

# Lancaster Intelligence

VOLUME 65.

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1864.

NUMBER 48.

## Poetry.

### Our Country.

Our country bleeds all torn and tattered,

Her widow moans, her orphans cry;

For from their hearth she farewared,

To meet her country's woe.

How many a broken-hearted mother

No longer mourns the losses of sons,

How many a weeping brother

Was slain since first the war began.

Would that cruel war was over,

Over, over, over, over, over,

With weeps for some devoted lover,

Not knowing where he lies or dies.

Beneath the aged oak-trees—

Many a soul has died day by day,

Through battle's rage and fire,

Still more have perished.

True freedom from their homes are driven,

And flee for shelter to strange lands,

With tears and sighs, with groans and groans.

For vengeance here from strand to strand,

See fields of waste and cities plundered

The gift of God trampled in the mire,

Darkness and gloom everywhere squandered,

And hills and valleys stained with blood.

A million men still are Abel's calling,

The embers roar, the dying falling,

And Abel's spirit still is living.

All have there been slain,

All, all because man wants no peace,

Al, all because his once great Union

Has been rent asunder.

Who, who may pen the desolation

Of every city, town and plain?

There is none, there is none.

Where thousands, thousands have been slain,

Still one man has the will and power

To make all right again.

Or why must this broad land of ours

Now yield to such a despot?

It is the King, and the Theodore,

Give every hand, town and city,

Give every heart, every eye,

Then know it our duty, our ways, our sorrows,

The know it a Nation's wounds to heal;

Then know it a Nation's strength to give,

For peace according to Thy will.

A PLOW-BOY.

November 24, 1864.

## Literary.

### The Diamond Bracelets.

#### (A FACT.)

The evening of the fifteenth of February, 1859, was a grand night in Paris.

"Le Gioiellier," was to be performed at the opera house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artists that most attracted the attention as one reads the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie. The *opéras* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock for it I remember, "engaged in the business, he had just standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was professed the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and dressed in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering merrily to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now, Ursula, you are right, we don't need to go to the carriage, we have got our bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride."

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of hearts—artsitically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V—family for several generations. They now belonged to the dowager baroness, who had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the same are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all the eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared in the King and Queen, who, busily engaged in returning the hand shake paid them, and then took their seats, as though the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She merrily gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V—. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen had turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on his mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The

pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and demand the last scene ended, yet the general interest remained. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron was to go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few minutes returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others who had been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," he said, "that man must have been an imposter. He was no officer, but an *africain thief.*"

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the queen and that the officer who had him concluded was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the arrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming, the next morning, M. de V— spoke to the chief inspector of the police on the subject, who, with infinite care and with Madame's opinion to the valiant permanent liaison, very strictly studied.

The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3,000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of the employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V— that Monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or Monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V— went down stairs to speak to the Inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for Madame this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's, and he continued—

Madame de V— had remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that even "The Detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business, have met with a greater success than the latter's employer."

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