The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once—the dull grey mornings
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night-watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed;
The early snows, like dreams, to us descended
The frost did fairy-work on pane and bough;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—
How is it that we fear the Winters now?

Their house fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
Their northern starlight still shines coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world has welcome yet for the new year.
And far away in old remembered places
The snow-drop rises and the robin sings;
The sun and moon look out with welcome faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things?

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempest fiercer than its bitter blast?
And fair beliefs and friendships have forsaken,
Like Summer's beauty, as that tempest passed?
And life grows leafless in its pleasant valleys,
The light of promise waning from its day,
Till mists meet even in its inward palace—
Not like the outer mists to melt away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the Winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or time had bowed them with his heavy truth—
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us—
Hard is the ice that gathers round the heart,
If petty cares and vain regrets can win us
From Life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship, rather.—
But nations toil and tremble even as we;
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
And dreading Winters they may never see.

The Robber of the Wabash.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health and partly to accommodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever; and, as the physician said he would not be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and, having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route that I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack-horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found I lost nothing by waiting for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going to St. Joseph, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river intending to get out lumber the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River—having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for, ere we were fairly under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still I had to be thankful, for my horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle, I found that his foot pained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable quarters for that country at that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose, threw on my clothes, and went down. "What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry-way.

Ah! don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning, "You 've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who, in the west, at that time, had not heard of him!—the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him; but he's gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back horseless," I said.

"Yies," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these huntins or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Carl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it.—He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oho! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set out on my return as quick as possible. He ate some breakfast and resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawattomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step upon it. Had the road been good I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led out my horse, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e," said mine host, as I began to despond, "can't you manage a canoe."

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it again at Logansport for as much."

I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw it was a good one.

"If you daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe, and pack it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dugout," large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at the boldest of the "varmints," but I had no time, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion, but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; but, in doing so, I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a footfall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-and-thirty, and seemed to be a hunter.—He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle, and keeping you company."

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than those worn out legs through the deep forest."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and that his father lived at Columbus. He was out on a hunting and exploring expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, and had lost his horse into the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank, I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business, and by a most unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships, and facing me.—His hair was of a light, flaxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome; and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber. For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Ay," I added, with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable.—I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh, you'll meet him never fear," said my companion.

Ah! he spoke that with a meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone, and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villian at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon mine as he spoke, and then he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few minutes reflection told me that I had better behave as though he were an honest man: so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and under the cover of a cough, I cocked it.—Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every moment. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock

"You will call me at midnight." I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams.—I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long, regularly-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"O-ho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn.—If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and take your traps to pay your passage to heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate, they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a huge bowie-knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessy the foul wretch proceeded to approach me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side, and measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart still as death. Of course my snoring ceased, and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same time the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and then I saw it quiver—only a slight spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I had told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised; and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depradations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water—water! In God's name, give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke, the skin was moist, and the fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

From the Life and Times of Aaron Burr.

AARON BURR IN 1801.

To add to his good fortune, his pecuniary prospects brightened on his access on to office. New York was then a city of 65,000 inhabitants, and was advancing with great rapidity. Theodosia herself remarks, in one of her letters, that "in ten or twenty years, a hundred and thirty acres of land on New York Island will become a principality." Colonel Burr owned a large tract of land about Richmond Hill. His grounds extended to the North River, and nearer the city there was a piece of water upon his estate which elderly inhabitants may still remember as the favorite skating place of their boyhood. It was called "Burr's Pond" years after it ceased to be his, down even to the time when it was filled in, and built over. The progress of the city raised the value of all the land on the island, and particularly of that which, like Richmond Hill, lay within half an hour's ride of the city. About this time Colonel Burr was much occupied with negotiating with Mr. John Jacob Astor for the sale of part of his Richmond Hill estate. At length, Mr. Astor bought all but the mansion and a few acres around it, for the sum of one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The bargain, for some reason, was afterward canceled. But, finally, the sale was completed, and Colonel Burr was, for the time, delivered from his pecuniary embarrassments. He even had thoughts of buying another estate further up the island. It is evident that his style of living was such as was then supposed to *become* an elevated station. Half a dozen horses, a town house and a country house, a numerous retinue of servants, and a French cook, were among the sumptuosities of his establishment. Jerome Bonaparte, then on the eve of his marriage with Miss Patterson, was entertained at dinner and at breakfast by the vice president, who invited large companies to meet the future monarch, in whose ante-chambers Burr was, one day, to kick his heels, a suppliant for an audience.

Richmond Hill was without a mistress. In these fortunate years it was that Colonel Burr paid his court to one of the loveliest of Philadelphia's ever lovely belles, and had the narrowest escape from a second marriage.

They met, "'twas in a crowd," and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities. Again, he saw her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A *tete-a-tete*, which he sought, was interrupted by the entrance of *le pere*, but her manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love. Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing within the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a promptness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged?"

"She is not."

"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Burr should make overtures for her hand?"

"It would be *most* agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six or eight miles into the country, and thither her lover rides the next morning, with an eager, but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensues. She is all wit and gayety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks.—He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good humored graceful malice of lovely woman, defeats his endeavors, and so at last, quite captivated, he takes his leave.

The same hour on the following morning finds him once more *tete-a-tete* with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation again.—But, this time, the great question was put. To the surprise of this renowned lady killer, Celeste replies that she is firmly resolved *never to marry*.

"I am very sorry to hear it madam; I had promised myself great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."

She replied: "No; certainly, sir, you cannot; for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence, as made an indelible impression on my mind.

The disappointed swain received the rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands to town, madam? I wish you a good morning."

Two days passed. Then a note from Celeste surprised the rejected, informing him that she was in town for a few hours, and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled, and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tender subject was daintily touched, but the lover forbore to renew his suit, and the conversation ended without result. Next day, another note from the lady, sent in from the country, expressing "an unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed." Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodgings, the vice president learned that a boy had been three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whom it came. At last Col. Burr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early next morning the message came; Celeste requested an interview. Post-haste the vice president hied to the presence of his beloved. He found her engaged with a visitor, but observed that she was agitated upon his entrance, and impatient for the departure of her guest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment she stammered out, after several vain attempts to speak, she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she had therefore wished for an opportunity to apologize.—She could utter no more. He expected no such matter, stared in dumb astonishment, with an absurd half grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new corners in the rim of his hat, she all blushes and confusion, he confounded and speechless, the pair, he afterward thought, would have made a capital subject for a painter. He was the first to recover power to articulate. Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, proposed that it should be considered cancelled, and begged to be allowed to call, the next morning, and renew the suit. To this she objected, but faintly. Waving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and, after an hour's not unpleasant conversation, took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia, to whom the affair had been circumstantially related from day to day, that he was in the condition of a certain country judge before whom a cause had been too ingeniously argued by the lawyers. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you must get along with this cause as well as you can; for my part, I'm swamped." But the sapient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least. "She meant," wrote Theo., "from the beginning, to say that awful word, *yes*; but not choosing to say it immediately, she told you that *you* had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means, Please, sir, to persuade me out of them again. But you took it as a plump refusal, and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I should have done so much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirableness of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

To complete his good fortune, he began his official life a very popular man. He was popular with his part for giving it victory. He was admired by vast numbers of honorable men, because he had disdained to seek his own elevation be defeating the will of a majority of his countrymen. The *eclat* of office was added to his reputation as a soldier and as as a politician; and he, of men, seemed to be the one most likely soon to have at his disposal the favors which a President can confer. There chanced to be in 1801, before the vice president had yet presided over the senate a convention in the state of New York to make certain amendments to the constitution. Upon the meeting of the convention the vice president was made chairman by a unanimous vote.

Up to this time, Aaron Burr had known little but fortune. He had been a successful soldier, a more successful lawyer, a most successful politician. Fortunate and happy in his domestic relations, he was strengthened now by the alliance of his daughter with an ancient and wealthy family. His own estate was ample and improving. His rival and enemy was distanced. Still in the very prime of his days, there was but one more honorable distinction for him to gain, and that seemed almost within his grasp. High in the esteem of his own party, he enjoyed also the general respect of the federalists, as being a more moderate partisan than other leading republicans.

Such was the position of Aaron Burr in the year 1801.

MRS. HAYS NOT DEAD—A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.—A few days since, upon the authority of The Albany Times, we published the announcement of the death of Mrs. Hays of Day, Warren county, N. Y., after a total abstinence from food or drink for nineteen months, but we now learn from the same paper that their informant was mistaken, and that the woman still lives, remaining in the same condition in which she has been for many months past.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

The Sandy Hill (Washington Co.,) Herald, a most respectable and reliable paper, remarks:

Incredulous as it may seem, there is little, if any doubt that this woman has lived for more than eighteen months without eating or drinking. We have not alluded to the case before, for the reason of its apparent incredibility: but scientific gentlemen, together with hundreds of others, after the closest scrutiny, have become convinced that there is no deception practiced, and that the woman actually subsists without food or water. In order to test the matter, a gentleman took the woman to his residence, and parties watched her day and night for one month, who say that she neither ate nor drank during that time, and that on food being brought into the room in the pockets of disinterested persons, the woman would immediately go into horrible convulsions. The same effect was produced by persons taking tobacco or any kind of ardent spirits where she was.

The woman is reduced to a perfect skeleton, so much so that by placing the hand upon the abdomen, the back bone can be distinctly felt.

We are aware that there are instances on record somewhat akin to this, which turned out to be frauds: but if this is a deception, it has been so adroitly practiced that every one who has examined it has been duped.

Besides, there is no motive for the deception; and it is quite incredible that any person would suffer to the extent that this woman has, for the sole purpose of playing upon the credulity of the public.

Viewed in any light, the subject is worthy of the attention of the scientific and the curious.

☞ Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out:

"Zounds, Dennis an' if you be dead can't you *spake*?"

"I'm not dead, but spacheless," said the other.

CARDS.

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST.--Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apr 18 tf 13

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. apr 8 tf 12

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House. may 5 tf 16

WELCHENS & PRIGG, SURGEON DENTISTS.—Office, Kempah's Buildings, second floor, North East corner of North Queen and Orange streets, Lancaster, Pa. jan 20 tf 1

W. T. McPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa. mar 31 ly 11

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his Office to North Duke street, to the room recently occupied by Hon. I. E. Hiester. Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

ALDUS 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, 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 from Orange, and directly over Sprenger & Westhaeffer's Book Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856. ly 16

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. ☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15, '55 tf-17

DR. J. T. BAKER, Homœopathic Physician, successor to Dr. McAllister. Office 19 E. Orange st., nearly opposite the First German Reformed Church. Lancaster, April 17 (tf-13)

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Office in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. ☞ All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 15 tf-17

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce. Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. LONG, " A. L. HAYES, " FERREE BRINTON, " THADDEUS STEVENS. nov 24 ly*45

ALEXANDER HARRIS, Attorney at LAW. Office South Queen St., West side, near Vine St. REFERENCES: Governor James Pollock, Harrisburg. Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, do. Hon Joseph Casey, do. Hon. Andrew Parker, Mifflintown. Hon. James M. Sellers, do. A. K. McClure, Esq., Chambersburg. apr 7 ly 12

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to his care will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to.—Satisfactory reference given. Office N. E. corner of SEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10. feb 17 ly 5

COPPERWARE MANUFACTORY. SAMUEL DILLER Returns his thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he still continues at the old stand, in West King street, [illegible] Hall, and is prepared [illegible] COPPER WARE, in all its various branches, and on the [illegible] reasonable terms. He invites his country friends especially to give him a call, as he is confident of being able to please. LIVERY STABLE. He also keeps constantly on hand, for hire, HORSES, CARRIAGES, BAROUCHES, &c., &c., all in excellent order, and furnished at the lowest rates. Give him a call when you need anything of the kind, and he will suit you to a nicety. SAND! SAND!—Five Hundred Loads of Sand on hand, which will be delivered to any part of the city. Horses and Carts to be had at all times, at the Livery Stable of SAMUEL DILLER, West King st., Lancaster. apr 22 tf 14

KONIGMACHER & BAUMAN, TANners and Curriers Store, back of Robt. Moderwell's Commission Warehouse, fronting on the Railroad and North Prince street. Cheap for Cash or approved credit.—Constantly on hand a full assortment of all kinds Saddler's and Shoemaker's Leather, of superior quality, including "Rouzer's celebrated Sole Leather," also, Leather Bands, well stretched, suitable for all kinds of machinery, of any length and width required, made of a superior quality of Leather, Furnace Bellows, Band and Lacing Leather, Garden Hose, Tanner's Oil, Currier's Tools, Moroccos, Shoe Findings, &c. All kinds old Leather bought in the rough; highest prices given for Hides and Skins in cash; orders will be promptly attended to. feb 5 ly 6

PATENT AMBROTYPES.--The subscribers having purchased the exclusive right of Lancaster city, are enabled to offer to the public a new style of Pictures, far exceeding, in beauty and durability, any ever before made. These pictures are not reversed, as daguerreotypes are and may be seen in any light. They also possess the rare property of being IMPERISHABLE; being hermetically sealed between glass plates, which is secured by Letters Patent, in the United States, Great Britain and France, and practised in Lancaster city by *T. & W. CUMMINGS* only, over Sprecher & Bro.'s New Store, North Queen st., Lancaster.

EXPLANATION. The term AMBROTYPE, by which these Pictures are designated; is derived from the Greek word *Ambrotos*, signifying indestructibility, permanency, &c. The Picture is taken upon plate glass, to which another plate of corresponding size is secured with an indestructible cement, by by which the picture will retain its original, brilliancy for ages; it will not corrode by acids, nor be injured by water or climate. It is bold in its effect, beautiful in tone, surpasses any thing in the gradations of light and shade, and may be seen in any light. The public are cautioned against *imitations made on single plates of glass*, with the black varnish in immediate contact with the Picture.—Such are not permanent, as the varnish must crack and destroy the Picture. AMBROTYPE STEREOSCOPES MUST BE SEEN, to be appreciated—the relief being fully as perfect as life. Citizens and Strangers are invited to call at the Ambrotype Gallery of the undersigned, and examine specimens before they procure Pictures elsewhere, as they are assured of polite attention. T. & W. CUMMINGS & CO sep 25 tf-36

ROBERT W. ADDIS NEW AND MAGNIFICENT AMBROTYPE, DAGUERREOTYPE, MELAINOTYPE & PHOTOGRAPH NORTHERN SKY-LIGHT GALLERY, *East King Street, nearly opposite Lane's Store,* Having a new and commodious Northern Sky Light erected for the purpose, possessing strength, brilliancy and softness which makes it unsurpassed by any light in the country. In arranging this gallery, I have paid particular attention in selecting good instruments of approved manufacture, and all the recent improvements pertaining to the Ambrotype and Daguerreotype. *AMBROTYPES.* This beautiful process, which of late has taken such a hold on the picture loving community, is practised in all its varied branches. These pictures are durable, susceptible of beautiful and life-like coloring, can easily be seen in any light and when made by experienced operators, combine many beautiful effects. The Ambrotypes made at this Gallery are characterized by strength, depth of tone, brilliancy, positions artistic, natural coloring and beauty of finish, forming a gem possessing rare merit, and which defies all competition to equal. Persons having children whose likenesses they have heretofore been unable to obtain, have only to call at my immense Sky Light Gallery, where they can be taken in ONE SECOND, *and a satisfactory picture warranted.* *MELAINOTYPES* taken on IRON and presenting the same appearance as Ambrotypes, can be inserted in Lockets, Breastpins, Rings or any style of cases known. *DAGUERREOTYPES.* The great durability of a good Daguerreotype, has been acknowledged by every one, and when made rightly is the prettiest picture known. Having every facility for practising this beautiful art, either in CRAYON OR STEREOSCOPE the public are requested to examine specimens on a new and improved style. *PHOTOGRAPHS OR PICTURES ON PAPER.* in every style, and made with rich dark tones, so much admired in fine steel engravings. Persons wanting a number, can obtain them at reduced prices, and as well executed as the productions of the most noted Photographers in the country. A large and beautiful assortment of fine *GILT FRAMES* direct from the manufactory, Oval and Square, especially made for Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes &c. These frames will be sold filled with good pictures at a little more cost than an ordinary case. *FANCY CASES* of every description suitable for all styles of Pictures. In corroboration of the above, the public are invited to call and examine specimens on exhibition at my Gallery in EAST KING St., over the Camargo Paper Co.'s Store. my 19 tf 18 R. W. ADDIS.

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

PAPER HANGING.---ALLEN GUTHRIE, residing in North Queen st., three doors south of Frederick st. Until the 1st of March, he will hang paper at the reduced rate of 12½ cents per piece. [dec 8 ly 47.

INLAND INSURANCE AND DEPOSIT Company.—Office, corner of Centre Square and South Queen st., Lancaster, Pa. Capital $125,000. Charter Perpetual. Insure against Loss by Fire, and receive money on Deposit, as heretofore, paying 5 per cent. on Deposits made for 30 days or longer. RUDOLPH F. RAUCH, Secretary and Treasurer. dec 4 6m 46

HAVANNA SEGARS.--5000 Imported Havanna Segars of the most approved brands. Just received and for sale at DR. JOHN WAYLAN'S Drug Store, No. 60 North Queen Street. apr 7 tf 12

AT PRIVATE SALE, A VALUABLE MILL AND FARM.—The subscribers will sell at private sale, their MERCHANT AND GRIST MILL AND FARM of 230 Acres of Land, in a high state of cultivation, situate in Drumore township, Lancaster county, on the road leading from Chestnut Level to McCall's Ferry, one mile from the former place and 5 from the latter, 4 miles from Peach Bottom and 18 miles south of Lancaster city, adjoining lands of James Long, Thomas Moore, Isaac Shoemaker and others. The improvements consist of a three story Frame Merchant and Grist Mill, with two Water Wheels, 20 feet head and fall, three run of Stones, and every other necessary machinery for carrying on Merchant and Grist work; a double geared Saw Mill; a Two story Frame DWELLING HOUSE, 22 by 28 feet, Stone Spring House at the door, Frame Stable, Hog House, and other out buildings. The Farm Buildings consist of a two story Stone House, 28 by 32 feet, Frame Barn, 50 by 51 feet, with water running in the yard, Wagon House, 13 by 28 feet, a Grain House 17 by 30 feet, Spring House over an excellent spring of water near the door, also two APPLE ORCHARDS of choice fruit. The farm is well divided, and stock can get to water from nearly every field. The above property will be sold altogether, or divided in three different parts, as may best suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the property will be shown it by the subscribers living thereon. B. & J. PENROSE. sep 1 tf34

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, the 5th day of MARCH, 1858, A VALUABLE FARM, situated in Warriorsmark township, Huntingdon county, Pa., Estate of John Henderson, dec'd, containing about 342 acres—200 acres cleared, 13 of which are in meadow. The improvements are a two-story STONE DWELLING HOUSE, with Kitchen in basement, a Bank Barn, a never-failing spring of limestone water convenient to the house, an Apple Orchard, and other improvements The farm is in a good state of repair and cultivation, and is about one mile from the Pennsylvania Railroad. Persons wishing further information, or, to examine the property, can call on or address the undersigned, at Birmingham, near the property. The property will be divided, if desired, to suit purchasers. JOHN OWENS, ROBERT HENDERSON, jan 26 2m 2] Executors of Will of John Henderson, dec.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.--The subscribers will sell their FARM at private sale. Said Farm is situated in Martic township, Lancaster county, on the road leading from Martic Forge to McCall's Ferry, about 2 miles west of Rawlinsville and contains about 72 acres, more or less, the greater portion well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. The balance is composed of young timber and sprout land and meadow bottom. The improvements are a two-story Log DWELLING HOUSE, a new Frame Barn, and other out-buildings.—There is a good Apple Orchard and other Fruit Trees. The Farm is well watered with a number of streams, and a Spring near the house. Terms will be made easy, and possession given on the 1st day of April, 1857. Any person wishing to view the premises will call on either of the subscribers, residing at Mount Nebo, one mile north-west of the property. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, JOSEPH ENGLES.

The subscriber will also sell, at private sale a HOUSE AND LOT in the village of Mount Nebo. There are 3 acres and 136 perches of land in the lot, and the improvements are a two-story FRAME HOUSE, a Frame STABLE, and other out-buildings. There is an excellent spring of water on the lot, and the land is well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. Terms made easy. Apply to JOSEPH ENGLES. aug 25 tf32

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.--The subscriber offers at private sale, the well known farm, late the estate of William Taggart, deceased, situate part in Northumberland and part in Montour counties, Pa., on the road leading from Milton to Danville, and within one-fourth of a mile of the C. W. and E. R. R., containing in all 277 Acres; about 105 or 110 Acres are heavy timbered land, principally Oak and Hickory. There is a large quantity of oak suitable for Ship Timber, and any amount of railroad wood on the farm. The improvements are two good DWELLING HOUSES, and one large Bank Barn, handsomely situated; the Chillisquaque Creek running through the center of the farm, on which there is a fall of 6 feet 6 inches, suitable for a Saw or Grist Mill. There is also a fine young Apple and Peach Orchard of choice grafted fruit, and a large portion of Meadow Land, the soil of which is of a loamy nature, one part of the farm land has been limed, and limestone within one-fourth of ½ mile. The whole will be sold together, or in part, to suit purchasers. The above property has lately been very much improved; within the last year 10,000 bushels of lime has been put on it, and 2 tons of guano. This property will divide in equal parts, either by the creek or by the public road. The terms will be made accommodating to suit purchasers, as but little of the money will be required for several years, unless convenient to those who may choose to purchase. Any person with a small sum to pay in cash, can make the balance out of the timber and wood, as the Cattawissa Railroad furnishes a cash market for all the wood that can be delivered. All the products of the farm will in that place pay better than in the city of Lancaster, in consequence of the markets created by the iron and coal regions close by. After being cleared there will be 200 acres of good timothy meadow as can be found in the State. It will then be a first-rate grazing farm. The subscriber will also sell on reasonable terms a small Farm, containing 45 Acres of good Land, situate in Chillisquaque township, Northumberland county, 4 miles from Milton, 4 miles from Lewisburg, and ten miles from Danville. This tract contains about 5 Acres of Timber, and the balance is well suited for raising grain and hay, and has all been limed within the last two years. The improvements are a good TWO-STORY HOUSE, in good condition and a tolerable Log Barn, which with some improvement will be sufficient for the farm. There is also on it a good APPLE ORCHARD, and other Fruit Trees. This property is within three miles of the Sunbury and Erie railroad, and two miles of the Catawissa railroad. It is in a good neighborhood, and good markets, and convenient to the public schools. Any person in Lancaster county desirous of purchasing, will please call on Mr. William Carpenter, who will furnish all necessary information or on the subscriber, near Milton, Northumberland county, Pa. Terms will be made very accommodating. JAMES CAMERON, Chillisquaque twp., Jan. 20. tf 3

VALUABLE FRANKLIN COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE.—The subscriber, living in Chambersburg, will sell his TWO FARMS in Guilford township, Franklin county, situate on the public road leading to Greencastle, about one and a half miles from Chambersburg. These farms are in the highest state of cultivation and well improved, with running water through one of them and the other has a splendid spring. They are sold for want of time to attend to them. The one contains 125 acres and the other 168. Terms made known by the subscriber. These farms contain a good portion of timber. The attention of Lancaster County Farmers is invited to these farms, which are well worthy their attention. [aug 25 tf 33] WM. HEYSER.

ONE OF THE BEST STORE STANDS IN THE COUNTY!—The undersigned will lease for one or more years, that best of Store Stands, together with a Two Story Dwelling House, adjoining the same, situate in Centre Square, in the Borough of Mount Joy, Lancaster County, together with a Store House, and all appertaining to said Store and Dwelling. Possession will be given on the first day of April next, (1857.) Persons desirous of renting will please call on the undersigned residing in the city of Lancaster, Pa. SAM'L BOMBERGER. N. B. Should persons prefer buying to renting, they will be afforded an opportunity of either buying the same or any of the other properties owned by the undersigned in said Borough of Mt. Joy. S. B. dec 2 tf 46

E. SCHAEFFER AND SON, No 1 and 2, Corner of East King and Centre Square, Lancaster, keep constantly on hand a large assortment of SADDLERY for sale, whole sale and retail, consisting of Patent Steel Spring Saddles, Shafter and every other style, single and double CARRIAGE HARNESS, Steel Spring, Sole Leather TRUNKS, Carriage WHIPS, Velvet, Brussel CARPET BAGS, and Ladies SATCHELLS and Summer HORSE COVERS. We would call the attention of Farmers and Storekeepers to our assortment of superior Leather WHIPS, and also to our variety of FLY NETS from different manufacturers. 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.

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS.—The subscriber has received his new FALL AND WINTER GOODS, of the latest styles, which he is selling very low at wholesale or retail, so as to suit all customers. His stock consists of Silks, Satins, Modes, Velvets, Crapes, Lawns, Tarlton, Capinets; Silk, Satin and Velvet Ribbons; Lawns, Edgings, Blonds, Quiltings, Plushes. Straw Goods of all kinds; Gimp, Straw Cord, French Blond, French and Domestic Flowers of the latest styles; a large assortment of Feathers, ready-made BONNETS, trimmed in the latest Paris style; Frames, Chenille, Bonnet and Ribbon Wires, and a great many articles unnecessary to mention—in fact, everything that is needed in that line of business. He invites his friends and customers to call before purchasing elsewhere, as he is satisfied that he can exhibit a better and cheaper stock of goods than ever before brought to this city. Call and examine for yourselves. N. B. DRY GOODS—A good assortment on hand, which he sells at cost. L. BAUM, sep 8 tf 34 No. 62 N. Queen st.

DR. CREAGER, Baltimore, Md., is the sole Agent for Dr. Winder's celebrated Matrimonial "Series," 3 Books; No. 1, "A Book for Young Men, designed to prepare them for Female Society;" No. 2, "Errors in Courtship;" No. 3, "Reproductive Control." Either of which will be mailed to order, post-paid, upon receipt of 25 cents. jan 12 3m 52

THE GREAT FEMALE PILL.--Dr. J. P. CREAGER is the General Agent wholesale and retail for Dr. Wheatling's celebrated Female Pills. These Pills are truly valuable for Ladies, *for they will restore the Monthly Courses where they may stop from any cause whatever.* They never have failed in any case where the directions around the box containing the Pills have been strictly followed; indeed, there has no case of failure ever come to our knowledge. Being purely vegetable they are perfectly safe. Mailed to order, post-paid upon receipt of one dollar by J. P. Creager, Baltimore City, Md. ☞ A liberal discount to Druggists. jan 12 3m 52

WHY LABOR SO HARD WHEN WASHING? I have a chemical process for cleaning clothing by the use of which the clothes can be washed very clean without boiling, and with very little rubbing. By this method much hard labor can be saved; *the washing can be done in half the time*, and the clothes are very white and clean, and last much longer, for they are not worn by rubbing as by the old way of washing by machines &c.—The articles used cost but little, and are easy to obtain. I mail the receipt to order, postage paid, upon receipt of 50 cents; three cent postage stamps good as money. Address, DR. J. P. CREAGER, Baltimore city, Md. jan 12 3m 52

LARGE DAIRY BUSINESS FOR SALE, NEAR BALTIMORE.—The subscriber having rented his Home Farm, being desirous of travelling West, on business, will rent or lease his Distillery and Dairy business, and sell the stock and custom at a fair valuation, say $5,000 to $8,000, and guarantee an annual profit of $5,000, if conducted on the present plan and by the present distiller—There is a fertile Farm, sufficient to produce hay for the cows, attached. There are now near 80 cows fed and attended by one man. For particulars address, F. B. LAURENSON, jan 17 6t 52 Pikesville, Baltimore county, Md.