The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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BY GEO. SANDERSON.

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"LET ME IN."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

When the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door;
"Wandering through the winding wood paths
My worn feet too long have been;
Let me in, oh, gentle mother,
Let me in!"

Years passed on—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the flying hours;
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers:
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join their merry din;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in!"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
Murmuring still the restless heart—
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart:
I have found in wordly pleasure
Nought to happiness akin.
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in!"

Years flew on;—a youth no longer,
Still he owned the restless heart;
"I am tired of love's soft durance,
Sweet voiced syren, we must part;
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applause will win:
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in!"

Years fled on:—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought;
Answered hopes and granted blessings
Only new aspirings brought;
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal
Let me in!"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest:
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win,—
At some portal ever saying,
"Let me in!"

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber! Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four-gabled, brown country-house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm every sense, and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remember no other, and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear it must be confessed. But neither the house nor its furniture makes the home; and the charm of ours lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love, or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home.—Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was the dearest—from our gentlest "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. The eldest as I have said was ill from early girlhood, and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar—in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or the washtub—with pen, pencil, needle or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek and a warble on her lip.

Quickly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that a change was to come over our band. To be sure when mother would look in upon us, seated together, with our books, painting and needlework, and say, in her gentle way, with only a half a sigh, "Ah girls you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour that ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us could spare her? Who had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment, this question burst from each surprised, half-angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen. It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who looked thro' her loving blue eyes into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her, and sobbed without a word.

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all our hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby George on his knee, and Georgie's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat thro' many an evening, charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning, and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls it is bed time," woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must go with us to lay Georgie in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story-book, over which he would have squandered the midnight oil; and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly around them.

We did not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our sisters were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the minister to be guilty of such a plot against our peace. That name was associated in our minds with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently in that oaken arm chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and a friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us with his high, pale forehead and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of the angel,"—too glorious for the point of mortal passion! Especially, after in answer to an urgent call from among the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a higher principle of saintship.

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. Ah! then, "Oh sister, you are going away to India?" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first that looked up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotion that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffled the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed, her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears that stood still in their chalices forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed in husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! Don't break my heart, Do I love him less than—"

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief.—We soothed her, until she too wept freely and passionately, and in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted of the coming separation and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She was too happy in the tho't that her child had found that 'pearl of great price,' in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silent in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. He was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe whither she was going.—Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparation; how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raisins with tears in our eyes and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs.—But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was the first and foremost in all, as she had been in every emergency, great and small. Nothing could be made without her. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride's cake; and she knew just how to bake it.

We were not left alone in our labors, for Ellen had been loved by more than the home roof sheltered! Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets, and blessings, to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, bring too, strongly into relief, by contrast, the selfishness of most human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B. on the ensuing week, and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her and longed for another sight at her sweet face, might look upon her and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters all around her, but not too near, for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us thro' the day with the sunshine from her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in her simple white muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when at the door of her mother's room she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with a look that said, 'Where thou goest will I go,' even from all beside.

Tears fell fast in that assembly, though the good old matrons tried to smile as they passed around the bride to bless her and bid her good bye. A little girl, in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward, with a boquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

'Here, Miss Nelly—please, Miss Nelly,' she cried, half laughing, half sobbing. I picked them on purpose for you.'

Ellen stood and kissed the little eager face. The child burst into tears and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

'And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?'

'She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher,' pleaded the the little girl in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

'Step aside—Father Herrick is here,' said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his rosy grand-daughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon, whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that assembly.

'They told me she was going,' he murmured to himself, 'they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—and bless her.'

Ellen sprang forward and laid both her white trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew near her his failing eyes, and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

'I can just see you, darling, and they tell me I shall never see you again!' He raised his hand over her head, and added solemnly, 'The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen.'

'Amen!' echoed the voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

So she went from us. Oh, the last moment of that parting hour has burst itself into my being forever. Could the human heart bear the agony of parting like that, realized to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity. Would not reason reel under the pressure.

It was hard to bear, but I have no words to tell of bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on 'Sister Ellen,' in any impulse of joy, grief or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, Oh, dear, she's gone—and fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for the first marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling had linked us to a world of needy and perishable spirits—a world that asks for the energy and aid of those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge. Dear sister Ellen, there may be other breaches in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, but no change can come over us like that which markee the First Marriage.

END OF A TENNESSEE FROLIC.

BY SAM SLICK.

Well, we danced and hurrawed without anything of particular interest to happen till about three o'clock, when the darndst muss was kicked up you ever did see. Jim Smith sot down alongside Bet Holden, (the steel trap gal) and just give her a hug, bar fashion. She took it very kind till she seed Sam Henry a looking on from behind about a dozen of gals, then she fell to kicken', and a hollerin', and a screechin' like all wrath. Sam he come up and told Jim to let Bet go. Jim told him to go to a far off country whar they give a way brimstone and throw in the fire to burn it. Sam hit him strate atween the eyes, and after a few licks the fightin' started. Oh, hush! It makes my mouth water now to think what a beautiful row we had. One fellow from Cady's Cove knocked a hole in the bottom of a fryin' pan, over Dan Tucker's head, and left it hanging' 'round his neck, the handle flying about like a long cue, and thar it hung till Jake Thurman cut it off with a cold chisel next day! That was his share for that night, sure. Another feller got knocked into a meal barrel; he was as mealy as an Irish tater and as hot as a hoss radish; when he busted the hoops and came out he rared a few! Two fellers fit out of the door, down the hill into the creek, and there ended it in a quiet way all alone. A perfect mule from Stock Creek hit me a wipe with a pair of windin' blades; he made kindlin wood of them, and I lit on him. We had it head and tails for a very long time, all over the house, but if the truth must be told and shame my kin, he warped me nice; jist to save his time, I hollered. The licking he gave me made me sorter oneasy and hostile like; it wakened my wolf wide awake. The little fidler came scrougin' past, holden' his fiddle up over his head to keep it in tune, for the fightin' was gittin' tolerable brisk, You are the one, thinks I, and I jist grabbled the dough-tray and split it plum over his head! He rotted down right thar, and I paddled his 'tother end with one of the pieces! While I was a mollifying my feelings in that way, his gal slipped up behind me and fetched me a rake with the pot hooks. Jule Sawyer was thar, and jist annexed to her right off, and a mighty nice fite it was, Jule striped and checked her face nice, like a partridge net hung on a white fence. She hollered for her fidler, but oh, shaw! he couldn't do her a bit of good; he was too busy rubbin 'first his broken head, and then his blistered extremities; so when I thought Jule had given her a plenty, I pulled her off, and put her in a good humor by given' her soft sawder. Well, I thought at first if I had a drink I'd be about done, so I started for the creek, and, the first thing I saw was more stars with my eyes shut than I ever did with them open. I looked around, and it was the little fidler's big brother! I knowed what it meant, so we locked horns without a word, thar all alone, and I do think we fit an hour. At last some of the fellers hearn the jolts at the house, and they cum and dug us out, for we had fit into a hole where a big pine stump had burnt out, and there we was, up to our girths, a peggin' away, face to face, and no dodgin'.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors:

"Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common saltpeter; take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrowy consistency and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: I have eaten butter cured with the above composition that has been kept for three years, and it was as sweet as at first. It must be noted, however, that butter thus cured reqnires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards."

THE WONDERS OF WOMANWOOD.

The age is doing much for women, but women are doing more for themselves. It is hard to say what they are not undertaking and accomplishing. Go where they will, men meet them in the field of open rivalry. Once the sterner sex wrote all the books, but now the most popular literature comes from the daughters of Eve. Once we were safe behind the entrenchments of newspapers; we are safe no more. Once the pulpit was ours; it is now a divided empire.—We made a final stand in pantaloons; we were beaten in the stronghold of centuries. One hope was left us—one solitary hope. It rose high among the clouds; it was a mountain among mountains; but the Alp of Alps has been taken; Mount Blanc has surrendered to a woman. Read the annexed and then despair:

"On arriving here from Genoa I found the whole village in a state of commotion in consequence of this event. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, a gentleman and lady who reside near London, accompanied by nine guides and by a boy of the village sixteen years old, started from Chamouni to make the ascent on Sunday morning last about 8 o'clock. They arrived at the Grands Mulets at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and passed the night in the hut the guides have recently erected there. At 3½ o'clock the next morning the continued their journey, and after meeting with difficulties of no ordinary character, succeeded in reaching the summit at about 2½ o'clock, P. M. They rested there about ten minutes, when the anxiety of the guidss respecting the weather induced them to commence the descent, and they got back at the Grands Mulets at 6 o'clock, and passed another night in the hut. On Wednesday morning they returned thence to Chamouni, and they found this to be the most difficult part of the journey, in consequence of the descent of the avalanches. They succeeded, however, in surmounting every obstacle and were welcomed on their arrival at the village by the firing of cannon, the forming of a triumphal procession, and every other demonstration of enthusiastic applause.

"A *fete* was given the next evening in the courtyard of the Hotel de Londres, which probably surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Chamoni, not excepting that which took place after Mr. Albert Smith's ascent. Mrs. Hamilton had so far recovered from her fatigue as to be able to join the dancers, and she did so with much spirit. She spoke in the warmest terms of the two guides, Jean and Victor Tairray, who paid her the utmost attention during the whole route. An avalanch of immense size fell as tney were passing the Grand Plateau, and in its course went over a part of the track they had crossed but a few minutes before, and completely filled a *crevasse* beneath.

"This is the first time the top of Mont Blanc has ever been reached by an English lady, although two women have before made the attempt successfully, one being a French lady of Geneva, Mdlle. D'Angeville, and the other a peasant in the neighborhood of Chamouni.

"Two other ascents have been made this season, both during the present month; one by a Mr. Birkbeck and the other by a Mr. Blackwell. Dr. Talbot, an American gentleman, has commenced the ascent to-day and is now at the Grands Mulets, where he will pass the night, and if the weather permit him, will continue his journey to-morrow."—*Chamouni, August* 25, 1854.

THE HONEY-MOON SEASON.—The Sandusky Register affirms that the "honey-moon season" is raging some in its neighborhood, and publishes the following diagnosis of the "affection" for the benefit of those who may fall victims to its ravages:

Second day—speechless ecstacy—bliss impossible to be expressed.

Fifth day—bliss still in the ascendant—appetite begins to "look up."

Ninth day—Lady eats her dinner without being kissed between every mouthful.

Twelfth day—"Oh! you naughty *naughty boy!*" not said quite so frequently.

Fifteenth day—Gentleman fancies a walk solus—comes home and discovers his charmer in tears.

Sixteenth day—Gentleman and Lady have returned to the world of sighs, gentle chidings and promises "never to go alone in future." Are invisible nearly all day.

Eighteenth day—Lady is presented with magnificent breastpin; gentleman consults her about the details of their domestic arrangements.

Twenty-first day—Gentleman and lady fancy a "little change," and go to church.

Twenty-fifth day—Lady begins to "pick up," preparatory to returning from her wedding tour; gentleman assists her, and only kisses her once during the operation.

Twenty-eighth day—On the journey, gentleman keeps his "lady bird" very snug.

Twenty-ninth day—Commit the dreadful faux pas of falling asleep in each other's company.

Thirtieth day—Arrive at home; greeted by mother-in law; hugs her dear son, and vanishes aloft with her daughter; husband dancing attendance in sitting room for two hours, already feels savage while because the dinner is getting cold and, spirit begins to rebel against the mother and Amelia. Amelia presently descends looking very charming; husband brightens up, dinner put on the table; mother-in-law drinks wine and is affected to tears; Amelia consoles her "Ma"—evening wears on; mother-in-law leaves; Augustus returns inward thanks, and goes to bed, determined to be at the store very early in the morning and wake up the clerks.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.—BY MARAH.—Aye, 'tis true! "There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart." Friends are around me, the kind and true. Smiles greet, and kind words welcome me in the social circle; but I heed them not; my heart is buried in the past. I am alone! I smile, but 'tis a feigned one. Joy has no place in my heart; Grief holds its revels there. How changed I am!

When a child, none was happier than I. I gathered flowers and chased the butterflies; but the flowers have withered, and the butterflies flown. Darkness is on my path; the one who made life to me all sunshine, lies 'neath the sod; the lark sings above his grave, and the pale primrose mingles its fragrance with the evening air.

To-day the funeral of a babe passed by my window; a smile came to my lips, and I said, sweet child! thou hast escaped the storms of life, and gone to mingle with the band of white winged worshippers around the throne. God pity the heart-broken mother! How she will miss the voice of her child, and the eloquent language of its violet eye! In this solemn twilight hour, comes a form of manly grace and dignity. "I cannot make him dead;" I see the high expansive forehead, whereon are written high and holy thoughts; the love in those deep eyes and hear the voice, which ne'er to mine replied, but in tones of kindly cheer.

I bear about with me a haunted heart.

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

J. G. Moore, Surgeon Dentist, continues to practice his profession in its various branches on the most approved principles. Office S. E. Corner of North Queen and Orange streets. N. B.—Entrance 2d door on Orange st. nov 1 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 st., Lancaster, Pa. nov 8 tf-42

Parke & Baker.—ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Samuel Parke and Daniel G. Baker, have entered into co-partnership in the practice of the professioe. 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. june 14 tf-21

George W. M'Elroy, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office—E. Orange st., directly opposite the Sheriff's Office, Lancaster. ma 23 tf-18

Landis & Black, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office—One door east of Swope's Hotel, East King st., 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. apl 11 6m-12

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

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 Chesnut sts., where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. Calls promptly attended to, and charges moderate. [apl 25 tf-14

An infallible cure for the Toothache at the office of Dr. C. WEIGENS, Surgeon Dentist, No. 34, North Queen st., Lancaster, 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

French Trusses, weighing less than 2½ Ounces. For the Cure of Hernia or Rupture. Acknowledged by the highest medical authorities of Philadelphia, incomparably superior to any other in use. Sufferers will be gratified to learn that the occasion now offers to procure not only the lightest and most easy, but as durable a Truss as any other, in lieu of the cumbrous and uncomfortable article usually sold. There is no difficulty attending the fitting, and when the pad is located, it will retain its position without change. Persons at a distance unable to call on the subscriber, can have the Truss sent to any address, by remitting Five Dollars for the single Truss, or Ten for the double—with measure round the hips, and stating side affected. It will be exchanged to suit if not fitting, by returning it at once, unsoiled. For sale only by the Inventor, CALEB H. NEEDLES, Cor. Twelfth and Race streets, Philadelphia. ☞Ladies requiring the benefit of Mechanical Supports, owing to derangement of the Internal Organs, inducing Falling of the Womb, Coeal, Pulmonary, Dyspeptic, Nervous and Spinal Weakness, are informed that a competent and experienced Lady will be in attendance at the Rooms, (set apart for their exclusive use,) No. 114, Twelfth st., 1st door above Race. June 27 tf-23

Important To Young Men.—Bowman's 30 Ready Ways to make Money. I offer for sale upwards of thirty different Receipts, many of which have been sold the past year, for five dollars a piece, and the whole comprising so many different ways to make money. In the sale of one of these articles alone, I have known young men the past year to make from five to twelve dollars per day, and in the manufacture and sale of any of the articles, no young man of energy and ability can fail to make money. Address E. BOWMAN, Boston, Mass., enclosing one dollar, and the whole number of Receipts will be forwarded by mail. No letter taken from the office unles prepaid. may23 6m-18

Leather and Findings.—The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of dealers and others, to his large and well selected stock of Leather and Findings which is kept constantly fresh by repeated drafts upon the manufacturers of this country and of Europe, and which is made up in part of the following articles, viz:—The best Oak and Red Sole; Slaughter, Skirting and damaged do.; harness, bridle, band and welt Leather; Thong and lacing do.; wax upper, boot grain, buffand split do.; city slaughter kips, salted and color do.; city, country, French and patent calf skins; boot leg morocco, buck skins, pad skins, chamois, and moroccos; bindings and linings of almost every description; shoe thread, patent thread, silk, boot cord, laces, and silk and union gallons; black and colored English lastings, worsted uppers, and crimped fronts and footings; awls, tacks, Needles, Eyelet and crimping machines and eyelets; steel, iron, copper and Zinc Nails; Files, Rasps, shoe knive, rubbers, pegs, bristles, and boot web; hammers, boot and trees, lasts, crimps, clamps, handles, gum, color, cod liver and tanners oil; shoe tools and currier's tools of all kinds, ready for use, besides many other articles not enumerated above, and all of which will be sold at the lowest market rates, by JOHN WHITE, Importer and Dealer, 497 Market street, above 13th. aug 8 1y-29 [Philadelphia.

Shoe Lastings.—A handsome assortment of black and colored Shoe Lastings and Italian Cloths—black and colored Gallons, Laces, &c., of every description—for sale at city prices, at the Leather store of M. H. LOCHER.

LASTS AND BOOT TREES—Constantly on hand, and made to order; the best of workmen employed, and prices to suit all. at No. 17½ West King street, sign of the Last. M. H. LOCHER.

BANDS AND STRAPS.—For thrashing Machines and Wheels made to order, at the shortest notice at the sign of the Last, No. 17½ West King street. june 13 tf-21 M. H. LOCHER.

Brass Foundry.—The Lancaster Locomotive Works having purchased all the Tools and Fixtures of Ehrman Huber's Brass Foundry, and also secured his services, are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Brass Castings, with promptness and of a superior quality. We have also an extensive IRON FOUNDRY connected with our establishment, and are now ready to manufacture all kinds of castings as low as any other establishment here or elsewhere.

NOTICE.—The undersigned would call the attention of his old customers to the above notice, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of his friends for the above Company. From the increased facilities afforded me, I flatter myself I shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor me with their orders. ☞The highest price paid in CASH for old Copper and Brass, deliverrd at the works of the Company. EHRMAN HUBER, Brass Founder. ma 30 1y-10

New Brass Foundry.

NEW BRASS FOUNDRY at Chesnut street Iron Works C. Kieffer takes this method to inform the public, and all person having business of the above character, that he has, in connection with his Iron Foundry and Machine Shop, commenced the Brass Foundry business. He is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Machine and Brass Castings, Copper Rivets and Soldery, at short notice and in a workman-like manner. june 27 tf-23

Fall and Winter Dry Goods.—1854. J. Y. DEPUY, No. 41 North Eighth street, Philadelphia—Thankful for past favors, respectfully invites his customers and the public generally, to examine a new and splendid Stock of seasonable goods: comprising:

Rich Plaid Silks,	Wide Lyons Velvets,
New Striped Silks,	Cloaking Cloths,
Brocade Silks,	Woollen Plaids,
Plain Silks,	French Merinoes
Black Silks,	Mouse De Laines,

Cloaks, Mantillas, and Shawls Cheap. Ginghams, Prints, &c., in assortment; Ribbons, Embroideries, Gloves, &c. Owing to the daily sacrifice of large quantities of desirable goods at auction, the subscriber is enabled during the present season to offer unusually great Bargains. J. Y. DEPUY, No. 41 North Eighth st., Philadelphia. sep 19 3m-35

Notice to Travelers.—From and after Monday, June 19, 1854, the Christiana & Chesnut Level Stage Line will leave Christiana daily at 4 P. M., via Coatesville, Green Tree, Paxson's Store, Quarryville, Spring Grove, Mechanics Grove, to Chesnut Level; returning, will leave the Level at 5 o'clock, A. M., and return the same route to Christiana. The above arrangement will afford persons an opportunity of travelling in either of two daily lines of cars to and from the cities of Philadelphia and Lancaster. June 20 tf-22] By order of the Managers.

Improved Super Phosphate of Lime, from city Chemical and Union Works, made after the most improved articles, and very superior. Prepared Anhydrite Manure, made after the English article, and most superior, being very much lower than Guano, and fully equal. The attention of Dealers and Farmers is particularly called here for trial. Also, PERUVIAN GUANO, in large or small quantities, for sale by JOHN L. POMEROY, 22 South Wharves, 3d door above Chesnut street, july 11 3m-25 Philadelphia.

French Calf Skins.—20 dozen of superior Grand French Calf Skins—just received and for sale lower than ever offered in this city, at No. 17½ West King st. M. H. LOCHER.

SHOE THREAD.—300 pounds American Shoe Thread for sale at Philadelphia prices—at the cheap Leather, Morocco and shoe finding store of the subscriber, No. 17½ West King street. M. H. LOCHER.

RED SOLE LEATHER.—1000 pounds of Red Sole Leather direct from New York—at a great bargains. Call soon at the old head quarters—No. 17½ West King street, opposite Cooper's Hotel. M. H. LOCHER. June 9 tf-21

Henry's Invigorating Cordial. Purely Vegetable in its Composition. This invaluable Cordial, is extracted from Herbs and Roots, which have been found after years of experience, by the most skillful Physicians, to be possessed of qualities most beneficial in the diseases for which it is recommended; and hence whilst it is presented to the public, as an efficacious remedy, it is also known to be of that character on which reliance may placed as to its safety. I case Impotency, Hoemorrhages, Disordered Sterility, Menstruation, or Suppression of the Menses, Fluor Albus or Whites, or for DEBILITY arising from any cause, such as weakness from sickness, where the patient has been confied to bed for some time, for females after confinement, Abortion or Miscarriage, this Cordial cannot be excelled in its salutary effects; or in loss of Muscular Energy, Irritability, Physical Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Sluggishness, Decay of the Procreative, Nervousness, &c., where a tonic Medicine is required, it will be found equal if not superior to any compound ever used.

To FEMALES.—Henry's Invigorating Cordial, is one of the most invaluable Medicines in the many complaints to which females are subject. It assists nature to brace the whole system, check excesses, and creates renewed health and happiness. Less suffering, disease and unhappiness among Ladies would exist, were they generally to adopt the use of this Cordial. Ladies who are debilitated by those obstructions which females are liable to, are restored by the use of a bottle or two, to bloom and to vigor.

YOUNG MEN;—That solitary practice, so fatal to the existence of man; and it is the young who are most apt to become its victims, from an ignorance of the danger to which they subject themselves, causing NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of the system and Premature Decay. Many of you may now be suffering, misled as to the cause or source of disease. To those, then, who by excess have brought on themselves Premature Impotency, Involuntary Seminal Emissions, Weakness and Shrivelling of the Genital Organs, Nervous Affection, or any other consequeuces of unrestrained indulgence of the sensual passions, occasioning the necessity of renouncing the felicities of MARRIAGE, lessening both mental and bodily capacity, Hold! Henry's Invigorating Cordial, a medicine that is purely Vegetable, will aid nature to restore those important functions to a healty state and will prove of service to you. It possesses rare virtues, is a general remover of disease, and strengthener of the system as a TONIC MEDICINE, it is unsurpassed. We do not place this Cordial on a footing with quack medicines, and as is customary, append a long list of Recommendations, Certificates, &c., beginnig with 'Hear what the Preachers say,' and such like; it is not necessary; for Henry's Invigorating Cordial, only needs a trial to prove that it will accomplish all we say. The genuine "Henry's Invigorating Cordial," is put up in 8 oz. Pannel Bottles, and is easily recognized by the Manufacturer's signature on the label of each Bottle, (to counterfeit which is forgery.) ☞Sold for $2 per Bottle; Six for $8; $16 per dozen.

Prepared only by S. E. COHEN, No 3 Franklin Row, Vine Street, below Eighth, Philadelphia, Pa., to whom all orders must be addressed. For sale by all repectable Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

T. W. DYOTT & SONS, 132 N. 2d st., Philadelphia, sole agets for Penna. For sale in Lancaster, at the Patent Medicine Store of H. A. Rockafield, next to Kramph's Clothing Store, East Orange st. jan 3 1y-50

Valuable List of Text Books for General Instruction in the United States, and especially adapted to the schools of Lancaster county. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street, New York, and sold by MURRAY & STOEK, Lancaster. The attention of teachers and the friends of Education generally, is invited to the following educational works.

New and improved editions of several of these works have recently been published, and the publishers will continue to the most approved edition of their several Text-Books, and thus provide a series of Standard Books for our Union School Districts and townships, that can be regarded as a modern, uniform and permanent series, and render entirely unnecessary these frequent changes in school books that have heretofore been so perplexing, expensive and annoying to both teacher and parent.

The list embraces some of the most approved Text-Books, in the various depeartments of study, viz:

For Reading Books.—Parker's series are regarded the most thorough by a multitude of the best teachers. They are adopted by the schools of Lancaster city.

For English Grammar.—S. W. Clark's System is superseding the old Grammars heretofore published. His system of diagrams is the neplus ultry for oral teaching.

For Spelling and Good Pronunciation.—No teacher will fail to appreciate Price's Spelling Book, Wright's Orthography, Martin's Orthoepist, and Northend's Dictation Exercises.

For Rhetoric, Oratory and Choice Reading.—Professor Day's Art of Rhetoric is pronounced, by the best judges, as being greatly in advance of every other work on this subject.

Northend's Little Speaker, American Speaker and School Dialogues, and Zachos' New American Speaker, contain the choicest selection of pieces (oratorical, poetical and declamatory) ever embraced in four volumes.

Parker and Zachos' Introductory Lessons in Reading and Elocution, will be found a valuable hand-book for every teacher and normal school student.

Professor Boyd, of Geneva, has laid our Seminaries and Academies under lasting obligations of the English Poets, viz.: Milton's Paradise Lost, Cowper's Task, Table Talk, &c., Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts. These works need only to be known to be appreciated. Pollock's Course of Times is in press.

For History and Geography.—Mrs. Willard's History of the United States and Universal History, with her incomparable Charts, are not equalled in excellence by any other author.

For Arithmetic and Mathematics.—Professor Davies' System is now regarded the National System, being the standard Text-Books of the military academies of the United States, and most of the colleges throughout the country. The Arithmetics of Davies are the foundations of his whole series.

For Teaching Natural Philosophy.—R. G. Parker, an old and experienced teacher of Boston, has prepared a work entitled a "Compendium of School Philosophy," which is a favorite book with all teachers who have used it. The old books on Natural Philosophy, that have so long had a sway in our schools, give way to Mr. Parker. Teachers need only examine, to be convinced of its great excellence.

The Study of Book-Keeping.—is becoming a very general study in all our schools, and Fulton and Eastman's, with their system of writing and chirographic Charts, are decidedly the most approved.

The School Teacher's Library.—The following works are dedicated to the Teachers of the United States.

I. Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching, $1, 25.
II. Northend's Teacher and Parent, $1, 25.
III. Mansfield on American Education, $1, 25.
IV. De Tocqueville's American Institutions, $1, 25.
V. Davies' Logic and Utility of Mathematics, $1, 50.

Teachers and Directors will please call at MURRAY & STOEK'S Book store and examine these works, with reference to their introduction into their schools at the opening of the fall and winter terms. aug. 1. 3 m-28

Fresh Arrivals! New Books!—The Proprietor of the "People's Book Store" takes pleasure in offering the following New Books to the citizens of Lancaster. Among them are books by the best and most popular authors of the day:

Bertha and Lily, or the personage of Beech Glen. A new book by Elizabeth Oaks Smith.

Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams or a tramp in the Chateaugay Woods, by S. H. Hammond.

Memories over the Water, or story thoughts on a long stroll, by Henry Mauny.

Twenty Years in the Phillipines, a capital book from the French of Paul De Sa Gironiere.

The Plurality of Worlds, a new book on, a new theory, by the Rev. W. Whewell, SS. D.

An Art Student in Munich, by Anna Mary Howitt.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher