

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY J. W. WELCH.

Good bye, dear friends, good bye,
The proud ship waits for me,
The gallant bark in which I go
Far o'er the rolling sea.
I ne'er shall roam again
Beneath my native sky—
So take my last and sad farewell,
Good bye, dear friends, good bye.

Good bye, old home, good bye,
I ne'er shall see thee more;
Ne'er play again as I have played
Around thy vine wreathed door.
I go from hence to dwell
Beneath a foreign sky,
Thence take my last and sad farewell,
Good bye, old home, good bye.

Good bye, dear one, good bye,
We part to meet no more,
Until we meet free from pain
Upon a better shore.
My weary heart is sad—
The tear drop dims mine eye,
Thy hand—one kiss—and so farewell,
Good bye, dear one, good bye.

Good bye, dear friends, good bye,
The breeze blows off the shore,
The ship's unmoved, her sails are set,
She rides the waves once more.
The daylight fades away,
Bright stars shine from on high,
My native land fades from my sight,
Home, friends, dear one, good bye.

COLUMBUS ON FIRST BEHOLDING AMERICA.

God of my sire! O'er ocean's brim
You bounteous land appears at last;
Raise, comrades! raise your lofty hymn
For now our toils are past.
See o'er the bosom of the deep
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if she had longed to leap
From dark oblivion's arms.

What fables, what legends may be
Scattered in thy "rye" breast;
Pure is thy sea and calm thy sky,
Thou garden of the West;
Around such solitary hill
A rich vegetation is hid,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope, our beacon bright,
Like Noah drifting o'er the waves,
To claim a world—the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave;
Ah! on the dwellers of the ark
Ne'er pined with fonder hearts to see
The first of hope rising their bark
Than I have long'd for thee.

Around me was the boundless food,
O'er which no mortal ever pass'd;
Above me was a solitude
As measureless and vast;
Yet in the air and on the sea
The voice of the eternal one
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

KITTY PLEASANTON'S FIRST LOVE.

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. It must have been when we were both babies. I am sure I loved her as we sat together by the road-side soaking our dandelion stems to make them curl. My passion was in no wise abated, when somewhat later I climbed cherry trees at her bidding; nor later yet, when at dancing school I awkwardly made my new learnt bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor, I am sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when on my return from college I found my sweet little Kitty changed, by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before; the woman was very like the child—the same innocent mouth the same curling hair, but some charm, grace or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her.

"Kitty," said I to her one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer, "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you are in love with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, Kitty made no answer, and I said: "You like me, Kitty, don't you?"

"First tell me," said Kitty, with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you've made what is called an offer?"

"To be sure I have my darling," I replied; "an offer which I trust and hope you will accept."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty demurely.

"Kitty, you love me?" I exclaimed.

"That's my secret," replied the provoking little thing, "but at any rate," she continued, "I should not possibly think of accepting the very first offer, I ever received—I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No, indeed; no girl of spirit would dream of accepting her first offer, as if she was afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possibly accept you till I've had at least one other offer."

"But my dearest Kitty, I began."

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" she exclaimed; "will Mr. Brant learn to call me by my proper name? I confess I did hope that on receiving my first offer, the person making it would address me with proper courtesy, and in a manner befitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine; but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Oh, I suppose you want a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form?" I observed; "but I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty—Katharine, I would say; therefore don't be foolish; be content to know in plain words that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept my first offer, since my second may not be so good."

"But in vain were my arguments and reasonings. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute I changed my tone, and acquiescing in her views, confessed that I too had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had never had any offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should be so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now, not far from where Kitty dwelt, there was a favorite dell, or bower, or something of that kind, to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two

of the mopes during her romantic woodland visit.

In pursuance with this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining as usual my offer of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her. Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eye occasionally wandered towards the stranger.

The latter no sooner perceived his fair observer than he bowed with an air of politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address a few words of common place greeting. The young man's eyes were indeed common-place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found another admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gladly on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter?" I asked on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though you had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It is better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly, "it's a young man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, with a whistle.

"Yes, James," she replied, "and he is so handsome—so agreeable—so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me one of these days my second offer."

"You can't impose on me in that way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed. "I'll be bound the prudent fellow, whom I won't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, is not handsomer or more entertaining than I am myself."

Kitty laughed in derision. "He's a thousand times handsomer than you are," she cried, scornfully, "and as much more agreeable than he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began, but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.

"They call me Katharine, who do speak to me, sir," she said.

"Katharine, fiddlesticks!" I cried.—"Kitty is the prettiest and sweetest name in the world, and comes more natural to me—don't bother me with your Katharines."

"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting half angrily, "but I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so, if you like," I replied, "and it will soon sound to me like the sweetest name in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katharine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"

"He is tall," began Kitty.

"Taller than I?" I interrupted. Kitty almost annihilated me with a look.

"By at least a foot—and of an elegant figure," she continued with marked emphasis. "He was dressed in fishing costume, which greatly became him."

"I have an old fishing blouse up stairs, I muttered *sotto voce*, I think I'll get it out."

"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty. "Having ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abbreviate it, his conduct contrasted favorably in that respect with some of my friends."

"Well, Kitty," said I, "what other particulars has your hero, or whatever you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty indignantly. "He wears his hair parted down in the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pizzolini in the part of the *Edgardo*."

"Or a Methodist person," I observed.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a moustache."

"A last best gift," said I, but Kitty, that perfection, I hope will not be very difficult to acquire. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant figure, and a moustache! On the whole, Kitty, I think I'm very much afraid of my rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood; I must do the little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him, but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly.

The youth met her with many apologies, and a humble protestation for his intrusion, which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushing divine that the hope of again seeing her had been the true cause of his re-appearance. Be that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seen the last of the new admirer, drew forth her book, and settling herself in a mossy corner began to read. She, however, had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages before the pertinacious stranger re-appeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tonnyson's Princess," replied Kitty, curtly.

The importunate stranger declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entertainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse of favorite authors ensued. Afterward the young man begged permission to read her a few passages he had selected, which were the very ones Kitty loved best; he read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened.—Turning at last to the exquisite concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice became more and more earnest as he read, till coming to the words—

Indeed I love thee; some yield thyself up; mine hopes and thine are one; Accomplish thus my manhood and myself— Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me—

He suddenly flung the book aside, exclaiming, "What words! what words! What would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on the earth!" The stranger paused a moment,

and then broke forth impetuously: "This forced silence is all in vain—the words I would repress will come. In vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—to startle you—you are yourself the object of my secret adoration—to whom I would say much if I dared," and thereupon the youth rather melodramatically fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and, recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity and replied, "I hardly know, Sir, what you mean by your very strange conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so presuming—an error I shall be careful not to repeat." So saying my proud little Kitty (never had she looked so handsome) turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.

"Wall, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because," I replied, "I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to go again to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty, blushing and somewhat confused, "but he was there."

"Of course," I replied gruffly. "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"More so," cried Kitty, recovering her composure. "I looked more Massanello like than ever in his fishing dress, and for entertainment he first read me all the finest part of Tonnyson's Princess, and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."

"I should think not, indeed," said I; "pray what reply did you make to the rascal—that you had a friend at home who would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, "what my reply was is my secret—and his; but for your, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—its all over with you and your offer."

"Why, you good for nothing little deceitful puss?" cried I, losing all patience, there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold, how plain a tale shall I put you for, I myself, disguised merely by a little paint, a fishing blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was in my own person this elegant, captivating, handsome, agreeable stranger whose praises you have been so lavishly sounding."

Poor Kitty was confounded. "How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured, and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time!

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught," said I, "and to punish you for attempting to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall kiss you a twofold fine. First, you shall kiss me; and then fix your wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Paris in a month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled and protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to escape herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms around me, she said, "As you will dear—dearest Jamie!"

"One month from to-day then, my own sweet, darling Kitty, I begin."

"Katharine!" whispered Kitty.

"Katharine!" I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point, "one month from to-day my Katharine—"

"You never put any adjectives before Katharine," murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.

"My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine," said I, "shall I be as I am?"

"If mamma chooses," whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded her, by my tricks, of her natural, womanly right of breaking two or three hearts at least, ere she made one man supremely blest, till she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering vanity, by declaring that she had two offers after all, and that each of them was worth a thousand common ones.

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night, several years since, found a stage load of travelers gathered around the warm fire of a tavern bar room, in a New England village.

Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up and ordered that his horse should be stable for the night. After we had eaten supper, we repaired to the bar room, and as soon as the ice was broken, the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short thick set man, evidently of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney; and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it into his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see, I am now right from the far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was during the early part of last spring, one pleasant evening, I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, Indiana.

"I said it was pleasant, I meant it warm, but I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of; after I had eaten I sat down in the bar room. It began to rain about 8 o'clock, and for awhile it poured down good, and it was very dark out doors.

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast, I told him I had sold my last load about out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting around while I told this, but I took little notice of them—one only arrested my attention. I had seen that fellow notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered the description very well to it. He was a tall, well formed man, rather slight in frame and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him; he had come there this afternoon, and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to bury on to Jackson, and then give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left—for I had doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast.

"However on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead, lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road lay directly through this wood; as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I thought I should have light enough. I had entered the woods and had gone about half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was all. I heard another exclamation from another source.

"What could it be? I looked quickly around; but I could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon; and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this to the instant. Of course I felt puzzled.—At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep; this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken in my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there, had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of the suspicious individual I saw at the tavern. He had said that his load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol, and having twined the reins about the whipstock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on, I went behind it and examined the hamp.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hamp, which slips over a staple, and then is secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hamp was secured in its place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on my car as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy; for I knew that at the distance of half a mile further,

I should come to a good hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud. About ten minutes after this, I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot board.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this peculiar place.—The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this," he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

"Let me out and I'll tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are in there for," I said.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered.

"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out or I'll shoot you thro' the head," he yelled.

"Just at that moment, my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route from Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot board and took the whip. In fifteen minutes we cleared the wood, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling let me out.

"I finally stopped, and in a few minutes called the driver of a pistol, one, two, three, four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whizz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls, if not two of them, would have gone through some surprise, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast, I told him I had sold my last load about out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting around while I told this, but I took little notice of them—one only arrested my attention. I had seen that fellow notices for the detection of a notorious robber. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered the description very well to it. He was a tall, well formed man, rather slight in frame and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him; he had come there this afternoon, and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to bury on to Jackson, and then give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left—for I had doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast.

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"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him; he had come there this afternoon, and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to bury on to Jackson, and then give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left—for I had doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast.

"However on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead, lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road lay directly through this wood; as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I thought I should have light enough. I had entered the woods and had gone about half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and a jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was all. I heard another exclamation from another source.

"What could it be? I looked quickly around; but I could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up, I felt the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon; and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this to the instant. Of course I felt puzzled.—At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep; this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken in my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there, had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of the suspicious individual I saw at the tavern. He had said that his load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my pistol, and having twined the reins about the whipstock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on, I went behind it and examined the hamp.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hamp, which slips over a staple, and then is secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hamp was secured in its place by a bit of pine, so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on my car as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy; for I knew that at the distance of half a mile further,

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first commandment with promise, as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears those words of Holy writ, and explained their general import; and from the time when the story of gray haired Elijah and his youthful mockers first excited my young imagination, the respect then inspired for white hairs of age, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We sigh when we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and by gentle uncalled-for assiduous strew roses in the old man's tottering path.

But those kindly customs have passed away; the world grows selfish as it grows old; and age-dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays to their trembling hands and tottering limbs. Here they shall find fulfillment of their first commandment with promise.

No true woman's soul ever withdrew her gentle hand from her poor old father and mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayer. Often the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches may choke up the inborn affections of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or his Maker as wholly to forget the mother who bore him.

Yet even with the holiest dictates of our reason and souls, as with the wider application of the commandment, has Fashion insinuated her poisonous influence; and the son, perchance, who left his fond parent's home reluctantly and tearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury with the same cordial embrace with which he left her in his childhood home. Her dim old eyes, perhaps, do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life, but they look none the less lovingly upon her child, than when they watched over his helpless infancy.—Her withered hand may be large and bony, and never had known a jewel, but none the less gently did they smooth the weary pillow, or bathed the heated brow, in the dependent days of boyhood. Ah! she's the same fond mother still—her aged and work-worn form, clad in rustic garb, conceals a heart full of never dying love, and ready for a new sacrifice.

And, thanks to the Great Being who gave us the commandment with promise, and now and then stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who throws off the trammels of Fashion, in the world's eye, the gulf which separates, in the world's eyes, from the humblest poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"My Mother, permit me to present her to you," said an elegantly dressed, noble looking young man to a friend, for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing room, with his aged parent leaning on his arm.—"There was a dead silence for full five minutes.

The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frost work of world-worship. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable summer resort, whether hosts had come, with all their selfish passions to seek in vain for health and pleasure. But here was variation—a bit of truth to nature—in the motley mingling of colors.

From a little brown farm house, pent in the forest, away up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth with brave heart and stalwart arm—strong, like his native hills he had already made a name for himself. Polished circles opened for him, and gentle lips bade him welcome.—Yet none the less carefully did his manly arm support his homely, tottering old mother; none the less softly and tenderly did he call her, quer though she looked, "my mother," amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the gifts of her son had been mutilated by rustic hands; yet only one heartless girl tittered, despite the broad filled cap and well kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expressions coarse and inelegant.—Used to the social broad daylight. In less than that time the Sheriff came, and two men with him.—I told the whole in a few words, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap beside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring; I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officer had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the Sheriff I should remain in town all day.

After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning, I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away into my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere in the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistols were heavy ones.

On the next morning, the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he'd got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office in Portsmouth, for me from the sheriff of Hancock county and he informed me that the fellow who had tried to kill and rob me had been sent to prison for life.

"Never marry for a fortune. We overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sockdologer, the other day, from his better half:

"You good for nothing fellow, what would you be had I not married you?—'Who was the baking fryer, whose the frying pan and the iron-hooped bucket, but mine, when you married me?"

"Hood never made a better pun than of Hook, who was walking with a friend, when they came to a toll bridge.

"Do you know who built this bridge," said he to Hook.

"No," replied Hook; "but if you cross over you'll be tolled!"

"Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for a human being. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully sheds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that, little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral-pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. After all is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who fields himself; the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

"Have you," said a young lady, entering a music store in which we were standing and leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man—"have you heart that loves me only?"

"Yes, Miss," was the reply, "and here is a Health to thee, Mary."

Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned.

"Oh, I forgot! I want One sweet kiss before we part."

We left and can't say whether she obtained it or not.

CARDS.

Dr. John McCalla, DENTIST—Office—No. 4 East Second Street, Lancaster, Pa. (april 18 1853)

J. H. KAUFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to the corner of North Duke street opposite the new Court House. 19 11

REMOVAL—WILLIAM S. ANNEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office from former place into North Duke street opposite the new Court House. 19 12

DR. S. WELCHES, SURGEON DENTIST, has removed his office to North Duke street, near the corner of North Orange and Orange streets, Lancaster, Pa. 19 12

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his office to North Duke street, in the room recently occupied by H. E. Hester. 19 11

REMOVAL—ISAAC H. HESTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed to an office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa. 19 11

Advis J. Neff, Attorney at Law—Office with A. E. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, next door to Wagner's Wine Store, Lancaster, Pa. 19 12

Jose Landis, Attorney at Law, Office one door east of Leitch's Hotel, E. King St., Lancaster, Pa. 19 11

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENTIST, has removed his office to North Duke street, near the corner of North Orange and Orange streets, Lancaster, Pa. 19 12

REMOVAL—WILLIAM B. BORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from N. Queen st. to the building on East Orange street, formerly known as Hilditch's Hotel. Lancaster, April 10 19 11

Dr. J. T. Baker, Homoeopathic Physician, successor Office in E. Orange St., nearly opposite the First German Reformed Church. Lancaster, April 10 (1853)

Dallwood House, European style Hotel and Restaurant, No. 48 Commercial and No. 87 City Streets, SAN FRANCISCO. HALEY & THOMPSON, Proprietors. Jan 2 1850

James Black—Attorney at Law, Office in E. King Street, two doors east of Leitch's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. 19 11

ALL BUSINESS connected with his profession, and all kinds of real estate, to be conducted in the most judicious and prompt manner. Wills, Statutes, Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. 18 11

MICHAEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law, Real Estate Agent and Conveyancer, Office No. 4 North Duke Street, opposite the Court House. 19 11

Dr. G. W. Woodruff, Philadelphia. Alex. Jordan, Sanbury. Peter W. Conly, Esq., Danville. Hon. James H. Smith, Philadelphia. Henry Brickerhoff, Philadelphia.

LANCASTER COUNTY OFFICE.

EXCHANGE AND