The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL LV. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1854. NO 23.

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS:

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

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

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

Lines to a Rose Bud.

BY GEO. W. M'ELROY.

Open thy fair and tender leaves, frail flow'r,
Nor hide their beauty longer from the day:
Oh! come and blossom here but one short hour.
My heart is weary and would haste away
In contemplation to that land whose sky.
Dawns with perpetual light,—whose flow'rs never die.

For I have treasures there in that bright home.
Friends who encounter now no earthly fears:
Far through the ether fields their spirits roam.—
No storm assails them there—they shed no tears.
For their hearts' sorrows all are gone, and they.
Freed from the toils of life, move in eternal day.

Come shed thy sweet perfume around, fair flow'r,
While yet the dew drops sparkle on thy brow:
The blighting storm may wither in an hour.
And scatter all thy leaves of promise low:
There is a time for thee, oh! use it while
The light of hope and summer round thee smile

How gladly would I pluck thee from thy stem
And take thee to my bosom; but alas!
When e'er I gaze upon thy beauty, then
My soul is filled with mem'ryes of the past;—
There is no strife among the buds and flow'rs,
In mutual love they drink the summer show'rs.

Could I but plant thee on a well-known grave,
Beneath whose grassy mound lies one, the last
Of all the friends that God in mercy gave
To me, I'd pray to Him that no rude blast
Should ever assail thee, but that thy fair brow
Might always bloom in promise such as now.

For thou art emblematic of that friend.
So pure, so holy, earth no claims could have
On one so faultless: Heaven its angels lend
To model beings such as her; God gave
Her and removed again, to show that love.
Such as she cherished only lives above.

She died as thou will die, fair flow'r,
Just as her loveliness had reached its bloom:
Not all the hearts she claimed as her's had pow'r.
To save her from the cold and dreary tomb:
Yet oft at midnight still her angel voice,
Steals on my ear and bids my heart rejoice.

For in that world where she dwells now, no storm
Can ever come, nor withering tempest beat.
There to no energy has she been shorn
Of all its strength, and trampled by rude feet:
No trusting heart been pierced with poisoned thorns;
But life and hope and peace that world adorns.

No home forsaken there, no blighted hearth,
No friend abandoned, no dark sorrow's cloud,
No weary, homeless wand'rer on the earth,
No heart wrapped up in misery's sable shroud:
There are no tear drops there, but life and light,
Dawn in the day and sweeten all the night.

Thither I'd bear my weary soul, fair flow'r,
When all the chequered scenes of life are o'er:
Oh! how my spirit longs when shadows low'r
Upon my heart, to seek that peaceful shore:
But tabernacled here in this rude clay,
I strive in vain, for I can not away.

Farewell, fair flow'r! perhaps when next I come
To take my usual rounds, where now I see
Thy leaves just striving to put forth their bloom.
Thy life, thy beauty, all will withered be:
I'll not be long behind thee, for a change,
Weighs on my spirit now, with feelings strange.
A few more days of sad turmoil, and then
The storm of life will beat no more around
The weary head; soon will the time come when
We all shall sleep in quiet 'neath the ground,
And the freed soul will find perpetual peace
In that bright world where sorrows all will cease.

Lancaster, June 20, 1854.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER OF DUNBLANE.

The following sketch forms an interesting episode in the life of the talented, but unfortunate Scottish poet, Tannahill.—There are few of our readers we suppose, but are familiar with the beautiful poem, and the delightful music, "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane:"

The fair object of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dunblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her she was in her "teens," a slight, dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow-colored and luxuriant, her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous languor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and as in all things he was enthusiastical, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won.—Young, thoughtless, and panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourante "to con songs to his mistress' eyebrows," while she recklessly rambled along the flowery meads of Dunblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying *non chalance*.—This was a two-fold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet, withal, so encased in insensibility, as apparently to be neither conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover. 'Twas too much: to mark all this, and feel it with the feeling of a poet, was the acme of misery. But the "Flower of Dunblane" was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love—almighty love—must be free, else it ceases to be love.

Tannahill was plain in his person and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontent at the cruel disappointment which it had been his unhappy fate to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed—as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and woman trod proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances was to her mind the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him. Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their deductions, although at variance, gave color to their minds and accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment, and, as all womankind ever did and do, she scorned a cooing lover. The bard was driven to despair, and summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberations. Soon after this period the song of "Jesse, the Flower of Dunblane," together with the music, was published and became a public favorite; it was sung everywhere, in theatres and at parties: a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored subject of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dunblane, was the favored one.

From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, poor Jessie became really enamored. A rakish spark from Midlothians, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions. The ardor of first love overcame her better judgment, and, abandoning herself to her love-passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh. The song of neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse, while it brought her into notice and enhanced her beauty, it laid the foundations of her final destruction. Popularity is a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince; temptation crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. "Who would be eminent," said a distinguished child of popularity, "if they knew the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?" When the poet heard of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and, working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured fourth a torrent of song, more glowing and energetic than ever before dropt in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that in a fit of disgust he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment.

Ere three years had revolved their triple circuit after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pititul on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and the face and person the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy lively girl in Dunblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell on: let us hasten to the catastrophe. It was on an afternoon in July, a beautiful sunny afternoon, the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly o'er the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled their bases. Fifeshire was spread forth like a map, her hundreds of inland village and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The den of the artizan's hammers in Kirkaldy and Queensferry smote the still air, and Dunfermline's aproned inhabitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noontide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke, which rolled slowly in volumes to the sea. Edinburgh caste, like a mighty spirit from the "vast deep," reared her gray bulwarks high in air; and Arthur's seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The chorusses of fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over Newhaven; and down from Grangemouth, lightly booming o'er the tide, floated the tall bark. The world seemed steeped in happiness.

But there was one—a wandering one; an outcast—wretched and despairing, amidst all its loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark, no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approached the water's edge, and then receded. No human creature was near to disturb her purpose—all was quietness and privacy; but there was an eye from above that watched all. Jessie Monteith—how mournful sounds that name at such a crisis. But Jessie set herself down, and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and taking a string of pearls from her marble-seeming neck, and a gold ring which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her streaming eyes, meekly imploring forgiveness of heaven on him, the cause of her shame and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her disconsolate parents, and, ere the eye could follow her, she disappeared in the pure stream. The sun shone on, the green of the earth stirred not a leaf; the bell did not toll; nor did a sigh escape the lips of one human being, and yet the spirit of the loveliest of women passed (may we not hope!) to Heaven.

THE MISSING STEAMER—AN AFFECTING STORY.—The *Jersey Blue* has the following affecting story:

During the latter part of our career in the Philadelphia Post Office, we became acquainted, among the mass of human beings whose faces appeared daily at the "General Delivery Window," where we were stationed, with an intelligent, happy looking Englishman, of about forty-five years of age, who came frequently to inquire for letters from home. He was a man of pleasing manners, and evidently had been well educated and accustomed to the refinements and elegancies of really good society. Being a stranger on our shores, he was glad to avail himself of an opportunity of conversing with us, and spoke freely of his past and of his hoped-for future. He had come over to Philadelphia, bringing with him a little son, apparently about twelve years of age, to select a residence for the rest of his family, which he had left in England, and to make all the arrangements necessary to their comfort when they should arrive. He had accomplished this—had taken and furnished a house in Philadelphia, and was expecting letters from his wife, informing him of her sailing with their other children in the steamer *City of Manchester*.

We handed him a letter—it spoke of her *expectation* to sail in that steamer, and he went away with such glad anticipations as might be supposed to fill the heart of a husband and father long absent from the wife and children whom he soon expected to meet and embrace again. A few days passed, and another foreign mail arrived, and with it a letter to our friend from his wife, saying that she had not been able to make her arrangements in time to sail in the Manchester, but that she should certainly sail in the Glasgow. Some time after this, letters came which she had mailed at the time of embarking in this ship, and now he was unspeakably happy with the almost certainty of seeing his wife and children in a very few days, for the New York mail steamers generally make the passage but a few days sooner than our screw steamers. Soon he, with many others, commenced going down every day to Queen st. wharf to look for the incoming steamer.

But who shall speak of the horrors to come? Day after day did he with the many others on that sad walk, go down to the wharf and strain his vision to descry among the numerous vessels down the river, the anxiously expected steamer. We saw him when the vessel had been some thirty days out, and were startled at his appearance. The plump, happy-seeming face of one month before, was haggard as the face of Death, the eyes that so shortly before we had seen dance in the light of inward joy, were bloodshot, wild and glaring upon us with a maniac expression. He walked mopingly away, but his face haunted us still. A few days after this a steamer arrived, bringing the report that a vessel somewhat resembling the Glasgow had been seen off the Bahamas; this report brought him to us again. Oh, how that false hope had brightened his countenance! His eyes had regained their expression of intelligence, and he clung to this baseless hope as a drowning man to a straw.

We left the Post Office a few days after this. Yesterday we inquired concerning this wretched man, and was told that he had been for some time in the Lunatic Asylum a *raving maniac*. May God reward him in eternity!

From the National Era.

THE MAUVAISES TERRES OF NEBRASKA.

PART OF A LETTER FROM J. G. WHITTIER.

The traveller who enters the Territory of Nebraska from the Great Bend of the Missouri, and takes the direction of Fort Laramie, along the valley of the White River, finds himself passing over a fine high prairie country, luxuriant with unshorn grasses, and gay with uncultivated flowers. Suddenly from one of the terraced elevations which slowly and gradually uplift the prairie to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, the calm monotony of the landscape is broken by an abrupt depression of from one to two hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country Before him stretches a vast valley, the width of which is estimated at thirty miles, and which reaches westerly to the feet of the Black Hills, a distance of nearly ninety miles. He looks out, upon a dreary waste, scantily clothed with grass, and rough and ridgy with tall, irregular, prismatic, and columnar masses of rock, rising splintered and abraded, into every conceivable form, to the height of from one to two hundred feet.

It is as if, in some great convulsion of nature, this vast and dismal tract had suddenly sunk from the great prairie level, leaving its bony articulations of rock standing thickly over it, like the ribs of some gigantic skeleton from which the flesh had fallen.

Seen in the distance, these rocky piles, so tall, so vast, so multitudinous, intersected by labyrinthine passages, their turreted walls, truncated pyramids, and sharp, clustering spires, rising into light from the black masses of their shadows—assume the appearance of artificial structures—a wild night-mare dream Cyclopean architecture, flanking buttress and lofty arch, shaft, colonnade, and spire,—the Petrea of the Western wilderness,—a silent city of the dead—stretching out to the horizon's line on the right hand and on the left, and westwardly in endless succession of towers and mural escarpments, to the grim background of the Black Mountains—a scene to remind one of the ruinous stony halls of Istakar, through the portals of which the mad Caliph in Vathek sought of the infernal deities.

"So thickly," says the geological surveyor of this wonderful tract, in his report to Congress, "are these natural towers studded over this extraordinary region, that the traveller threads his way through intricate passages, not unlike some quaint old town of the European continent.

"One might almost imagine oneself approach some magnificent city of the dead, where the labor and genius of forgotten nations had left behind them a multitude of monuments of their art and akill.

"On descending from the heights, however, and proceeding to thread this vast labyrinth, and inspect in detail its deep, intricate recesses, the realities of the scene soon dissipated the illusion of distance. The castellated forms which fancy had conjured up vanish, and around one, on every side, is bleak and barren desolation."

The whole region is, in fact, one of savage and irremediable desolation. The curse of sterility broods over it,—treeless and pathless,—a maze of innumerable defiles, choked with debris, and overhung with ash colored walls of rock.

For the geologist, however, this melancholy tract has no lack of interest. It is rich in fossil remains of animal races long extinct, and heretofore unknown. Grim secrets of an early world, unshapely and monstrous forms of rudimental life, present themselves in some localities at every turn. The enormous Palocotherium, which formed a connecting link between the tapir and the rhinoceros, the horse and the hog,—one specimen of which measured five feet along the range of its teeth; the Archiotherium, uniting in itself the characters of the pachydermous, plantigrades and the digitigrades, foreshadowing in its singular combination the hog, the bear, and the cat,—the small rhinoceros Nebrascensis, bearing a marked resemblance to the living babarousa and peccary, together with many other remarkable and novel varieties of animal life, roamed over these lands at a period so remote that the mind staggers under the effort of computation. Geology ascribes the date of their existence to a time when, of all which now constitutes Europe and Asia, only a few scattered islands, slowly rising from a wide waste of ocean, were visible; when Mount Etna and the plateau of Sicily were still deep under the tertiary Mediterranean Sea: when the Alps and the great sub-Himmalayan range of Northern India were yet uninformed; when on the continent, the now far inland mountain chains were the seaboard of the Atlantic, whose waves washed the great Mississippi valley, and beat against the bluffs of Vicksburg. These fossil deposits are exciting a great degree of interest in the scientific world, and already, during the present season, three expeditions, one of them composed of European *savans*, have left St. Louis, to renew the investigation of their mysteries, and decipher their marvellous record of the history of our planet.

The Mauvaises Terres, notwithstanding their great extent, occupy in reality but a small portion of the beautiful Territory of Nebraska. Close around their waste and desolation,

Spreading between the streams are the wondrous beautiful prairies.
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in sunshine and shadow.
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds and the elk, and the roebuck.
Over them wander the wolves and the herds of riderless horses.
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary of travel.
And over all is the sky, the clear crystalline heaven.
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

A COW WORTH HAVING.—John W. Wilson writes to the *Hampshire Gazette*:

"I have a cow from whose milk sixty pounds and five ounces of butter were made in twenty-eight days, in the month of December, 1853. The same cow in one week, ending the 26th ult., made seventeen and a half pounds of butter. The daily average of milk was fifty-one and one half pounds. Her feed was six quarts of equal parts Indian and broom corn meal, and one pumpkin per day for four month's to come."

THE LIBERATED SLAVES.—The Chambersburg Valley Spirit of last week, contained the annexed article in regard to the liberated slaves which passed through Hagerstown a short time ago, and who it seems, have quartered themselves upon the people of Chambersburg

"Yes, it is to be hoped that their manumission may be the earnest of a happy future freedom," but we think our friend of the *Transcript* will join with us in saying that it is to be feared these "fine able bodied young fellows" will not be as fine nor as able-bodied five years hence as they are now. In the Old Dominion, whence we understand they came, they lived on an estate, remote from the vices and temptations of town, and were watched over by a kind master and an indulgent mistress. All their wants in health were supplied, and in sickness they had all needful medical attendance and careful nursing. Come old age, or come any ill that flesh is heir to, while they stayed there they were certain of a root to shelter them from rain and snow, certain of clothing amply sufficient to keep them warm, and certain of food enough to repel every attack of hunger. Now they are in Wolfstown, the "Five Points" of Chambersburg, their companions the abandoned wretches who infest that miserable quarter. There they will witness, daily and nightly, not the innocent plantation amusements to which they were accustomed at their old home before freedom came to curse them, but the riotous mirth that whiskey (bought by the quart) gives rise to. They will have constantly before them examples of laziness and dishonesty, and they will breathe a moral atmosphere which cannot fail to corrupt them.

These negroes, we are informed—and their number has been stated to us at forty—were liberated by a gentleman and his daughter residing in Berkley county, Va. We give the gentleman and the lady all the credit that is due to good intentions; but we tell them frankly that we believe they have inflicted an injury upon these negroes by setting them free. And what have we gained by their addition to our population? At this time we may answer nothing, and when these objects of an erring philanthropy, after imbibing the vices, participating in the crimes and contracting the diseases of their new found companions, furnish their quota of inmates of our jail and almshouse, we may answer worse than nothing."

ACQUISITION ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—In commenting upon the probability that negotiations have been resumed by our government for the acquisition of the Sandwich islands, and the prospect of their successful termination, the Detroit Free Press says:

"Should the administration neglect a favorable opportunity to obtain these islands, it would be justly liable to the charge of a want of wise forecast. We have hitherto shown that the islanders cannot long maintain an independent government—that they are dwindling away—that they will within comparatively a few years become extinct as a race. The islands must pass into the hands of some one of the powerful nations of the earth. Such being the case, what is the interest and duty of the United States? Is it to let England, or France, or Russia possess them, and hold them as a commanding naval station. We apprehend not. The day will come when the commercial interests of this country will be as great on the Pacific as they are on the Atlantic—when our trade will be more valuable with the nations of the far east than with the nations of Europe. When that day does come, the possession of the Sandwich islands will be of the utmost moment, as affording not only a position which will give us the naval supremacy of the Pacific, but as furnishing a depot for coal for our steamers, and all supplies for every description of vessels that will plough the great ocean, as a halfway house between America and Asia.

"We have no fear that the administration will neglect its duty in this relation. President Pierce came into office with no misgivings as to the consequences of acquisition of Territory—such acquisitions as must, in the nature of things, strengthen—not weaken—us as one of the great powers of Christendom. We believe his administration will be signalized as consummating two of the most important events of the age—the purchase of Cuba and the acceptance of the proffered cession of the Sandwich islands."

H. L. Hallowell's Franklin Clothing Store, No. 202 Market street, above 6th, under the Red Lion Hotel, Philadelphia, is the only place in the city where Boys' Clothing from four years old and upwards can be purchased. MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, Wholesale and Retail, at the very lowest prices, for Cash only. Remember No. 202 Market street, above 6th.
april 25 1y-14

Estate of Bernard M'Gonigle, late of the city of Lancaster, deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them without delay, properly authenticated for settlement.
MARGARET M'GONIGLE.
ua 16 6t-17 Executrix.

GEORGE W. M'ELROY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—E Orange street, directly opposite the Sheriff's Office, Lancaster
may 23 tf-18

Landis & Black, Attorneys at LAW. *Office*—One door east of Swope's Hotel, East King Street, Lancaster, Penn'a.
☞ All kinds of Scrivening, such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch.
april 11 tf-12

Removal—ISAAC E HIESTER—Attorney at Law. Has removed to an office in North Duke Street, nearly opposite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa. [april 11 6m-12

J. D. Bachman, has removed his office to Orange st., second door from Fahnestock's store. [ap 11 6t-12

Dr. John M'Calla, Dentist—Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa.
april 18 tf-13

H. B. Swarr, Attorney at Law.—Office North Duke street, east side, a few doors north of the New Court House, and adjoining the office of N. Ellmaker, Esq.
april 4 3m-11

Dr. J. Mairs McAllister, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Office and residence No. 12 East Orange st., nearly opposite the new German Reformed Church. [march 7 tf-7

Geo. F. Breneman, Attorney at Law. Office in West King st., below Cooper's Hotel. [Lancaster, march 21 2m-9

J. M. Moore Surgeon Dentist continues 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. 56, North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. nov 8 tf-42

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

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

An infallible cure for the Tooth-ache at the office of Dr. S. WELCHENS, SURGEON DENTIST, No. 34, North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., directly opposite Sprecher's Hardware Store.
All operations upon the natural teeth are performed with care, and with a view to their preservation and beauty.
Artificial teeth inserted on the most approved principles of the Dental profession, and for durability and beauty equal to nature.
Full satisfaction in regard to his prices, and the integrity of his work is warranted to all who may place themselves under his treatment.
dec 6 tf-46

Drugs, Paints, Window Glass & Dye Stuffs.
French and Jersey Zinc Paints.
Pure White Lead.
Window Glass, colored and enamelled.
Superior Coach and Furniture Varnishes; with a first-rate assortment of fresh Drugs and Chemicals, for sale at
ALFRED WILTBERGER'S
Drugs and Chemical Store, No. 169 North Second street, Philadelphia.
Principal Depot for the sale of Barlow's Indigo Blue, Sieeling's Salve, Tattersall's Heave Powders, and Barber's Embrocation.
Physicians and storekeepers supplied. Goods sent to any of Depots free of charge.
may 30 1y-19

Fall and Winter Clothing,—The subscriber has now ready for sale at his old stand, No. 31½ North Queen st., between the National House and Spangler's Book Store, one of the most elegant assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, ever offered to the public of Lancaster county.
The prices of Clothing at this house have been reduced to such a very low standard that it is now within the power of all who wish to wear good clothes.
The assortment consists of Overcoats of every description, Dress, Frock and Sack coats, a great variety of Box coats, Monkey coats, &c.
Superfine Cassimere pants, black and fancy.—Silk and Satin vests, and a fine variety of Valencia and other vests. Also shirts, collars, stocks, pocket handkerchiefs, suspenders, Gloves, hosiery &c., and all other articles generally kept in this line of business.
All articles sold at this establishment warranted what they are represented to be, as they are manufactured under the immediate superintendence of the subscriber.
The following is a list of prices of some of the articles:

Overcoats at from	$3	to $10
Superfine Dress Coats	7	14
" Frock "	7	14
Cloth Sack "	5	8
Satin Vests,	2	5
Valencia, &c.	1 25	2 50
Superfine Cassimere Pants	3	4 50
" blk. " "	4	6
Satinett " "	2	3 50

Also a splendid assortment of goods in the piece. Superfine French and English Cloths and Cassimeres of every hue and shade, Satin, Silk and Valencia vestings, Sattinetts, &c., all of which will be made to order at the shortest notice and in the neatest and best manner. All garments warranted to fit.
BOYS' CLOTHING ALWAYS ON HAND.
The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the superior assortment of clothing, at this establishment, sign of the red coat, No. 31½ North Queen street, between the National House and Spangler's Book Store.
WILLIAM HENSLER.
nov. 8 tf-42
GEORGE BRYAN.] [M. W. SHINDEL

Bryan and Shindel, Walnut Hall, No. 57, North Queen st., one door south of Buchmuller's Cutlery Store, and six doors north of Sener's Hotel Lancaster. Have just received an entire New Stock of black and fancy colored cloths, cashmerettes, drab d'Eta, Queens cloth and many new styles of goods adapted for summer coats, blk and colored cassimeres, French linens and a great variety of new and fashionable goods for pants and a most superior and splendid stock of new style of vestings, stocks, cravats, handkerchiefs, suspenders, hosiery, &c.
A splendid assortment of fine white and fancy shirts, collars, &c. Also a on hand a large assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, cut and manufactured in a superior manner, which are offered and sold at the very lowest prices for cash.
All orders in the tailoring line executed in the best manner and at the shortest notice.
B. & S. return their sincere thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
Don't forget the place, No. 57, North Queen st. Lancaste. [aug 9 tf-29

Slates! Slates!!—The subscriber having taken the agency for Brown's building Slates, is ready at any time to furnish slate by the ton or by the square, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Apply at my Hardware Store North Queen Street.
mar 7 tf-7 GEO. D. SPRECHER.

United States Hotel, PHILADELPHIA.—This well known establishment, celebrated for its Tables, and re-furnished in Modern style, with Ladies' Parlors on the first, floor most centrally situated on Chesnut street—the fashionable promenade—opposite the Custom House, and near Independence Hall.
CAPT. CHAS. H. MILLER, whose reputation as a host is well known, is determined it shall lose nothing by his future efforts. The highest degree of satisfaction guarantied to all who may favor him with their company.
☞ Families can secure a suite of Rooms by telegraphing a day or two in advance.
Philadelphia, may 16 1y-17

Great Artist's Union Enterprise.—250,000 Gifts for the People.

Statuary,	$40,000
Oil Paintings,	10,000
Engravings, colored in Oil,	40,000
Steel Plate Engravings,	41,000
Cash Loans for 100 years each,	30,000
Real Estate	84,000
Total,	$250,000.

The American Artists' Union would respectfully announce to the citizens of the United States and the Canadas, that for the purpose of the advancement and extension of the Fine Arts, and with a view of enabling every family throughout the length and breadth of the land, to become possessed of a gallery of pictures, many of them the work of master minds, and finally, for the purpose of giving a world wide circulation to Darley's Great Picture of Wyoming, they have determined to distribute among the purchasers of this work, Price One Dollar, 250,000 Gifts of the value of $250,000.

LIST OF GIFTS.

Marble Statuary,		$40,000
100 elegant busts of Washington, at	$100	10,000
100 " " Clay,	100	10,000
100 " " Webster,	100	10,000
100 " " Calhoun,	100	10,000
Oil Paintings and colored steel Engravings.		
50 elegant oil paintings, in splendid Gilt Frames, size 3 x 4 feet,	each $100.	5,000
100 elegant oil paintings, 2 x 3 feet each $50,		5,000
500 steel plate engravings, brilliantly colored in oil, rich gilt frames, 24 x 30 in. each $10,		5,000
10,000 elegant steel plate engravings, colored in oil, of the Washington Monument, 20 x 26, each $4.		40,000
237,000 steel plate engravings, from 100 different plates, now in possessions of and owned by the Artists' Union of the market value, of from 50 cents to $1,00 each,		41,000
Real Estate,		$84,000
1 elegant dwelling in 32d st. in N. York city,		12,000
22 building lots in 100 and 101 sts. N. York city, each 25 x 100 ft deep each $1000,		22,000
100 Villa Sites, containing each 11,000 sq. ft. in the suburbs of N. York city, and commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson river and Long Island Sound, each $500.		50,000
Loans of Cash,		$30,000
20 loans of cash, for 100 years each, without interest, or security. 250 each,		$5,000
50 " " " 100		5,000
100 " " " 50		5,000
200 " " " 20		5,000
2000 " " " 5		10,000

The holder of each ticket is entitled first, to a steel plate engraving, (size 25 x 30 in.) of the great American Historical Work of Art, Wyoming, a copy of which may be seen at the office of this paper; and second, to one of the 250,000 Gifts, which will be distributed on the completion of the sale of the tickets.
The purchaser of 5 tickets, on the receipt of his order, will be forwarded, carefully packed, either one copy of the 'Wyoming,' elegantly painted in oil colors, or one copy of the 'Wyoming' plain and one copy of each of four other engravings, equal to it in value, and is entitled to five gifts. The purchaser of more than 5 tickets can have his choice out of 100 different subjects, from steel plates owned by the Artists Union, each picture being in value equivalent to the 'Wyoming,' and is entitled to one gift for each ticket he holds. A list of the subjects can be seen at the office of this paper.
AGENTS.—Persons desirous of becoming Agents for sale of tickets, by forwarding [post paid] $1, shall be sent a Gift ticket, a copy of Wyoming and a prospectus containing all necessary information.
It is confidently believed that the tickets will be disposed of by the 1st of July, when the distribution of gifts will be entrusted to a Committee appointed by the Ticket Holders.
The steel plates from which the engravings are printed can be seen at the office of the Artists' Union and cost $100,000. Specimens of the Oil Paintings and Engravings are also on view at the rooms.
References in regard to the property.
W. C. Barrett, Counsellor at Law, 10 Wall st., N. Y.
F. J. Visscher & Co., Real Estate Brokers, 80 Nassau st.
☞ All Orders for Tickets must be addressed post-paid with the money enclosed to
J. W. HOLBROOKE, Sec.
505 Broadway, New York.
ap 4 3m-14

Thos. J. Wentz & Co., invite attention to their complete stock of Ladies and Gents. Dress and house furnishing Goods; comprising one of the best selected in the country, which for nicety of styles—choice of colors, beauty of fashion and cheapness of price, cannot be excelled.
A respectful invitation is extended to all—to call and be assured of the truth of the above assertion. New and desirable Dress Goods; in this branch we name rich add beautiful Paris Robes, silk Grenedins, striped and Plaid summer Silks, Chally De Laines, French Lawns and Organdies, Chally Bereges, French Jaconets and Cambrics, Berege De Laines, super wool French De Laines, pinks, blues, greens, &c., plain glace silks, gro de rhenes, gro de amure, rich double boiled blk silks, eagle brand, for $1,00 worth 1,50, white goods, swiss, mull, book, nansook, &c., linen goods, all qualities Irish linens, Richardsons greys, &c., 3-4, 4-4 French grey linens, table cloths and napkins, pillow case linens, birds eye, Russia and Scotch Diaper, linen cambric hdkfs. all qualities for ladies and gents.; cloths, cassimers, &c., super blk cloth cloths of all grades, by the most celebrated makers, English, German and American; super 6-4 cashmarets, blk and all shades: blk cassimers and doe skin of Sedan and other best makers; fancy pant stuffs, drillings, nankeens, tweeds Kentucky Jeans, farmers drills, &c.
Super blk and fancy silk and satin vestings; super French lace curtains, from $2 to 20,00; parasols, parasols, plain linen, white and colored lining, prices from 75 cts. to $4,00, French Ginghams, a large lot of beautiful cols and quality for 12½ cts, worth 25 cts, Lawns, organdy, blk and white colored, 12 cts. worth 37½ cts.
But part of our inducements are above enumerated. The kindest attention shown to all who wish to examine or purchase.
THOS. J. WENTZ & CO.,
Corner E. King and Centre square.

The attention of those who buy by the piece, package or dozen! is invited to our Wholesale Department, as we have devoted one of our large rooms exclusively for this purpose, and other advantageous arrangements, justifies us in asserting, that we can furnish country merchants and pedlers, Milliners, &c., with goods as cheap if not cheaper than the New York or Philadelphia markets.
THOS. J. WENTZ & CO.,
Corner E. King and Centre square.
may 2 tf-15

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

For Rent.—The two-story Brick House, Stable and half lot of ground, in North Queen street, late the property of Michael Hambright, dec'd, is offered for rent until the 1st of April next.
This is a desirable place for business, having two large rooms in front, which might readily be converted into stores. There are three rooms beside on the first floor and a kitchen, and six rooms on the second floor. The lot contains a large number of fruit trees—and there is a well of excellent water with a pump in it, and a large cistern.
Possession will be given immediately. Apply to
WILLIAM FRICK.
5 doors north of the property.
tap 11 tf-12

Exchange Hotel, No. 17 East King street, next door west of Lane's Store, Lancaster, Pa. The subscriber has taken the above mentioned well-known large and commodious Hotel, and has fitted it up in new and handsome style. His BAR will be supplied with the choicest of liquors, and his TABLE furnished with the very best the Markets can afford. The PARLORS and CHAMBERS are large and well furnished, and his STABLING is extensive. In short, nothing will be omitted on his part to make the "EXCHANGE" one of the best and most desirable stopping places in the city. His charges are moderate, and every attention will be given to the comfort of the guests.
BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month or year.
From his long experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can satisfy every body who may favor him with their custom. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
april 18 tf-13] WILLIAM T. YOUART.

Caution! Caution!!—Thomas Armitage's Lightning Rods. Beware of Impostors and swindlers. In order to prevent a repetition of the frauds so extensively carried on during the last two years, by a set of scoundrels who travelled over the country, and represented themselves as my agents, and in many instances exhibited forged certificates of agency, I now give notice that all my agents, carry with them printed forms, authorizing them to act as my agents, legally executed and acknowledged before Alderman Henry Simpson, of Philadelphia; they have also, my name and place of business on their wagons. I believe them all to be strictly honest, and fully acquainted with the business of putting up Lightning Rods, which they will do at as low a price as they can be obtained at the Factory. As many schemes have been resorted to, to defraud myself and the public purchasers should be on their guard; thousands have been grossly deceived by purchasing useless articles in the shape of Lightning Rods, having pewter, lead, copper, zinc and iron points, either, or all of which are good for nothing. My Electro Magnet Lightning rods, have been examined by many of the most scientific men in the world, who have pronounced them to be the only rods that they have ever seen, which are calculated to save lives and property from destruction by lightning—among these are Professors Henry M'Murtrie, James M'Clintock, Walter R. Johnson, of the U. S. Patent Office, E. J. Carr, Dr. T. E. Waller and many others who recommend them in the highest terms of approbation.
All orders wholesale and retail, will meet with prompt attention. Spire rods and scrolls made to order. Cardinal points and all kinds of weather vanes, for sale cheap.
☞ My agent