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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Our lingul nawe nad bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally

Job Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at

A BIBLE STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

RACHEL-(GENESIS, XXVIII TO XXX.) 'T was sunset in the land where Eden was-Haran, the fertile in the times of old. And now the flocks, from far off field and hill, Home followed to the fold at Laban's well; And, when for them the stone was rolled away, They drank, and Jacob numbered them. For such As of its life had well fulfilled a day, The sunset seemed the giving of it joy-Joy for the horned cattle with their calves: Joy for the goats with kids, the sheep with lambs; Joy for the birds, that tilted on their nests, Singing till twilight should enfold their young; And, from the lowly hut beyond the well, Rose the sweet laughter of the shepherd's babe; And Zilbah's son, and Billah's, on the clean Smooth floor between the household's circling tents, Played with the children of the unloved Leah

But in the shadow of the tallest nalm. There stood a tent, apart. Th' untrampled grass Told of no frolic feet familiar there; And silence reigned within its guarded room; And, by the half drawn curtain of the door, Sate one who felt her life too sorrowful To let the greeting of the sunset in. For, on the herds that watered at the well, And on the children that played joyous by, And on the flowers, and birds, and laden trees-Each lacking nought of life that was its own-How could she look and feel she was of them-RACHEL-the childress ! # *

* * 'T was another eve; And other summers had on Haran smiled-An eve of golden glory, that, again, Found Jacob with his flocks at Laban's well And now-uncovered, as at prayer-he stood, And looked where glowed the Bethel of his dream For, in the glory of that western sky, He saw again the ladder rise to Heaven And the ascending and descending troop That ministered to Him who stood above-The place none other than the house of God-There, where he poured the oil upon the stone, As he came east from Canaan. And, as wont, In the devoutness of that evening hour. He recognized THE COVENANT fulfilled: 8 For he had food, and raiment to put on-His cattle and his flocks in peace were there-A God still with him who increased his store. And kept him in the way that he should go, And who the holy promise would fulfil, Dearest to Jacob in that stranger land, To bring him to his father's house once more Thus prayed he, with the setting of the sun. But, oh, there was another gift from God, And far more precious, tho' unnamed with these; Whose joy had waited not the sunset's glow, To kindle it to prayer, but whose fond fire Burned a thanksgiving incense all the day :-She whom he loved had borne to him a child.

The tent apart, that was so shut and lone-The glory of the evening entered now; That the sun's greeting should be all let in-The rosy record of a day fulfilled Being the mirror of a mother's joy-For, on the floor, rejoicing in its light, Lay the boy babe of RACHEL. She, of all The daughters of the land most fair to see-Most loved, and so most needing to bestow A jewel from her heart on him she loved-She who of women was reproached to be Barron the' beautiful-and thus unblest, Refusing to be comforted-behold! God had remembered her!

Oh mother loved-

You have taken to your breast the child New given from your beauty unto him Whose soul is mingled in its life, the link Of an immortal spirit wedded now Betwixt you twain forever, read you here How in the Scripture is your story writ! The sands of gold, from Nature's running brook, Were singled truly in the olden time. That which was holiest in our daily life Was, in inspired words, all wondrously First written-as the stars are set to burn-Small tho' they seem, of an undying brightness Jacob's for Rachel was a human love— A heart won by the beauty of a maid Met with her flocks beside her father's well, How beautiful was Laban's daughter there. 'T is written; and how tenderly he loved Is of his life time made the golden thread; And of her sorrow that she bare no child, And of the taking that reproach away, 'T is lessoned for the world to learn by heart-Sweet as a song-"GOD HEARKENED UNTO HER." And oh the bliss of Rachel in her child-Its hallowed fountain was twice Scripture-told Look thou, oh mother, how again 't was writ-The story of thy babe as told in Heaven-"AND GOD REMEMBERED HER."

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I. THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincy's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required

the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forestcrowned ranges of mountains cross each

other at oblique angles. At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its

elevated position, Altamont. At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the

irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows: The eastern farm, called Peidmont, was

the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginia lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an | said with quiet firmnessorphan heiress, grand-daughter and ward

of Madame Auderly.

parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous The southern farm-named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansionhouse, elaborate out-buildings, and highly

ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"-was the heavily mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own

offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to tion to some of the neighbors to visit her his grandson, the old man had taken into that evening. favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Far-

At this time, the disinherited heir, hav- joined them. ing finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation ish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossin his native place. It was upon the Saturday evening of his

arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that had just stopped there, and passed through delicate pensive woman, with a sort of sad,

on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to idemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the fnext

The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he ever beheld. From the cheapness | deceased friend, and now his ward, who and simplicity of her attire, he supposed had arrived only that morning, and whom, her to be some poor dependent of Madame | presuming on Madam Auderly's well-Auderly's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more was his astonishment and dismay at being ora Paule. introduced to the supposed "poor girl, greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in ishment" having been started, Godfrey table.

turned to Honora, and said: "I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished-Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology ? Honora started, fixed her eyes intently

upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered-"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to professor of that black art.

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. loughby, drawing near, with eager interest. to the Sybil. "Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the

theme of every tongue. "Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I

"Well ?" questioned Honora, earnestly. "My horoscope was a HORROR-scope in-It predicted for me-a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death." "Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to

" And that was-?" "The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room. "I thought so when the prophecy was

fulfilled," replied Godfrey. "And the other three events?" enquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twentyfifth anniversary. The first of those is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed! but finding that he continued silent, she said-"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was it to the reader. the third predicted event ?"

"Do you command me to inform you?" "No, sir; I beg you; of your courtesy,

o do so." "Very well," he said dropping his voice o a low undertone, "it was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship. A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired-

"And the fourth?" The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear. "The fourth and last prediction was, that before my twenty-fifth birth-day

should perish on the scaffold." A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her

face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face,

You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following The northern and smallest one, called, the summer in which that prediction was from being the deepest vale of the four- made to you, I was in Baltimore with my Hawe's Hole-was the property of old grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper | who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practising in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birth-day, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptual benediction and the bridal chamber. Such grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young were the words of the prophecy." She disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" aspirant for legal honors at the University spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE. grandmother, Madam Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son. had just taken up their quarters with Madame Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invita-

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening

First came Father O'Louherty, the par-

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heina. Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe-the doctor, a man of the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, great fashion and elegance, the lady, a moonlit face, beaming softly out between

her fleecy locks of jet. And, last of all, to the astonishment of

make his appearance. He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, church, where he saw and fell in love with with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Drake, the daughter of a known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the won. But on accompanying Mr. Willough- orphan girl, and conducted her to the by, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Ernest Heine, home after church, what Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Hon-

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auwhom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Ilonora Paule, the greatest she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purheiress and belle, as well as the best and pose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were disnoblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She patched to bring a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced .conversation. The topic of "capital pun- All then seated themselves around the

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then addressing the right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded-

"What would you with the Sybil?" "I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

" Draw!" The young man hesitated for a while relate for your amusement a prediction | smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that that was made concerning myself, by a were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one. "Road!" he said, extending the card

" Hear!" she exclaimed: " A widow beautiful as light, With a rich jointure, which shall pour

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter. It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future

fate. The answer drawn was-" To dandle fools and chronicle small beer. a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jes-

sie for the evening.
"I declare, if here is no! Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well-the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his bread and milk for her children, and then hand and drew a card, which he passed to set out, with them, to visit the old confi-

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—
Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends

Near at hand, perdition threatens thee !— A fearful sign stands in thy house of life !— An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind The radiance of thy planet.—Oh, be warned!'

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. "And what would you with the Sybil?

Hawe. was the response.

"I would know the future." "Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed "Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tab-

let of fate, and reading-I know thee '-thou fearest the solemn night

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown !" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation. The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest-there was that upon his brow that she had never seen be-

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said: "What seek you in the magic circle, lady ?" "My destiny," answered the luscious

tones. "Invoke the knowledge!" Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, usual, to the Sybil, who read-

"'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate! Oh, tempt me not to tell The doom shall make thee desolate, The wrong thou may'st not quell!

Away! Away!—for death would be

Even as a mercy unto thee!''

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. "Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose. "Not for the world !- now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be

said Mr. Heine.
The cheek of Honora Paule changed;

yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her The next day, Honora informed her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the from the place. Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read-

". But how is this? A dream is on my soul!

I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling, s in delighted visions, on the brink f a dread chasm—and thou art she!"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him. He drew a card, and returned it to be

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superterror shook her frame as she

And shameful death are near!" An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tamber !" pering with the mysteries of the future! The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample; but it is only everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had the beginning of this most interesting, fasbeen invited as a matter of courtesy, and cinating, and beautiful tale-the balance was not in the least degree expected to or continuation of it, can only be found in paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold .-Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt

> of five cents. The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized

> by a high moral tone. The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovely heroine, Miss Paulehow she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a reat for all who take the trouble to get

Lifts her where bards and sages sit

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION. Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London, having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's absonce in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The tter being overwhelmed ment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard; his wife supporting herself and two children-Richard, now a fine boy in his thir eenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six-by selling, one

after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.
On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and the very day the

rent must be paid. Little Mary was moaning for bread, and erying with cold. The drunken father was at the dram

The agonized mother had but one more article of value left-a locket containing lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last momento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket, rushed to a pawnbroker's obtained a few shillings, put by the amount of the rent and with the rest purchased a little dential clerk of her father, Peter Mangles,

him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influence with which he was surrounded. On returning home late on New Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to "The Crown and Magpie" tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to

who had ever been kind to her, to consult

the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone. There was a great crowd at the bar 'The Crown and Magpie." The landlady -a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers-was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was treating-for it must not be forgotten that it

was New Year's eve. Such was the scene of vice and dissipa-tion which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house. "Is Mr. Hoffman here?" she inquired,

faintly. The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer. "Can't tell the names of any of my customers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining." "Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half directly!

"You can't go in there!" shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. "Mine is a respectable house: I allow no females beyond the "But I am Mr. Hoffman's wife."

"So they all SAY," anwered the woman, with a sneer. There was a course, mocking laugh from the crowd of half drunken wretches stand-

unhappy wife tottered rather than walked were exhausted, and weeks before he had

The keen, frosty air partially restored her strength and Rachel proceeded with in the great city, what home yearnings her children till she reached the thoroughyard towards the Almonry, when a faint tiny. moan from Mary, whom she still carried in her arms, arrested her steps. She placed her hand under the thin faded shawl which shivering, as if seized with an ague fit.

The heart of her boy could endure no bossed envelope. So he places it in her more—it was breaking. The cup of misery hand with a cheerful smile, and with joy and endurance had been filled to overflow-

not quench it. "Take her home mother!" he cried- soul. take her home! never fear but I will dream of the wide difference between love bring you food? Mary shan't die! I'll in letters and love in real life.

shrieked his agonized parent. "Let me with the "slow and sure" growth which not lose both my children! if you love your, honest labor invariably secures; but he mother, return—for pity's sake return!" stung, maddened beyond endurance by the to live in "splendid style." This dream sufferings of those so dear to him, had of greatness was worth to him more broken from her feeble grasp, darted down than all the comfort and endearments of the New York Ledger, the great family the thoroughfare, and was already beyond home; and so he made the sad exchange. the reach of her voice.

> fainter thanthe first, sent a pang through cessaries of life. But her love towards her maternal breast. "She must not die in the street!" mur- to that distant land, and brought him still

> strength to reach it." burst of anguish, " protect my boy! Shield ured as mementoes of her husband's love. him from crime; guard him against vices But to day she received a letter bordered and the hedious snares which in a thousand | with black, and the hand writing is not forms assail unfriended youth; or take him, she added solemnly, "take him in Thy The dream of her husband is ended-the mercy."

It was a Christian's prayer wrung from mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony, and tears, and angels bore it to the mercyseat on high.

Clasping her perishing child yet closer to her aching bosom, the drunkard's wife hastened to her home. As Richard Hoffman rushed along the and only intent on the one idea of getting, by some means, food for his famished an old gentleman, who was staring into a window on the opposite side of the street. est representations of the various phases Richard refused with horror, although Jack of common humanity. urged the necessity of at once getting something to save the life of his mother and

policeman as an accomplice of the escaped it brings with it.

Twelve years ago I sat just as I do now. "I am no thief, sir," cried Richard

tempted to me become one. My mother and sister are starving." The future history and trials of this poor boy will be given in the New York Ledger of January 16, which is for sale at all the

bookstores and news offices. Any Letter for Me. To-Day.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

With how much of hidden emotion is manhood are dropping thick and fast, as its question asked at the city post-office! the tears of my childhood dropped on her lany a time, after receiving our own leters, have we stopped to watch the faces of ine throng who were waiting their turn to pened this morning—how, her cool soft before brought to this city. Call and examine for your leters, have we stopped to watch the faces of ine throng who were waiting their turn to pened this morning—how, her cool soft before brought to this city. Call and examine for your leters is though it had all happened this morning—how, her cool soft before brought to this city. Call and examine for your leters is the solution of the solid account. It is not a solution of the solid account of the solid account. his question asked at the city post-office! Many a time, after receiving our own letters, have we stopped to watch the faces of the throng who were waiting their turn to ask the common question: "Any letter led to more serious reflection upon the joys over human happiness.

office, we casually glance at the people who have come for their little messages, we deem it a very little affair—an every day occurrence of no special significance.—But could we see the expectation, desire, the trembling hope and fear, smothered beneath the simple question, "Any letter for me?" then should we know that it is not a little thing to the heart interested. The memory of the heart of the heart of the heart of your prayers and your counsels have been with him in the long way that his feet have trodden, and not a little thing to the heart interested. The memory of your prayers and your counsels have been with him in the long way that his feet have trodden, and he has cause to thank you for this now!

Look over the shining bastions sainted hidden from the human eye, but it is felt can be a child again, for the world will hidden from the human eye, but it is felt can be a child again, for the world will there. No where else can so great a variety of feelings be called into exercise; for dearest mother.

We shall be a child again, for the world will the world will there exists the world will again, for the world will be a child again. here all come, all ages, classes and condi-

tions of men, each hoping and fearing. Any letter for me to-day? asks the man a failure; or of some other calamity from haps he reads of rise in real estate in mother. stocks, or of the success of some grand mercantile speculation by which he is suddenly released from embarrassment, and made rich. Oh, what an electric touch

to his whole being is that letter! Any letter for me, to-day? asks the aged No doubt of it; for Holmes is a sensible mother; her voice trembles, and her heart man and must have had a grandfather. throbs heavily while the clerk turns to All sensible men love girls when they are look for the expected message. Her chil- young, and when they are old, too. dren are all scattered over the world- apply the "old" to the men-not to the have been gone from her for many years, girls, mind you. Girlhood is an institubut she still feels the same love for them tion-peculiar institution, which, as lovers she did when they were "wee darlings" of the union, we are bound to cherish; nestled safely under one roof, and a letter and as to girls large and small, we hold of good news from either of them thrills that no gentleman's family is complete the heart with the same old joy which without them. Of little girls, an Ameritheir smiles and merry glee brought to her can poet says: long years agone.

Any letter for me to-day? asks the young man who has been but a few months -the means given him by his father when elsewhere!

And leaning on the arm of her son, the he started out to try the world for himself written imploring further aid. Thus without money, without work, in want and alone fare leading through St. Margaret's church pected letter seems to hang his whole des-

Any letter for me to-day? timidly inquires the maiden, her face suffused with the blush of first love. The clerk knows covered her; the child was cold as ice, and it is the heart that speaks in those low, soft tones, and a little joy touches his own, "She is dying!" groaned the terror- it may be from sympathy or the awakening stricken parent -"dying for the want of of some cherished memory, as he discovers her name so prettily written upon an em-So he places it in her beaming eyes she hurries away eager to ing. His brain was on fire—tears could read over the vows of constancy and devotion, which create a new paradise in her Trusting girl! Little does she

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the wife whose husband is away in California "Richard! Richard! do not leave me!" seeking gold. He could not be contented must amass wealth quickly, make a fortune The appeal came too late. Her son, in two or three years, then he will return During the four years he has only written Rachel clung to the railing of the church- as many letters to his wife, and sent her yard for support, till a second moan, still | money barely sufficient to procure the nehim did not falter-it reached all the way mered Rachel. "Home--home! if I have nearer to her. The few lines received at these long intervals, are read with tearful "Oh, God!" she cried with a sudden eyes, many times over, and sacredly treashis. How like lead it falls upon her heart. delusive gold vision has faded, and he has passed away to the possession of immortal

riches! That little folded sheet brought to her a life long wo. And thus, one after another of the great human throng, come up to the post-office, with the same inquiry upon their lips, "Any letter for me, to-day?" The rich and poor, the joyful and sorrowing, the street, source knowing whither he went, learned and ignorant, the good and depraved, all, have friends somewhere in this wide world; and what a blessed thing it mother and sister, he was hailed by Jack is that through this medium they can hold Manders, an impish acquaintance who lived communion. Letters are winged messennear Richard's home, and to whom he told | gers of the heart that go out every day the desperate state in which he had left from thousands of homes. There is more those so dear to him. Jack listened with truth in them than spoken or printed words much interest, and at once proposed to for their literature is not studied, but felt. Richard to help him to pick the pocket of They are mostly the issues of the affections

"MOTHER'S GRAVE."-"How still it little Mary. Jack then undertook the is." The wind frills up the long summer business alone, and just as he had relieved grass, and rustles the swaying willows the old gentleman of his pocket-book, a under which I am standing, just as softly policeman sprang from a doorway to arrest as that other breeze that wafts up the years him; but Jack made good his escape. Not that lie in the shadow of the past, and so Richard, who was at once seized by the stirs up my heart, with the old memories

I am greatly changed, but all around me breaking from the strong grasp that held is the same. The far off hills with their him, and throwing himself at the foet of blue misty tops, half wreathed in the folds the old gentleman, who had just come to of white clouds, the green meadows with the spot, "though poverty and hunger the country sunshine, flashing like sweet thoughts all about them, and nearer the old grey stone and the cool water splashing down softly on the white pebbles. I

remember all.
"Mother!" I need not whisper the name so low; for there is none to hear me but the birds on the tops of the willows, and it will not disturb her slumber. No, no, though I sit here with one arm wrapped closely round the grave, where the tears of

fingers used to drop like snow flakes on my sep 8 tr 34 No. 62 N. Queen st. for me, to day !" and were always thus hair, and her lips murmur sweet blessings over me with every night fall. Oh! I am and sorrows of life, and made more sen- a rich man now! The dews of night fall sibly to realize the power of little things on my broad acres and the spray of the far Pacific washes the keels of my proud ships: It is a little thing to ask for a letter, but I would give many a goodly acre, many and the answer "yes" or "no" is but a a treasure that sleeps deep in the hold, little thing; the letter itself is but a small to lie down one night under the old garret package, in appearance, uninimportant and rafter, with that sweet seraph face bending valueless; and when passing the post- o'er me with its playful kiss, just as it used to do.

Mother! mother! the daisies of a score There is no other place in the world where strong feeling, genuine heart emotion, is mother, and see me as I lie here, with my so immediately aroused as at the post- cheeks pillowed in the moist grass. Here, office. It may be subdued, it is true, or only here, casting off all my manhood, I

of business. Yes. He takes it—opens it braids its scarlet fringing through the and reads notice of a protested note; or of green eternal summers. Your boy will which he must date his own ruin. Per- far off, we shall go no more out forever,

"With rosy cheeks, and dancing curls;
And eyes of tender light,
O very beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight."

from home, seeking employment in the And as to the large girls-big, bouncing ing near. The eyes of Richard flashed city. His countenance indicates a quick girls—what a pity it is they must soon be angrily; but the voice, and still more, the alternation of hope and fear, and when the women -stately, matronly, queenly women, imploring look of his mother restrained answer is given, "No letter, sir," he turns who are not angels, because they are not away, as he has many times before, strug- girls! who, by-the-by, are not angels, eith-"Let us return home," she said, in a gling to suppress tears and signs. He had er, but vastly more charming than any we despairing tone. "I feel faint and sick at been unsuccessful in his efforts of business remember to have seen in the pictures or NO. 1.

CARDS DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST.--Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apr 18 tf 18 REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church.

AMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the ourt House. may 5 tf 16 DR. S. WELCHENS, SURGEON DEN-TIST.—Office, Kramph's Buildings, second floor, North East corner of North Queen and Orange streets, Lancas ter, Pa. jan 20 tf 1

T. McPHAIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BIAT 31 1y 11

STRASBURG, LARCASTOF CO., Pa.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY

AT LAW, has removed his Office to North Duke street,
to the room recently occupied by Hon. 1. E. Hiester.

Lancaster, apr 1

#f11

A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.--Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17 REMOVAL.--WILLIAM B. FORDNEY,

R Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Queen street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON

DENTIST.—Office in North Queen street, 3d door rom Orange, and directly over Sprenger & Westhauffer's look Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856. ESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-

or nee one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa.

29. All Rinds of Serivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch.

11. B. J. T. BAKER, Homeopathic Physician, successor to br. McAlliston. Usician, successor to Dr. McAllister.
Office 19 E. Orange st., nearly opposite the First Gerann Reformed Church.
Lancaster, April 17 (tf-13)

Diec in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel. Lancaster, Pa.

All business connected with his profession, and ill kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to.

may 16. AMES BLACK, Attorney at Law .-- Of-

MAY 19.

LEXANDER HARRIS, Attorney at LAW. Office South Queen St., West side, near Vine St. REFERENCES:
GOVERNOT James Pollock, Harrisburg.
Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, do.
Hon. Joseph Casey, do

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, do.
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feb 17 ly 6

I OVER'S LIQUID HAIR DYE, -- The testimony of Prof Routh and the Balanti The

TOVER'S LIQUID HAIR DYE.—The testimony of Prof. Booth and Dr. Brinckle having previously been published, the following is now added:—From Prof. McCLOSKEY, formerly Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, and late Professor of Surgery in the American college of Medicine, &c.

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N. B.—At the State Agricultural Fair held in Lancaster,
October 1852, PREMIUMS were awarded to them for Saddles and Trunks, and the Harness compared favorably with
others. [aug 11 tf 30] E. S. & SON.

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