusts, · What's your business ? if it's no harm to ax ?' was his next inquiry, taking hold rendering it necessary to fix on our hats tightly to keep them from blowing off our 'A traveling quack-dootor,' I answered humorously; 'do your family need any at her southing, and plunging madly through the heavens, dashing the heavy black clouds before her as if she had been Don't know but they may, boy,' was the reply, letting go the bag, and catching a thing of life. Things looked weird and desolate all around. No thoroughfare then hold of my right hand to examine the texon the road, the way was quite clear, as we could see ahead. The deep ruts and little puddles sparkled in the light of the · You don't get your grub by hard work- moon as she emerged from behind some thick bank of clouds. It was difficult to rom ear to ear. 'Excuse me youngster, hear what was spoken, from the blowing I like to talk to a promising gossoon like of the wind, unless one spoke as if to some deaf person, and therefore little was said "All right,' I said, foreing my hand from after we got under weigh, for near half an his grasp, and looking him straight in the hour. The whip was unsparingly applied face, with a proud ourl of the lip, and a by the Amazon, and the grays dashed off haughty, disdainful air. He drew back a at an incredible rate, causing the gutters

sible, suffering and alone. As the streaks never had been on this road before, and of light broke above me, I saw that I had knew nothing of the way or direction we fallen down an old well, half filled with were going. We came to a thick clump of trees, and

man's domain, when she drew up to a stand still, and looked peeringly around her, stooping her head the better to see in Where do you hang your hat on Sun- among the bushes. We had now a little avs ? you have a good Catholic nose of shelter; but the noise of the wind blowing overhead among the lofty trees resembled

their religion is the true Catholic, or uni- ask with some misgiving that all was not versal faith of the Bible and primitive right, and that, after all, it might have by the sweet face of Mary Lee.

whiskers, than in the elegant carriage of

to more questions. I am cold, wet, hun- then, putting her mouth so close to mine, gry and peevish. Show me to some place that she nearly touched me, she said in a called out, loudlygry and peevish. Show me to some place that she hearly concound and, one bar is where I can see a fire, and don't any longer low whisper, 'Robbers! I'm waylaid.' where I can see a fire, and don't any longer low whisper, 'Robbers! I'm waylaid.' 'Heavens!' was my exclamation. "Help ! help !" 'Where ?'

'Come along,' he said, leading the way 'Where are they, ma'am ?' and I stood up into a long narrow back room, meanly in the phæton to look around. furnished, but with a good turf fire burning 'Sit down,' she cried, taking me by the on the hearth, around which sat six or seven arm, and forcing me back to a sitting posswabbish-looking fellows, drinking, suok- ture.

' Are you courageous ?' she asked, bring-I did not quite like the as pearance of ing her face so near mine that I might have

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she bid me look at when I went to my room. Then mounting her carriage she drove off, waving me a last adieu as she turned a sharp corner. After some little refreshment, I was shown my room. On examining the little parcel I found a valuable gold breast-pin, with a ten base down of the base of MUSIOI are the base published anywhere. All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson." In 1804, in addition to its usual quantity of short stories, pour oktorna. Stephenes, Killa Rodman, Frank Lee Benedict, and the Author of "The Second Life." It also any high start and the Author of "The Second Life." It also any high start and the Author of "The Second Life." It also any high start and the Author of "The Second Life." It also with a ten pound note on the Bank of

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given to me, and started off for a few months to make our oustomers pay for their silks, calicoes and notions. I had fared pretty well on my errand, and was putting up at a country inn, when one of our oustomers invited me to a gath-ering of young folks at his house. I at once accepted the offer. There I met with Mary Lee, and lost my heart instantly. As I was returning to the inn, after that colored my whole future life, gave me its greatest joy and its heaviest sorrow.— Crossing a field, in the darkness I set my foct unon a plank which tilted, and I fell

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Morning dawned, and I was lying al most frantic in my agony, when I heard a young, fresh voice singing above me. I Publicatio to \$2.75. CLUBS OF ONE HUNDRED.

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ehortest notice. I return my sincere thanks to my old friends and cus-tomers for their kind patronage, and respectfully ask a continuance of the same. Jan² 3m⁹ 52

The singing ceased, and the question came in a startled tone. "Here! I have fallen down the well."

fully hurt. George ! John ! Come quick !'

Some one must go down,' said the voice, 'Have you a rope ?'

The boards above me were pushed aside, and the daylight, further advanced than I had perceived in my darkened position, poured in. 'Down, here ?' Oh ! you must be fear-

Hurrying feet came above me.

instemed to the use of srms ?' she Aye, the old rope is here ; but it's not

Love in a Well.

foot upon a plank which tilted, and I fell down, losing consciousness before I reached the end of a subterranean descent .---How long I lay insensible I cannot tell : but I awoke in bitter agony, feeling that I was fearfully injured. I called and groaned, but the darkness above was unbroken by any friendly gleam of light-

the heavy silence cheered by no succoring voice. Day dawned, finding me still senlistle, shut one of his murderous peepers, to fly from the wheels like lightning.

rubbish, and covered with loose boards at the top. One of these boards had given were apparently entering into some gentleway under the pressure of my foot. This well, I learned later, was on Mr. Lee's place, and was being gradually filled up with any dirt that would have been other-

'I'm a Catholic,' I said, and that was that of the ocean in a storm. no lie, for Potestante maintain that 'What is it, ma'am ?' I ventured to

been safer with me in the den of black cality, and by my castle-building, inspired

'Stop, sir,' I cried, assuming an air of this fine lady. gravity, and shaking off his hands. 'Ask She made no reply for half a minute,