The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL

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BY GEO. SANDERSON.

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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.

Is it Anybody's Business?

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer;
That the meaning all may know;
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady?
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble?
The outside lookers on?

Is it anybody's business,
But the lady's if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our queries,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
It it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

A Picture of Low Life.

THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.

'Mr. Pease, we want to be married.'

'Want to be married—what for?'

'Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to day and you see'

'Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When you get sober you will both repent of it probably.'

'No, sir, we are not very drunk now, not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are doing nothing as we were brought up to do by pious parents. We have been reading about the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are, and we want you to try and do something for us.'

'Read! Can you read? Do you read the Bible?'

'Well not much lately, but we read the newspapers and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible whea we are drunk?'

'Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?'

'Yes, for we are going to take the pledge too, and we shall keep it depend upon that.'

'Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt eway, and get some clothes on and then I will marry you.'

'No: that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor, dirty, miserable wretch I am and how I am living with this woman; who is not a bad wo man by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed rum!—aud what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease; 'Thomas'—she would not say 'Tom,—you dirty brute, don't be tempted,'—and who knows but we might be somebody yet—somebody that our own mothers would not be ashamed of.'

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into a violent flood of tears crying 'Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more.'

'I could no longer stand the appeal,' said Mr. P. 'and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor, wretched looking couples; but none that looked quite so much as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a brick-layer, one of the best in the city.—She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments.'

'And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?

'Elting sir. Thomas Elting, a good true name and true man, that is shall be if you marry us.'

'Well, well. I am going to marry you.'

'Are you? There Mag, I told you so.'

'Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be called by my right name, the one my mother gave me.'

'Not Mag. Well, I never knew that.'

'Now Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much What is your name?'

'Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband Matilda Eraley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city.'

'Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand, and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think yon are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful true, only, wedded wife?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish. protect and comfort her as you true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean.'

'So I will.'

'Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you. here before me, as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?'

'Yes, I will.'

'And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same and be a true wife to this man?'

'I will try, sir.'

'But do you promise all this faithfully?'

'Yes sir, I will.'

'Then I pronounce you man and wife.'

'Now, Thomas,' says the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her with an injunction to keep it safely—'now pay Mr. Pease and let us go home and break the bottle.' Thomas felt first in the right hand pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch fob

'Why; where is it?' says she, 'you had two dollars this morning.

'Yes, I know it, but I have only got two pennies this evening, There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world:—what more can I give?'

Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed over them, that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had reduced them to such a degree of wretchedness and poverty, that the monster power of rum could hardly send its victims lower.

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage. and then ii became absorbed with a thousand scenes of wretchedness which I have witnessed since I have lived in this of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other couples—often those who came in their carriage and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length however, I had a call for a full match to them; which I refused.

'Why do you come to me to be married, my friend,' said I to the man. You are both too poor to live seperate, and besides you are both terrible drunkards, I know you are.'

'That is just what we want to get married for and take the pledge.'

'Take that first.'

'No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us'

'Will that?'

'It did one of my friends.'

'Well then, go and bring that friend here; let me see and hear how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind what to, if I can do you any good I want to do it.'

'My friend is at work—he has got a good job and several hands working for him and is making money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening?'

'Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you.'

I little expected to see him again, but about 8 o'clock the servant said that a man and his girl, with a *gentleman and lady*; were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman to walk up to the parlor, and sit a moment while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple, not dreaming that there was any sympathies between the parties. But they would not come up, they wanted to see that couple married. So I went down and found the squalidly wretched pair in company with a well-dressed laboring man, for he wore a fine black coat, silk vest, gold watch chain, clean white shirt and cravat, polished calf-skin boots; and his wife was just as neat and tidily dressed as anybody's wife, and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way in which she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from sight, told that she was a loving as well as pretty wife.

'This couple,' says the gentleman, 'have come here to be married.'

'Yes, I know it, bnt I have refused. Look at them; do they look like fit subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I cannot marry them.'

'Cannot? Why not? You married us when we were worse off—more dirty—worse clothed and more intoxicated.'

The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put her clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes.

What could it mean? Married them when worse off? Who are they?

'Have you forgotten us?' said the woman, taking my hand in hers, and dropping on her knees; 'have you forgotten drunken Tom and Mag? We have never forgotten you, but pray for you every day.

'If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotton the two-penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be ashamed, if you did know her. But I know you would not. How could you? We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now. All your work, sir. All the blessing of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes and her dress—all Matilda's work every stitch of it. Come and look at our house, as neat as she is. Everything in it to make a comfortable home; and oh, sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in bank and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job. So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful, honest, good wife. Now, this mon is as good a workman as I am, and only is he bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness and living with this woman just as I did. Now he thinks that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man and have his first effort sanctified with the same blessing and then, with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed.'

So they did. So may others by the same means I married them, and I shook hands with Mr. Elting, at parting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark, there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hopes that it might have been a couple of dollars this time, but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual God bless you. When I went up stairs I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, 'two pennies again my dear.'

'Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do, What blessings have followed that act.'

'And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.'

FRUIT AND ITS PROFITS.—At Saratogo, during the late State Fair of the New York Society, a number of intelligent promologists spent their evenings in comparing their views and experience on the best varieties of fruit, its culture and its profits.

We quote now literally from the statements made at the meetings:

Profits of Fruit Culture—This subject being introduced, some statements were made of the large profits derived from the culture of the Lady Apple, W. H. Denning, of Dutchess county, had annually sold forty dollars worth of fruit from a single tree, the price varying fiom eight to twelve dollars per bushel. The soil was gravelly. On soils of a different character the crop had been quite unsuccessful. One gentleman had picked ten barrels from his trees, and found only two barrels fair, the least blemish entirely spoiling the sale of a fancy fruit. Another gentleman stated that from an orchard in Orange county, out of five barrels he had not obtained a single hatful of good specimens. Dr. Ward said that in New Jersey, it succeeded well on gravelly loam, which was generally admitted to be its best soil. The high price of this apple depends entirely on the demand for it in cities for fashionable evening parties, which is far greater than the supply. American grown Lady Apples also command a very high price for the same object in London. The opinion was however expressed, that as it not a fruit of the highest character and value, and the fashion may not always continue its favor, it would be unsafe to plant it largely, or exclusively for market.

Profits of Pear Culture.—It was stated by a gentleman present that Martin Smith, of Tarrytown, had sold $600 worth of Virgalieu pears at $4 per bushel, from less than an acre, besides nearly $100 worth of Bartletts. Another instance was mentioned where an old tree, growing in Western New York, had annually yielded from $20 to $30 worth of pears, at two and a half dollars per bushel. An acre would admit 100 such trees, and would yield annually from $2000 to $3000 in fruit. The tree mentioned received no cultivation. Dr. Ward had obtained from forty trees of the Bartlett, which which had been planted only seven years, and had commenced bearing three years afterwards, an average of half a bushel per tree tht present season, and had sold them from four to six dollars per bushel. T. C. Maxwell had trees of the Flemish Beauty seven years planted, and two years old when set out, which had borne two bushels each last year, and over one bushel this.

Josephine after her Divorce.

The editors of "The Napoleon Dynasty," (a work just published,) have had access to the private records of the Bonaparte family, through the courtesy of its members. We copy the following extract:

The next morning, at eleven, the divorced Empress was to leave the Palace of the Tulleries, to return to it no more. From the highest to the lowest member of the household, all assembled to witness the departure of her, who in the fine language of one of their number, carried with her into exile tho hearts of all who had had access to her presence. Leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, and so deeply veiled that her countenance could not be seen, she descended the stairway in a most profound silence; for she had taken but a few steps when there was an involuntary and simultaneous burst of grief. But she spoke not. The only response she made to this touching language of grief from those who loved her, was the shudder of the last pang she was ever to feel in the halls where she had embellished the Empire of Napoleon. She sank fainting into a close carriage, and the clatter of the feet of six horses echoed coldly through the court yard, as they bore away from the ancient palace the fairest and best woman that had ever sat upon the throne of France.

Several months Josephine had now passed in solitude and grief. Whatever Napoleon could do to mitigate the harshness of this severe stroke had been done. A pension of six hundred thousand dollars a year was settled on her for life, and paid promptly till Napoleon's fall. The magnificent villa of Malmaison, with all its grounds and treasures of art and beauty, with the anciedt palace of Navarre, were presented to her—and the title of Empress was confirmed. She received frequent visits—'almost ofhomage'—from the members of the imperial Court; for it was universally understood that Napoleon desired every token of respect should be shown to his former wife. Her villa presented a more animated and brilliant spectacle than even while Napoleon was its master. It was frequented by the most illustrious statesmen, scholars, artists, and men of taste of the Empire. She was universally respected, admired, and beloved, and her fall from the throne seemed to clothe her with new splendor.

She still cherished her affection for Napoleon, and lost no opportunity of demonstrating her respect for him. The apartment he had occupied remained exactly as he had left it; she would not suffer a chair to be moved, and, indeed, very rarely permitted any one to enter, keeping the key herself, and dusting the articles, with her own hand. On the table was a volume of history, with the page doubled down where he had finished reading; beside it lay a pen, the ink dried on the point, and a map of the world on which he was accustomed to point out his plans to those in his confidence, and which still showed on the surface many marks of his impatience. These Josephine would not allow to be touched on any account. By the wall stood Napoleon's camp bed without curtains; and above continued to hang such of his arms as he placed there.

On different pieces of furniture were flung various portions of apparel, just as he had used them last; for among his other extraordinary ways, he had a practice, on retiring to rest, of flinging, rather than taking off his clothes; casting down a coat here, a vest there, usually pitching his watch into the bed, and his hat and shoes into the farthest corner of the apartment.

Josephine's own bed chamber, to which she removed after the divorce, was extremely simple, draped only with white muslin, its only ornament being the gold toilet service, and which, with a noble generosity, she refused to consider as private property, till Napoleon sent it after her, together with many other valuables left behind in like manner.

In devoting herself to the adornment of the villa Malmaison, Josephine displayed the most refined and artistic taste. In a letter of instruction to her superintendent, she tells him that the first apartment of the suits, which was to serve for an anteroom, must be painted in light green, with a border of lilacs. In the pannels were to be placed five engravings from bible scenes, and under each, a portrait of the distinguished Generals of the revolution. In the centre of the room there was always to be a large flower stand filled with fresh flowers in their season, and in each angle, the bust of a French philosopher. She particularly mentions that Rosseau was to stand between the two windows, where the vines and foliage could play around his head, forming a natural crown worthy of the author of *Emile*. Her private cabinet was to be in light blue, with a border of ranunculus and palyanthus. Ten large engravings from the gallery of the Muses, and twenty medallions filled up the pannels.

The casements were painted white and green, with double fillets of gold. 'Unite elegance to variety; but no study, no profusion. I confide to you the care of rendering this cherished spot an agreeable retreat, where I may meditate—sleep, perhaps, but oftenest read; which is sufficient to remind you of the three hundred volumes of my small library.'

The first million of francs which Napoleon allowed Josephine from his own purse, were expended in restoring the castle of the ancient kings of Navarre, which had been long neglected and nearly demolished in the revolution. Its immense Park had once been embellished by flowing streams and gleaming lakes; but the water courses had ceased to flow, and the lakes had become stagnant marshes. But Josephine made it wear a new aspect; the beds of the streams were cleared out, and covered with white gravel; the lakes were excavated and filled with fish; the old forest roads were repaired, and fertility and beauty once more embellished this ancient retreat of the French monarchs.

In these delightful engagements, she was aided by the taste of the most distinguished artists of France, and in her public improvements Napoleon himself aided by his ingenious and practical suggestions. Thus, gradually the heavy cloud which had so long hung in blackness over her heavens, began to break away, and was dissolved by the balmy sunshine; and her palace soon wore the aspect of hospitable, intellectual and artistic refinement.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ORDER.—We copy the following extract from a lettter from California, published last week in the Carbon Democrat, in order to show the beauties of the working of that heaven ordained association, known as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows:

An incident occurred here a day or two ago which seemed to illustrate most beautifully the benefit of societies to a stranger far from home and and relatives. A miner, by name, J. G. Garnett, homeward bound, put up one night at the Stockton House. He had travelled some forty miles 'neath the scorching sun on foot which seems to have had the effect of deranging his mind. Before retiring he made himself known to the host as an Odd Fellow, appeared rational, and stated that he had made some little at the mines, and believing that he would not live many days, and that there were Mexicans following him for the purpose of robbing him, he desired the proprietor to take care of what he had, and then retired. In the night he committed suicide, by cutting his throat with a pen knife. In view of these facts, the N. G. of the Lodge of this city, appointed a committee to prepare his body for the grave and watched over it during the night. Next morning a large number of the members of the order marched in procession from the Lodge to the Stockton House, where a hearse was in waiting.—Thence they proceeded to the grave yard; there the ceremony was performed and a short pathetic sermon was delivered by the Chaplain. After this and a prayer, the Brothers advanced one by one, and in passing, each one broke a sprig of evergreen from his regalia, and cast it into the grave. This is the first funeral of an Odd Fellow in Stockton City. I do not give it to you in detail, nor dwell upon the solemnities of the scene, more than to show how the unfortunate wanderer in a land far off from home, with an aleniated reason, remembering in the last hour of anguish and despair, the Mystic sign, summons a host of friends to perform the last rites—friends who had never seen him before, and whom he had never seen, but friends who knew he was an Odd Fellow—who mourn over his melancholy end, and who will see that his children, his widowed wife, and lone mother will be cared for.

☞ Cats are quoted in Australia at fifteen dollars each.

The Frost Spirit.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now,
On the naked woods and blasted fields,
And the brown hill's withered brow
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees,
Where the pleasant green came forth,
And the winds that follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spring comes!
From the frozen Labrador;
From the icy bridge of the northern seas,
Where the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice;
An the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere
Into marble statues grow!

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spring comes!
And the quiet lakes shall feel
The torpid touch of his freezing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spring comes!
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
When the firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by!

DO LADIES LIKE FLATTERY?—The Southern Ladies' Companion answers the question very sensibly in the following article:

It is said that women love flattery. They may love to be praised for good qualities which they think belong to them; but if they do not think themselves entitled to the praise given, or do not believe that he who bestows it thinks so—when it becomes flattery—it will hardly be found acceptable. And as weak men resort so much to this means of seeking favor with the fair, sensible women receive such offerings with great distrust, especially from one who is known to be in the habit of bestowing praise lavishly. Indeed, ladies would consult their interest and happiness generally by discountenancing everything that wears the appearance of flattery. If a man truly admires a lady he can find better, and—to sensible ladies—more acceptable means of proving his admiration, than by sterotyped adulation, overwrought eulogy, from which true female sensibility must shrink.

A wise man has said, that as the slanderer is the most poisonous of wild beasts, so the flatterer is the most dangerous of tame ones. But if a lady be bitten by any of the class of gross flatterers, that abound at this day, she is hardly entitled to commiseration. This sort of serpent sounds his *rattle* before he strikes, and when the alarm is heard, tho' it may charm the silly, the woman of good sense will guard against the poisoned fang which she suspects to be concealed in the grass. If we wished to instance a case of delicate flattery, we should quote the letter of Steele to his wife: "You tell me you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know of no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement; one who does not want wit, and is extremely since; and so I could go thro' all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt, But indeed, though you have every perfection, you have an extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you, to me, and that is, that you do not love to dress, to appear, to shine out," etc. Here Steele not only assumes that no good thing he could say of his wife would be flattery—being all merited—but he affects to blame her for the virtue of despising display.

But the praising of a wife or husband, and especially before others, is attended with danger; and especially does it subject the parties to suspicion of attempting, by a fair outward show, to cover up a private state of affairs not the most pleasant. It is encouraging for a wife to know that she has her husband's approbation in her endeavors to do her duty—and so *vice versa*—but for the parties to be ever ministering to each other's vanity by flattery or constant praise, is a weakness, is in bad taste, and can do no good. Weak husbands frequently praise the beauty and wit of their wives in their presence, to strangers—assuming virtually that there is so little of those qualities as not to be discernable to others without being informed of their existence. This, to a wife of good sense, whether merited or not, is a matter of humiliation rather than pride.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—The Emperor Nicholas leads a life of the most feverish activity. He rides, walks, holds a review, superintends a sham fight, goes on the water, gives a *fete*, exercises the navy, and all in the same day. He travels incessantly, passes over at least fifteen hundred leagues every season, and all those who are attached to his person have to share his fatigue. The Empress, who will follow him everywhere, loses her health by doing so, and it is said that the young Grand Duke Constantine will fall a victim to the mode of traveling adopted by his father. Nicholas is in the habit of traveling not less than seven leagues in an open caleche. The Emperor is of a great height, and is very proud of it, too proud, perhaps, as he has acquired the habit of certain airs, which give him a strong resemblance to a peacock when about to spread his tail. It is a fact well known in St. Petersburg that every well-grown man newly recruited for the guard is called into the Emperor's presence, who measures heights with him. His air is serious, his glance wild, even a tittle savage; his entire physiognomy has something abrupt, and he cuts his words in pronouncing them. The Emperor never shows himself but in the military costume, the stiffness of which is in perfect keeping with his tastes, and which makes his great height still more conspicuous. Meanwhile there is a want of ease in his movements, since a fall from his horse he drags one leg after him, in a disagreeably inelegant manner.

☞ A lawyer on his death-bed, willed his whole property to the lunatic asylum, saying that he desired it should go to the same class of persons he took it from.

Hensler's Confectionary, Fruit and Toy Store.—The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he is now prepared to furnish all orders in his line of business; he has now ready for sale Candies, of all kind, both common and fancy. Fruit of every description, such as Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Dates, &c.; also nuts of every kind, such as Almonds; Filberts, Grammas, Grenoble Walnuts, Peanuts, &c. He has fitted up a room for the purpose of showing one of the largest and most splendid assortment of Toys ever exhibited in this city. Also sugar toys of all patterns with Lemon figures.—Ros, Cakes, Burnt Almonds, French Secrets, Mottoe Lozenges (a new article) Cough Lozenges, &c. Particular attention paid to Fine Baking; small cakes of all kinds baked to order at the shortest notice, and warranted good. Large cakes, such as Pound, Fruit, Sponge, Lady, Dover, Delicate, Almond, &c., &c., iced and ornamented in a style which he defies competition, and on the most reasonable terms. Also Balls, Parties & Private Families furnished with all kind of refreshments and warranted to get the worth of their money. All orders from the country promptly attended to.

SAMUEL HENSLER,
nov 8 tf-42) No. 6 East King street.

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nov 1 3m.41

Shoe-Makers' Head Quarters at M. H. Locher's Store, No. 17½ West King st., opposite Cooper's Red Lion Hotel. Where shoe dealers can be accommodated upon the very best terms, with Leather of every description.

Morocco of every color and shade.
Lasts and boot trees of the latest styles.
Shoe findings of every description. Everything in the leather line warranted to give satisfaction.
Also orders promptly attended to at the sign of the LAST. [oct 11 tf-38

J. G. Moore, Surgeon Dentist, con- tinues to practice his profession in its various branches on the most approved principles. Office S. E. Corner N. Queen and Orange streets. N. B. Entrance 2d door on Orange street.
nov. 1, 1853 tf-41

Dentistry.—The first premium, a superior case of Instruments, was awarded to Dr. John Waylan, D. D. S., by the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, for the greatest proficiency in the study and art of Dentistry as taught in the Institution. Office No. 58, North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (nov 8 tf-42

Dr. Robert Duncan has opened an office in East King street, Lancaster, one door from N. Lightner's office, in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. Charles L. Baker, and offers his professional services to the public.
Lancaster Pa., Aug 16. 4t*-30

Parke & Baker.--Attorneys at LAW.—Samuel Parke and Daniel G. Baker, has entered into co-partnership in the practice of the profession.
Office, South Queen Street, west side, 6th door south of the Lancaster Bank.
July 19. tf-26

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

W. T. Mchall, Attorney at LAW, Strasburg Borough, Lancaster co. pa. [une 14 tf-21

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

Dr. J. Mairs McAllistre, HOMEOPTHIC PRACTITIONER.—Office, North Duke Street, Lancaster, a few doors below Chestnut.
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

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

New London Academy.—New London Chester county, Pa. The Winter Session of this Institution will commence on the first Monday of November, and continue five months.
Terms.—Boarding and Tuition in Sciences, Mathematics and ancient Languages, $65.
The extras are Music, German, French and Phonography which are taught at the usual charges.
The Academy is situated in a beautiful village, distinguished for the intelligence and morality of its citizens and vicinity; and offers rare inducements to those looking for a retired and favorable place for study. Such are invited to inquire into its advantages before going elsewhere. A Catalogue can be seen at the office of the Lancaster Intelligencer, or by addressing
JAS. McDOWELL,
oct 18 tf-29] Principal.

Sequel to "Memoirs of a Physi- cian." The Countess of Charney; or the Fall of the French Monarchy. Being the Final Conclusion of the "Memoirs of a Physician," "The Queen's Necklace," and "Six Years Later; or, Taking of the Bastile." By Alexander Dumas.
Author of "Iron Mash," "Louisia La Vallier," "The Queen's Necklace," "Six Years Later; or, The Taking of the Bastile," "Memoirs of the Physicians," "Genevieve," "Isabel of Bavaria," "Edward Dantes," "Diana of Meridor," etc. etc.
The long-looked for Sequel and continuation of the Memoirs of a Physician, by the great French author, Alexander Dumas, is published this day, and for sale by all the news agents in the United States. Price fifty cents.
Those who have read the preceding works of this magnificent Romance of French History, need not be urged to buy this book. They will be too glad to hear of a continuation and conclusion. Any that have not yet read Dumas in this his greatest and most instructive production, should begin during these summer days, and no pleasure will be found so agreeable, and nothing in novel form so useful and so absorbing.
Booksellers, news agents, and all others, will be supplied at low rates.
Copies of the above will be sent to any one free of postage, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter.
Published and for sale by
T. B. PETERSON,
No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
To whom all orders must be addressed.
Editors of newspapers throughout the country, copying the above one time, and calling attention to the advertisement editorially; sending a copy of their paper, marked, to the Publisher, shall have a copy of the above work sent them by return of mail.

Books! Books! Books!—By far the largest assortment of Miscellaneous Books in the city of Lancaster, is to be found at the "People's Book Store" where every thing in the book line can be had as soon as published. New and fine editions of almost every standard book in the country can at all times be procured there at the very lowest city rates. The following are a few selected from the last invoice:
Home Pictures, by Mrs. M. A. Dennison, 1v 12m.
The Life and works of Thomas Cole, the artist, by L. H. Noble, 1 vol. 12 mo.
Yusef; or the journey of the Frangi, a crusade in the East, by J. R. Browne, 1 vol. 12 mo.
Barrington's Sketches, by Sir Jonah Barrington, 1 vol. 12 mo.
Salad for the Solitary, by an Epicure, 1v 12mo.
Gossips of Rivertown, by Mrs. Joseph C. Neal; 1 vol. 12 mo.
Love affairs in our village 20 years ago, by Mrs. Caustic, 1vol. 12 mo.
Ancient Egypt under the Pharoahs, by John Kendrick, 2 vols. 12 mo.
A stray Yankee in Texas, by Philip Paxton, 1 vol. 12 mo.
White, Red and Black, by Madame Theresa Pulsky, 2 vols. 12 mo.
Bristed's five years in an English University, by C. A. Bristed, 1 vol. 12 mo.
Complete works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 7 vols 12 mo.
Complete works of Lord Byron, 8 vols. 12 mo.
Homes of American Authors, 1 vol. 8 vo.
Life of John Randolph of Roanoke, by Garland, 1 vol. 8vo.
The works of John C. Calhoun, 1 vol. 8vo.
Lord Mahon's History of England, 2 vols. 8vo.
Musical Taste, by Thomas Hastings, 1 vol 12mo.
Charles Dickens' complete works, 4 vols. 8vo.
Works of William H. Seward, 3 vols. 8vo.
Rural Essays, by A. J. Downing, 1 vol. 8vo.
Landscape Gardening, by A. J. Downing, 1 vol. 8vo.
Dryden's Work's, complete in 2 vols. 8vo.
Burke's works, complhte in 3 vols. 8vo.
Webstbr's works, " 6 vols. 8vo.
Johnson's works, " 2 vols. 8vo.
Boswell's Life of Johnson, do. 2 vols, 8vo.
Also fine English editions of Shakspeare, Jonson, Mycherly, Congreve, Beaumont, Fletcher and other old English Poets.
Dramatists, for sale; many other books of sterling worth are at all times upon the shelves of the subscriber. WM. H. SPANGLER,
nov 1 tf-41] 33 North Queen street, Lan.

JOHN A. ERBEN.] [WASHINGTON B. ERBEN]

Erben '& Co's Cheap Clothing Store, Sign of the Striped Coat, No. 42, N. Queen street, east side, near Orange, Lancaster Pa. The proprietors of this extensive establishment respectfully announce to the public that they have now ready, the largest, cheapest and best assortment of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING ever before offered for sale in Lancaster. Their stock embraces the latest styles of garments, adapted to the season, which in beauty and superior workmanship, cannot be surpassed by any other in the place.
The increasing popularity of the establishment, and the great increase of patronage from all parts of the county, has induced the subscribers to make this the principal Clothing House in this city. They have therefore made great additions to their stock enlarged their establishment, and are now fully prepared to accommodate their customers with every description of Clothing, at the very lowest possible prices.
Among their extensive assortment may be found the following: OVER-COATS AND BANGUPS, from $3 to 15.

Fine black cloth frock coats,	from $7 50	to	$13 00
Fine do dress	do 6 00	"	12 00
Blue cloth dress and frock coats	do 5 50	"	10 00
Fancy cassimere coats	co 3 75	"	6 00
Satinett frock and sack coats	do 3 50	"	5 00
Satinett monkey Jackets,	do 2 50	"	3 00
Fine fancy cassimere pants,	do 2 75	"	4 00
Fine black cloth pants,	do 3,00	"	5 00
Satinett pants,	do 1 75	"	2 75
Black satin vests,	do 2 00	"	3,50
Merino vests,	do 1 25	"	2 00
Cassimere and satinett vests,	do 1 00	"	2 50

ALSO—a full assortment of Woollen and Cotton Undershirts and drawers, white anb figured shirts, collars; bosoms, cravats, pocket hand kerchiefs, suspenders, stocks, gloves, hosiery and umbrellas.
Also—Just completed, a very large assortment of Boys' Clothing, suitable for the season, consisting of Boys' over-coats frock, sack, and monkey coats, pants and vests of all sizes, and at extremely low prices.
Also, always on hand a large assortment of French Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which will be made up to order, at short notice, in the latest fashion, and on the most reasonable terms.
The subscribers are in regular receipt of the latest New York and Philadelphia Fashions, employ none but the best workmen, and confidently believe they have the ability to furnish every article of Clothing lower than any other house in the city, and guarantee to all who may favor them with their custom, the full worth of their money.
ERBEN & CO.
☞ United States Clothing Store, Sign of the Striped Coat, No. 42, North Queen street, east side, near Orange, Lancaster. [sep 27 tf-36

Sufferers from the effects of self abuse, are hereby cautioned against the specious promises of pseudo-Doctors, Vendors of highly puffed Cordials and other high priced, but worthless nostrums, catch penny instruments, manuals, (alias *puff*-uals,) &c., for I am convinced by my own bitter experience, and the evidence of a multitude who have written to me after wasting much time and money upon them, that they never did, can, or care to permanently cure any body. I will impart the means by which I was restored to health, (after suffering severely from various forms of quackery, to any one who will write me a plain, but brief statement of his case, and remit $5, to enable me to pay for advertising, postage, &c., and time and trouble of writing out directions, which require no interference, with business will certainly improve the general health, as well as invigorate the organs affected, and perfect a cure as soon as possible, at very trifling expense. Correspondents may rely upon promptly receiving the desired information, as I have no disposition to trifle with or speculate upon the misfortunes of my fellow men, nor any other motive than "to do to others as I would that others had done to me," when similarly situated. Address, in strict confidnce, (all letters being destroyed, as soon as received and contents noted.)
W. M. STEDMAN, Camden, N. J.
N. B.—Parents, Guardians, Teachers, &c., are earnestly urged to guard the youth under their charge from this vice, which is so destructive to their mental, moral, social aad physical powers.
july 26 6m*-27

Stoves! Stoves! At Steinman's HARDWARE STORE.—Just received another fresh supply of all the most approved patterns of PARLOR, COOK, and DINING ROOM STOVES, adapted for either wood or coal.
Among the assortmet of COOK STOVES. may be found 3 different patterns of the GLOBE, 3 of the EMPIRE STATE, *Girard, Astor, Capital, Home, Welcome, Complete Cook, Victory, North America, Parlor Cook, Model Cook, &c., &c.*
His assortment of PARLOR STOVES consists in part of the *Excelsior, Diamond, Rose, Charter Oak. Souvenier, Etna Radiator, Star Radiator, Revere, Star Air Tight, Sliding Door Franklin, Parlor Cannon, Phoenix and Flora*—together with a large assort