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REAL ESTATE ADVENTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent in-sertion.

## OFFICE-Southwest corner of Centre Poetry.

THE MOURNER A LA MODE. I saw her last night at a party,
(The beautiful party at Meads,)
And looking remarkship hearty,
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Ton deep for tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress? Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were dark as her shawl,
And her jeweis—that flashed in the light
Were black as a fun-rat pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest—
(How nicely it flited her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape.

What tears of viceplous wee,
That else might have suified her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony face:
While even her fan in its play
Hed quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope! Yet rich as the robes of a Queen Was the sombre apparel she wore; I'm certain I never had seen Such a summtuous sorrow before; And I couldn't help thinking the bear In mourning the loved and the lost

In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her coi jogal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!
One surely would say a devotion,
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet as I viewed at my leisure
Those tokens of tendor regard,
I thought: It is scarce without measure,
The sorrow that cose by the yard! hought: It is scarce without me he sorrow that goes by the yard Ah! griefia a curious passion;
And yours—I am sore a faid—
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade;
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night;
flatt this will etaken relief,
Till Joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah! well-it were idle to quarrel With fashion or aught site may do And so I conclude with a moral And not tophor—warranted new; Whon merche come handsomely only. The path at his suest, they say; the the sorrow is milden to doubt, That works in a shallar way; VOU DID

children, when we used to play pon the beach in mu-in frocks, formed a tangled disarray f soaking shoes and tattered socks; Of soaking shoes and tattered socks; When nurse was driven to complsin, And kind marma so gently chid, Regging you ne'er to err again, You said you wouldn't—but you did, When Hetty, whom you worked so hard, And yet who loved you none the less, Mas prayed, so urgently, to guard A secret from your governess; You recollect her puzzled look, Wishing to doas she was bid, And youe of Early feigned toouke, While I yower she wouldn't—but she did,

That garden party! far the best The things that happened neath the shade of clematis that clustered fair.

## Miscellaneous.

A Dying Man's Confession, 'What o'clock is it, James?"

"What o'clock is it, James."
"Nearly twe've, sir."
"It leavens! I thought it was near unrise. How long the hours are. Given so some wine, James I am getting comprehended now more clearly her cask."
The lady by whom she was sitting comprehended now more clearly her state of mind, and, laying a hand on her state or mind, and, laying a hand on her arm, gently restrained her.
"Why not remain? What is an outground tit fervenily, and then fell back pon his pillow with a long, shuddering mon."
"If the morning would come! If the morning would come!"
"If the morning would come!"
"Thy to sleep, Mr. Errold," said the tendant, soothingly.
"Sleep!" gasped the sick man. "I was are, what we were worded to the sick man. "I was a member of the church." It is the morning would come!"
"Sleep!" gasped the sick man. "I was a sitting and the site of might have detected in her tone a lurking sarcasm, but this was not person might have detected in her tone a lurking sarcasm, but this was not person might have detected in her tone a lurking sarcasm, but this was not person might have detected in her tone a lurking sarcasm, but this was not person might have detected in her tone a lurking sarcasm, but this was not person with the order children, and repeat a in strong contrast to the yellow and withered neck. By a curtained window, it thereto was unconquerable. I at last grew really troubled about it. There laddy's manner was indignant. "Allyour friends knew that Mrs. Anothers, and the other children, and repeat a in strong contrast to the yellow and withered neck. By a curtained window, it there to make the other children, and repeat a in strong contrast to the yellow and withered neck. By a curtained window, it there to make the other children, and repeat a in strong contrast to the yellow and withered neck. By a curtained window, it there to make the other children, and repeat a in strong contrast to the yellow and withered neck. By a curtained window, it there to make the other children, and repeat a lin strong contrast to the yello sunrise. How long the hours are. Give me some wine, James I am getting and handed it to his dying master, who quaffed it fervently, and then fell back attendant, southingly.

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world into a darkness self-created and selves in one of the less crowded rooms.

cessantly at my heart.

"In vain! The awful shadow of guilt fell across my footsteps, let me go where I would. I began to hate my life—for that which brings oblivion to the accursed—to pray God to let me die.

"Then I met her, Lucla, whom you know as my loving and beloved wife. God took her from me ere we had been five years married; it was better so. I did not grieve for her—I had found in her noble, trusting love less of happiness than anguished self-reproach.

"After that, the years went by lingeringly, and the death for which I prayedseemed to retreat from me mockingly as I stretched out my yearning arms toward it.

"It has come at last—for this, thank God, it is meant that I should die upon the anniversary of the night when—"God have mercy upon me! Come close to me James, closer—closer. How "It has come at last—for this, thank God, it is meant that I should die upon the anniversary of the night when—

"God have mercy upon me! Come close to me James, closer—closer. How pale you are, and your hands are icy cold. It was a horrible story, wasn't it? A Cain at ten years of a lost soul.

"I will ring the bell," he said in fearful, husky voice, "and send some one for Doctor—."

Ere the physician's name passed his lips, the death rattle sounded in his master's throat; the head fell back upon its pillow, and a weird, flickering smile curved the pallid lips—the guilty man was dead—and the old servant, with a suppressed fear, fled away from the still, ghastly presence which bore its white, upturned face, the impress of a lost soul.

curved the pallid lips—the guilty may was dead—and the old servant, with a suppressed fear, fled away from the still, ghasdy presence which bore its white, upturned face, the impress of a lost soul.

The Humbled Pharkec.

"What was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews to the lady who was seated next to her, as a single strain of music with a mosphere.

"A wholm:" a set white, and build block houses, in anosphere.

"A violit." An expression almost of horror came into the countenance of Mrs. Andrews. "It can't be possible," "An expression almost of horror came into the countenance of Mrs. Andrews. "It can't be possible," "An expression almost of horror came into the countenance of Mrs. Andrews, "It can't be possible," "What does it mean," asked Mrs. "Cotillions, I presume," was answered carelessing, surely!"

It was possible, however, for the soun eagait, prolonged and varied. "What does it mean," asked Mrs. "Cotillions, I presume," was answered carelessing, surely!"

It was possible, however, for the soun and a can't mosphere.

"Cotillions, I presume," was answered carelessing, surely!"

It was possible, however, for the soun and a violin. There was an instant movement on the part of severally younge members of the company; partners were chosen, and ere the pious Mrs. Andrews additing, said if did, and was evered were chosen, and ere the pious Mrs. Andrews had time to collect her suddenly bewildered thoughts, the music fold and our dependence on the part of severally younge members of the company; partners were chosen, and ere the pious Mrs. Andrews had time to collect her suddenly bewildered thoughts, the music for dear little feasible saying had been the suddenly bear the proposition."

It was possible, however, the soun of the match the content of the match the consent by in the chair. The proper which we shall write the match the consent of the match the consent of the was an other suddent beauty of the tuniovely queen by and strong bridge the possible, with others as another intention, of the match the consent of

world into a darkness self-created and hopeless as despair itself.

"At twenty-five years of age I left England, and came to America with the ill-gotten gains which became mine upon attaining my majority.

"I hoped in the change from the Old to the New World, to find a pleasure and excitement which might serve to deaden the remorae which gnawed incessantly at my heart.

"In vain! The awiul shadow of guilt fell across my footsteps, let me go ladies during this protracted meeting."

selves in one of the less crowded rooms. No one will observe our absence, and you be freed from the annoyance of these dances."

The two ladies quietly retired from the drawing rooms. As soon as they were more alone, the last speaker resumed.

"By their fruits shall ye know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Let me relate what I saw and heard in the family of two ladies during this protracted meeting. The Tower of London. Who that has a human heart does not shrink and grow pale at the sound of that name? Within those walls what scenes have been enacted! How many souls have endured martydom there, while waiting for the less horrible mar-tyrdom of the body! Could its history be written, truthfully and without pre-judice, what a volume it would be! But

followed her down to the gay drawingroom.

Many a purer heart than that of the
humble Pharisee beatthere beneath the
bosoms of happy maidens, even though
their feet were rising and falling in time
to witching melodies.

but the one weak and diseased life of
Mary between her and royalty, and
would not Courtney be a king before
Magazine.

Magazine.

BERAKERS," in Feb. No. of Lippincott's
Magazine.

Moving in High Life.

About eight years ago, a young man
from Dutchess county, New York, came
might not one day cover them with a
recall expect. might not one day cover them with a regal coronet. Yes, truly she ought to be the queen. No one would marry Mary for love. But she,—O, she could win a man's heart out of him by her grace and beauty, and then—O, what joy to crown him a king! Such were her meditations, until Courtney to her beauty. her meditations, until Courtney touched the small white hand that lay caressing-

be written, truthfully and without prejudice, what a volume it would be! But no English pen ever did, ever could treat the subject faithfully, and none but Englishmen know its horrors.

The bright sun of an October day was shining over London, in the year 1553. The young King Edward was dying, in shining over London, in the year 1553. The young King Edward was dying, in the very flower of his youth, and at the moment of his death, she who afterwards attained to the terrible and most unwomanly titles of Bloody Mary and Scarlet Queen, was on her way to take his place as reigning sovereign. One chance in many brought about the resultshe so much desired; and she passed onward to the throne which she stained by her after deeds. The few good acts which she performed stand out brightly

Thomas Gray and the Duke of Suffolk were executed for their share in the residual content of the state of the state of the Duke of Saroy, hoping by this plan to rid herself and the kingdom of her presence. She was mistaken, Elizabeth's eyes were opened by Mary's own conduct. England had broken from what was left by Mary's own conduct. England had broken from what they had granted to the prince of the buke of the prince of the prince

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"It was blown for one," said the

"What is this?" said Lawrence, pickrange on a farm near Naperville, in Du-Page county. His name was Chauncey of the firing.

In the meantime the murderer walked off to the house of William Laird, cousin the house of William Laird, cousin the many and informed hand adjoined his brother's. She was compaly woman fair to look upon, and batter take care of the body, telling ing on a farm near Naperville, in Duog up a piece of glass from the floor. It looks like a broken thermometer

tube."

It was blown for one," said the gaffer. "It was a hole—or bore, as we call it—of the usual size; but it is flat. That it to make a very little mercury look to be a good deal." Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

Lawrence saw it, and said he had solved what it was for.

Lawrence saw it, and said he had solved what it was for.

Lawrence saw it, and said he had solved what heart she had, and to him her troth was plighted. It was atthis junction with the prize. The prize, for the remometers, but had never learned what it was for.

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Lawrence saw it, and said he had solved what it was for.

Lawrence saw it, and said he had heard the feel often observed the stripe in the backs such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man."

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Lawrence saw it, and said he had heard the feel often observed the stripe in the backs such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man."

Lawrence saw it, and said he had heard the feel often observed the stripe in the backs such a tube made? Come here. Watch the mere observed the backs should the heart the new comer appeared upon the representation of the pots—and the feel often observed the backs should the heart the new comer appeared the lists and sought to win the prize. The prize, the heart the new comer a

which she performed stand out brightly from the dark back ground of her reign like stars from a midpight sky. The daughter of Henry VIII must needs have within her a reckless and selfish disregard of others, save in a few instances. She did not belie her parentsage.

She did not belie her parentsage.

the snow, so white and pure, in contrast with the black crime that had been From Chicago fribune, January 14.1

About eight years ago, a young man from Dutchess county, New York, came out West to visit his brother, then living on a farm near Naperville, in Du-

chambers of which had been emptided the told Finley that if he had had another ball in the revolver he would have shothis wife. As it was, he made several attempts to do so.

Mr. Wm. Laird, horrified at the news, dressed himself hurriedly and obtaining the assistance of Mr. Naper, found the body. Mrs. Bailey came out and berged them to bring the remains into the house, which they did. There he lay, stiff in death, where but a few minutes before he was warm with life and lust.

| Assigned Struct OF GEORGI W. Rieg, or Sadsbury t was several attempts to do so.
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| Assigned DENTY OF GEORGE W. Recontrol of Sadsbury two several attempts to do so.
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before he was warm with life and lust, and his blood tingling with flery passion. What a said tale, and what a moral may be drawn therefore. His transfer and the latter than and his blood tingling with flery passion. What asad tale, and what a moral may be drawn therefrom! His iniquity had overtaken him. Dr. H. C. Daniels, the heat and classified the passion of the first passion.

no mits dark back ground of her riggs of the injury of the complete and specific plants of the complete plants of the comp

star a comet. If, however, any future body of this class should visit us orbit, when it comes to be computed, indicates an apparition at or about the accepted annus domini, the cometary theory, if it be not completely established, will at least be rendered highly

Tegal Notices.

A UD TOR'S NOTICE-ASSIGNED EN

ha combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quanty of Senite Craz Kum, Orange, &c., casking one of the most pleasant and agricultor remedigs ever othered to the public. Those preterring a Medicine free from Alco-holic admixture, will use