The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. LIV. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1853. NO. 24.

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance; two twenty-five, if not paid within six months; and two fifty, if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Banks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

LISSETTE.

The following verses, (taken from a MS. in the possession of our contributor, Carl Benson,) have never, we believe, been printed. Can any one tell us who the author is?—*Literary World.*

My light Lissette,
Is grave and shrewd,
And half a prude,
And half a coquette;
So staid and set,
So terse and trim,
So arch and prim,
A something settled and precise
Has made a home in both the eyes
Of my Lissette.
The measured motion of the blood,
The words where each one tells,
Too logical for womanhood,
Brief changes rung on silver bells.
The cheek with health's close kisses warm,
The finished frame so light,
Such fulness, in a little form,
As satisfies the sight,
The boddice fitted and exact,
The nut brown tress so lightly curled,
And the whole woman so compact,
Her like is no where in the world.
Such knowledge in the ways of life
And household order, such
As might create a perfect wife,
Not careful overmuch.
All these so moved me,
When we met—
I would she loved me,
Trim Lissette.

What if to-morrow morn I go,
And, in an accent soft and clear,
Lay some three words within her ear?
I think she would not answer no.
And by the ribbon in her hair,
And those untasted lips, I swear,
I keep some little doubt as yet,
With such an eye,
So grave and sly
Looks my Lissette.
What words may show,
Me yes or no,
Of my Lissette.
The doubt is less,
Since last we met;
Let it be "yes,"
My sweet Lissette.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Weekly Sun.]

LIMA AND THE LIMANOS.

LETTER NO. I.

LIMA, May 20, 1853.

Splendors and Beauties of the City of Lima—Its Past and Present—Callao—Its Buried Ruins—Its Denationalization by Foreigners, and Demoralization by Earth-Scum—Its Fortifications and Prison—The Railway to Lima—Description of the Route—A Fine Battle Field—The Entrance to Lima—Reflections on its Ancient Characteristics—The Aboriginal Peruvians and their Conquerors—The City's Magnificence—Its Streets and Population—Painful Contrasts of the Past and Present—The Great Cathedral and other Churches—Singular Mechanism of the City—Exact Squares and Interior Gardens—Fountains and Promenades—Politeness of the Inhabitants—The Private Court Yards—Splendor of the Mansions—Night Scenes—Spectral Processions—The Patriot Garazaldi, &c.

"The living of gone time
Builded their glorious cities by the sea;
And, awful in their greatness, sat sublime,
As though no change could be."

Eras and nations symbol themselves in the structures of their hands—in the cities of their erection. What Bagdad is to our ideas of Orientai pomp, and St. Petersburg to the icy splendor of the Muscovite court, is the city of Lima to the fallen dominion of the Spanish conquerors. Throned in the midst of plains desolated by the tramp of the earthquake; teeming in her shattered temples, bone-paved court-yards, and gorgeous bazars, with the memories of past grandeur, and oppression, and wretchedness; and undentified in our minds with any thing that a great and gay capital of the 19th century should be—she stands alone and peculiar as the most faithful type of the barbaric splendor of the era of the Pizarros and the Cortezes. You stand within the shadow of her immense Gothic and Moorish piles, and before her interminable succession of faded frescoes, as one in the midst of a city of the dead. Around you is the ghost of the mighty past. You walk as one in a dream. You commune alone with the histories of long ago, and will not, cannot harmonise the anxious merchant, the thoughtful priest, the plodding Indian and degraded African faces on every haud, with irrepressibly visible handiwork of a solemn, departed era—the symbols of an epoch whose records are romance, whose philosophy is fiction, vanity, nothing!

Callao, the important seaport of the capital, farther away in the plain, presents little to interest the sojourner, unless it be the vast portion of its buried fathoms down under the sea by the great earthquake, many vestiges of which are still visible below the water. Like Valparaiso and many other of the South America coast cities, Callao has comparatively very little to distinguish it from the water suburb of an inferior seaport elsewhere. The influx of foreigners has denationalized it, and, what is worse, demoralized it, also, for low as is the apparent standard of morality in Spanish-American seaports generally, it is greatly tolerable when left to itself, compared with its condition after the advent of the human scum from all the penal colonies, gambling El Dorados, "Points," "Water streets," *et omne genus* of a rotten-ripe civilization throughout the world. Callao is peculiarly favored in this respect. The rogues and ruffians of the globe have made it a rendezvous, for which its position especially adapts it at this time. It has shared in modern days in most of the disasters of its great neighbor, whether of the earthquake or the sadder calamities of the domestic and foreign war. It still contains one or two respectable fortifications, though in evident disrepair, and which could never have been, alone, of much service in protecting an utterly indefensible harbor. Extending along these fortifications is a gloomy, grated vault, of several acres extent, used as a prison, in whose filthy depths may be seen gaunt cyclopean malefactors of every clime and country.

A railway extends from Callao to Lima, a distance of about six miles. The cars are of inferior size, of London construction, and proceed very leisurely on their jolting way, behind a substantial engine, manufactured by Norris, of Philadelphia.—The level plain through which this road winds, comprising the seaside environ of Lima, bears abundant testimony to the blight of its devastating vicissitudes, though often relieved, as it approaches the city, by regular and beautiful chequers of verdure and groves of feathery palms. Every where it is traversed and intersected by heavy and mostly decaying *adobie* walls, running with mathematical accuracy as far as the eye can extend, with here and there a picturesque Indian girl astride of a dwarfish donkey to redeem the picture of absolute death or life. This field has been several times the theatre upon which the fate of the two cities it embosoms has been submitted to the arbitrament of war. And nowhere can I imagine a more perfect ideal of a battle-field. A thousand American riflemen, with the advantages presented by continually recurring artificial and natural entrenchments, could here dispute the entrance to Lima with ten thousand of the best infantry in the world, and if not successfully, would at least pave their way with the slain foe up to the very walls of the city, without being at any one point exposed to fire. As you approach the city, there are several beautiful public and private structures, islanded in gardens of the orange, the pine apple, and the banana, and festooned with garlands of the aborescent flower-growth of the tropics.

The entrance to the city is certainly unique.—You doubt for a moment the fact that this narrow ledge of houses through which you are passing, tawdry and faded, can be the great capital of the Viceroys and the Incas of ecclesiastical splendor and national degradation, of the piety of the *conquestadores* and the enslavement of the conquered, of the death struggle between the Sun in Nature and the Sun in Heaven. But so it is. Partial civilization, gorgeous in gross materiality, and partial barbarism, glittering in the pomp of the sensuous symbols of its spiritual dogmas, here joined in a deadly conflict, whose stake was no less than the wealth, the domain, and the empire of a quarter of a planet!—It is not for us to pronounce upon the dread decrees of the Deity, the justice of which may date before the traditions of our language began. The origin of the Aboriginal Peruvians, and their twi-light civilization, is beyond our mental vision; and so will probably remain forever the swerving to the dark idolatry, which brought upon them (if we may credit their conquerors) so fearful a retribution. Suffice it to say, that the same reasoning which presumes so much of them from the consequence which followed their course, might find something to point a moral analogy in the present state of the usurpers.

And yet, Lima is a great city still. Magnificent, in its sweep of glass like level, along which shoot with arrowy precision its clean, narrow, panoramic street, until lost—an interminable vista of vision—in the unobstructed horizon seaward, or against the dark blue mountains looming in parallel and successively ascending ranges upon the inland side. Magnificent in its hundred thousand indolent, pious, pleasure-loving population, of every shade of color; in its gaudily grotesque and arabesque, but much defaced, public buildings; and, above all, in the painful contrariety and contrast of the past with the present everywhere visible. This contrast is the first and most striking feature to the stranger. It is eloquent in the monuments of art, so elaborately and barbarously gorgeous; still towering, with few visible traces of convulsive casualty, but mouldering from very antiquity; repulsive to the chastened taste of our age and people, become immutably the heirloom of a changeless past. Of this the great cathedral is a fair representation. Its colored columns and stuccoes, meretriciously traced in arabesque, present a Saracenic incongruousness peculiar to the Spanish architects, grafted upon the absolutely sublime Gothic interior of the building. Here everything is lofty, swelling, magnificent, from the broad sweep of its mosaic ailes to the complicated groining of its almost countless arches. And now, that the stupendous organ is groaning its agony of anthem, accompanied by the voices of the whole choir of administering priests, I realize in its highest sense the imposing effect of such a scene, so often described in "dim religious light." Twilight is closing upon the scene. The sinking sun—Peruvia's burning god above Peruvia's clime—is flashing through crimson oriel and bay, and upon a score of lofty, glittering altars. The Titanic vaults above are filled with mellowed reflections of his dying beams. Delicate white-robed boys are swinging smoking censors of incense, almost lost in the far perspective of transept, choir and nave. Psha! They have robbed the cathedral of its charm. They are the most rapacious, cringing beggars I ever beheld. The Metropolitan church of your city would be respectable chapel besides this stupendous building.

I have intimated that this cathedral is a type of all those towering upon every hand gazing from the centre of the grand plaza, their spires and domes brooding far and near above the hollow square of superb bazars by which you are here surrounded. From this point you may comprehend the mechanism of Lima. It is possibly the most uniform city in the world—a city of exact squares, for its streets all pursue the most rigid right-angles, munificent in extent. It covers, to the eye, as much ground as the city of New York, though it numbers a population scarcely greater than that of St. Louis. For this a reason is easily discerned. The squares are very large, and only walled in as it were by uninterrupted rows of houses on their four sides, so precisely resembling each other, that but for the color of the external plastering you could not distinguish one in a thousand. Thus the whole interior of these squares is unoccupied, if that can properly be so designated which is thus converted into a paradisaic garden of fountain, parterre and promenade. Into these gardens it is impossible to get a glimpse, or even to witness their existence, unless through the ever prompt politeness of the inhabitants.

The entrance to every house is by a lofty folding gateway into its own peculiar court-yard. Here, upon each side of what may be termed the sally-port, you are struck with immense life-size fresco paintings, many still fresh, some perfectly new, but most of them somewhat time-stained. They are of rich coloring, but evince little more artistic skill than that of the merely domestic ornamental painter. The court-yards are paved with black spherical pebbles, set fast in a dark cement, and ornamented with a fanciful and unique tracery, and running hither and thither in flowers, diamonds and circles, of small bones, uniform in size and their bleached white color. Reader, some say, in many instances of human bones. Enough, however, that they are all composed of vertibral joints, about the human size, which may have given rise to the conjecture, though certainly the dark workings in times past of the terrible *mita*, which counted its victims by millions, and other causes, render such a thing by no means impossible. In the court-yard you are literally surrounded by the quadrangular residence, its single story protected all round by the portico, and embellished wherever space presents, with the same style of paintings that first greeted you. Into this court-yard it is considered no intrusion to penetrate; and, if a stranger, the probability is that some polite don, of whose imperturable hauteur, hospitable frankness, and love of display, the privilege of his court-yard is typical, will bow you into the boudoir of his wife and daughters, and conduct you through the splendors of his mansion, into the disideratum of a view of the gardens beyond; whence, at any point you please, you will be able to elicit an exit by the same means that you entered.

Night has settled upon the city. Passing along the still streets, for you scarcely see a vehicle or any animal save man, the rippling of the water that bounds and gurgles, fresh from the mountain stream, in little stone canals down the centre of the streets beats a cool and pleasant time to the pensive turn your thoughts have taken. You think, as the crumbling wall of some additional edifice intercepts the round, white moon, upon the mysterious and appalling agent that has so often desolated the spot you tread. Imagination grows busy with the past in history and the probable in science, when a sudden angle of the street brings you again into Lima as it is. With solemn chant, and blazing waxlight, and swinging censer, move past you, in spectral procession, mitred bishops, stoled priests and surpliced neophytes, extending a mile away. In the holy hour of the silent night they bear, clad in bridal white and strewn with flowers, a modern "virgin of the sun" to rest beside her browner sisters who departed long ago.

On Dit.—There is some excitement at present in Lima and Callao in regard to hostilities with Bolivia. A *guerilla* party is organizing here to wage predatory warfare. Garabaldi, the ex-Roman patriot, is spoken as a leader. He is commanding a merchant ship on this coast at present. I saw him a fortnight since at Coquimbo, an intelligent, ferocious little looking fellow, with a red moustache. Perhaps in this say so, the "wish is father to the thought." Respectfully, J. F. C.

POVERTY.—What is poverty? Not destitution, but poverty? It has many shapes—aspects almost as various as the minds and circumstances of those whom it visits. To the savage in the wilds, it is famine; to the laborer in the cottage, it is hardship and privation; to the proud it is disgrace; and to the miser, it is despair. It is a spectre, haunting the man who lives at ease, with dread of change, such are its varied aspects; but what is it in reality? It is really a deficiency of the comforts of life—a deficiency present and to come. It involves many other things; but this is what it is. Is it then worth all the apprehension and grief it occasion? Is it an adequate cause for the gloom of the merchant, the discontent of the artisan, the foreboding sighs of the mother, the ghastly dreams which haunt the avaricious, the humiliation of the proud? These are severe sufferings; are they authorized by the nature of poverty? Certainly not; if poverty induced no adventitious evils, involved nothing but a deficiency of the comforts of life, leaving life itself unimpaired. "The life is more than food, and the body than raiment;" and the untimely extinction of life itself would not be worth the pangs which apprehended poverty excites.

Soliloquy of a Pleasure Seeker.

BY F. H. COOKE.

"Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies,
Suffices man's just destinies."—MILNES.

Six in the morning, and a beautiful sunshine?—Does the sun shine so early? I have seldom had an opportunity of observing, but such appears to be the fact. There is no sun shine in my heart, however. Pshaw! that is sentimental.

And yet, in veritable earnest, what is the human heart? Mine, if I have one, has never been much occupied. Love, with me, has evaporated in a succession of fancies, and friendship has been the more gregarious instinct. I have known many beautiful women, for each of whom I have professed a personal interest that passed almost with the words. What remains of all the glittering frost-work of sentiment? Nothing. Not even a drop of water to appease the dying thirst. Last and least of that graceful band was Ella—the Ella of last evening. How charming she looked in her exquisitely arranged costume! With what a queen-like dignity she carried her jewelled head. And yet her character is a blank. She has no positive quality, unless a gift of flattery can be determined such.—What does she mean by saying mine was a glorious manhood? It must have been some pretty phrase that she picked up accidentally.

What constitutes the true glory of manhood?—Purpose, achievement, development. And I have had a purpose, to kill time. I have achieved it, too. My past life lies behind me—murdered—dead. A ghostly grin is on its skeleton jaws. Its vacant eye-sockets glare ominously upon my path. There is no gift in its hand, no vigor in its muscles, no pulsation in its heart. It is dead, but not buried.—That would be too great a blessing. The lesson it failed to teach me in passing, it utters now, waxing eloquent in its mute worthlessness, in its empty and unpitying silence. And that cadaverous deformity is in manhood! Poor Ella! Yet it is a mate to the womanhood, perhaps.

Womanhood! That word is the embodiment of the beautiful; yet what do I know of it? Nothing, except through my mother and Mary, sweet cousin Mary, who had the nobility to reject me. How well I remember the time? I thought her words were bitter, and I said, half sneeringly, "You should ere this time have unlearned contempt.

"I have no contempt for you," she earnestly replied, "I think your capabilities are the noblest, the loftiest; but forgive me if I say they are misdirected—perverted."

Dear, blessed Mary! She was poor, and I had the effrontry to remind her of the advantages my wealth might furnish her. I shall never forget the quiet sadness with which she answered:

"Dear Frank, I think much more of you than your possessions, and yet—good-bye!"

I saw her but seldom afterwards. I do not think she was happy. I have the authority of one of her intimate friends for believing that her whole life was a struggle, which death alone crowned with victory. Be it so. That is past. She is now a bright angel before the throne of the Eternal. She has drank of the satisfying fountain. She has now no lingering heart ache; no life-long aspirations to meet and sympathize with a loftier humanity.—God bless her! Her delicate intuition saw in me the capacity for much that was more generous and noble. Is that capacity wholly destroyed? Is there not within my reach some redeeming quality, regenerating influence that shall yet make me what I might have been, that shall restore to me some portion of my nobler and purer self? The lost angel of my youth seems even yet to whisper hope.—The dead past points with its shadowy finger to a living future. It shall not point in vain.

Highland Mary.

Highland Mary was Mary Campbell, from Campbelltown, in Argyleshire, and lived in Collsfield, in the humble situation of dairymaid to Colonel Montgomery. She also lived at one time as nursemaid in the family of Burns' friend and patron, Gavin Hamilton, where he visited her. Mary had gone to the West Highlands to make arrangements among her friends for her marriage with the poet, and on her return to Greenock—where it was appointed they should meet—she was seized with a fever, of which she died, a few days before Burns ever heard of her illness. This was the cause of their sudden separation.

Although Mr. Denham travels over some of the grounds touched upon by "Heating Jack," yet, as he relates incidents, many of them unknown to the general reader, we believe it will repay for the time lost in the perusal: "Most people, most reasoning people," writes Thomas Denham, "are more or less acquainted with the bard's two beautiful effusions—'Highland Mary' and the address to 'Mary in Heaven.' Poor Highland Mary was a beautiful, interesting, and innocent young creature—for human loveliness, goodness and greatness.

'Can nestle in the lowly build,
As weel's in castle ha'.'

And though brought up in humble circumstances, Mary had charms which attracted many wooers; and says Allen Cunningham: "There was not wanting the temptations, &c., to allure. But nothing nothing could win her young affections from the peasant poet—they were betrothed. Mary was to go home to the western highlands to make arrangements for their marriage. 'And their adieu,' says Cromeck, an author, 'was performed in a striking, moving way. The lovers stood on opposite sides of a small brook, face to face; they laved their hands in the running stream, holding a Bible between them; pronounced their vows, to be laithful to each other, and parted never to meet again!'

By way of continuation, Burn's own words are: 'At the close of the following autumn, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, that hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days before I even could learn of her illness.' The Bible they made use of on their final parting, was afterwards in the possession of Mary's sister, in two volumes, on each of which is inscribed a quotation from itself in Burn's handwriting.—On the first, 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.' On the second, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thy oaths.'

There is something exceedingly touching in this phase of poor Burn's existence, and the pathos and deep feeling evinced in these two admirable poems can well attest how his sensitive heart must have writhed under the harrowing affliction which wrenched the tenderest, dearest cords. Long songs pall upon the ear, and 'tis customary to abbreviate them in singing; but I cannot see how one link of this sweet chain can be spared without marring its beautiful symmetry. May God amend the taste that can mutilate 'Highland Mary.'

Put Away that Novel.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, in writing to his brother respecting the education of his son, used this strong language:

"Above all things never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss? They teach the youthful to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in their cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studies it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say that such books teach us very little of the world.

What unfits the mind for the realities of life, also unfits it for religion; for it is a practical matter of fact subject. The injurious effect of novel reading is never fully known. It hinders doing and getting good, it also trains up and grows an amount of evil products which eternity alone can exhibit. It hinders the mind from receiving good instruction which might have blessed results. "It is only a novel and only pastime," so says the frequenter of the theatre and bar-room. It is pastime! But, alas! does a culprit who is under sentence of death, and only waiting for the day of execution, want something to amuse him, to pass his time? Does a sinner who is already condemned, and who knows not but this very night the order will come for his immediate summons to the judgment bar of his offended God, there to hear the sentence of "Depart," or "cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness,"—can such a soul need anything to pass his time? Throw away that novel; give your thoughts to the realities of your life, and the solemnities of your death. You have have no spare time! use it! use it well, and use it at once! If you would save your soul, have nothing to do with a novel!

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

When starry gems from Heaven are cast
The winds awake no knell,
When rose-leaves fall before the blast
Birds sing no sad farewell;
When waves their sparkles cease to throw
Upon the pebbly shore,
When sunset hues no longer glow,
And green boughs wave no more,
No *words* at Nature's shrine are breathed
She *silently* lays down
The garland that her temples wreathed,
And takes the withered crown;
But in her mystic circle's range
There lurks a quiet spell,
Where time and beauty interchange
Their eloquent farewell.
And so when I am called to lose
Communion sweet and dear,
And feel no more its holy dews
My weary spirit cheer,
As streams that drooping willows shade
From sunshine turn aside.
Let me from joys thy presence made
A mournful silence glide.

SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west;
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our head.

Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin;
The world's hard conquest close;
The holy hours with God begin;
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast;
Fair emblems of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

If I were He.

If I were a farmer it appears to me I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend the holes in my fences, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I were a lawyer, I would not charge a poor man $5 for a few words of advice.

If I were a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jalap.

If I were a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good measure and deal as honestly as possible.

If I were a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns and grog shops, and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would try and be punctual.

If I were a young man, I would not cut so many ridiculous capers as some of them do, playing with their watch chains, flourishing their canes, strutting and making a great noise with their high heeled boots—probably not paid for—and making remarks on plain, worthy people. They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I were a lady, I would not be seen spinning street-yarn every day, ogling this young fellow, nodding at another, and giving sweet smiles to a third.

If I were a lover, I would be true to the object of my affections, treat her with tenderness, and never let her conduct towards another excite jealousy in my breast; but should she ever speak of me in terms of disrespect, or treat me with coolness, I would be off, like shot off a shovel, and all her arts should never again entrap me.

If I were an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married, or hang myself.

And Mr. Printer, if I was of your honorable profession, I would never refuse to publish pieces like this.

Letter from Fanny Fern.

We take the following mirth provoking letter from the the columns of the Boston *Olive Branch:*

"Don't marry a woman under twenty-five; she has not come to her wickedness before then."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Well——! If I knew any bad words, I'm awful 'fraid I should use 'em! I just wish I had hold of the perpetrator of that with a pair of tongs. I'd battle him up in spirits and keep him for a terror to liars, as sure as his name is Kit North.

Set a thief to catch a thief! How came you to know when that crisis in woman's life occurs?—Answer me that. I'll tell you what my opinion is and won't charge you a fee either! A woman comes to wickedness when she comes to her husband!!—and if she knew anything good before, it all goes by the board, then, it is no more use to her afterwards than the fifth wheel to a coach!

Don't you know, you wicked calumniator that thunder don't sour milk more effectually than matrimony does a woman's temper.

Come to their wickedness, indeed, snow flakes and soot! They'd not know the meaning of the word wicked is your sex were blotted out of existence! We would have a perfect little heaven upon earth, a terrestrial Paradise—no runaway matches, no case of ———c——— conscience, no divorces, no devilitry of any kind. In fact, millenium would be merely a nominal jubilee! because it would have already come. The world would be one universal garden of pretty, rosy, laughing women; no masculine mildew to mar their beauty or bow their sweet heads, the blessed year round!

Now you'd better repent of your sins, Mr. What's your name, for as sure as preaching, you'll go where you have nothing to do but think of 'em!—and you won't find any women there, either, for they all go to the other place! They do that.

OVERDOING IT.—A well known Methodist minister who was traveling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the road side, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered in conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have rain soon, all my beets, cucumbers and cabbage will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain!" The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than hour when the clouds began to gather and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There," said she, "that is always the way with these tarnal Methodists, they never undertake to do anything, but they always overdo it?"

JNO. S. WALKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Four doors above Swope's Tavern, East King Street,
LANCASTER, PA.
Sept 7, 1852 6m-33

W. P. STEELE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, LANCASTER, PA.
All kinds of Scrivining: Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Accounts, &c., executed with promptness and despatch.
Will give special attention to the collection of PENSIONS, and the prosecution of Military and other claims against the General and State Governments.
☞ Office in North Queen Street, opposite the National Hotel. [may 25 1y-18

LANDIS & BLACK,
ATTORNIES AT LAW:
Office—Three doors below the Lancaster Bank, South Queen Street, Lancaster, Penn'a.
☞ All kinds of Scrivening, such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch.
January 16, 1849 51

WILLIAM S. AMWEG,
Attorney at Law,
OFFERS his professional services to the public. He also attends to the collection of Pensions and the prosecution of all manner of claims agains the general government. His residence in the city of Washington for several years, the experience derived from the duties of the office, which he had filled during that time, and the mode in which claims of this sort are most speedily adjusted, give the most ample assurance that business placed in his hands will be attended to in such manner as cannot fail to afford satisfaction.
Office in South Queen street, second house below the Lancaster Bank.
Nov. 20, 1849. 43-1y

GEORGE W. M'ELROY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in N. Queen street, opposite Ziegler's "National House;" Lancaster, Pa.
Also, Surveying—and all kinds of Conveyancing, writing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., and stating Administrators' and Excutors' Accounts, will be attended to with correctness and despatch.
april 19, 1853. tf-13

Removal.—Dr. John McCalla, Dentist, would respectfully announce to his numerous friends and patrons that he has removed his Office from No. 8, to No. 4 East King st., Lancaster, second house from Centre Square, where he is prepared to perform all operations coming within the province of Dental Surgery on the most approved principles. [march 22 3m-9

Removal.—J G. MOORE, Surgeon Dentist of the firm of Dr. M. M. Moore & Son, will remove his office from the old stand, to the rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Thomas Evans, Dentist, in the building situated on the South East Corner of North Queen and Orange streets, the lower rooms of which are occupied by Erben's Clothing Store and G. Metzger's Shoe Store, where he will have great conveniences for waiting upon those who may favor him with a call. J. G. M. having had considerable experience in the Dental Art assures those who are desirous of having anything done pertaining to Dentistry, that he is prepared to give that care and attention which the case demands.
N. B.—Entrance to Office, 2d door on Orange St.
march 29 tf-10

Dr. J. Mairs McAllister, HOMOEOPATHIC PRACTITIONER.—Office, North Duke Street, Lancaster, a few doors below Chesnut.
Office hours, from 6 to 9 A. M., and from 5 to 10 P. M. Dec 14—1y-47

A Card.—Dr. S. P. ZIEGLER, offers his Professional services in all its various branches to the people of Lancaster and vicinity.
Residence and Office North Prince st., between Orange and Chenut streets, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. Calls promptly attended to, and charges moderate.
april 25 tf-14

Removal.—Dr. Sam'l. Welchens, SURGEON DENTIST, Would respectfully announce to the public and his friends in general, that he has removed his office from his old stand in Kramph's building, nearly half a square farther south, to the house recently occupied by William Carpenter, Esq., No. 34, NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA. Where he has increased facilities, for the comfort and accommodation of all who may favor him with their patronage.
All operations upon the natural teeth are performed with care, and a view to their preservation and beauty.
Artificial teeth inserted on the most approved priciples of the Dental profession, and for durability and beauty equal to nature.
Full satisfaction in regard to his prices, and the integrity of his work is warranted to all who may place themselves under treatment.
march 1 tf-6

Dr. Ziegler's Drug and Fancy Store, No. 58½ North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa., is the place where there can always be found a full assortment of Pure DRUGS and CHEMICALS; Also, all the popular and leading Patent and Propriatory Medicines, with a large stock of Cheap and Fancy PERFUMERY, wholesale and retail; Also Zerman's Tooth Wash, Barry's Tricopherus. Storr's Chemical Hair Invigorator, Lyon's Cathairon, Twigg's Hair Tonic, Jaynes' do., Loudon's do., and all of Jaynes' Preparations.
N. B.—Dr. Z. will be in attendance at his Drug Store from 8 to 9 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M., where Patients may avail themselves of Medical advice free of charge, with moderate charge for Medicine. [april 26 tf-14

Sign Painting.
WILLIAM E. HEINITSH, respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that having given up the Mercantile Business, he has turned his attention to SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, in Oil or Water Color.
Signs Painted with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms and no disappointments.
The public are invited to call and examine specimens at his room, No. 18, East King street.
GILT BLOCK LETTERS—Having made arrangements with the Manufacturer, he is now prepared to furnish Gilt Block Letters for Signs, at short notice.
Political and Military Banners, Transparencies, Awning Wings, and every description of Ornamental Painting, done in the best manner.
The attention of Merchants and Mechanics is requested to his Fancy Signs in Water Colors, for distribution, now so much in use, in the large cities. A share of public patronage is solicited
July 20, 1852. 26-tf

Mass Meetings!
A GREAT Mass Meeting of the friends of good *Daguerreotype Likenesses*, will be held at JOHNSTON'S SKY-LIGHT GALLERY, corner of North Queen and Orange streets, every day until further notice.
☞ No postponement on account of the weather.
Lancaster, June 22, 1852. 22-tf

A CARD.
THE subscribers beg leave thus to acquaint their friends and the public, that they've made such arrangements with a house in the city of Philadelphia, as will enable them to execute orders for the purchase and sale of
BANK STOCK, RAIL ROAD STOCK, STATE AND UNITED STATES LOANS, &c. &c.,
At the Board of Brokers, with promptness and fidelity and on as favorable terms in every respect, as can be done in Philadelphia. The faithful and confidential execution of all business entrusted to them may be relied on.
Money safely invested for individuals on Estates, in Bonds and Mortgages, State and United States securities, &c. &c. Personal attention will be given to the proper transfer, &c., of
Stock, Loans, &c.,
and such general supervision as will obtain for those intrusting business to them the safest and most desirable securities.
Also, the collection of Notes, Checks, Bills, &c., on Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and the towns &c. in this vicinity.
Also, persons desirous of buying or selling any stock of the Lancaster Banks, Conestoga Steam Mills, Gas or Turnpike Stocks by leaving the order in our hands will meet with prompt attention.
JOHN F. SHRODER,
GEORGE K. REED,
One door from the corner of North Queen and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
Feb. 12, 1850. 3-1y

EAGLE HOTEL.
J. & D. REESE,
INFORM the public, that they have recently fitted up this old and well known stand in North Queen street, two doors south of the Railroad, to first rate style, and that they are now prepared to entertain travellers and others in the very best manner. Their Bar will always be supplied with the choicest liquors, and their Table with the best that the market affords. They also beg leave to state that they continue their
LIVERY STABLE,
where can at all times be had, a good and genteel Horse, Buggy, Barouche, Carriage, Sulky, or Omnibus, on the most reasonable terms. They assure all who may favor them with their custom, that no efforts will be spared to render satisfaction.
may 7 15-tf

Elegant stock of Goods!—THOMAS W. EVANS & CO., No. 214 Chesnut street, opposite the Girard House, Philadelphia, have now opened a very extensive stock of entirely new and elegant GOODS, which have been selected in Europe for the most fashionable city trade.
They respectfully invite their numerous friends and customers in Lancaster and elsewhere, to pay them a visit when they come to the city, as they feel satisfied they can offer their goods as low as any store in Philadelphia.
IN THE STORE ARE
The newest styles Paris Mantillas.
Shawls of every description.
10 Cases Paris Mousline de Laines.
5 Cases plain Mousline de Laine and De Bege.
8 Cases elegant real French Lawns.
2 Cases Paris Organdies.
4 Cases Broche' Bareges, entirely new.
2 Cases neat checked Bareges.
2 Cases printed and Plaid Grenadine.
2 Cases plain Bareges, all colors.
2 Cases printed Bareges.
8 Cases English and French Chintzes.
4 Cases English and French Ginghams.
Embroideries, Mitts, Gloves, Veils, Scarfs.
Parasols, Muslins, Flannels, Linens.
Hosiery, &c., &c.
Also, 30,000 yards of SILKS of every description—Plain, Watered, Striped, Plaid and Figured, with a full stock of Black Silks.
Also, 100 Paris Barege Robes, the newest goods worn. [april 26 tf-14

Franklin Hall Clothing Store.—One door South of Sener's "Franklin Hotel," North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa. Messrs. COLEMAN & GILLESPIE, take this method to inform the citizens of Lancaster county and the people of the surrounding country, that they have taken the popular Clothing establishment known as Franklin Hall, lately under the proprietorship of Unkle & Coleman, where it is their determination to furnish a firstrate article of Clothing of every variety at the lowest cash rates. Their stock has just been replenished with all the new and latest styles o. Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Velvets, Vestings, &c., together with a new and fashionable assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
of every description, such as Dress and Frock Coats, Overcoats, Sacks and Monkey Jackets, Pants, Overalls, etc., all of which will be sold cheaper than ever before offered to the people of this county. The uneersigned have also a good supply of
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
such as Dress Shirts, Undershirts, Drawers, Cravats, Bosoms, Collars, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, and in short, everything required for a gentleman's wardrobe. Customer work will receive the strictest attention and every garment measured will be warranted in every particular.
Don't forget the place—one door south of Sener's (formerly Vankanan's) Franklin Hotel, North Queen street. COLEMAN & GILLESPIE.
march 1 tf-6

SURE CURE.
BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
WHERE may be obtained the MOST SPEEDY REMEDY for
SECRET DISEASES.
Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Loss of Organic Power, Pain in the Loins, Disease of the Kidneys, Affections of the Head, Throat, Nose and Skin, Constitutional Debility, and all those horrid affections arising from a Certain Secret Habit of Youth, which blight their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering Marriage, etc., impossible. A cure warranted of no charge.
YOUNG MEN
especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vices, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweep to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.
MARRIAGE.
Married persons, or those contemplating marriagre being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to perfect health.
OFFICE, No. 7, South FREDERICK Street, BALTIMORE, Md., on the left hand side, going from Baltimore street, 7 doors from the corner.—Be particular in observing the name and number or you will mistake the place.
DR. JOHNSTON,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has affected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being startled at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended, sometimes, with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.
TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE
Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgencies, that secret and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business or society.
These are some of the s