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## SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove, While each was in quest of a fugitive love; A river ran mournfully murmuring by, And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore "O never was maid so deserted before!" " From life and its woes let us instantly fly, And jump in together for company."

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight How fair was her form, and how goodly his height "One mournful embrace !" souhed the wouth "ere

So kissing and crying they kept company. "O had I but loved such an angel as you!" "O had but my swain been quarter as true!" "To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"

Sure now they were excellent company At length spoke the lass, twixt a smile and a tear-'The weather is cold for a watery bier; When summer returns may we easily die-Till then let us sorrow in company.'

THE CHARGE OF MAY.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There was a day when an old man with white hair sat alone in a small chamber of a national mansion, his spare but muscular figure resting on an arm-chair, his hands clasped, and his deep blue eyes gazing through the winter sky. The brow of the old man furrowed with wrinkles, his hair rising in straight masses, white as the driven snow, his sunken cheeks traversed by marked lines, and thin lips, fixedly compressed, all announced a long and stormy life. All the marks of an iron will were written upon his face.

His name I need not tell Andrew Jackson, and he sat alone in the

White House, A visitor entered without being an nounced, and stood before the President in the form of a boy of nineteen, clad in a coarse round jacket and trousers, and covered from head to foot with mud. As he stood before the President, cap in hand, the dark hair falling in damp clusters about his white forehead, the old man could not help surveying, at a rapid glance, the muscular beauty of his figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms, the head placed proudly on the firm shoulders. "Your business?" said the old man, in

his short, abrupt way.
"There is a Lieutenancy vacant in the Dragoons. Will you give it to me?" And dashing back the dark hair which fell over his face, the boy, as if frightened at his boldness, bowed low before the

The old man could not restrain that smile. It wreathed his firm lip, and shone

from his clear eyes. "You enter my chamber unannounced, covered from head to foot with mud-you tell that me that a lieutenancy is vacant, and ask me to give it to you. Who are

"Charles May!" . The boy boy did not bow this time, but with his right hand on his hip, stood like a wild young Indian, erect, in the presence of the President. "What claim have you to a commis-

sion?" Again the Hero surveyed him. again he faintly smiled.

Such as you see!" exclaimed the boy, as his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil light, while his form swelled in every muscle, as with the conscious pride of his manly strength and beauty. "Would you! -" he bent forward, sweeping aside his curls once more, while a smile began to break over his lips—"Would you like to see me ride? My horse is at the door.— You see I came post haste for this com-

Silently the old man followed the boy, and together they went forth from the White House. It was a clear cold Winter's day; the wind tossed the President's white hairs, and the leafless trees stood boldly out against the blue sky. Before the portals of the White House, with the rein thrown loosely on his neck, stood a magnificent horse, his dark hide smoking foam. He uttered a shrill neigh as his boy-master sprang with a bound into the saddle, and in a flash was gone, skimming like a swallow down the road, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze.

The old man looked after them, the boy, or the tempestuous vigor of the horse.

front of the White House, and at last stood panting before the President, the boy leaned over the neck of his steed, as coolly exclaimed-"Well-how do you

"Do you think you could kill an Indian?" the President said, taking him by the hand, as he leaped from his horse.

"Aye-and eat him afterward!" the boy, ringing out his fierce laugh as he read his fate in the old man's eyes.

"You had better come in and get your commission," and the hero of New Orleans led the way into the White House.

There came a night, when an old man -President no longer-sat in the silent chamber of his Hermitage Home, a picture of age trembling on the verge of whirling into their comrades' eyes. Eternity. The light that stood upon his against the pillows which cushioned his arm-chair and the death-like pallor of his venerable face. In that face, with its white hair, and massive forehead, every thing seemed already dead, except the Their deep gray-blue shone with his long, white fingers, grasped a letter

post-marked "Washington." "They ask me to designate the man who shall lead our army, in case the annexation do it. of Texas brings on a war with Mexico"his voice, deep-toned and thrilling, even in that hour of decrepitude and decay, rung through the silence of the chamber. "There is only one man who can do it, and his name is Zachary Taylor."

It was a dark hour when this boy and this General, both appointed at the suggestion or by the voice of the Man of the Hermitage, met in the Battle of Resaca

canopy of battle smoke, we will behold the "Capt. May, you must take that bat

As the old man uttered these words he pointed far across the ravine with his sword. It was like the glare of a volcano

from the darkness of the chapparal. Before him, summoned from the rear by his commander, rose the form of a splendid soldier, whose hair, waving in long masses, swept his broad shoulders, while his beard fell over his muscular chest. Hair and beard as dark as midnight, framed a determined face, surmounted by a small cap, young warrior bestrode a magnificent charger, broad in the chest, small in the head, delicate in each slender limb, and with the

as death. Without a word, the soldier turned to

over eighty-four faces, knit in every feature with battle fire.

"Men, follow!" shouted the young comthe hand of Jackson, as his tall form rose in the stirrups, and the battle breeze May is circling over his head.
played with his long black hair.

mendous leap, is there, and the May is circling over his head.
"Yield!" shouted the voice

There was no response in words, but you should have seen those horses quiver beneath the spur, and spring and launch away. Down upon the sod with one terrible beat came the sound of their hoofs, sword. while through the air rose in glittering circle those battle scimitars.

Four yards in front rode May, himself and his horse the object of a thousand eyes, so certain was the death that loomed before him. Proudly in his warrior beauty he rode that steed, his hair floating from beneath his cap in raven curls upon the

He turns his head-his men see his face with stern lip and knit brow; they feel the fire of his eyes, they hear-not "Men, forward!" but "Men, follow!" and away, like eighty-four men and horses, woven together by swords-away and on they dash.

They near the ravine; old Taylor follows them with hushed breath, aye, clutching his sword hilt he sees the golden tassel of May, gleaming in the cannon flash. They are on the verge of the ravine.

May still in front, his charger flinging the earth from beneath him, with colossal leaps, when, from among the cannon, starts up a half-clad figure, red with blood and begrimmed with powder.

It is Ridgely, who, to-day, has sworn to wear the mantle of Ringgold, and to wear it well! At once his eyes catch the light now blazing in the eyes of May, and springing to the cannon, he shouts-"One moment, my comrade, and I will

draw their fire !" The word is not passed from his lips have not gone, but hark! Did you hear that storm of copper balls clatter against his cannon, did you see it dig the earth

beneath the hoofs of May's squadron. "Men, follow!" Did you see that face gleaming with battle fire, that scimitar cutting its glittering circle in the air ?-Those men can hold their shouts no longer. Rending the air with cries. Hark! whole army echo tnem. They strike their spurs, and, worried into madness, their

deadly ravine. it did then.

For it was a glorious sight to see that young man, May, at the head of his squadron, dashing across the ravine, four yards in advance of his foremost man, while long and dark behind him was stretched the solid line of warriors and their steeds.

Through the windows of the clouds some gleams of sunlight fall-they light the golden tassel on the cap-they glitter on he up-raised sword—they illumine the dark horse and his rider with their warm glow-they revealed the battery-you see t, above the further bank of the ravine, frowning death from every muzzle.

Nearer and nearer, up and on! heed the death before you, though it is terrible. Never mind the leap, though it is terrible. But up the bank and over the cannon-hurrah! At this dread moment, inst as his horse rises for the charge-May turns and sees the sword of the brave

horse and his rider, and knew not which to floating back behind him, he points to the spring, but while he was yet in the air, the admire most, the athletic beauty of the cannon, to the steep bank and the certain gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck death, and as though inviting them, one so as to present one of his spear-like horns Thrice they threaded the avenues in and all, to his bridal feast, he says-

" COME !" They did come. It would have made your blood dance to see it. As one man sword as they would a banner, and striking madly home, as they heard, through the

frenzy, "Come!" As one mass of bared chests, leaping horses and dazzling scimetars, they charged upon the bank; the cannon's fire rushed into their faces; Inge, even as his shout rang on the air, was laid a mangled thing beneath his steed, his throat torn open by a cannon shot, Sacket was buried beneath his horse, and seven dragoons fell at the battery's muzzles, their blood and brains

Still May is yonder, above the cloud hair, he cuts his way through the living wall, and says to his comrades, "Come !

"Silence that Battery," and he will

The Mexicans are driven from their guns; their cannon are silenced, and May's umphant flourish of his heels and trotted heroic band, scattering among the mazes off apparently without having received the of the Chaparal, are entangled in a wall of bayonets. Once more the combat deepens, and dies the sod in blood .--Hedged in by that wall of wood, May gathers eight of his men, and hews his way toward the captured battery. As his charger rears, his sword circles above his head and sinks blow after blow into the By the blaze of cannon, and beneath the foemen's throats. To the left a shout is wise at other men's.

heard; the Americans, led on by Graham and Pleasanton and Winship, have si- OF GOVERNOR GEARY, TO THE PEOPLE OF lenced the battery there, while the whole fury of the Mexican army seems concen-

trated to crush May and his band. As he went through their locked ranks so he comes back. Everywhere his men -the steady blaze of that battery, pouring know him by his hair, waving in dark masses; his golden tinseled cap; his sword -they know it too, and wherever it falls

hear the gurgling groan of mortal agony. Back to the captured cannon he cuts his way, and on the brink of the ravine

beholds a sight that fires his blood. A solitary Mexican stands there, reaching forth his arm in all the frenzy of a glittering with a single golden tassel. The brave man's despair; he entreats his countrymen to turn, to man the battery once more and hurl its fury on the foe .-They shrink back appalled before that nostrils quivering as though they shot dark horse and its rider, May! The Mexforth jets of flame. That steed was black ican, a gallant young man, whose handsome features can scarcely be distinguished on account of the blood which covers them. while his rent uniform bears testimony to Eighty-four forms, with throats and his deeds in that day's carnage, clenches breasts bare, eighty-four battle horses, his hands, as he flings his curse in the eighty-four sabres, that rose in the clutch | face of his flying countrymen, and then, of naked arms, and flashed their lightning lighted match in hand, springs to the cannon. A moment and its fire will scatter

ten American soldiers in the dust. Even as the brave Mexican benda near mander, who had been created a soldier by the cannon, the dark charger, with one tremendous leap, is there, and the sword of

> "Yield!" shouted the voice which only a few moments ago, when rushing to the death, said--"Come!" The Mexican beheld the gallant form

> before him, and handed Captain May his "General La Vega is a prisoner" said, and stood with folded arms amid the coarses of his mangled soldiers.

You see May deliver his prisoner into the charge of the brave Lieutenant Stephens, who-when Inge fell-dashed bravely on.

Then would you look for May once nore-gaze through that wall of bayonets, beneath that gloomy cloud, and behold him crashing into the whirlpool of the fight, his long hair, his sweeping beard, and sword that never for an instant stays an immense battle engine composed of its lightning career, making him look like the embodied deamon of this battle

In the rear of the battle behold this picture; where May dashed like a thunderbolt from his side, Gen. Taylor, in his familiar brown coat, still remains. Near him, gazing on the battle with interest keen as his own, the stout form, the stern visage of his brother soldier, Twiggs .-They have followed with flashing eyes the course of May, they have seen him charge, and seen his men and horses hurled back in their blood, while still he thundered on. At this moment the brave La Vega is led into the presence of Taylor, his arms folded over his breast, his eyes fixed upon the

ground. As the noble-hearted General expresses his sorrow that the captive's lot has fallen on one so brave, as in obedience to the command of Twiggs, the soldiers, arrrnge across the ravine. His flash, his smoke in battle order, salute the prisoner with presented arms, there comes rushing to the scene the form of May, mounted on his well-known charger.
"General, you have told me to silence

that battery. I have done it." He placed in the hands of Zachary Taylor the sword of the brave La Vega.

From Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa. A DESPERATE CONFLICT BETWEEN LION AND A GEMSBOK .- Dr. Livingstone horses whirl on and thunder away to the gives a very interesting description of a fight he witnessed in Africa between a lion The old man, Taylor, said, after the and antelope. The Doctor and his guides battle, that he never felt his heart beat as | had just emerged from a narrow defile between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl, which they knew to be that of the "monarch of the forest." At the distance of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge, tawny lion was crouched on a rocky platform, above the level plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope; only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals. The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury, the gemsbok was apparently calm

and resolute, presenting his well fortified head to the enemy. The lion cautiously changed his position. descended to the plain and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear, but the latter was on the alert and still turned his head towards his antagonist. The manœuvering lasted for half an hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a Inge on his right, turns again and reads stratagem to induce the lion to make the his own soul written in the fire of Sacket's assault. The flank of the antelope was for a moment turned to his fierce assailant. To his men once more he turns, his hair As quick as lightning the lion made a at the lion's breast.

A terrible laceration was the conse quence; the lion fell back on his haunches, and showed a ghastly wound in the lower they whirled up the bank, following May's part of his neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish and backed off to a distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed roar of battle they heard it, that word of to give up the contest, but hunger, fury or revenge once more impelled him forward. His second assault was more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok and attempted to leap over the formidable horns in order to alight on his back .-The gemsbok, still standing on the defensive, elevated his head, speared the lion in his side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated, groaning and limping in a manner which table revealed his shrunken form resting his horse rioting over heaps of dead, as showed that he had been severely hurt; with his sabre, circling round his flowing but he soon collected all his energies for another attack. At the instant of collision the gemsbok presented a horn so as to All around him, friend and foe, their strike the lion immediately between his swords locked together—yonder the blaze two forelegs, and so forceful was the stroke of musketry showering the iron hail upon that the whole length of the horn was the fire of New Orleans, as the old man with his band—beneath his horse's feet the buried in the lion's body. For nearly a deadly cannon and ghastly corse, still that minute the two beasts stood motionless; drew his horn, and the lion tottered and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death. The victor made a tri-

> PROVERBS .- He is the gainer who gives over a vain hope.
>
> A mighty hope is a mighty cheat.
>
> Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience of wis-

dom to his heirs.

Fools learn to live at their own cost, the

least injury in the conflict.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

KANSAS TERRITORY. Having determined to resign the Executive office, and retire again to the quiet scenes of private life and the enjoyment of those domestic comforts of which I have so long been deprived, I deem it proper to address you on the occasion of my depar-

withdraw, was unsought by me, and at the time of its acceptance, was by no means desirable. This was quite evident, from the deplorable moral, civil and political condition of the Territory-the discord contention, and deadly strife which then and there prevailed—and the painful anxiety with which it was regarded by patriotic citizens in every portion of the American Union. To attempt to govern Kansas at such a period, and under such circumstances, was to assume no ordinary responsibilities. Few men could have desired to undertake the task, and none would have been so presumptuous, without serious forebodings as to the result. That I should have hesitated is no matter of astonishment to those acquainted with the facts; but that I accepted the appointment; was a well-grounded source of regret to many of my well tried friends, who looked upon the enterprise as one that could terminate in nothing but disaster to myself. It was not supposed possible that order could be brought, in any reasonable space of time, and with the means then at my command from the then existing chaos.

suffice it to say that I accepted the Presi-

dent's tender of the office of Governor .-In doing so, I sacrificed the comforts of a home, endeared by the strongest ties and most sacred associations, to embark in an undertaking which presented at the best but a dark and unsatisfactory prospect. I reached Kansas, and entered upon the discharge of my official duties in the most gloomy hour of her history. Desolation and ruin reigned on every hand. Homes and firesides were deserted. The smoke of burning dwellings darkened the atmosphere. Women and children, driven from their habitations, wandered over the prairies and among the woodlands, or sought refuge and protection even among the Indian tribes. The highways were infested with numerous predatory bands, and the towns were fortified and garrisoned by armies of conflicting partizans, each excited almost to phrenzy, and determined upon mutual extermination. Such was, without exaggeration, the condition of the Territory, at the period of my arrival. Her treasury was bankrupt. There were no pecuniary resources within herself to meet the exigencies of the time. The Congressional appropriations, intended to defray the expenses of a year, were insufficient to meet the demands of a fortnight. laws were null, the courts virtually suspended, and the civil arm of the Governprompt, decisive, energetic action-was and without hesitation gave myself to the with unceasing industry. The accustomed and needed hours for sleep have been employed in the public service. Night and day have official duties demanded unremitting attention. I have had no proper

I resorted, in every emergency, for the reare abundantly qualified to determine. That I have met with opposition, and even bitter vituperation, and vindictive sponsible post in our own or any other entirely unscathed, especially as I was rein restraint wicked passions, or rid the notoriously personal advancement at any sacrifice of the general good and at every hazard, it would have been ridiculous to anticipate the meed of praise for disinterested action. And hence, however palpable might have been my patriotism, however

leisure moments for rest or recreation .-

My health has failed under the pressure.

just my official conduct, or however beneficial its results, I do not marvel that my motives have been impugned and my integrity maligned. It is, however, so well labors to a desire for gubernatorial or sen-

fact, that those who have attributed my The solitary traveller pursues his way unatorial honors, were and are themselves the The torch of the incendiary has been exaspirants for those high trusts and powers, tinguished, and the cabins which were and foolishly imagined that I stood between destroyed have been replaced with more them and the consummation of their am- substantial buildings. Hordes of banditti bitious designs and high-towering hopes. no longer lie in wait in every ravine for But whatever may be thought or said of my motives or desires. I have the proud hostile armies have ceased, and infuriated consciousness of leaving this scene of my severe and anxious toil with clean hands, and the satisfactory conviction that He who can penetrate the inmost recesses of Laborers are every where at work-farms the heart, and read its secret thoughts, will are undergoing rapid improvements-merapprove my purposes and acts. In the chants are driving a thriving trade-and discharge of my executive functions, I have mechanics pursuing with profit their variinvariably sought to do equal and exact ous occupations. justice to all men, however humble or ex- and country, has increased in value alalted. I have eschewed all sectional dis- most without precedent, until in some putations, kept aloof from all party affilia- places it is commanding prices that never tions, and have alike scorned numerous could have been anticipated. Whether threats of personal injury and violence, this healthy and happy change is the reand the most flattering promises of advance- sult solely of my Executive labors, or not, ment and reward. And I ask and claim it certainly has occurred during my adminnothing more for the part I have acted tration. Upon yourselves must mainly than the simple merit of having endeavor- depend the preservation and perpetuity o ed to perform my duty. This I have done the present prosperous condition of affairs young soldier riots on, for Taylor has then the gemsbok, slowly backing, with- at all times, and upon every occasion re- Guard it with increasing vigilance, and gardless of the opinions of men, and utter- protect it as you would your lives. Keep y fearless of consequences. Occasionally had been forced to assume great respon- to obtain the mastery, must lead to desolasibilities, and depend solely upon my own tion. Watch closely and condemn in its resources to accomplish important ends; infancy every insidious movement, that but in all such instances, I have carefully can possibly tend to discord and disunion. examined surrounding circumstances, Suffer no local prejudices to disturb the weighed well the probable results, and activation of the surrounding circumstances, Suffer no local prejudices to disturb the weighed well the probable results, and activation of the surrounding circumstances, and activated the surrounding circumstances, and activated the surrounding circumstances, and activated the surrounding circumstances, sur

were it to be done over again, it should together by one common tie. Your inter-

not be changed in the slightest particular. ests are the same, and by this course alone

In parting with you, I can do no less can they be maintained. Follow this, and

are well aware that most of the troubles kind and munificent Providence. which lately agitated the Territory were occasioned by men who had no especial indent that others were influenced altogether in many dark and trying hours. You have in the part they took in the disturbances my sincerest thanks, and my earnest prayers by mercenary or other personal considerations. The great body of the actual citi- Heaven. zens are conservative, law-abiding and peace-loving men, disposed rather to make

misguided opinions, were led to the commission of grievous mistakes, but not with the deliberate intention of doing wrong. A very few men, resolved upon mischief. may keep in a state of unhealthy excitement and involve in fearful strife an entire community. This was demonstrated during the civil commotions with which the Territory was convulsed. While the people generally were anxious to pursue their peaceful callings, small combinations of crafty, scheming, and designing men suceeded, from purely selfish motives, in bringing upon them a series of most lamentable and destructive difficulties. Nor are they satisfied with the mischief already done. They never desired that the present peace should be effected; nor do they intend that it shall continue, if they have Without descanting upon the feelings, principles and motives which prompted me,

the power to prevent it. In the constant croakings of disaffected individuals in various sections, you hear only the expressions of evil desires and intentions.— Watch, then, with a special, jealous and suspicious eye those who are continually indulging surmises of renewed hostilities. They are not the friends of Kansas, and there is reason to fear that some of them are not only the enemies of this Territory, but of the Union itself. Its dissolution is their ardent wish, and Kansas has been selected as a fit place to commence the accomplishment of a most nefarious design The scheme has thus far been frustrated but it has not been abandoned. You are entrusted, not only with the guardianship of this Territory but the peace of the Union, which depends upon you in a greater degree than you may at present suppose. You should, therefore, frown down every

effort to foment discord, and especially to array settlers from different sections of the Union in hostility against each other. All true patriots, whether from the North or South, East or West, should unite together for that which is and must be regarded as a common cause, the preservation of the Union; and he who shall whisper a desire for its dissolution, no matter what may be his pretensions, or to what faction or party he claims to belong, is unworthy of your confidence, deserves your strongest repro-bation, and should be branded as a traitor to his country. There is a voice crying from the grave of one whose memory is ment almost entirely powerless. Action dearly cherished in every patriotic heart, and let it not cry in vain. It tells you thing; but that, even as early as the days work. For six months I have labored of our first President, it was agitated by ambitious aspirants for place and power.-And if the appeal of a still more recent hero and patriot was needed in his time, how much more applicable is it now, and in this Territory.

"The possible dissolution of the Union,' he says, " has at length become an ordinary Nor is this all; to my own private purse, and familiar subject of discussion. Has without assurance of reimbursement, have the warning voice of Washington been forgotten ? or have designs already been formquired funds. Whether these arduous ed to sever the Union? Let it not be services and willing sacrifices have been supposed that I impute to all of those who beneficial to Kansas and my country, you have taken an active part in these unwise and unprofitable discussions, a want of patriotism or of public virtue. The honorable feelings of State pride and local attachmalice, is no matter for astonishment. No ments, find a place in the bosoms of the man has ever yet held an important or re- most enlightened and pure. But while such men are conscious of their own incountry and escaped censure. I should etegrity and honesty of purpose, they ought have been weak and foolish indeed, had I never to forget that the citizens of other expected to pass through the fiery ordeal States are their political brethren; and that, however mistaken they may be in quired, if not to come in conflict with, at their views, the great body of them are least to thwart evil machinations, and hold equally honest and upright with themselves. Mutual suspicions and reproaches Territory of many lawless, reckless and may, in time, create mutual hostility, and desperate men. Beside, it were impossible artful designing men will always be found to come in contact with the conflicting in- who are ready to foment these fatal divisterests which governed the conduct of ions, and to inflame the natural jealousies many well-disposed persons, without be- of different sections of the country. The coming an object of mistrust and abuse. history of the world is full of such exam-While from others, whose sole object was ples, and especially the history of repub-When I look upon the present condition

of the Territory, and contrast it with what

it was when I first entered it, I feel satisfied that my administration has not been prejudicial to its interests. On every hand, I now perceive unmistakable indications of welfare and prosperity The honest settler occupies his quiet dwelling, with his wife and children clustering around known, that I need scarcely record the him, unmolested, and fearless of danger, harmed through every public thoroughfare. plunder and assassination. Invasions of partisans, living in our midst, have emphatically turned their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks Real estate, in town down that party spirit, which, if permitted in now reviewing them, I am so well satis- of men to the promptings of the deceiver. ed with the policy uniformly pursued, that Act as a united band of brothers, bound

than give you a few words of kindly ad- your hearts and homes will be made light vice, and even of friendly warning. You and happy by the richest blessings of a

To you, the peaceable citizens of Kanterest in its welfare. Many of them were for the aid and comfort your kind assur- the author of the beautiful wordsnot even residents; whilst it is quite evi- ances and hearty co-operation have afforded that you may be abundantly rewarded of

To the ladies of the Territory—the which has found an echo in so many hearts, wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of could be other than one who had experisacrifices for conciliation and consequent the honest settlers—I am also under a enced all the pleasures of a happy home; peace, than to insist for their entire rights, a weight of obligation. Their pious pray- but sad as is the reflection, it is nevertheshould the general good thereby be caused ers have not been raised in vain, nor their less true, that John Howard Pavne. the to suffer. Some of them, under the influ- numerous assurances of confidence in the author of "llome, sweet Home." ence of the prevailing excitement, and policy of my administration failed to exert he has contributed to the happiness of a salutary influence.

> my sincere thanks for many valuable servi-ces. Although from different parts of the The Author of "Sweet Home."—As ces. Although from different parts of the Union, and naturally imbued with sectional I sit in my garret here in Washington, prejudices, I know of no instance in which watching the course of great men, and the such prejudices have been permitted to destiny of party, I meet often with strange stand in the way of a faithful, ready, cheer- contradictions in this eventful life. The ful and energetic discharge of duty. Their most remarkable was that of John Howard conduct in this respect is worthy of uni- Payne, author of "Sweet Home." I knew versal commendation, and presents a bright him personally. He occupied the rooms example for those executing the civil pow- under me for some time, and his conver-

> who were called upon to assist me, is, in whole days in his apartments. He was an fact, deserving of especial notice. Many of these troops, officers and men, had served with me on the fields of Mexico, against a foreign foe, and it is a source of no little subjected to all the humiliation of officesatisfaction to know that the laurels there won have been further adorned by the along the street. Once in a while he praiseworthy alacrity with which they aided to allay a destructive fratricidal strife forming so beautiful a group, that he

With a firm reliance in the protecting care and over-ruling providence of that tory of his wanderings, his trials, and all Great Being who holds in his hand the his cares incident to his sensitive nature destinies alike of men and of nations, I bid and poverty. "How often" said he once, farewell to Kansas and to her people, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, farewell to Kansas and to her people, trusting that whatever events may hereafter befall them, they will, in the exercise of His wisdom, goodness and power, be so directed as to promote their own best interests and that of the beloved country of The world literally sung my song, until which they are destined to form a most

JOHN W. GEARY. LECOMPTON, March 12th, 1857.

A DOCTOR AS IS A DOCTOR.—A selfsufficient humbug who took up the business of a physician with a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy .-Bolus gazed long and felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sub

lime opinion:
"I think he's a gone fellow." "No. no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, do not say that !?

"Yes,' exclaimed Bolus, lifting up his "yes, I do say so; there ain't no hope, not monument to Payne, I knew h his lost frontis-"

" Where? cried the startled wife. "In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetarv system is deranged ; firstly, his vox populi is pressing on his advalorem; secondly, his catracarpal cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he

is bound to die."

For the Intelligencer.

THE FLOWERS IN THE GROVE. When Spring did bloom within thy breast Like as the mountain flow'r, And pleasures smiles o'er thee did rest, In summer's fleeting hour; Then did'st thou far excel the rose, The lily fair and gay,

Or loveliest flower on earth that grown In summer's genial day. Bright sunny pleasures purer yet, May still through life be thine;

And ere thy summers orb doth set It may yet brighter shine. But whilst the rays of noon-day sun, Around thy path did play, A well belov'd and precious one From thee was called away. Then, ere the autumn winds were come

The tear drops filled thine eyes. And whilst the flow'rs were gathered home, Thy voice was hush'd in sighs; Thy burning grief was then severe Since death had robb'd thy heart, And with a loving friend most dear, It was thy lot to part.

Alas! the winter's shivering frost, Doth freely ravage now, Have girded on the snow. I grieve for thee, those wintry hours In my own favor'd home; No more I'll sing of summer flowers. But chime of winter's gloom.

Oh! let life's darken'd path once more, Lead back from wintry shores, Until again bright summer's bower, Is clothed in blooming flow'rs. Oh! hasten speed, thou weary night And haste returning day, On swifter with thy dawning light,

And speed drear night away.

But may'st thou tread those dreary ways With none to call a friend. Or want a heart to sympathize When grief thy feelings rend? Has not fond hearts their chords entwined And closely bound to thee, In love and friendship both combin'd, What e'er thy fortunes be.

Although thy summer bloom may fade Thy beauty may decay, Or that dear youthful heart grow sad, Which once appear'd so gay; That nimble foot with step so free, It may forget to tell, The merry note so joyonsly, That once it told so well.

E'en should thy sparkling eye grow dim, And blooming cheek turn pale, As when the blighting frosts had come, And antumn winds did wail : Or should all outward charms be gone, And youthful bloom depart, Yet flow'ry Spring still blossoms on In thy kind loving heart.

But why should I e'er wish for morn, And long for coming day, Or sing of glories to adorn And deck the vallies gay? Unless again amongst the flow'rs, Thou loveliest one I'll see! Or brief indeed will be the hours. Ere all those joys shall flee.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Though the trite old song, "Home, Sweet Home," has been sung within the household, yet how few persons of all who sas, I owe my grateful acknowledgments have heard its sweet strains, know who was

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." It has perhaps never occurred to the mind of any one acquainted with the circumstances, that the writer of a song

many homes, never had a home of his own. And last, though not least, I must not | We clip the article below, suggesting be unmindful of the noble men who form that a monument be erected to the memory the Military Department of the West .- of Payne, from the Boston Olive Branch, To General Persifer F. Smith and the offi- and give it a place in our columns, believcers acting under his command I return ing that it will find a response in the

The good behaviour of all the soldiers sation was so captivating that I often spent applicant for office at the time-consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet seeking! Of an evening we would walk would see some family circle so happy, and stop, and then pass suddenly on.

On such occasions he would give a hisand London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing . Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head every heart is familiar with its melody .-Yet I have been a wanderer from boyhood. My country has turned me ruthless from office; and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consulate? asked I.

"Yes and leave in a week for Tunis? I shall never return."

Tho last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized : he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and if none others would do it, let the homeless hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, throughout the world give a penny for a give my penny for an inscription like the

HERE LIES
J. HOWARD PAYNE, The Author of "Sweet Home." wanderer in life; he whose songs were sung in every tongue and found an echo in every heart. NEVER HAD A HOME.

HE DIED In a Foreign Land.

A MURRAIN APPROACHING .- A correspondent of the London Times says that an exceedingly fatal epidemic has been for some time ravaging the herds of Central Europe, and has now reached Konigsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost three hundred head in a night. The wri-

ter says:
"In 1745 the same or a like epidemic was introduced into England by means of two calves from Holland. In the second year after its introduction over 40,000 eattle died in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and almost as many more in Cheshire. During the third year remuneration was given by the government, who had ordered the destruction of diseased cuttle. for no fewer than 80,000 head, while twice as many more, according to the report of one of the commissioners, died of the malady. In the fourth year it was equally fatal, nor does it appear to have complete-

ly disappeared till eight years after. On the Continent every exertion is being nade to arrest the progress of the infection, and military detachments are charged to destroy all cattle that become infected in Prussia. If only one of a herd should be attacked, the authorities order the whole to be slaughtered; and cordons sanitaires are established along the frontiers to prevent the ingress of cattle from districts in which the disease exists. If these statements are not exaggerated, the loss of so many cattle must seriously diminish the supply of food in Europe, and may give rise to insurrectionary movements on the part of the people.

## CARDS.

Dr. John. M'Calla, DENTIST—Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. [apl 18 tf-18 TUNIUS B. KAUFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, as removed his office to his residence, in Duke street, loor south of the Farmers' Bank' near the Court House

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMWEG, ATTORNEY
Into North Duke street opposite the new Court House.

apr 8 DR. S. WELCHENS, SURGEON DEN-

Last corner of North Queen and Orange streets, Lancaster, Pa. NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his Office to North Duke atreet, to the room recently occupied by Hon. I. E. Hiester. Lancaster, apr 1

Pemoval.--ISAAC E. HIESTER-Attorney at Law Hiss removed to an Office in North Duke street, nearly posite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa, apl 6m-12

A ldus J. Neff, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shæffer. Ess. month west to many and the same and the same and the same at A B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of Cent. next door to Wager's Wine Store, Lancaster, Pa. may 16, 1855

Tesse Landis,—Attorney at Law. Office one doos year to Lechler's Hotel, E. King St., Lancaster Pa. 22. All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON

W DENTIST.—Office in North Queen street, 8d door from Orange, and directly over Sprenger & Westhaeffer's Book Store.

Lancaster, may 27, 1856.

1y 16 Removal.—WILLAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law has removed his office from N. Queen at to the building in the South East corner of Centre Square, fix-This was removed his office from N. Que building in the South East corner of Centre merly known as Hubley's Hotel.

Lancaster, april 10

Dr. J. T. Baker, Homspathle Physician, successor Office in B. Orange St., nearly opposite the First Garman Reformed Church.