The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. LIV. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1853. NO. 26.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered on the 4th of July, 1853, before the "Buchanan Rifle Company," of the city of Lancaster,

BY HON. I. E. HIESTER.

GENTLEMEN:—If it were possible to imagine an intelligent stranger, who had never heard of this western land of freedom, suddenly transported to the shores of America on the anniversary of the birthday of our National Independence, what would he observe, and what ideas would be suggested by his observations? His ear would be greeted with the sounds of every variety of martial music, from the simple tones of

"The soul-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife."

to the measured and magnificent swell of the full military band, the peal of musketry, the roar of artillery and the ardent acclamations of an enthusiastic people; and his eye would survey the burnished arms and nodding plumes of the serried soldiery mingling with the darker masses of peaceful citizens in the processions of the day, follow the wild rocket in its streaming progress towards the sky, reflect the steady glare of bon-fires and illuminations, and at last repose upon the graceful folds of the beautiful emblem of our national strength advanced in triumph over the varied scenes beneath. The impulsive inquiries must start to his lips:—What means all this? Are this excited people celebrating the recent accession of some popular ruler to the control of their government?—Or are they rejoicing over their deliverance from some impending danger, or the achievement of some unexpected and brilliant victory?

We may be permitted to answer the supposed inquiries thus: This people celebrate the accession of no favorite prince, for their rulers are the creatures of their own hands, and they select whom they will to administer the government, which is held only in trust for the benefit of its citizens. They rejoice in their deliverance from no impending danger, for a survey of their gigantic and teeming territory will convince you that they have no danger to apprehend; and if they had, the stout hearts of the western republicans are strangers to fear. They exult over no unexpected and brilliant victory, for their Country is crowned with the blessings of uninterrupted peace, and the clash of hostile arms has long ceased to resound from their smiling plains or attend the footsteps of their distant armies.

But in the grateful spirit of a mighty Christian people, we celebrate the birth-day of our Country's freedom. Grown great with a steadiness and rapidity beyond all example in the history of nations, and occupying a daily increasing eminence among the foremost powers of the Earth, upon at least one day of every year, we calmly divest ourselves of the consciousness of our present proud position, and rehearse the useful lessons of our humble origin, our fathers' trials and the sacred sources of our own unexampled prosperity. And in the pursuit of this instructive study our people encounter none of the obstacles which Time has thrown before the efforts of other nations to penetrate the shadowy secrets of their distant infancy. In the recent story of our Country's origin there is no blending of truth and fiction, no intermingling of history and fable, but the scenes and actors of that eventful period start from the pages of the historian, and even from the memories of a few living monuments of the past who still linger among us, with the vigor of life and the freshness of yesterday. We are happily as familiar with the noble spirits of "the times that tried men's souls," as we are with the faces our own companions. And thus regarding our illustrious ancestors, in full view of the purity of their exalted purposes, their will to resolve and daring to execute, the inadequacy of their means to the magnitude of the design and the triumphant achievement of their bold and heroic enterprise, we become duly impressed with the patriotic sublimity of the characters of those who asserted and maintained the independence of the thirteen infant colonies of North America against the persevering and protracted efforts of the most powerful nation then on the face of the globe.

It would be idle to detail to the intelligent audience before me, the causes of the memorable struggle that attended the birth of the glorious Republic on whose unfettered breast we now repose in peace and prosperity. An ancient nation, from whose loins our fathers descended, forgetting the ties of consanguinity and common interest, and converted into an unnatural step-mother by the passions of pride and jealousy, attempted to rob the free born citizens of North America of the rights and privileges they inherited with their blood. History needed but to record the cause, for the effect of determined resistance was inevitable. The notes of preparation resounded through the Colonies, and when the armed heel of the oppressor touched the sacred soil of Freedom, he found its children prepared, according to their resources, for the approaching and unequal contest. Concord and Lexington, villages then unknown to story, but since renowned as the bloody baptismal fonts of Western Liberty, witnessed the first conflicts of the undisciplined yeomanry of America with the veteran legions of Britain, and transmitted the tidings of the wrongs and successes of the Colonists together to the remotest corners of the new Confederacy.

But before the Mother Country and the Colonies had come to blows, the latter, guided by the sagacity of their statesmen and the unerring instinct of self-preservation, devised and partially executed a project of union for their common preservation. The delegates of the Colonies successively assembled at New York and Philadelphia and adopted the Articles of a Confederacy which contained the germs of our glorious National Constitution. In June, 1776, they again assembled in Philadelphia, and after considering the condition and exigencies of their infant country, appointed a committee, embracing the illustrious names of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, to prepare a suitable recital of their wrongs and assertions of their rights. This committee reported, and amid the enthusiasm produced by those memorable debates which have received additional luster from the immortal genius of Webster, on the 4th day of July, 1776, the Congress adopted, subscribed and published to the World the Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America which you have just heard, and History added a new name to the list of Nations!

Upon the soil of our own native Commonwealth occurred the imperishable scene, whose memory you are now assembled to celebrate. It was not transacted in a gorgeous palace nor attended by any of the pomp and circumstance of external parade. Its sublimity consisted in part of its stern simplicity. The representatives of a confederacy of infant States, then in armed resistance against the government they before acknowledged and consequently exposed to the stigma of treason and rebellion if they failed, in a plain brick building on the banks of the Delaware, deliberately severed the last ties that bound them to the Mother Country and tendered the final injury to the powerful nation whose numerous fleets and armies were gathering upon their coasts and debarking on their shores.—Every one of that band of sturdy patriots knew and felt that the same signature which recorded his title to immortality in the event of success, assured him the fatal distinction of martyrdom upon the scaffold to the cause of liberty in the probable event of failure. Yet not a cheek blanched, not a lip quivered and not a hand trembled, as deputy after deputy attached his name to the deed; for although weak and forsaken by the nations of the earth, they devoutedly confided in the support of Him who has declared that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." All honor to the memory of our brave and patriotic sires! —to the stout hearts that dared assert, from the immortal author of the Declaration to the humblest citizen whose eye first kindled at the mention of the now proud name of Americans, and the strong arms of those that dared maintain, from the illustrious Washington to the private soldier, who bared his breast to the foreign foe, the birthright of their freedom!

For seven long years, the War of the Revolution fluctuated through alternate successes and reverses until the victorious guns of Yorktown, at last established the independence of our country. Did time and opportunity permit there could be no more pleasing or profitable employment than to trace the distinguished actors in the scenes of that memorable war thro' the rapid vicissitudes of their fortunes, their trials, their sufferings and their sacrifices, until the breath of a beneficent Providence dispelled the shades of danger and dismay that enveloped the rising fortunes of the Colonies, and permitted the sun of prosperity to pour down his unclouded and enlivening rays upon a young and independent Nation. But these topics are already as familiar to you as household words, and their recital would involve the repetition of a more than twice told tale.

No sooner was the withering hand of oppression withdrawn from the energies of the hardy children of the young Republic, than America sprang forward in the race of greatness and prosperity, with the activity of a boy and the strength of a giant. The growth of the Colonies before the Revolution had been singular and surprising, but now the rapidity of their progress resembled the stories of enchantment and romance. The rugged chain of the Alleghenies scarcely presented an obstacle to the march of improvement, and the resistless tide of emigration, bursting over their summits, poured its waves into the valley of the Mississippi.

"His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood."

Cottages, dwellings, villages and cities rose upon the ruins of the prostrate forests, and the virgin soil of the wilderness yielded its abundant treasures to the pressure of the ploughshare. The desert began to bud and blossom as the rose, and the course of advancing civilization more than realized the beautiful fable of the ancient goddess in whose footprints flowers sprang up spontaneously. Nor in the universal din of industry were the pickaxe of the miner or the hammer of the mechanic silent. The recesses of the newly discovered mountains were explored, and their secret riches brought to the light of the sun and converted to the profit of the settler. Furnaces and forges reared their dusky forms in the vallies and belched their pregnant vapors towards the skies. The factory rose by the side of the water-fall, and the monotonous hum of its machinery mingled with the ceaseless sound of the dashing stream. The genius of Fulton—and with the mention of his name, I am proud to claim him, not only as an American and Pennsylvanian, but as a native of our own goodly county—contributed a new element to the improvement of the growing West. Animated by the fiery creature of his invention, hundreds of vessels plunged into the waves and traversed the course of the "Father of Waters" and his tributaries, and transported the products not only of the East but of the whole world to the farthest limits of the basis of the Mississippi, and returned freighted with the wealth of those new and productive regions. Agriculture, manufactures and commerce, successively opened their treasurse to the West, and together conducted her to greatness, prosperity and power.

The political expansion of our Country from the period of the Revolution to the present has been no less remarkable than the developement of her internal resources. The original Thirteen States of our confederacy have multiplied to the number of Thirty-one that now cluster in our national constellation. The States, confined at the beginning, to a narrow border along the western shores of the Atlantic, now stretch in a magnificent belt across the whole extent of the Continent, and rest with equal confidence upon the shores of the Pacific, the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The first weak barrier of civilization, the Alleghenies, has not only been passed, but the tide of population has overleaped the distant and gigantic Cordilleras, and calmly spread itself about their feet. The Nation has broke the limits assigned to its infancy and occupied and incorporated the country for thousands of miles beyond its earliest western and southern frontiers into its own territory. Louisiana first yielded its fertile fields and flowing waters to the progress of the western pioneers. Florida then sank beneath the pressure and permitted the young Republic to swell, without interruption, down to the Gulf and out to the Ocean. And within our own recollection, a band of intrepid adventurers established themselves in the province of Texas, successfully resisted the impotent efforts of Mexico to reduce them, asserted their independence on the bloody field of San Jacinto, and at last were received as equals into the arms of the parent Confederacy. Mexico ventured to resent the offence, and therefrom resulted the most successful war in which our country has been engaged since the close of the Revolution, as well in the magnitude and importance of its consequences, as in the rapidity of its conquests and the splendor of its victories. The golden state of California has already sprung from the lap of the conquered provinces, and the territories which have risen in their midst look eagerly forward to the approaching day of their admission into the happy fraternity of our glorious Union.

With this experience of the Past, must we not await the development of the future destiny of our magnificent Republic with silent amazement? If such has been our progress in less than three quarters of a century that have scarcely elapsed since the final consolidation of our Government, what may we expect, or rather what may we *not* expect, from our career in the countless ages that still repose in the womb of the untold Future? I am not of those who subscribe to the doctrine of manifest destiny, yet it is impossible to close my eyes to the prospect that extends before us, nor do I tremble at the sight. The vigor of our Federal system has thus far shown itself equal to the utmost limits of our territorial expansion, and with the hearts of the people in the right place, there is little reason to apprehend that it will prove inadequate to the protection of any states or provinces that may hereafter seek and receive the shelter of the star-spangled banner. The magnificent arch of independent sovereignties that spans the American Continent has suffered no diminution of strength from the increase of its weight, but on the contrary, by the incorporation of the accessions into the body of the structure, has acquired additional solidity from every contribution to its size. For my own part, I am content with the present limits of our mighty heritage, and think them sufficient for the wants of years to come; but if it should please the will of the majority, by any means consistent with national faith and honor, to adorn the girdle of our fair Republic with the gem of the Ocean, the rich and blooming queen of the Hesperides, to reclaim the northern coast of the Pacific from the dominion of England, or to annex another smiling province of the sunny South, I shall not for that reason despair of the permanence of our free institutions; but shall seek their preservation where it can only be surely found, whether our borders be contracted to the dimensions of a single State, or extended to embrace a continent, in the intelligence and patriotism of the American people.

The patriotism of the people is the palladium of our Liberty. This is the only cement that can bind the conflicting interests of our extended territory together, and unite the whole in harmony and strength. So long as the great heart of the Nation leaps at the sight of its star-gemmed standard, and the masses of its citizens yield a willing support to the spirit of the happy Constitution on which the foundations of the Republic rest, we may bid equal defiance to the dangers that assail us from without and within. We may lament the petty jealousies that sometimes array a faction of one section of the Country against a portion of another, we may regret the occasional murmurs of an ungrateful and refractory State; but we need not fear the puny efforts of the discontented factions, for there is not a portion of this loyal Union that does not in itself contain *Americans* enough to crush the first weak shoot of treason to the earth.

But if this noble trait in her National character should sink under the growth of selfish and unworthy passions, and wild ambition or the sordid love of mammon occupy the hearts of the American people to the exclusion of their better sentiments, we may veil our faces in sackcloth and cover our brows with ashes, for the body must speedily decay when the life inspiring soul is gone. And little better will be our destiny, when under the specious pretence of state or human rights, any considerable portion of our misguided people raise their seditious clamors against the sacred compact of the States, and use the hands that should press the different sections of this happy confederacy together, to rend the ties that bind the fabric in a glorious whole. Be the pretext foul or fair the effect will be alike disastrous, and if from any cause this favored Union be torn assunder and scattered into feeble fragments, the same unhappy eyes that will witness the erasure of the bright American constellation from the firmament, will see the sun of Liberty extinguished in the heavens and the beacon light of human hope go down with the dishonored standard that now waves in triumph "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

If the sentiment of patriotism displays itself more conspicuously in the conduct of any one class of our citizens than another, it presents its clearest manifestation in the spontaneous devotion of the citizen soldier. Without compulsion or even solicitation he voluntarily enrols his name and subjects his person to the discipline necessary to prepare him to march, as he proclaims his readiness to do, wherever duty calls and his Country demands his service. And in the ranks of our citizen soldiers, the post of the private is no less honorable than that of the officer. The latter may be actuated in part by the motive of ambition or the love of power, but the devotion of the former can be ascribed only to an humble but honorable determination to expose his person and hazard his life in the service of his Country. In time of peace the volunteer is, indeed, but a holiday soldier; yet the term can be no more truthfully applied to him than the best trained regular of the army; and there is only this difference between them, that the soldier of the army is rewarded for his parade and display, and wastes the remainer of his time in ease and indolence, while the volunteer exercises without compulsion, and derives his support from some other employment, thus serving his country as faithfully by his industry in peace as he is prepared to serve her by his valor in war.

It is conceding them no more than their due to say that our citizen soldiers are the "National Guard" at once of their Country and her liberty. The regular troops of the army are but a handful in comparison to the legions of our citizen soldiers; and if there be any difference between them in either respect the latter are as far superior to the former in spirit as the former surpass the latter in discipline. It is the individual sentiment of honor and patriotism that nerves the arms and steels the breasts of our volunteers—the pride of personal character that requires the private soldier to bring back an untarnished name to the peaceful circle of his family and friends—and the pride of personal position and privilege which have taught him to value the rights he is marshalled to defend. It is, moreover, impossible for the citizen-soldier to become dangerous to the country he has volunteered to protect. Her greatness is his greatness, her possessions are his possessions and her liberty is the liberty of himself and his children. Issuing from and returning to the body of the people, his feelings, sympathies and even prejudices are altogether with them. An artful commander may alienate the affections of a mercenary army from the government it was created to protect; but an army of the people themselves can never be persuaded to subvert the people's rights.

The history of our Country furnishes abundant and distinguished examples of the valor and patriotism of our volunteers. The blood of the first general officer who fell in the Revolution, gushed, on Bunker Hill, from the veins of a volunteer, the young, the generous, and the gifted Warren. The column that first leaped the barriers of Yorktown, and tore down the ensign of England, was led by another volunteer—not one indeed who was struggling in the defence of his own country, but had come from a foreign and distant land to lend his arm to the cause of Liberty—the immortal Lafayette. A regiment who, with the steadiness of veterans, met and repelled the onset of the flower of the British army at Lundy's Lane, was composed of Pennsylvania volunteers. At New Orleans, the hunters of Kentucky and Tennessee, who had snatched the rifles from their firesides to follow the standard of their Country, beat back the veterans of Wellington in carnage and dismay. The hill of Monterey and the bloody plain of Buena Vista witnessed the bravery and established the fame of the citizen-soldiers of our own time, even before they achieved their portion of renown in the brilliant campaign of the valley of Mexico—The names of Clay, Yell, McKee, Watson and a hundred others, who sealed the chivalric history of their lives by the glorious martyrdom of their deaths, will long be cherished by our citizen-soldiers as distinguished instances of the courage and devotion of those who forsake their peaceful employments for the shock of battle and the clash of arms. The present Chief Magistrate of the Nation and two of his constitutional advisers volunteered to serve their Country on the plains of Mexico; and the illustrious soldier, who gathered the greenest laurels of Chippewa and Bridgwater, and led his conquering countrymen from the walls of Vera Cruz to the palaces of the Montezumas, first sought the military service of his Country from the peaceful pursuits of civil life.

The citizen-soldier may well claim the post of honor in the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of his country's freedom.—There is not a letter in the eternal Declaration that was not purchased with the lives of many a volunteer in the long struggle of the Revolution. There is not a State in the broad Union, nay, nor province in the broader Continent, whose soil has not been stained by the warm blood of the volunteer, poured copiously out in the service of his Country. Every page of our military history glows with the brilliant exploits of the citizen soldier. And on this Fourth day of July, our citizen soldiers assemble to revive the memory of the Past, and renew their pledges for the Future. In every variety of dress which the human fancy can suggest, and with every description of arms the exigencies of war can demand, from the Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they muster in different and distant battalions, but under the common standard of the stars and stripes, and with a common determination to devote their lives and honor to the service of their Country. With martial music and their joyful exclamations they salute at once the birthday of their freedom and the ample folds of the national banner under which their countrymen repose in peace. And if action and gesture can be interpreted, they come prepared to devote themselves to the cause, "*not of Liberty first and Union afterwards*, BUT OF LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." And safely may we entrust the protection of our common rights and the preservation of our beloved Union to the good right arms of those, who like you, gentlemen, are soldiers in war and citizens in peace.

☞ A correspondent of *The National Era* writes rom Milbury, Mass., as follows:

"I am now in my 80th year, and have obtained what information I could, both from observation and critical study. It has lately been discovered that a strong decoction made of the bark of the roots of the white ash, when drank as a medicine, will cure the bite of a mad dog. This, undoubtedly is owing to the fact that rattlesnakes can be made more easily to crawl over live fire coals than white ash leaves—and they are never found in the forests where the white ash growe. Would it not be advisable for druggists in our large towns and cities to keep constantly on hand a medicine prepared from the roots of the white ash? It might be the means of saving some valuable lives from a sudden and painful death."

☞ "Mike" and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice cream? "In truth I can—do they not bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure."

Childhood.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ah! girlhood, joyous girlhood,
How transient is thy stay,
The dew-drop, from the opening bud,
Steals not so soon away.
Thy tears are but as April showers,
That melt in rainbow light;
Thy smiles are like the morning flowers,
Fast fading, but how bright!

Ah! girlhood, merry girlhood,
What is there like to thee?
A bird that pants for sunny fields
Beyond its sheltering tree.
Half poised for light, one wishful trill
Upon the air it flings,
Then nestles, with a frightened thrill,
Beneath its mother's wings.

'Tis well for thee, bright girlhood,
Thine is no prophet's ken,
To read, on life's unopened leaves,
The ways of evil men.
Then would the night of coming time
Thy present sunshine dim;
And thy light laughter's tuneful chime,
Become a wailing hymn.

Yet, girlhood, artless girlhood,
Thou, too, must needs beware,
For in thy leafy covert oft
The fowler lays his snare.
And if by virtue guided not
From youth's sequestered dell,
There is in all the world no spot
Where joy with thee may dwell.

A blessing on thee, girlhood!
Be happy and be pure!
For purity's white plumes are charmed
Against the tempter's lure;
Nor droop with shivering dread, to feel
Life's ruffling blasts of wrong;
In willing strife for other's weal
The woman's heart grows strong!

Faith, Hope and Energy.

Inscribed to a friend in despondency under the hand of affliction.

BY ROSE ATHERTON.

"Sit not down discouraged by the way, because directly before you a heavy cross lies in your path. Strive not to go round it, for this will take you out of your narrow way; but lift the cross and go with it, for the crown lies just beyond. Remember the cross and the crown were united in Christ, and can never be sundered in us, his followers."—*Extract.*

Rouse! rouse, sad heart! Oh, why thus idly drooping,
Sadly and silently, with folded wings?
Where is thy faith in God that thou'rt thus stooping
To question why He doth mysterious things?
Oh! why have doubts and fears o'er thee such sway?
Fling far from thee this dark'ning veil away!

Faint heart! and dost thou see no work to do,
That thus thou slumberest and sleepest on?
And does thy life path seem so endless, too,
That thou can'st sit and grieve o'er every thorn?
Objects of love and care around thee throng—
Much good thou mayst do—Oh, then be strong!

Still struggle on, though skies should darker grow,
And clouds like midnight make thee shrink and fear,
Cannot the future one faint hope bestow,
Beams there not forth one single star to cheer?
Press forward, till the goal be won at last—
The Crown and Heaven—and earthly gifts be past!

Arouse! and all thy energies awaken—
Bend not 'neath every blast, like a weak tree;
Be hopeful, and thy faith in God unshaken,
And onward let thy watchword ever be.
Arise with new-born strength—go on thy way,
And if thou pauseth, be it but to pray!

A Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

My text this morning is contained in these few words:—

How solveless is woman!
How tender is woman!
How loving is woman!
How childlike is woman!

My hearers—sure enough, how solveless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle, a most intricate enigma, a flower which in analyzing, no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or inoxuous—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magnetic mystery.—Nobody knows what her heart contains. Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and sympathy; and at others, filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her; you cause the acids and alkalies to come in contact, and then such an effervescence takes place, as might lower the ambition of pearl ash and cider.

Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and showers. Many a tear-drop evaporates in the warm light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle of some passing cloud of sorrow about the size of a blanket.

Griefs bubble up from her bosom, to burst in an atmosphere of joy, like autumnal flowers; spring from the warm bed of her heart, to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made of modesty, boldness, beauty, silks and satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse-hair, whalebone, piety, paint, gayety, gum-elastic, bear's grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, affections and kindness. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in her actions, and yet I cannot understand it.

My friends how tender is woman? She is as tender as a chicken, and as tough as an old gobbler. She must be screened from the hot summer's sun, sheltered from the blast of winter; and yet, if she makes up her mind to do it, she can outsweat the sun, face a northeaster, and can be a match for the devil. But inwardly, she is as tender as the mercies of heaven; her heart is as much softer than a man's as bees-wax is softer than a brick-bat. Her sympathies are as delicate as down on angel's wings, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircled the brow of old winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance, fortune, or time may bring—as tough as tripe, and twice as common.

My hearers, how loving is woman? Aye, she is amazingly sick in her attachments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum-tree, and you can't separate her without snapping the strings that no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see some things to love where others can discover nothing to admire, and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers, how child-like is woman! A plaything herself, she is fond of every plaything in the world's great toy shop. Her home is the realm of fancy, her existence is very ideal reality, her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance—her present is always bright, and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every poesy that pops its head above the weeds of a wicked world, and have no thorns to molest me, whilst gathering the wild flowers of imagination. Child-like, woman is very happy. Tickled with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rain bow-tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon is by moonlight, and as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy, and seems to use every endeavor to coax us male, moody mortals into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be!

DIED WHILE DRESSING FOR A BALL.—Miss Laura Shields, who resided on Liberty street, went up to her room on the evening of the 4th of July, to dress for a Ball, to be givsn at the Union Hall, on Broadway. When the gentleman came who was to accompany her, she had not come down stairs. Her mother called her, but she did not come, though nearly an hour passed in waiting for her. At length her mother went to the door and rapped, but no answer was returned, and she had locked the door. They then became alarmed and forced the door, when Laura was found lying upon the floor, nearly dressed for the ball, and quite dead! She appeared to be in perfect health in the evening at tea. She was buried in the dress they found her in.—*Cin. Gaz.*

☞ BE STILL—MAKE NO NOISE—LET ME DIE QUIETLY."—*The last moments of Vice-President King.*

"Be still!" The hour of a soul's departure is at hand; Earth is fading from its vision; time is gliding from its presence; the hopes that cluster around young life, that swell in the heart of manhood, have fallen from around it, like the forest leaves, when the frosts of autumn have chilled them into death. Ambition, with its hollow promises, and pride, with its lofty look, have vanished away. The world, with its deceitfulness, pleasure, with its gilded temptations, are gone, and alone, in utter destitution of all that time promised, it must start on its solitary journey across the valley of the shadow of death!

"Make no noise!" Let the tumult of life cease. Let no sound break the soul's communion with itself, ere it starts on its returnless flight. Trouble it not with sighing, stir it not with the accents of sorrow. Let the tears stand on the cheek of affliction, and let not the wailing of grief break the solemn silence of the death scene. Let it hear the still small voice that calls it away. Let it gather the accents that come from within the dark shadows of eternity, saying to it, come home. The whisperings of angels are in its ear; obstruct not their silvery voices by grosser sounds. A far off music comes floating to it on the air. 'Tis the sound of the Heavenly harps touched by viewless fingers; mar not its harmony by the discords of earth.

"Let me die quietly!" The commotions of life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and warring of human destiny are over. Wealth accumulated must be scattered; honors won must be resigned, and all the triumphs that come within the range of human achievement be thrown away. The past with its trials, its transgressions, its accumulating responsibilities, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes, its rendering up to the future its long account; disturb not the quiet of that awful reckoning. Speak not of fading memories of affection, whose objects perish in their loveliness, like the flowers of spring, or wither in a slow decay. Talk not of an earthly home, where loved ones linger, where a seat will soon be vacant, a cherished voice hushed forever, or of the desolation that will seat itself by the hearth stone. The soul that is at peace with God, let it pass calmly away. Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright turrets, the tall spires, the lofty domes of the Eternal City, are emerging from the spectral darkness, and the glory of the Most High is dawning around them. The white throne is glistening in the distance, and the white-robed angels are beckoning the weary spirit to its everlasting home. What is life, that it should be clung to longer? What the joys of the world that they should be regretted? What has earth to place before the spirit of a man, to tempt its stay or turn it from its rest?

INDEPENDENCE—PROGRESS.—The Albany *Knickerbocker*, of the 4th, indulges in a most pithy review of the past and the present of the Union. It says:

"It is seventy-seven years since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy-seven years they have been. Seventy-seven years ago the United States were a remote circumstance—they now compose the second commercial Nation in the world. In three quarters of a century we have revolutionized the World, built up an Empire, licked our Mother, and fenced in a Continent. In less time than it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes, we have made more canals, tamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenue of the world could hve paid for the day he got out of his time. In seventy-five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel—cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot-boxes and Democracy. Since the fourth of July, 1776, the whole world has been to school, and, what is better has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth as immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adaptation to all the great wants of the most aspiring Nation, has been made most signally manifest.—Under its harmonious working, a Republic has grown up in an ordinary lifetime that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less time than it takes some green-house plants to arrive at maturity, we have built a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a Nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph posts, and owns more steamboats, than any Nation that ever lived or ever will live. For all which, we again say, thank God and praise Thomas Jefferson."

WHERE WAS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WRITTEN?—This is a question which has excited much discussion. The following letter from Mr. Jefferson settles the question. The house he designates is at the corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, the lower story of which is now occupied as a clothing store, and the upper stories as a printing office:

MONTICELLO, Sept. 26, 1825.

To Dr. JAMES MEASE, Philadelphia:

Dear Sir:—It is not for me to estimate the importance of the circumstances concerning which your letter of the 8th makes inquiry. They prove even in their minuteness, the sacred attachments of our fellow citizens to the event of which the paper of July 4, 1776, was but the declaration, the genuine effusion of the soul of our country at that time. Small things may, perhaps, like the relics of saints, help to nourish our devotion to this holy bond of our Union, and keep it longer alive and warm in our affections. This effect may give importance to circumstances, however small. At the time of writing that instrument, I lodged in the house of a Mr. Graaf, a new brick house, three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bed-room, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper, particularly. So far I state from written proofs in my possession. The proprietor, Graaf, was a young man, son of a German, and then newly married.—I think he was a brick layer, and that his house was on the south side of Market street, probably between 7th and 8th streets, and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure there were few others near it. I have some idea that it was a corner house, but no other recollections throwing light on the question, or worth communication. I am ill, therefore only add assurances of my great respect and esteem. TH. JEFFERSON.

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]

Sea Bathing.—CAPE MAY—CAPE ISLAND. NATIONAL HALL. This large, new and elegant Hotel is now open for the season.

The public will this a first class House. It is situated on high ground, with a large Garden in front, and affords a most magnificent view of the Ocean.

Mr. P. M'COLLOM is engaged, and would be glad to receive the calls of his friends.

AARON GARRETSON,
june 21 2m-22] Proprietor.

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 alarmed 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 busines or society.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the back and limbs, Pains in the head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c

Mentally.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded: Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil of Foreboding, Aversion of Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c. are some of the evils produced.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Weakness of the system, Nervous Debility and premature decay generally arisee from the destructive habit of youth, that solitary practice so fatal to the healthful existence of man, and it is the young who are the most apt to become its Victims from an ignerance of the dangers to which they subject themselves. Parents and Guardians are often misled with respect to the cause or source of disease in their sons and wards. Alas! how often do they ascribe to other causes the wasting of the frame, Palpitation of the Hea., Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Derangement of the Nervous System, Cough and Symptoms of Consumption, also those serious Mental effects, such as loss of Memory, Depression of Spirits or peculiar fits of Melancholy; when the truth is they have been caused by indulging Pernicious but alluring practices, destructive to both Body and Mind. Thus are swept from existence thousands who might have been of use to their country, a pleasure to their friends, an ornament to society.

WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

Oh, how happy have hundreds of misguided youths been made, who have been suddenly restored to health from the devastations of those terrific maladies which result from indiscretion. Such persons, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without this, the journey thro' life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately.

He who places himself under the care of Dr JOHNSTON, may religiously confide in his honor as a Gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician

TO STRANGERS

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last ten years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. J., witnessed by the Reporters of the papers and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, is a sufficient guarantee that the afflicted will find a skilful and honorable physician.

N. B.—Shun the numerous pretenders who call themselves Physicians, and apply to DR. JOHNSTON. Be not enticed from this office.

☞ ALL LETTERS POST-PAID—REMEDIES SENT BY MAIL.

june 7, 1853. 1y-20

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

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

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 Executors' Accounts, will be attended to with correctness and despatch.

april 19, 1853. tf-13

Dr. J. Mairs McAllister, HOMOEOPTHIC PRACTITIONER.—Office, North Duke Street, Lancaster, a few doors below Chesnut.

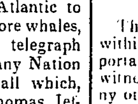
Office hours, from 6 to 9 A. M., and from 5 to 10 P. M. Dec 14—1y-47

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. 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

2000 dollars New Silver Coin.—The old Coin bought at 2 per cent. premium, payable in the new coin.

may 10 tf-16 J. F. SHRODER & CO.

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.

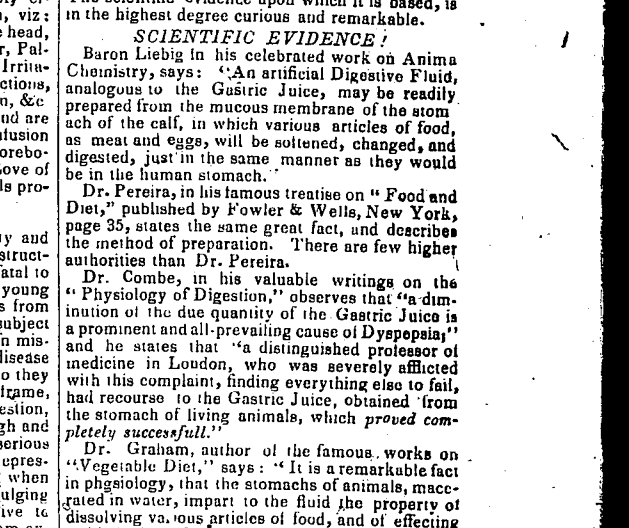
☞ No postponement on account of the weather.

Lancaster, June 22, 1852. 22-tf

JOB PRINTING neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder!
GREAT CURE FOR
DYSPEPSIA!



The True Digestive Fluid or Gastric Juice

PREPARED from Rennet, or the fourth Stomach of the Ox, after directions of BARON LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. Houghton, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

This is a truly wonderful remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Constipation, and Debility, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice.

Half a teaspoonful of Pepsin, infused in water, will digest or dissolve, Five Pounds of Roast Beef in about two hours, out of the stomach.

PEPSIN is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the solvent of the food, the purifying, preserving and stimulating agent of the stomach and intestines. It is extracted from the digestive stomach of the Ox, thus forming an Artificial Digestive Fluid, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its chemical powers, and furnishing a complete and perfect substitute for it By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia are removed, just as they would be by a healthy stomach. It is doing wonders for dyspeptics, curing cases of Debility, Emaciation, Nervous Decline, and Dyspeptic Consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave The scientific evidence upon which it is based, is in the highest degree curious and remarkable.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE!

Baron Liebig in his celebrated work on Animal Chemistry, says: "An artificial Digestive Fluid, analogous to the Gastric Juice, may be readily prepared from the mucous membrane of the stomach of the calf, in which various articles of food, as meat and eggs, will be softened, changed, and digested, just in the same manner as they would be in the human stomach."

Dr. Pereira, in his famous treatise on "Food and Diet," published by Fowler & Wells, New York, page 35, states the same great fact, and describes the method of preparation. There are few higher authorities than Dr. Pereira.

Dr. Combe, in his valuable writings on the "Physiology of Digestion," observes that "a diminution of the due quantity of the Gastric Juice is a prominent and all-prevailing cause of Dyspepsia;" and he states that "a distinguished professor of medicine in London, who was severely afflicted with this complaint, finding everything else to fail, had recourse to the Gastric Juice, obtained from the stomach of living animals, which *proved completely successfull.*"

Dr. Graham, author of the famous works on "Vegetable Diet," says: "It is a remarkable fact in phgsiology, that the stomachs of animals, maccerated in water, impart to the fluid the property of dissolving various articles of food, and of effecting a kind of *artificial digestion* of them *in nowise diffrfeent mro the natural digestive process.*"

AS A DYSPEPSIA CURER,

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN has produced the most marvellous effects, in curing cases of Debility, Emaciation, Nervons Decline, and Dyspeptic Consumption. It is impossible to give the details of cases in the limits of this advertisement; but authenticated certificates have been given of more than Two Hundred Remarkable Cures, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston alone. These were nearly all desperate cases, and the cures were not only rapid and wonderful, but permanent.

It is a great Nervous Antidote, and particularly useful for tendency to Billious disorder, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, or badly treated Fever and Ague, and the evil effects of Quinine, Mercury and other drugs upon the Digestive Organs, after a long sickness. Also, for excess in eating, and the too free use of ardent spirits. It almost reconciles health with intemprance.

OLD STOMACH COMPLAINTS.

There is no form of Old Stomach Complaints which it does not seem to reach and remove at once. No matter how bad they may be, it gives instant relief! A single dose removes all the unpleasant symptoms; and it only needs to be repeated short for a time to make these good effects permanent. Purity of Blood and Vigor of Body follow at once. It is particularly excellent in cases of Nausea, Vomiting, Cramps, Soreness of the pit of the Stomach, distress after eating, low, cold state of the Blood, Heaviness, Lowness of Spirits, Despondency, Emaciation, Weakness, tendency to Insanity, Suicide, &c.

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN is sold by nearly all the dealers in fine drugs and Popular Medicines, throughout the United States. It is prepared in Powder and in Fluid form—and in prescription vials for the use of Physicians.

PRIVATE CIRCULARS for the use of Physicians, may be obtained of Dr. Houghton or his Agents, describing the whole process of preparation, and giving the authorities upon which the claim of this new remedy are based. As it is *not a secret remedy* no objection can be raised against its use by Physicians in respectable standing and regular practice. Price ONE DOLLAR per bottle.

☞ OBSERVE THIS!—Every bottle of the genuine PEPSIN bears the written signature of J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., sole proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Copy-right and Trade Mark secured.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

For sale in Lancaster by
LONG & SCHOENFELD,
No. 1, Kramph's Arcade, N. E. cor. North Queen and Orange sts., one door east of Kramph's Clothing Store, Lancaster. sep 16-34-1y]

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

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

CHEAP
LEATHER AND FINDING STORE,
No. 155 North Second Street, between Race and Vine Streets, Philadelphia.
SHOE PEGS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
D. ZEPPELSHEIMER & SON,
Aug. 10—1y- Successors to G. A. Yocum.