The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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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, Blank Labels, &c. &c. executed with neatness and at the shortest notice.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories," quotes the ballad with the remark that its author is not known. This is a mistake. It was written by John Lowe, an English student of divinity, who lived between the years 1750 and 1799. He was the son of the gardener at Kenmore, in Galloway. The ballad "Mary's Dream," was written on the death of a surgeon at sea, named Miller, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America where he married another female. Became dissipated and died in great misery near Fredericksburg, Virginia. This ballad is the only one of Lowe's productions that has survived.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep.
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying "Mary weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised,
Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye.
"O Mary, dear, cold is my clay.
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee I sleep in death.
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main:
And long we tried our bark to save,
But all our efforts were in vain.
Even then when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is past and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And then and I shall part no more!
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

DR. FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was an idea of Doctor Franklin's, if not a settled opinion, that a mother might, by a kind of instinct of natural affection, recognize her children, even though she had lost the recollection of their features. And on a visit to his native town of Boston, after an absence of many years, he determined to ascertain by experiment whether his theory was correct or not.

On a bleak and chilly day in the month of January, the Doctor, late in the afternoon, knocked on the door of his mother's house and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire. He introduced himself, and observing that he understood she entertained travelers, requested lodgings for the night.

She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real condition in life. She assured him he had been misinformed—she did not keep a tavern, nor did she keep a house to entertain strangers. It was true, she added, that to oblige some members of the Legislature, she took a small number of them into her family during the session; that she had four members of the Council and six of the House of Representatives, who then boarded with her, and that all her beds were full.

Having said this she resumed her knitting with that intense application which said, as forcibly as action could, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better. But on the Doctor's wrapping his coat about him, affecting to shiver, and observing that the weather was very cold, she pointed to a chair and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of boarders prevented all further conversation. Coffee was soon served, and he partook with the family.—To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and a paper of tobacco, when the whole company formed a cheerful smoking semi-circle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed colloquial powers in a more fascinating degree than Doctor Franklin, and never was there occasion on which he displayed them to better advantage than the present one. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, instructing them by the varied, new and striking lights in which he placed his subjects, and delighted them with apt illustrations and amusing anecdotes.

Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until supper was announced.—Mrs. Franklin, busied with her household affairs, supposed the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the Council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, to another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction to her house, observed that he seemed like an outlandish sort of a man. She thought he had something very suspicious in his appearance, and she concluded by soliciting her friend's advice as to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was surely a young man of good education, and to all appearances, a gentleman—that, perhaps, being in agreeable company, he paid no attention to the lateness of the hour. He advised her to call the stranger aside and repeat her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and with as much complacency as she could command, she recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated he would do well to seek lodgings.

The Doctor replied that he would by no means incommode her family, but with her leave he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his conversational powers returned with double force. He recounted the hardships endured by their ancestors; he extolled their piety, virtue and devotion to religious freedom. The subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives was mentioned by one of the members. A bill has been introduced to extend the prerogatives of the royal governor. The Doctor immediately joined in the discussion, supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House, when Dudley was governor; recited their speeches, and applauded their noble defense of the charter of rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the delighted company, no wonder the clock struck eleven unperceived by them. Nor was it a wonder that the patience of Mrs. Franklin became entirely exhausted. She now entered the room and addressed the Doctor before the whole company, with a warmth glowing with a determination to be her own protectress. She told him plainly that she thought herself imposed on, but that she had friends who would defend her, and insisted that he should immediately leave the house.

The Doctor made a slight apology and deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, attended by the mistress and lighted by the maid.

While the Doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous storm of wind and rain occurred without, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch than a roaring northeaster forced open the door, extinguished the light and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the Doctor cast a woful look toward the door, and thus addressed his mother:

"My dear madam, can you turn me out in this storm? I am a stranger in this town, and will perish in the street. You look like a charitable lady, I should not think that you could turn a dog from your house this cold and stormy night."

"Don't talk of charity," replied his mother; "charity begins at home. It is your own fault, not mine, that you have tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like either your looks or your conduct, and fear you have some bad designs in thus intruding yourself into my family."

The warmth of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and as no bed could be had, he consented to rest in an easy chair before the parlor fire.

Though the boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper box and porringer from her closet, and after securing her parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the valuables to her chamber, charging the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to wasen and seize the vagrant at the first noise he should make in attempting to plunder.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, and was quite agreeably surprised to find her female guest quietly sleeping in his chair. She awoke him with a cheerful good morning; inquired how he rested and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of her boarders.

"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as you appear to be a stranger in Boston, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I belong, madam, to the Colony of Pennsylvania, and reside in Philadelphia."

At the mention of Philadelphia the Doctor declared he for the first time perceived something like emotion in her.

"Philadelphia?" said she, while the earnest anxiety of a mother suffused her eye; "why, if you live in Philadelphia perhaps you know my Ben?"

"Who, madam?"

"Ben Franklin, my dear Ben. Oh, how I would give the world to see him! He is the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."

"What! is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why he is my most intimate friend. He and I worked together and lodged in the same room."

"Oh! Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the lady, raising her tearful eyes, "and have I suffered a friend of my own Ben to sleep upon this hard chair, while I myself rested upon a soft bed!"

Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown guest that though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces; for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her, without the possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.

Franklin doubted, and took leave to dispute his mother's proposition on the power of natural feeling. He said he had tried this "natural feeling" in his own mother, and found it deficient in the power she ascribed to it.

"And did your mother," inquired she, "not know you! or if she did not *seem* to know you, was there not, in her *kindness* to you, an evidence that she saw something in your appearance which was dear to her, so that she could not resist treating you with particular tenderness and affection?"

"No, indeed," replied Franklin, "she neither knew me, nor did she treat me with the least symptoms of kindness. She would have turned me out of doors but for the interposition of strangers. She could hardly be persuaded to allow me to sit at her table, I knew I was in my mother's house, and had a claim upon her hospitality; and therefore, you may suppose, when she peremptorily commanded me to leave the house, I was in no hurry to obey."

"Surely," interrupted his mother, "she would tell you herself I had always been a dutiful son—that she doated upon me, and that when I came to her house as a stranger, my behaviour was scrupulously correct and respectful. It was a stormy night and I had been absent so long that I had become a stranger in the place. I told my mother this, and yet, so little was she influenced by that "natural feeling" of which you speak, that she absolutely refused me a bed, and would hardly suffer what she called my presumption in taking a seat at the table. But this was not the worst; no sooner was the supper ended than my good mother told me, with an air of solemn earnestness, that I must leave her house."

Franklin then proceeded to describe the scene at the front door—the snow drift that came so opportunely into the entry—his appeal to her "natural feeling" of a mother—her unnatural and unfeeling rejection of his prayer—and, finally, her very reluctant compliance with the solicitations of other persons in his behalf—that he be permitted *to sleep on a chair.*

Every word in this touching recital went home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who could not fail to perceive that it was a true narrative of the events of the preceding night in her own house; and, while she endeavored to escape from the self-reproach that she had acted the part of an unfeeling mother, she could not easily resist the conviction that the stranger, who became more and more interesting to her as he proceeded in his discourse, was indeed her own son. But when she observed how the tender expressiveness of his eyes as he feelingly recapitulated the circumstances under which she attempted to turn him shelterless into the street, her maternal conviction overcame all remaining doubt, and she threw herself into his arms exclaiming—

"It must be—it must be my dear Ben!"

VISION OF HELL.

Following him as before, down, down, down, I entered into another vast apartment, lighted by a most flatter but dubious and unsatisfying gloom. Taking my seat, as usual, I felt the pressure of his two fingers again on the opposite side of my head.

What now? he inquired.

Ay, I know not what, said I. It is not hope—nay it is hope; but how strange! It does not resemble such hope as mortal have and yet it carries its features well. It is a hope in doing wrong. It is entered in whatever may oppose itself to good. Sin, rebellion, mutiny, treason to heaven, and rage and fierce revenge, and plots of deep and subtle purpose, such as may, perchance succeed against the Almighty and hurl him from his seat—these are now my hope; and yet this hope, stabbed by reason, maddened by fear, condemed by conscience, is pushed on to powerful despair. Despair is powerful. It is the insanity of hope; and insanity is often stronger than sanity. It sometimes breathes resistless valor into timid breasts. It causes the fearful fawn to turn upon its pursuer, and makes a vulture of the dove. Come then, fell despair; be thou my hope; and heaven yet may tremble, when thou shalt marshal all thy rage. Nay, but he is Almighty, I am not; he is all good, I ought not; all my powers and passions war, by turns, upon my purpose, which is nothing but loss of every expectation but that of eternal woe! Come woe come ruin, come whatever lies next above annihilation, which I covet, but can not have, and bury me in deep oblivion, where no thought of life, no ray of light, no beam of goodness, hopes of unwished mercy, no look of hateful love, may ever reach me more! Nay, Oh, God! "I will live!" this last, deepest, deathless element survives, to torture me forever; and forever I am doomed to live the black death of unchangeable despair.

Now thou hast prickled the worm, which coils eternally about thy heart, to sting thy soul forever, and pierce me with undying pangs. This, with thy other tortures, would alone be hell. That hell thou cariest in thee. It is thyself, from whom thou canst never make one brief remove. Always to be thyself is hell. Fire, and all physical tortures, would be harmless here. Depraved by sin, with thy memory harrowing up thy recollection of better days, with thy imagination filling thee with the most fearful shapes, with thy best affections centered in the love of sin, with thy anger raging against the essence of all good, and, worst of all, with thy deathless conscience forever damning thee with its intolerable rebukes—this, last one, is hell. This is the hell we feel; and thou shalt sink deeper and deeper into it, while the cycle of eternal ages roll!

Is there, then, no reprieve?

None.

Is there no speculation, no tradition handed down, of some period, however far away in the depths of revolving ages, when some change for the better may arrive!

None whatever.

Is there no hope that the souls, worn out with pain, will sink beneath its load and die?

No, never! every moment gives it new capacities to suffer woe. There will come a time, when thy grown heart shall hold more torment than all the suffering sons of cursed Adam ever knew by poverty, disease, misfortune, flood or fire! Thou shalt afterwards carry more pain than all hell itself now knows. Thy being's law is growth. Hadst thou come here with a heaven formed character, heaven itself could not not now furnish thee a measure of thy future joy; but, with a mind bred to sin, there is naught before thee but the deeper and deeper depth of insufferable agony and despair! Look thou upon those awful deeps, where shapes of misery thicken and blacken as thy vision travels down. Behold them, descending, descending towards the bottomless abyss of woe! Mark the dial-face of that massive clock above thee, whose pendulum ticks ages instead of seconds; and every time the hammer of it hits the doleful bell, the words forever, forever, forever, roll and reverberate through the deep caves of hell! As I lay this crown upon thy head, which shall touch thy faculties into ten fold life, harrowing them all up to their horrid work, I leave thee, as thou didst first desire, to wander thy way down alone!

No sooner had the crown fairly settled upon my head, than every power and propensity of my perverted nature rose into a rage of activity, which I had never known before. If the excitement of a single faculty under the successive touches of my instructor, could cause me such insufferable agonies, what words shall express the repeated hells of their combined and concentrated action? Like one on fire with delirium, I ran down the rapid descent, from hall to hall, flight after flight, determined, as soon as possible, to reach the lowest level of the strange edifice, and thence plange at once into the last abyss of ruin; but when the awful verge was gained, and the plunge made, and I found myself descending through regions of thick darkness to an unknown and perhaps unexisting bottom, a cringing horror took such possession of me, that I awoke from the frightful vision, which, in spite of the cold snow upon which I was lying, had caused great drops of perspiration to stand upon my forehead.—*Sketches of the threefold life of man.*

SAD EFFECTS OF POVERTY.—John Murphy, an Englishman, arrived at New York, in August last, with his wife and five children, and obtained employment until recently, when he was discharged. His family have lately been in a state of great destitution, and it had such effect upon him as to bereft him occasionally of his mind. He refused to apply to the relief committee, but on Friday his wife started out to see the committee. The Post says: She soon returned to her residence, No. 396 Water street, where on entering the room, she heard a noise in the bedroom, and inquiring of the children where their father was, they said he was lying down in the bedroom. She went to go in, and found the bed just in front of the door, and on looking in one corner she discovered him upon his knees, with his hands together as if praying, and his throat cut in a horrible manner. He could just manage to speak, and on seeing his wife he cried out, "O, Sarah! O, Sarah!" She immediately called for help, and removed him into the front room, and kept a cloth to his wound, in hopes of saving his life until a doctor was sent for. On the doctor's arrival he had the deceased removes to the New York Hospital. He died on the way. At the time he cut his throat his youngest child was starving upon the bed, having had nothing to eat for two days, and during the inquest upon the father the mother received news of her child. We will not attempt to express the feelings of that poor woman as she sat by the corpse of her husband and received the penetrating news of her poor childs horrible death. The poor husband was a fine looking man, a tailor by trade, and appeared to have seen better days.

The Helfenstein Donation.—A correspondent of the Miner's Journal, alluding to the subject of Judge Helfenstein's recent munificent donation, says:

"This is no ordinary gift; it is a large, permanent and lucrative one; and must last for ages to come: it is the proceeds of about six hundred acres of prime coal lands, which will take ages to exhaust it, for it contains 70,000,000 tons of Coal, worth in the ground 25 cts. per ton, making the enormous amount $17,500,000, which at an annual product of 200,000 tons per year at the above price per ton, will bring $75,000 a year and will take 233 years to exhaust. His calculation appears to be extravagant, but I have the opinion of some practical Geologists, who are well acquainted with the property, and fully coincide with above estimate; but suppose we deduct one-third for contingencies, we still have the enormous amount of 46,666,666 tons, which, at 25 cents per ton, amounts to $11,666,666, and taken out as above at 200,000 tons a year, will require 155 years to exhaust this property. Taking this in all its bearings, it may be considered as one of the most noble ideas in this country since the formation of our free and noble constitution, and future generations will look back to it with joy."

The Commercial Bank Case.—The Supreme Court have granted an injunction against the Commercial Bank of Philadelphia, to restrain its officers from discounting at regular meetings of the Directors, and further violating the law by taking *usurious* interest. The opinion of the Court was delivered by Chief Justice LEWIS.

We reckon the Commercial Bank is not the only one in the State that has been guilty of plundering the community in this way. If we had any confidence in the honesty of a majority of the present Legislature, we should like to see a Committee raised for the purpose of a general investigation of the Banking business of the Commonwealth; but it would be incurring a useless expense at this time, with the Legislature constituted as it is. The people will have to bear with the evil until a more propitious time for investigation offers.

BANK NOTES.—The feeling against this currency is becoming general all over the Union. The Chicago *Democrat* says:

"We hope to see the day when the circulation of bank notes of a less denomination than twenty dollars will be prohibited throughout the Union, by special penal enactments, or what would be better still, by embodying the prohibition in the fundamental law of each State. Those who live upon their wits could not then prey upon the productive industry of the country without paying the penalty of their rascalities: and working men and woman world receive the earnings of their honest toil in gold and silver, which they could lay by for future use, without the risk of its depreciating in value, or becoming absolutely worthless on their hands."

Junius B. Kaufman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has resumed the practice of his profession, office in Widmyer's Building South Duke street, near the new Court House. 19tf 1—6m-38

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. may 1 tf-41

Dentistry.—The first premium, a superior case of instruments, was awarded to Dr. John Wayland, 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. 60, 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 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. 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. 3m-12

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

Farmers Look Here!—Having the sole Agency for the IRON PLOUGHS, which can be at the Hardware Store of GEO. D. SPRECHER, North Queen street, Lancaster. aug 15 3m-30

Valuable Catholic Books—To be had at the "People's Book Store," the following valuable Catholic Books at publishers prices.
Cardinal Wiseman's works, comprising the following: Essays on various subjects," by his eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in 3 vols. 8vo. cloth.
Twelve Lectures on the connexion between science and revealed religion," delivered in Rome by Cardinal Wiseman 2 vols. 12mo. cloth.
Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, in eight lectures, by Cardinal Wiseman, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth.
Four Lectures on the offices of the Holy Week, as performed in the Papal chapels—delivered in Rome in the Lent of 1847, by Cardinal Wiseman, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth.
Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, by Cardinal Wiseman, 2 vols in one 12 mo. cloth.
All for Jesus; or the Easy ways of Divine love, by Fred'k. William Faber, 1 neat 12mo. cloth.
Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the civilization of Europe, by the Rev. J. Balmes, fourth edition, 1 vol. 8vo. cloth.
The Catholic Pulpit, containing a sermon for every Sunday and Holyday in the year and for good Friday, in one vol. large 8vo. cloth.
Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other principal Saints, by Rev. Alban Butler, 4 vols. 8vo. cloth.
History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, taken from the most authentic records and dedicated to the Irish Brigade, by Abbe Mac Geoghegan, 1 vol. large 8vo. ½ turkey.
Loss and Gain, or the story of a Convert, by John Henry Newman, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth.
Trials of a Mind in its progress to Catholicism, by J. Silliman Ives, late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in North Carolina, 1 vol. 12mo. cloth.
A very large assortment of Standard Catholic Prayer Books, and Douay Bibles always on hand at moderate prices. W. H. SPANGLER,
nov 21 tf-44 83 North Queen st., Lancaster.

French Merinoes, French Merinoes.—Just opened another lot of Lupin's celebrated French Merinoes, in all the desirable shades, at 75 cts. a yard. WENTZ'S,
dec 19 tf-48 Bee Hive Store, 65 North Queen street.

PLAIDS, PLAIDS—We are closing out the balance of our Cashmere and De Laine Plaids, at exceedingly low prices. call and see them at WENTZ'S
dec 19 tf-48 Bee Hive Store, 65 North Queen street.

Prospectus for 1855.—The SATURDAY EVENING POST established August 4th, 1821. Weekly edition between 80,000 and 90,000. The long period of over Thirty-Three Years, during which the Saturday Evening Post has been established, and its present immense circulation, are guarantees to all who may subscribe to it that they will receive a full return for their money. Our arrangements so far for the coming year, are such as we trust will be thought worthy of the high reputation of the POST. Positive arrangements already have been made for contributions from the gifted pen of
Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, Mrs. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT,
Mrs. CARLEN,
FANNY FERN, and a new contributor, (whose name by request is withheld.)
In the first paper of January next we design commencing the following Novelet: Six Weeks of Courtship, by Mrs. Emolie F. Carlen, author of "One Year of Wedlock."
We purpose following this with an Original Novelet—designed to illustrate, incidentally, the great Evils of Intemperance—entitled The Falls of the Wyalusing, by a new and distinguished contributor. We have also made arrangements for Two Stories, to be entitled The Oneida Sisters, and The Nabob's Will, by Grace Greenwood, author of "Greenwood Leaves," "Haps and Mishaps," &c.
Also, the following additional contributions:—New Series of Sketches, by Fanny Fern, author of "Fern Leaves."
Mark the Sexton, a Novelet, by Mrs. Denison, author of the "Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.
Nanny Selwyn, or the Cloud with a Silver Lining, a Novelet, by Mary Irving.
And last, but by no means least—from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's own exclusive contributor—Viva, a Story of Life's Mystery, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.
In addition to the above proud array of contributions, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and Foreign Lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, Editorials &c., &c.,—our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.
ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings we generally present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.
The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or year in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.
TERMS.—Single copy, $2 a year.
4 Copies, " " $5 a year.
8 " (And one to getter up of Club,) 10.00
13 " (And one to getter up of Club,) 15.00
26 " (And one to getter up of Club,) 20.00
The money must always be sent in advance. Address, always post-paid, DEXTER & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third St., Philadelphia.
Sample Numbers sent gratis to any one, when requested
dec 5 3t-46

A Book for Every Young American.—LELAND, CLAY & Co., Publishers of THE DIME, have in preparation, and will soon publish, in one volume of about 300 pages, with two hundred engravings, cloth, gilt:
THE ILLUSTRATED MANNERS BOOK:
A Manual of Good Behavior and Polite Accomplishments; containing careful instructions in all that appertains to the person, dress, manners, acquirements, conversation and deportment of the perfect lady, and the finished gentleman of the Best Society. Price One Dollar.
This book, the first and only one of its kind, will be sent, post-paid, as a premium, to any person who will procure thirty subscribers to The Dime, an Illustrated Monthly, at Ten Cents a year. Each number of The Dime contains from five to ten engravings, music, and twenty columns of useful and entertaining matter, suitable for the school or family. It is considered the best, as it is the cheapest paper of its kind; and being neither sectional, sectarian, nor partizan, it is intended for the widest circulation and the greatest possible usefulness.
The Illustrated Manners Book, post paid, and thirty copies of The Dime, one year, for Three Dollars.
The Illustrated Manners Book, mailed, post paid, for One Dollar.
The Dime, Ten Cents a year, or eleven copies for One Dollar.
Specimens cheerfully forwarded to Teachers, Clergymen, Postmasters, or any person wishing to raise clubs and compete for its Premiums. Address LELAND, CLAY & Co. 11 Spruce st., N. Y. dec. 12 3t-47

Private Sale.—The undersigned offers at private sale, all that certain valuable Tavern Stand, sign of General Taylor, situate on the East side of North Queen street, near the Railroad Depot, in the city of Lancaster, consisting of a Lot of GROUND, whereon are erected, a one-story Brick TAVERN HOUSE, Stables, a Pump with good and never-failing water and Hydrant, both near the door, with every other necessary improvements.
The location of this Tavern Stand is an excellent one, being near the Railroad. Persons wishing to view the premises, will please call on the subscriber, residing thereon. Possession and an indisputable will be given on the 1st day of April next. One-half of the purchase money may remain charged on the premises, if desirable to the purchaser. JAMES DONNELLY.
nov 21 tf-44

Intended Removal.—The Barber Shop of the subscriber will be removed on the first of December, to the basement of Dr. Welchens' building, two doors north of its present location, where increased facilities and better accommodations will be afforded all who favor him with their custom. CHARLES B. WILLIAMS.
oct 24 4t-40

Drug Stand, Cheap.—Dr. ZIEGLER offers to the public at his old stand, No. 55½ North Queen street, a full assortment of pure DRUGS, CHEMICALS and DYE STUFFS, with a full stock of FANCY PARFUMERY & other useful articles generally kept in Drug Stores. Also, strong Alcohol, Pine Oil or Camphine and burning Fluid, of the best quality at the lowest cash prices. oct 24 1y-40

Rosendale Hydraulic Cement.—An excellent article for Lining Cisterns, Vaults, Spring Houses and Cellars, and for keeping dampness from wet and exposed walls.
For sale by CHARLES SHEPARD SMITH,
Successor to the late firm of Evi Smith & Son,
N. W. Corner of Front and Willow sts., opposite the old stand, Railroad. sep 19 1y-36

Among the numerous discoveries Science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life—increase its enjoyments, and even prolong the term of human existence, none can be named of more real value to mankind, than the contribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art. A vast trial of its virtue throughout this broad country, has proven beyond a doubt, that no medicine or combination of medicines yet known, can so surely control and cure the numerous varieties of pulmonary disease which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands every year. Indeed there is now abundant reason to believe a Remedy has at length been found which can be relied on, to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs. Our space here will not permit us to publish any proportion of the cures effected by its use, but we would present the following:—and refer further enquiry to my American Almanac, which the agent below named will always be pleased to furnish free, wherein are full particulars, and indisputable proof of these statements.
Office of Transportation, Laurens R. R. S. C., Aug. 4, 1853.
J. C. AYER. Dear Sir,—My little son, four years old has just recovered from a severe attack of malignant Scarlet Fever, his throat was rotten, and every person that visited him, pronounced him a dead child. Having used your Cherry Pectoral in influenza, in the winter of 1850, for a severe attack of Bronchitis, with entire success, I was induced to try it on my little boy. I gave him a tea-spoonful every three hours, commencing in the morning, and ten o'clock at night. I found a decided change for the better, after three days use, he was able to eat or drink without pain.
Its use in the above named disease will save many a child from a premature grave, and relieve the anxiety of many a fond parent. For all affections of the Throat and Lungs, I believe it the best medicine extant. A feeling of the deepest gratitude, prompts me in addressing you these lines—but for your important discovery, my little boy would now have been in another world.
I am yours, with great respect,
J. D. POWELL, Supt. Trans. L. R. R.
Rock Hill, (somerset co.,) N. J., July 21, 1852.
DR. J. C. AYER.—Since your medicine has become known here, it has a great demand than any other cough remedy we have ever sold. It is spoken of in terms of unmeasured praise by those who have used it, and I know of some cases where the best they can say it, is not too much for the good it has done. I take pleasure in selling it, because I know that I am giving my customers the worth of their money, and a remedy calculated to benefit it confers.
Please send me a further supply, and believe me
Yours, with respect, JOHN C. WHITLOCK.
P. S.—Almost any number of certificates can be sent you, if you wish it.
Windsor, C. W., June 28, 1852.
J. C. AYER—Dear Sir: This may certify that I have used your Cherry Pectoral for upwards of one year, and it is my sincere belief that I should have been in my grave ere this time if I had not. It has saved me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, and I do not overstate my convictions when I tell you it is a priceless remedy.
Yours very respectfully,
D. A. McCULLUN, Attorney at Law.
DR. J. C. AYER. My Dear Sir:—Your medicine is much approved of by those who have used it here, and its composition is such as to insure and maintain its reputation.—I invariably recommend it for pulmonary affections, as do many of our principal physicans.
I am your friend,
CHAS. STREATER, M. D.
Prepared by JAMES C. AYER,
Assayer and Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
Price 25 cents per Box. Five Boxes for $1.
Sold by CHARLES A. HEINITSH, and all Druggists.
F. Brown, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agt.
oct 10 3m-35

Notice to Travelers.—From and after Monday Dec. 18, 1854, the Christiana & Chesnut Level Stage Line will leave Christiana Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 1 P. M., via Coopersville, Green Tree, Paxson's Store, Quarryville, Spring Grove, Mechanics' Grove, to Chesnut Level; returning, will leave the Level at 5 o'clock, A. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and return the same route to Christiana.
The above arrangement will afford persons an opportunity of traveling in either of two daily lines of cars to and from the cities of Philadelphia and Lancaster.
By order of the Managers.
Dec. 12 tf-47

Fall and Winter Clothing at F. J. KRAMPH'S "Lancaster County Clothing Store."—A large and varied assortment of Men's and Boys' ready made Clothing, embracing all the different approved styles, and made by good workmen out of the best material.
Fine, medium and common, Union, Beaver, Felt, Pilot, Petersham and Flushing, Sangups, Sacks and Paletot Overcoats. Cloth, Cassimere and Satinett, Business, Frock and Sack Coats. Cloth, Dress and Frock Coats of various colors and qualities. Cloth, Cassimere, Satinett, Velvet and Tweed Pantaloons. Silk, Satin, Valentia, Swansdown, Velvet, Plush, Cloth, Cassimere and Satinett, Double and Single breasted Vests. Monkey Jackets, Drawers, Undershirts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Gloves, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Shirt-fronts, Stocks, Ties, Scarfs, Winchester and Scott's approved patent shoulder seam Shirts, Umbrellas and all articles usually kept in gentlemen's furnishing stores, including Robes de Chambres and Retens Vests and Overcoats.
Also, a splendid assortment of rich Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings—all of which will be made up to order in the best manner, with promptness, at accommodating prices, and by competent workmen. This establishment is in the monthly receipt of the French, English and American Fashions so that orders intrusted to them may be relied upon as being in the latest style by those who desire it. All manner of plain work, and mending done at a genteel medium, promptly attended to as heretofore.
Grateful for past patronage, this subscriber confidently hopes to merit a continuance of the same.
F. J. KRAMPH,
Merchant Tailor and Clothier, cor. North Queen and Orange street. sep 26 tf-36

Brocha Shawls.—SQUARE BROCHA SHAWLS $25,00, $6,00, $7,00, $8,00 $10,00, $12,00, Ladies call and see them. Long Brocha Shawls, $15,00, $16,00, $18,00 and $40,00. White, Scarlet, Blue, Green, and every color in centre. An additional supply just opened, and can be bought at great bargains, at WENTZ'S
TALMA CLOTHS.—A beautiful variety of Ladies' Cloths—just opened, at WENTZ'S
nov 21 tf-44

American Artists' Union.—The American Artists' Union, would respectfully announce to the citizens of the United States and the Canadas, that for the purpose of cultivating a taste for the fine arts throughout the country, and with a view of enabling every family to become possessed of a gallery of Engravings, BY THE FIRST ARTISTS OF THE AGE, they have determined, in order to create an extensive sale for their Engravings, and thus not only give employment to a large number of artists and others, but inspire among our countrymen a taste for works of art, to present to the purchasers of their engravings, when 250,000 of which are sold, **250,000 Gifts,** of the actual cost of $150,000.
Each purchaser of a One Dollar Engraving, therefore, receives not only an Engraving richly worth the money, but also a ticket which entitles him to one of the Gifts when they are distributed.
For Five Dollars, a highly finished Engraving, beautifully PAINTED in OIL, and FIVE GIFT TICKETS, will be sent; or Five Dollars worth of splendid Engravings can be selected from the Catalogue, and sent by return mail or express.
A copy of the Catalogue, together with a specimen of one of the Engravings, can be seen at the office of this paper.
For each dollar sent, an Engraving actually worth that sum, and a Gift Ticket, will immediately be furnished.
AGENTS.—The Committee believing that the success of this Great National Undertaking will be materially promoted by the energy and enterprise of intelligent and persevering Agents, have resolved to treat with such on the most liberal terms.
Any person wishing to become an Agent, by sending (post paid,) $1, will receive by return of mail, a One Dollar Engraving, a "GIFT TICKET," a Prospectus, a Catalogue and all other necessary information.
On the final completion of the sale, the Gifts will be placed in the hands of a Committee of the purchasers to be distributed, due notice of which will be given throughout the United States and the Canadas.

LIST OF GIFTS.

100 Marble busts of Washington, at		$100	$10,000
100 "	"	Clay, 100	10,000
100 "	"	Webster, 100	10,000
100 "	"	Calhoun, 100	10,000
50 elegant Oil Paintings, in splendid gilt frames, size 2x3 ft. each,		100	5,000
100 elegant Oil Paintings, 2x3 ft. each.		50	5,000
500 steel plate Engravings, brilliantly colored in oil, rich gilt frames 24x30 in. each,		10	5,000
10,000 elegant steel plate Engravings, colored oil, of the Washington Monument, 20x26 in. each,		4	40,000
237,000 steel plate engravings, from 100 different plates now in possession of and owned by the Artists' Union, of the market value of from 50 cents to $1 each,			41,000
1 first-class Dwelling, in 31st st., New York City,			12,000
22 Building Lots in 100 and 101 sts., N. Y. City, each 25x100 ft. deep, at		1,000	22,000
100 Villa Sites, containing each 10,000 sq. ft. in the suburbs of New York City, and commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, at		500	50,000
20 perpetual loans, of cash, without interest, or security, of $250 each:			5,000
50 " "