The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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THE BROKEN PROMISE.

I knew men kept no promises—or none
At least with women—and yet, knowing this,
With credulous folly still I trusted one,
Whose words seemed so like truth, that I forgot
The lesson I had learned full oft before;
And I believed, because he said he'd come,
That he would come—and then night after night
I watched the clouds and saw them pass away
From the bright moon, and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless and serene and beautiful
As if no promises were broken e'er
Beneath it. Man forgets in busy hours
What in his idle moment he has said,
Nor thinks how often woman's happiness
Hangs on his lightest words. It is not things
Of great importance which affect the heart
Most deeply. Kisses often weave the net
Of misery or of "bliss of human life;"
There's many a deep and hidden grief that comes
From sources which admit of no complaint—
From things of which we cannot, dare not speak,
And yet they seem but trifles, till the chain,
Link after link, is fastened on each thought,
And wound around the heart. They do their work
In secrecy and silence; but their power
Is far more fatal than the open shafts
Of sorrow and misfortune; and they prey
Upon the heart and spirit, till the bloom
Of hope is changed to fever's hectic flush.
They break the charms of youth's first, brightest dreams,
And thus wear out the pleasures of the world
And sap at length the very spring of life.
But this is woman's fate. It is not thus
With proud, aspiring man. His mind is filled
With high and lofty thoughts; and love and hope,
And all the warmest feelings of his heart
Are sacrificed at cold ambition's shrine;
He feels that the whole world was made for him,
Nor broken promises, nor hopes destroyed,
Are e'er allowed a place on memory's page.
'Tis only woman in her loneliness,
And in the silent, melancholy hours,
Who treasures in her heart the idle word
That has no meaning, and who lives in hope
Till it has stol'n the color from her cheeks,
The brightness from her eyes, who trusts her peace
On the vast ocean of uncertainty;
And if 'tis wrecked, she learns her lot to bear,
Or she may learn to die, but not forget.
It is for her to hoard the secret thoughts—
To brood o'er broken promises, and sigh
O'er disappointed hopes, till she believes
There's less of wickedness in the wide world
Than in her single heart.

A NIGHT IN A FRENCH INN.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

In relating the following adventure, which befel a friend while traveling in France, I shall for convenience sake speak in the first instead of the third person.

Some years since I made a pedestrian tour from Paris through the interior of France—to the shores of the Mediterranean. For one who wishes to see the country and become acquainted with the people, this is by far the best method of traveling. One may be whirled from one end of Europe to the other by cars and steamboats, in a much shorter time than it required to accomplish this journey but I doubt whether he would derive so much real pleasure or information as might be obtained by a leisurely survey of one tenth the space. For my own part—though night would generally bring a sense of fatigue—I usually felt repaid by what I had seen of the country and its inhabitants during the day On this point I need not dwell.

Towards the close of a pleasant autumnal day, I entered a large sized French village, and being both weary and hungry, made my way immediately to the hotel. It was quite a large one, yet it was nearly full; some festival having drawn to the village many visiters from the country around.

After despatching a bountiful repast, and sitting quietly in a corner of the *salle a manger* for an hour, listening to the remarks of those around, I began to feel drowsy, and asked to be conducted to a sleeping room.

The landlord inquired doubtfully, of the clerk;

"Are there any rooms not taken? This gentleman wishes one,"

The clerk, after a moment's reflection, replied, "the only one not engaged, is No. 24."

"No. 24," said the landlord, musingly, "Well I think we must let him have it."

Taking a lamp in his hand, he himself offered to conduct me to the room, which he had mentioned. It was in the upper part of the house. A glance on entering, assured me that it was large, and provided with two beds. One of these, in the corner, had curtains on all sides.

"You will sleep in *that* bed," said the landlord, pointing to the other; and I have one request to make of you. But, first, can you control your curiosity?"

"If it be needful," I replied, considerably surprised at the question.

"Then I would advise you to do it so far as not to lift the curtains of the bed at the opposite side of the room."

So saying, the landlord put down the lamp, bowed and left me, not a little puzzled at the singular piece of advice he had given me.

I resolved, however, to follow it for the present, and decide in the morning whether to follow the same course or not.

This I decided to do, because I was conscious of being stimulated by a powerful impulse to lift the curtain at once, and gratify my curiosity. I had, however, a certain pride which would not permit me to yield so promptly to the dictate of this feeling, and I determined to evince by patient waiting, that it was not out of my power to control it. Then too, I was quite fatigued, and I knew if the act should lead to any remarkable disclosure, it would act upon my mind in such a manner as to prevent my obtaining the rest of which I stood so much in need.

I awoke early the next morning, after a refreshing slumber. After I was sufficiently aroused to remember what had happened, my curiosity of the night before returned to me with ten fold force.

"What possible harm can there be," thought I, "in raising the curtain? Perhaps the landlord was amusing himself at my expense—making a trial of my courage. Pooh! it can be nothing; I will lift the curtain."

I advanced towards the bed. As I did so, my heart beat a little quicker than was its wont, for my reason had not quite convinced me that my surmise was correct. I raised the curtain with an unsteady hand, and beheld with a thrill of horror—*a corpse*, which had been opened so as to expose the whole internal structure.—It was the body of a young man, of stout athletic frame.

Involuntarily I let fall the curtain and closed my eyes as if to shut out the fearful sight. But that was not so easy. Still it stood out plainly before my mental vision.

"What can it mean?" thought I, in complete bewilderment. "Is it possible that a man has been basely, foully murdered at this inn, and that the landlord fully aware of the atrocity, should place men in a situation to detect it and expose the crime? Certainly, if such be the case he must be a daring villian."

My blood curdled, as I thought that I myself might be destined for a similar fate, and that in this manner the perpetrator of the crime would have the best possible guarantee of my silence.

This however, I speedily dismissed, as I felt sure that there was nothing about my appearance, duststained traveler as I was, that would lead any one to consider me a fit object of plunder. Besides, I considered that the house was full of strangers, and that it would be quite impossible to attempt anything of the kind, without certain detection.

Laying aside, then all fear of personal risk, I began to consider what was my duty in the present emergency. Should I, by inaction, screen the guilty from punishment, and thus leave him to commit other atrocities, perhaps? I could hardly feel justified in so doing; and yet why should I, a traveller in a strange land, thrust myself into an affair with which I had no concern? This reflection nearly decided me to say nothing but to go on my way as if nothing had happened.

Again, however, I considered that I had no right thus to shake off responsibility. Death levels all distinctions of country, and the fact that I was a foreigner, was no excuse. The unfortunate victim was at all events, a man, and had a claim upon me.

I quickly decided to go to the nearest magistrate and report what I had seen, leaving him to do as he might see fit. I dressed myself with expedition, and went down as cautiously as possible, for I did not wish to excite observation.

"Is Mr. B. in?" I inquired of the servant.

"Yes," said she, manifesting some surprise; "he is in, but you cannot see him; he will not be up these two hours."

"But I must see him!" I persisted. "Tell him that a stranger desires to confer with him on a matter of the greatest importance—of life and death!" I added, seeing that she still hesitatad.

Making no further objections, the servant ushered me into a small room, where in a few minutes I was joined by the magistrate, whom my message had excited to expedition.

"I am told, he said courteously, "that you bear something important to communicate."

"I will tell you, and you shall judge," was my reply. "For my own part, it is so extraordinary that I hardly know what to think about it."

I proceeded to unfold what the reader is already acquainted with. The majistrate listened with fixed attention, and said at the conclusion:

"It is certainly a strange revelation, this which you have made. It looks dark, and yet till this moment, I have never heard anything at all, affecting the character of the landlord, M. Jacques. I thank you for your communication, and will beg of you the favor to accompany me on a visit of investigation, which I shall at once make to the hotel."

"Summoning two officers, the majistrate proceeded to the suspected scene of crime.

"Tell your master," said he to a servant, "that I wish to see him instantly."

Two minutes had barely passed, when the landlord entered. He looked suprised at meeting such visitors, until he saw me, then a singular expression came over his face—I could scarcely determine of what nature.

"Lead the way," said the majistrate, authoritively, "to the apartment occupied by this gentleman," pointing at the same time to me.

"With pleasure, replied the landlord, bowing.

We were in the room once more.

"Lift that curtain," said my companion.

It was done. An exclamation of horror burst from all, as the appearance which had startled me, was made visible.

"Now, sir," said the majistrate, sternly, "what have you to say? What does all this mean?"

"That you shall know," said the landlord, with composure. "But I beg you to observe that this body is not what you naturally suppose it to be, but only a wax imitation."

We all started forward, and were speedily convinced that this was so.

"But how did it come into your possession?"

"That is easily told. It belonged to a young physician, who came into the town with the hope of establishing himself in a good practice. He did not succeed, and when he went away, being unable to pay the amount of his board, left this in pledge. I think I have never seen a more perfect imitation of the human body."

"Why did you not explain the matter to this gentleman, instead of warning him not to raise the curtain?"

"Because the idea of death is so terrible to some, that even its semblance inspires uneasiness, and I feared the gentleman's slumbers would be disturbed, even if he was satisfied that it was not in reality."

This explanation was of course, adjudged perfectly satisfactory, and I sat down to the table with my feelings towards the landlord completely revolutionized.

A WORD FOR WIVES.

BY ALMA GREY.

What is it? A little pencil note, crumpled and worn, as if carried for a long time in one's pocket. I found it in a box of precious things that Fanny's mother had hoarded so choicely, because Fanny had been choice of them. I must read it, for everything of Fanny's is dear to us now. Ah! 'tis a note from a gentleman who was at school with us at F——, whom Fanny esteemed so much, whom we both esteemed for his sterling integrity, and his gentleness. It is precious, too, as a reminder of him. I love the remembrance of old school fellows—of froliesome, foolish, frivolous, loving school days. But let me read. 'Tis most rubbed out, but here is a place:

"You know full well that long since, 'that dear cousin' permitted me to call her by the endearing name of sister; and may I not, when far away, thinking of by-gones, add your name to hers in the sisterly list? You asked me when I heard from the dear one; she was down here a short hour last week; but what was that among so many who wished to see her?"

Ah! that means me! if I had only known it then! and just now I was wondering if he *really* loved me, and perhaps felt almost in my secret heart to grieve a bit—to murmur at him. I fear I spoke as he little dreamed then the "dear one" would ever do. What shall I do? I remember him now, in all his young lovingness, in all the excitability of a first love, and my heart kindles too warmly to write what I wished.

What if one had told me then that my home would be in his heart—that my beautiful Alma would be his child! My Alma, my beautiful babe! how sweetly she nestles her little face on his neck. She has stole her mother's place: little thief! I wonder she does not steal his whole heart to the clear shutting out of her mother!

Little wives—if ever a half suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love-days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded, and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life, you have become less loveable and attractive than then, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in Heaven, turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still, and doubt not the lover you admired, you adored will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail, and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev. Miss Brown, but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour, of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.

Little wives remember your first love.—As for me, I see again the crumpled note about the "dear one," and I must go to find love and forgiveness in his arms.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted and the company seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken; the silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabeled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I never heard it before, *never*." "You are right," replied Booth, "to read that Prayer as it *should* be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production.—Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That Prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity.

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts.

WOULDN'T TRUST A BAGGAGEMAN.—In the cars between Washington and Baltimore, there is a special notice of caution against pick-pockets, and against trusting money, jewelry or valuables upon boys or old men, who will take advantage of the stranger's ignorance, &c. My next neighbor was evidently green, as a traveller, and as evidently uneasy about the notice. As soon as he had read the words of advice, he commenced buttoning up his breeches pocket, and putting away his guard chain, and looking, besides, quite uncomfortable.

I casually observed that the caution was a wise one—that the ingenuity of the thieves was inconceivable—that I had been robbed once in St. Louis, mysteriously, and by a recital of some of the well known pratices of the light-fingered gentry, I soon found that his uneasiness had greatly increased, and in fact, amounted almost to terror. About this time, the collector of baggage checks came around, and approaching my anxious friend, said in the usual careless way—

"Your check, sir."

Our neighbor took one look at the man, then looked at me, but as my countenance was impassive, he threw his eyes up to the placard of caution, and slowly rebuttoned up his pocket.

"Your check, sir," again said the baggage-man, presuming that his first request had not been heard.

"No sir," returned our friend with energy, "you can't get this here check.—Don't you 'spose I can read, sir? Just look there, sir," and he pointed to the notice overhead.

The official looked in the direction pointed, but having no idea of our friend's meaning, of course saw nothing unusual.

"I want your check, sir," he said again.

"Well, if you do, you won't get it, that's all. This here check don't go till I get that trunk. You don't 'spose, do you, that all them things of mine I'm gwine to have taken that slick, do you?—well, now I *might*."

"I don't understand you, sir. Your check will be handed over to your order in Washington, and your baggage perfectly safe there."

"Oh, I've no doubt you think so, when once you've got it, but you haven't got it yet, and what's more, you ain't going to neither. I've heard tell of these tricks before; I ain't quite as green as that; so if you want this check you'll just have to bring that trunk and lay it just here, (pointing to his feet,) and then you can get it, and not before. This here gentleman was chisselled out of his purse in a slicker way than this, (here I found it convenient to gaze with intense eagerness out of the window,) and he never did get back his purse, and you aint going to catch this child asleep, no how; so you've just got it, no trunk, no check."

By this this time the conductor came up, and the scene interested the nearest travelers. Our friend's countenance exhibited the fullest gratification from the detection of this diabolical plot, and really he had achieved a victory unparalled in the annals of railroad history.

The conductor endeavored to reason with him, but his suspicions were too fully excited, and the conductor soon became an accomplice in his view. He persisted to the last, and clung to his check with an appearance of intense love. At last the conductor left him, with fervid imprecations on his folly.

"D—d fool yourself, sir; you may call me that when you get this check, for as long as I keep this, I know my baggage is safe. No sir, you may travel, but you can't get into this child's trunk, no way you can fix it. Stranger, they didn't get me that time like they got you in St. Louis. No; sir, they didn't put them pmited things up there for nothing, and when them fellows just get that trunk of mine, they may have everything in it, that's all I have to say."

I congratulated him on his victory, and as the cars were near Washington, I saw little more of him further than he was standing near the baggage car, clutching his blind cheek in his fist, utterly reckless of the cries of the hackmen and hotel porters in his ears.—*Cor. Jefferson (Mo.) Enquirer.*

DRESSES &c., OF CALIFORNIA LADIES.—The New York *Home Journal* publishes a letter from an acquaintance in California, in which, after describing the quicksilver mines, corn twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet to the ear, and wild oats, which, when on horseback, he could tie in a knot over his head," &c., he says:—"This is all true—but you will not believe the half, so I pass to something equally true and more credible— he extravagance of the ladies in California. Stepping into G——'s in San Francisco, to buy a watch-key, he showed me a six thousand dollar set of Diamonds, which he had just sold for a ball to come off in a few days. A Montgomery street merchant having told me he had sold two five hundred dollar and two seven hundred dollar dresses for this same ball, I made up mind to go to that ball, and go I did—though I felt something like the country member of the Legislature the first time he attended one of our "Jams." "Jingo! I wish our gals could see this." There is no use talking, child! it was a magnificent affair. The dresses were elegant; and as for diamonds, you would suppose they bought them here, like potatoes, by the basket! I just left a fair lady, whose evening dress of embroidered satin was clasped by not one of your India-rubber belts, but a band of gold quite as broad! If I had a wife, I'd not bring her here until I was worth a million—for extravagance among the ladies of California is a perfect epidemic. All in all, this is the most extravagant country I ever saw. To eat with gold forks, gold spoons, and sip your wine with golden goblets, are mere matters of course. The "hard times," have stopped some in their mad career; but others seem only the more desirous to show "outsiders" that they are unaffected by them."

THREE THINGS.—Three things that never become rusty: The money of the benevolent, the shoes on a butcher's horse, and a fretful tongue.

Three things not easily done: To allay thirst with fire, to dry the wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best; Brown bread in a famine, well water in thirst, and a great coat in winter.

Three things as good as their better; Dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three things that seldom agree: Two cats over one mouse, two scolding wives in one house, and two lovers of the same maiden.

Three things of a short continuance: A boy's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home: The cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller: A good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in the peacock: The garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things that are unwise to boast of: The flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house: A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

THE WAY TO MEET ADVERSITY.—In this changing world, we are all liable to be disappointed in our best laid schemes for gain. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding." Poverty, if it overtakes you pursuing the even tenor of your way in an honest, industrious calling, involves no crime. The cup may be bitter, but if your Heavenly Father hath put it to your lips, drink it; it will prove a needful medicine to purge off indwelling imperfections. Many of the best benefactors of earth, of whom the world is not worthy, were houseless and homeless pilgrims here. If it be the will of God that you should despond and dwell in the lowly vale, be sure that you carry with you a good conscience, an unsullied reputation, and the approbation of Heaven, and you will not be left comfortless. With a mind stayed on God, rich in faith, with your treasures in Heaven, you will find in that valley many a cooling fountain, many a vine with its rich clusters. Choice flowers will perfume your path, songs of celestial melody will regale your ears—manna from Heaven and water from the river of life will satisfy your hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. But if you are driven there by the scourge of outraged justice, and followed by the scorn of an abused community, be assured your way thither will be strewed with thorns, and your resting place a bed of living embers. Nor will your woe be essentially mitigated by carrying with you any amount clandestinely kept back from its rightful claimants.—"Your gold and silver thus gathered up will become cankered, and the rust of them will be a witness against you, and will eat your flesh as it were."

A GREAT FARM IN OHIO.—The farm of General Worthington, near Chilicothe, contains seven or eight hundred acres of the best land in the garden of Ohio, well supplied with the purest water, and adorned with magnificent groves of forest trees. Fruit of the choicest kind, and of every variety, is to be found in the spacious orchards. Figs from the land of Smyrna, fruioles from the plains of Mexico, and pens from Japan, flourish in his gardens. A large stone mansion, built for durability, comfort and convenience by his ancestor, Governor Worthington, stands upon the bluff, from the top of which may be seen all up and down the winding Sciota. On the east, at the foot of the hill, is a lake, constructed by the General, containing about 15 acres, stocked with fishes. A large ice-house, built upon the verge of the lake, holds enough to supply the wants of the people of Chilicothe during the hot season. At a convenient distance from the waters of this beautiful lake, the milk of fifty short horned Durhams is kept, from the sale of which alone, the past year, the General realized $40 00.

EXTRAORDINARY DECLINE IN THE VALUE OF HAY.—One week since, the article of hay commanded in the New York market $34 per ton. Yesterday it was offered in our own market, and the sales were made at twelve dollars per ton. Thus in one week there has been a decline of nearly sixty-six per cent. As a matter of course, the article sold last week was old hay, while that now offering is the new crop. The decline is explained, and it gives the best assurance that the crop of this season is munificent. Farmers, who have this year sown the same area of ground, are rewarded with two-thirds larger returns than they were last season.—It is true that the protracted rains did damage the outstanding crops to some extent, but the loss sustained is quite immaterial when the excess of growth is taken into account. In Ulster county, we hear of one farmer whose entire crop was so seriously damaged that he was compelled to turn it into his barn yards; still, such instances are isolated ones. Nature was never more bountiful than in the present season.—*Albany Argus, Aug. 16.*

SHIPWRECK AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—A letter received from Captain Moores, of the whaling bark Maria, of New Bedford, dated Bay of Islands, March 16, 1855, reports the loss of the ship Griminesia, of Callao, Capt. Penny, on the 3d of July, 1854, on a reef to the westward of New Caledonia, in lat. 19.45 S. lon. 161.45 E., not laid down on the charts. She went on at 2 A. M. The captain, with the mate, doctor and four seamen left her in a boat, and saw nothing of her after, and thinks she went to pieces. She had on board 650 coolies from China, and a crew of 50 men, and all must have perished, with the exception of the seven in the boat. Mr. "Bottom," the mate, was killed by the natives on the Island of New Britton in July. He belonged to Fairhaven, and had a wife and family there; he had been absent from home time. Capt. Perry was on board of the Maria between three and four months, when he was put on board the bark Rio Grande, of San Francisco, bound to Melbourne, from there he would proceed to Callao to see his owners. Capt. Penny and Mr. "Bottom" were the only Americans that belonged to the wrecked ship.

CARDS.

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, next door to Wager's Wine Store, Lancaster, Pa. may 15, 1855 1y-17

JESSE LANDIS,—Attorney at Law. Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, E. King st, Lancaster Pa.

☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15, '55 tf-17

JAMES BLACK.—Attorney at Law. Office in E. King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa.

☞ All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 15. tf-17

DR. John Waylan, Surgeon Dentist.—Office No. 56 North Queen street, East side, Lancaster Pa. may 1 tf-15

H. Stephens' Wine and Liquor Store, in Duke street, next door to the "INTELLIGENCER" office, and directly opposite the new COURT HOUSE. Lancaster, april 17 6m-13

DR. J. T. Baker, Homepathic Physician, successor to Dr. M'Allister. Office in E. Orange St., nearly opposite the First German Reformed Church. Lancaster, April 17 (tf-13)

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law has removed his office from N. Queen st. to the building in the South East corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10

BELLEVUE HOUSE.
COLUMBIA, PA.
BARDWELL & BRENEMAN,
PROPRIETORS,
(*Late by Mrs. Haines and John Barr.*

Refurnished with all Modern Improvements for the convenience of the traveling public.

☞ Terms made easy to suit the times—call and see.

GEO. H. BARDWELL, Wyoming co., Pa. } { H. M. BRENEMAN, Lancaster co., Pa.
apr 17 tf-13

Junius B. Kaufman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Agent for procuring Bounty Land Warrants. Office in Widmyer's Building, South Duke street, near the Court House. mar 20 6m-8

Black berry Cordial, an article containing a new ingredient which makes it a sure and infallible specific for Diarrhæa, Dysentery and all ordinary diseases of the bowels. Extracts of Lemon, Strawberry Pineapple, Rose, and Peach or Almond, for flavoring Custards, Jellies, Sauces etc. This is a new article and superior to anything we yet offered to the public. A few drops being equal in strength to a whole lemon.

For sale at the Drug and Chemical store No. 58 ½ North queen street.
Q Lan. aug 14 S. WELCHENS. tf3-30

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

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

Removal.—ISAAC E. HIESTER—Attorney at Law, has removed to an Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa, a11 6m-12

Dr. John M'Calla, DENTIST—Office—No 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. [ap] 16 tf-13

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June 19 6m-22

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april 17

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tf-28
July 31

REMOVAL.—Dr. S. WELCHENS, Surgeon Dentist, respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that having abandoned his intention of leaving Lancaster, he has removed his office to No. 54, Kramph's buildings, North Queen-st., directly opposite Pinkerton & Slaymaker's Hardware Store.

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