

The Lancaster Intelligence

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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TERMS.
Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. \$1.50, if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions are, however, expected to be paid in advance.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Business advertisements by the year, or fractions of a year, in Weekly papers, to be inserted at the rate of \$5.00 per square of ten lines, per centum increase on the yearly rate for fractions of a year.
General advertisements to be charged at the rate of seven cents per line for the first insertion, and four cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
Dayly notices, bills, and all other advertisements, by the column, half, third, or quarter column, to be charged as follows:
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One-half column, yearly, 60.00
One-third column, yearly, 40.00
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Transfers of Real Estate, Resolutions, &c., to be charged 10 cents per line.
Communications sent forth for the individuals for office, &c., to be charged 10 cents per line.
December 15th, 1863, the above Schedule of Prices was unanimously adopted by the undersigned. Publishers in the City of Lancaster, Pa.
J. W. & J. B. SANDERSON & CO., Editors of the Herald.
FRANKLIN & GIBBS, Daily & Weekly Express.
JOHN B. SANDERSON, Proprietor.
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S. A. WYLLIE, Daily & Weekly Mail.
W. M. WILSON, Job Printer.
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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed hall,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—
Somebody's Darling, so sweet and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, young face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his bed he has risen and brow,
Break all the wondrous waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and calm.
Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Mourn a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair master take,
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there,
Was it a mother's, soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?
God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart has cherished him there;
Somebody's name has been his name there;
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their breast;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pleading to drop in his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."
(Sunday Chronicle)

ALLEN ELLSWORTH'S HOME.

It was a blustering night in March, cold without, but within were light and warmth. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and I sat with folded hands, and the last number of the Atlantic open on my lap. I had been reading, but dropped the book to listen to the wind as it surged in fitful gusts around the house. Two years before, on just such a night as this, there fell on me the heaviest grief that has ever darkened my life. My husband, in the pride and strength of his manhood, was taken from me, and in my desolate home I was left to wait, over-sundered times, and to face alone the dreary, dreary future which loomed up mockingly before me. And on this night of which I am writing, my heart was aching with the burden of loneliness, and longing for a pressure of the hand that would never call mine again, and the light of fond eyes that never looked coldly into mine. In these sad thoughts I was losing self-control, and with a mighty effort turned the current of my thoughts into the channel of every-day affairs. "I think I must call on our new neighbor, Mrs. Ellsworth, to-morrow," I said aloud. "What if we should find Mr. Ellsworth to be our old schoolmate and friend, Mrs. Wentworth tells me they are from the Empire State. "What were you saying, Milly?" and my brother glanced up from the paper which had so engrossed his attention, he had not heard my remark. I had repeated it. "Ah! I was not aware we had new neighbors. I am sure you have not mentioned the fact to me, Milly." "I know I have not, Will; but I have had so many things to say to you since your return that I have not even thought of them, and I did not learn their name till yesterday." "Well, I'll make some inquiries to-morrow, and if it is Allen Ellsworth I will make myself known to him; we can't afford to be strangers in this country," said Will, and resumed his reading; while I sat idly gazing into the fire. The name aroused a host of delightful recollections. How vividly it brought to mind my childhood's home—the low brown house half hidden by the luxuriant grape-vine, whose fruit was such a temptation to juvenile frugality from the time it first took on a ripening tinge till it hung in rich and glowing purple clusters amid the dark green leaves. And the two loveliest trees, the delight of my young eyes, tossing up their sprays of creamy blossoms to the truant breeze. And pleasanter than all, the family gathering on the long low porch, when the cares of day were over, and the sky was all aglow with the brightness of sunset. Closely interwoven with these pleasant associations was the memory of our friend Ellsworth—Al. We always called him—so he often made one of our number.

THE FAIRY GRIGNOTTE.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.
The Fairy Grignotte was a little mouse, the prettiest little mouse that ever nibbled upon earth. She leaped and frolicked, and was never still except when she was planning some new prank. It was her great pleasure to tickle the feet of children and run up their legs, thus making them laugh when they were taking their lessons. This made the master scold, because he thought they were laughing at him. She did not make them laugh at their play; no, indeed! that she was permitted; and Mademoiselle cared very little for anything that was permitted but as soon as they were in class, or at mass, which was still worse, she arrived brisk and malicious, and there was no extravagance which she did not invent to excite their merriment. The children, who knew nothing about the fairy Grignotte, did not themselves understand the cause of their gaiety. "Why did you laugh?" asked one of his comrades. "I laughed because I saw you laugh—Why did you?" "I laughed at that great simpleton Melibert, who laughs yonder like a fool. See him now holding his sides." And both laughed again still more heartily, because the fairy was, unknown to them, tickling their feet. Meanwhile the master bewailed the heedlessness of his pupils and showered upon them tasks and punishments. Their parents were indignant that they could not take home their children on Sunday, after giving themselves the trouble to go for them. The children wept upon seeing them depart; but as soon as they were again in class, the wicked fairy was at her pranks and the laughing recommenced. They laughed everywhere; while eating, running, weeping even, yes, while weeping, and doing penance with the fool's cap upon the head. It is true that this punishment, now out of fashion, was well adapted to amuse. Two Sundays passed, and all the scholars were detained, except one who was always so sad and sullen that there was no chance to punish him for his gaiety. He was older than the rest and was named Louis. His comrades saw him depart with envy, and in the evening after his return, they overwhelmed him with stinging jokes. "How do you manage, dog of a hypocrite, to keep sober when everybody else laughs?" "I work," replied Louis. "That's a fine answer. We also work, but there are times when nothing can hinder us from laughing. Why don't you laugh?" "Because I wear nails in my shoes." "How do your shoes help you?" asked a boy named Richemont. "They help me to kick so hard the fairy Grignotte that she no longer meddles with me." "Grignotte!" repeated all the children. "Who is the fairy Grignotte?" "She is," replied Louis, "a wicked mouse who causes all our chagrin." "A mouse!" echoed Richemont; "ah! yes, Grignotte (nibbler) is one name for a mouse. And you pretend that it is she who gets us scolded. How?" "She tickles you under the table and makes you laugh." "Ah! well! we will do as you do; we will put nails in our shoes." "You would do better to put a trap!" a mouse-trap in my shoe exclaimed an ingenious little boy. "No! no! no! a mouse-trap under the table with some bacon inside." "Bacon!" echoed Richemont; "can one take a fairy also with bacon?" "Certainly, when the fairy is a mouse. I try it; you will see that when Grignotte shall have been taken, the master will not scold you." Several boys refused to believe in the existence of the fairy Grignotte, and those who had faith in this explanation of their mirth would not admit that a fairy mouse would allow herself to be caught and above all to be caught with bacon. In the midst of the conversation, the master entered. He had just been looking at a summer-house which he was building in the garden, and without perceiving it he had leaned against a newly finished wall and bedaubed himself with plaster. His back was white, from his shoulders to his feet; but this did not prevent his being as grave and severe as usual. The children no sooner saw his back, as he walked in his classes, than the fairy Grignotte tickled their legs, and they began to giggle foolishly. The younger ones broke out first; the older ones bit their lips, made believe, picked up a pen which had not fallen, and invented all sorts of contentions to conceal their laugh. One of them, especially, twisted his mouth into frightful grimaces across which he looked down into their clear depths in spite of him. The master was not the dupe of this hypocrisy, and he asked with severity, "What are you doing, sir? Who are you laughing so?" "I am not laughing, sir," replied the naughty fiber. "It is a pain in my teeth, which I have had since morning, and which draws my mouth upon either side, although I do not wish to do so." At this unworthy lie the pupils could not keep their countenance, and the fairy recommenced her promenades. This time the laugh was sudden and general. Louis, himself, found that the nails in his shoes were not sufficient to defend him. He began to laugh, and his gaiety was so much the greater because it was rare. It was a coarse German laugh, a heartiness of fun which fell upon the master like an injury. "You, also, sir! do you mingle in the mirth?" cried the poor master, in a fury impossible to paint, and he walked up and down, showing at every turn his white back, the cause of all the trouble. "The more angry he grew the more the children laughed, and the more the fairy

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Grignotte tickled their legs. At length the master's patience gave way. "Young gentlemen," said he, "so much insubordination merits a striking punishment. The whole class will be kept in for the third time! Not one of you will go out on Sunday; not a single one do you understand?" With these words the indignant master left the room; but as the fairy, frightened by his coarse voice, had returned to her hole, the children no longer laughed, and the white back which he showed when departing failed to excite their mirth. They were dismayed. For two Sundays they had not seen their parents, and they knew very well how vexed they would be when they should be refused to them for the third time. The younger ones began to weep, because they were the most innocent; the older ones were furious, because they were the most criminal. When one is in the wrong, one is glad to lay the blame upon somebody else, and the most among the pupils who had the most stoutly denied the existence of Grignotte yielded their doubt, now that they had so fine an opportunity to accuse her. Scarcely had the master left the class when the anger burst forth. "Wicked Grignotte!" she had casted all our misfortunes!" "Yes," said Richemont, one of the naughty leaders of the school, "it is Grignotte, I am sure, I felt something touch my legs when the master was speaking." "It was I," said an honest little boy, who did not think it was necessary to tell an untruth in order to accuse another, and who, beside, felt already a sympathy for Grignotte. "Ah! it was you?" replied Richemont, impatient at being interrupted in his lie. "Well, take this, to teach you to push against my legs," and so saying, the wicked boy gave the open-hearted little one a heavy blow with his fist. Then, transported with anger, he jumped upon a table, crying, "Vengeance!" and all his comrades echoed "Vengeance!" There was a concert of injurious epithets heaped upon the unhappy Grignotte. Each one, according to his character, said something stinging, and as there were at least thirty pupils in the class, the uproar was stunning. One heard only "Grignotte! Grignotte! Detestable Grignotte! Infamous Grignotte! Abominable Grignotte! Perfidious Grignotte, the chief! Grignotte, the hypocrite! Little scoundrel of a Grignotte! Grignotte the spy! Grignotte the quack!" When the epithets were exhausted, regrets commenced. Each one recalled the pleasure which had been promised for the fatal Sunday—this third and fatal Sunday which they were condemned to pass in the school. "Sunday!" cried one: "truly it is the fate of St. Cloud! Mamma was going to take me there." "Sunday!" exclaimed another; "it is also my aunt's festival day; we were to enjoy it at her house." "And papa was to take me to Franconville! And me to the Botanical Garden! And me to the royal Mass! As for me, my brother has given me a gun! And grandpapa has bought me a pony! And grandpapa has given me a watch! And mamma is sick! And my sister is to be married! And my tutor is in London!" The best speaker of the class declared that there was not a moment to lose; that they must at all events seize Grignotte; that they should have no peace until Grignotte would be taken; that the taking of Grignotte would alone appease the anger of the master. "The master is too just," he cried—hoping, perhaps, to be overheard by him—"he is too just, I say, to punish us for the crime of another. I do not doubt that when he shall have learned that Grignotte is alone to blame, he will pardon us and all his anger will fall upon her." The pupils clapped their hands at this speech and the orator profited by their enthusiasm to collect money enough to buy a little bacon and a mouse-trap. Each pupil gave two cents, and he soon found himself in possession of a sum large enough to procure where withal to catch all the mice in the quarter, and even some of the great rats over the market. It was Thursday, and there were yet two long days to go to the numerous measures which were to secure to the pupils their beautiful Sunday. There straggle was in train. The trap was bought; the bacon was broiled; the children to attract the poor fairy, scattered crumbs of bread in all the rooms of the school. It was a pity to see so much enmity and anger against such a little mouse. Poor Grignotte knew nothing of these plots. After the day in which the master flew into a passion, she fled and concealed herself in a school of young girls, where she kept up her frolics; for little girls are still gayer gigglers than little boys. Seeing quiet re-established among the pupils, she returned on Friday evening to sleep in her accustomed hole, far from suspecting the treacher which awaited her. When she entered there was no one in the class; all the pupils were in the dormitories. She ran up and down under the benches and was agreeably surprised to find so many crumbs of bread upon the floor. As she ate these without injury she suspected nothing. From crumb to crumb she reached the treacherous bacon, when, alas! she was no longer cautious, the imprudent one! Scarcely had she tasted the deceitful dainty than she heard a terrible noise—terrible for a mouse—that of a trap falling. The poor fairy at this moment was so unhappy as a real mouse, because she was a fairy of the second order, and had no power. Her part in the world was to excite laughter, and nothing is more contemptible than that. She felt at the first instant the whole extent of her misfortune, and she passed the entire night groaning and bewailing.

THE FAIRY GRIGNOTTE.

The next morning when the pupils looked into the trap they felt a wild joy

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

gratious joy, a joy of culpable triumph. "To the cat! to the cat!" cried they immediately, to frighten her; for it is the instinct of cruelty which leads us to proclaim before our victim the name of his enemy; in truth it is the most cruel of outrages. They placed the trap upon table, and all the pupils seated themselves upon the benches and prepared to judge Grignotte. First, they exhibited all their grievance and they were numerous; the poor fairy trembled. Several ungenerous pupils menaced her with the fist; others fixed their eyes on her with a terrible expression; these said to her a thousand injurious things, those, gaily cried, made her a thousand ironical compliments. "See how pretty she is," said they. "For prisoner, she excites my pity!" The little innocent one, believing them sincere in their interest for her, and knowing nothing of irony, took them at their word in their friendliness and joined his sincere and honest pity to their perfidious compassion. "Isn't she very pretty?" said he; "she looks like a little rabbit." "Poor child! this praise cost him a blow of the fist. Meantime, the master was upon the point of returning, and it was necessary to hurry the mouse to a confession of her crime. "We are about to deliver you to the master," said Louis to the unhappy fairy; "his wife has a cat who will do you justice." "To the cat! to the cat!" they cried all together, even to the little honest one who feared he should be otherwise beaten. "Gentlemen," said the fairy, "condescend to listen to me. I confess that I have been very much to blame in drawing upon you heavy punishments. I do not attempt to excuse myself. Alas! I know it too well—those who suffer from our faults cannot find excuses for them. I am aware of mine, gentlemen, and I do not address myself to your clemency but to your reason. It is to your interest that I appeal. If you accuse me to your master, he will not believe you. Your cruelty will be useless while your pity will be profitable." "Ah! well! at any rate," said one of the judges, "this reasoning affects me. We give you your life, but swear to us that you will never make us laugh otherwise—" "Ah! how can I make a promise which it will be impossible to keep! Have confidence in me; I cannot swear not to make you laugh, but I engage never again to make you groan. Is not that sufficient? And not only shall you never groan henceforth, but your past faults shall be pardoned and I promise you that you shall go out on Sunday!" "We shall go out on Sunday!" the boys cried all together. "We shall go out on Sunday! Sunday! I shall go to the fête of St. Cloud! And I to my aunt's fête! And I to Franconville with papa! And I to the Botanical Garden! And I to the royal Mass! And I shall have my gun! And I shall ride my pony! And I shall go to the Tuileries with my watch! And I shall go to my sister's wedding! And I shall go to see mamma! And I shall walk without my tutor!" But soon this fine hope vanished. The evening of Saturday came and the children had not obtained their pardon. They began to suspect their prisoner and to repent their clemency. The little fairy had no time to lose in executing her projects; she meditated them in silence, awaiting a favorable opportunity. At supper-time all the pupils collected in the refectory. A great dish of beans was served for them, which did not look too palatable. The broth was so clear and so abundant that I believe the whole fountain had passed over the side. The sad beans floated in the dish as if shipwrecked. Richemont, who, as we have already said, was maliciously gay, after having vainly pursued a bean upon this ocean, that is to say, in his plate brimming with broth, suddenly took off his coat. This unaccustomed action drew the attention of the master. "What are you doing, sir?" he asked angrily. "Why do you take off your coat?" "To seek my beans by swimming," replied Richemont insolently. The master was displeased; but, at the same instant, Grignotte ran up his legs and far from falling into a passion he smiled. Grignotte, encouraged by her success, recommenced her promenades, and the master ended by laughing heartily with his pupils. His wife, who was very kind, profited by his good humor to ask pardon for the poor scholars. "Will you punish the children because they have laughed?" asked she, "when you, yourself, who are a grave man, a father of a family, cannot keep sober? That would not be just." The master allowed himself to be persuaded, and forgiveness was granted. Then there was a frenzy of delight. All exclaimed at once, "Long live our good master! Long live Grignotte! Long live the fairy Grignotte! Grignotte the pretty! Grignotte the immortal! Gaignotte the adorable! Grignotte the beautiful! Grignotte the charming! Grignotte the lovable! And all the Grignottes imaginable!" And since that time Grignotte has become the friend of little children.

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