

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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BY GEO. SANDERSON,

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Accompanied by the Cash; and not exceeding one square, will be inserted gratis for one dollar, and one-half cent for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOHN P. FARNUM.—Such as Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Books, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Miscellaneous.

From the St. Louis Union.

I CANNOT LEAVE THEE!

By EMILY GERTRUDE MACAULIFFE.

I cannot leave thee! No, I cannot leave thee! Alas! thy heart may wish to leave me. Time, with its woes, has done its work. Yet, thou art one whom they can't call thine own. Quick as the tide of life's connections sever, Softly as yet their shadowy splendors fade.

The caresses high from hearts united, never To part, until within the silent tomb they're laid!

I cannot leave thee! No, I cannot leave thee! Sadly the sound would pain mine ears, If for another's tender smiles I'd give thee, Back to grim doubts, or to desponding fears.

Still must the love thou call'st mine be true, Fit around thy path, like the ocean bed, Leaving but one bright hope—the power of seeing That love, till then art numbered with the dead!

I cannot leave thee! No, I cannot leave thee! Call back the sound, the direful sound, again! 'Twould serve to agonize the thoughts I'd give

And turn the present seeming into embitter'd pain. I cannot leave thee! No, I cannot leave thee! Oe'se back the day which thou didst give. Thine was the gift are yet I had believed them. Those joys which thou didst fondly buy'de!

A Reminiscence of Kossoth.

From LATE SKETCHES OF THE MASTERS, &c., by VORN KORN.

Whoever saw the sunburned faces of the warriors who surrounded the bending form of Kossoth, when he pronounced his farewell words in the bars of Schumla,—whenever beheld the sad tears coursing down the cheeks of his bearded Honveda, when Kossoth bade them "Lasz!"—had been reminded, by the incident of the "Old Guard," who returned to his former devotion to Napoleon, to the very last moment. That moving scene often represented in pictures, "Napoleon's Farewell to his Faithful," was, on the 15th of February, 1850, re-enacted before my eyes in living colors.

They hung, in silence, on his every word, that the echo of those well beloved and inspiring tones might long linger in their souls. Nor did Kossoth forget to gaze long and intently with his streaming eyes, upon the countenance of each bravest comrade there, to fix the features in his memory. Profoundly agitated as was I, with a trembling voice he spoke these words:

A Strange Bedfellow.

A few months since, a son of Erin, about nine o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident, from his appearance and actions, that he and liquor had been quite jolly companions throughout the day. The landlord was a good, native fellow, and had imbibed rather freely that day himself.

"If I give you a light and tell you where the room is, you can find it out," said the landlord.

"Oh, an' it's self that can do that, most illiganty."

"I'll show ma the way, and I'll find it at the hooley virgin showers down blessings azay on the sinish!" rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given him and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he had reached the top of the stairs his light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten in what direction he was to go. Seeing light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he reconnoitered, and found it to contain a bed, in which a man, and a dog, and a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling dismally to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing, and quietly crept into the back part of the bed. He had been in bed a few moments, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman lay then closely. They seated themselves on the chairs in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the young man threw his arm around her waist in a courting manner, and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was a witchery in it which he could not resist. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from care, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant in the enjoyment of the scene, and so he bade him join him, and the companion did not. He then put his hand upon him and found that he was tightly locked in the embrace of death. Synonymous with this discovery, he bounded out of bed, exclaiming:

"Murher! murher! Howly saints ov hiven perfect me!"

He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror-stricken by their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs, when the Irishman came dashing along, as though all the fury of Erebus was at his heels, intent on making his way with them. The whole three went tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to determine which of the three reached the foot of the stairs first. The landlord stood agast, as the Irishman rushed into the bar room, with nothing between him and nudity, but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye balls ready to leap from their sockets, and he gasping for breath. It was a sight that would have made even the man laugh who had won a victory over death.

Noting this, the young lady and gentleman, and the landlord, fled.

Old Castings and Plastered taken in exchange for goods.

HENRY E. SLAYMAKER.

(Formerly in the employ of Geo. M. Steinman, Lancaster, April 15, 1851.)

PINKERTON & SLAYMAKER'S NEW AND CLEAP HARDWARE STORE.

In the building formerly occupied as the Post Office, between Vankana's and Shober's Hotels, NORTH QUEEN STREET.

The subscriber will call the attention of Dealers and Consumers to their entire new and well selected assortment of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE.

A well selected and general assortment of Building Materials, Locks, Latches, Hinges, Screws, Bolts, Nails, Gears, Keys, Tools, Planes, Chisels, Braces and Bits, Spoons, Ladles, Shovel and Tong, Coffee Mills, Waiters, and Looking Glasses. A general assortment of CEDAR WARE. Tubs, Buckets, Clamps, Stands, bushel, half bushel, peck and half peck measures.

STOVES.

WHITE, MULL, Book, Swiss, Jacquet and Man.

COOK, Coal, Open-Top and Nine Plate.

We will call the attention of Farmers to our

assortment of Kitchen Ware, Pans, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Shovel and Tong, Coffee

Mills, Waiters, and Looking Glasses. A general

assortment of SILKS AND VARNISHES.

Rich Boiled Gauze, beautiful shades.

Plain and Plain Armures.

Figured and Plain Double Cloth de Jocca.

Foulards, Plaid and next Figured, very cheap.

Black Boiled very glossy from 30cts. to 2/2d.

A very beautiful article silk Polonaise.

Fig'd & Plain Mourning do something, very new

BEE HIVE, North Queen street.

Spring time of the year is coming.

And with it you can hear the Bees a-humming.

More Honey Left in the Bee Hive.

HERE may be obtained the MOST SPEE-

W D Y REMEDY for

SECRET SEASSES.

Gonorrhœa, Stricture, Seminal Weak-

ness, Loss of Organic Power, Pain in the Loins,

Disease of the Kidneys, Affections of the Head,

Throat, Nose and Skin, Constitutional Debili-

ty, and all those horrid afflictions arising from

Secret Habit of You b., with which their

most brilliant hope of anticipations, rendering

Marriage, etc., impossible. A Cure warranted or

no charge.

SURE CURE.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

HERE may be obtained the MOST SPEE-

W D Y REMEDY for

SECRET SEASSES.

Gonorrhœa, Stricture, Seminal Weak-

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Marriage, etc., impossible. A Cure warranted or

no charge.

YOUNG MEN

especially, who have become the victims of Solitary

Vices, that dreadful and destructive habit will

annually sweep to an untimely death many

of your men, and render pale and brilliant

men, who might otherwise have enhanced their

manners, and their shewers of eloquence, or

walked to ecsta y the living lyre, may call with

full confidence.

MARRIAGE:

Married persons, or those contemplating marri-

age, being aware of physical weakness, should

immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to per-

fect health.

DR. JOHN JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London;

and Graduate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edin-

burgh, and of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland;

and of the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin.

Dr. JOHN JOHNSTON,

Opposite Vankana's (formerly Schield's) Hotel,

North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Heartily recommended to the people of Lancaster,

all others to whom this may come, Dr. Waylan,

Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

and graduated with high honors in

the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and from

his untiring energy, close application and study of

the branches taught at said Institution, together

with exhibitions of skill in the practice of his pro-

fession, we feel confident in recommending him

as worthy of placing in the hands of

C. A. Haas, M. D., D. D. S.

Professor of Principles and Practice in the Baltimore

College of Dental Surgery.

C. O. Cox, D. D. S.,

Prof. of Operative and Mechanical Dentistry, Balti-

more College of Dental Surgery.

DR. JOHN McCALLA,

DENTIST,

NO. 8, EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER.

Dec. 18, 1849.

JOHN McCALLA, D. D. S., atten-

ded full courses of Lectures in

the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and from

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E. Parmer, M. D., New York.

E. B. Gardette, M. D., Philadelphia.

S. P. Hulliken, M. D., Wheeling, Va.

E. Townsend, D. D. S., Philadelphia:

E. Maynard, M. D., Washington, D. C.

Lancaster, Nov. 12.

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SPRING GOODS!