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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I WEPT BESIDE THY GRAVE, MOTHER.

BY FRANK MYRTLE.

I wept beside thy grave, mother,
My heart is weeping still,
And fondly lingers near the tomb
On yonder lonely hill.
I did not hear thy parting words,
I did not see thee die;
But thy last message came to me,
When death was hovering nigh.

I have been a truant boy, mother,
And caused thee many a pain,
But I would heal the wound I made,
Could'st thou return again;
My boyish heart would not obey
Thy mild commands, I know,
And o'er my waywardness to thee,
My tears will ever flow.

I was thy cherished pet, mother,
Thy love was fond and true,
Thy kisses oft bedew'd my cheek,
Ere manhood's care I knew;
Affliction's child from infancy,
Ye loved me but the more,
And o'er me wept as oft ye tho't
Life's pilgrimage was o'er.

I've wandered many a league, mother,
From where we used to dwell;
No cherished one is near me now,
Of those I loved so well;
But oft my weeping heart returns
Across the foaming sea,
To where my precious relics lie,
And there it weeps for thee.

For the Intelligencer.

THE TEACHER.

BY A. SHIRK.

As blooming flowers, that spring, in joy
Unfold their beauties to the sun,
That mighty orb of heat and light
Which kindly brought their dawning on—
So gently opes th' immortal mind,
Whilst blooming here upon the earth.
Unto that teacher, noble, kind,
Who brought to view, its hidden worth.

The Teacher, what a glorious task
Is his,—to help the tender mind
In learning's sweetest smiles to bask,
And cause the heart to be refined
With feelings lasting, pure and high,
As the bright realms of bliss above,
And wake with power that will not die
Its youthful springs of truth and love!

The Teacher, his the hand that sways
The magic wand of truth and light,
To image forth, in wisdom's rays,
The *mind*, in colors rich and bright.
Or, with a dark and withering shade
Spread o'er its chambers, endless night,
And cause its choicest flowers to fade
And languish in unending blight.

THE OUTPOST.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia and Ohio, and the northwest portion of New York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and the colonial militia, were despatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north fork of the Allegheny river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old outpost to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine looking fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the *non de plume* of Death. But with whatever justice the name had been applied to him for skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.

His rich fun of mother wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature rendering him a general favorite with the men; while the never-failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little "short coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which otherwise perhaps he might not have gotten over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the Fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm-house, some three miles or so distant from the Fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following under cover of a pretence of having forgotten his powder flask.

Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which—though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the Fort, were widely different in degrees of importance.

The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, &c., for the week past; and the second and most important of the two events was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

The last circumstance struck dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death-warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully sacrifice the lives of his men by *compelling* them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal spot unoccupied for a night or two.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the Fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope farm. The moon was up, but her light was almost obscured by the dense mass of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.

Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the Fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position several minutes, he again quickly retreated in the manner he had advanced at a point considerable lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and informed him that one of the men wished to speak to him.

'Send him in,' replied the Colonel; and at the next minute our friend Death had entered and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

'Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?' said the Colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.

'None, Colonel,' replied Death; 'but I have come to ask a favor.'

'Let us hear it,' said the Colonel, 'and we will then see what we can do.'

'Well, Colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable in future.'

'But how?' said the Colonel, in intesnse surprise.

'I guess, Colonel,' answered Death, 'you had better let me have the men, and order us off and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise that no one shall receive a scratch if they follow my direction implicitly."

'Yes, you are a strange man,' said the Colonel, 'but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?'

'In about an hour's time,' answered Death.'

'Very well, I will give you the necessary orders so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place.'

Hector Campbell was a brave but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the Fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentries had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now my lads," said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders.

"I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and the short of the affair is simply this, it's a gang of them cussed, thieven' Iroquois that have circumvented and carried away four of our men—shooting them with their arrows and then decamping with their bodies.

To-night as I was returning to the Fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices. Creeping on my hands towards the spot, I got high enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquois were then and there arranging their plans to surprise the fort to night—intending to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed deviltry had rendered so easy an access. I only stopped to learn this, when I hurried to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned, being determined that if possible the 'rifles' should have the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickning pulse and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky bank, while its extreme end was closed in by a dark and impenetrable forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these, Death now concealed his men, taking care to arrange them so that their fire would not cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he gave the signal; and after they had fired not to stop to reload, but clubbing their rifles to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him, and in another minute the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow impatient, and Death himself, to fear that the Indians had either rued their attempt, or else had changed their plan of battle, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of his crafty foes issuing in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.

"Three, six, nine, twelve, thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with quick, cat-like stealthiness of movement advanced up the pass, their files in trail, and their faces rendered still more ferocious looking by the grotesque marking of their war paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, and advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness imitated the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the riflemen now poured upon the remainder of them; but strange to say, one of the five who did not fall, was the Chief whom Death aimed at. This unusual occurrence was owing to the following cause: the branch on which he had steadied his aim in firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprung down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound he reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and fell to the ground heavily, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off," shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters me let him go."

Over they rolled, and writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtained any advantage of the other. At last the head of the Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a big rock that projected from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice-grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released springing to his feet finished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle, with sledge-hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning,) now sent up such a shout of triumph for the victory that the old woods rang with it for minutes after.

As Colonel Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising veteran, General Morgan, of revolutionary celebrity, was the one and the same individual.

About a fortnight after this eventful night, Stanhope Farm was the scene of such mirth, good eating and dancing as could be disposed of during the twenty-four hours, and though we think it superfluous to do so, we will add that the cause of this "merry making" was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

How He Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, segar-boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, band-boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctor's bill. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hive syrup, ect., ect. I'll just tell you how I got caught.—I was the durndest, most tea custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; it wasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence, looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked a bunch of segars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I conluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed. "Now," says I, "let her rip.—Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling under quilts, Morpheus grabbled me. I was dreaming of soft-sheli crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time of it, when somebody knocked at the door. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. "Rap, rap, rap! then Lib sings out "Jack are you there?" "Yes," says I. Then came a roar of laughter. "Let us in," says she. "I wont," says I, "cant you let a feller alone?" Are you abed?" says she. "I am," says I. "Get up," says she. "I wont," says I.—Then another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. "Get out, you petticoated scarecrow!" I cried, "can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!" And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said: "Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!" Oh! Lord what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had to think, I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry—"Smash!" went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep, and the way I fumbled about was death to straw hats. The moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women. "Oh, my Leghorn," cried one. "My dear darling winter velvet," cried another; and they pitched. They pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the 4th of July. "Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes," said I, "I will." I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of cider, when we were away from each other.

It was at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was sitting behind a distant hog pen—the chickens were going to roost—the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs—the polly-wogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot-hole in the hog pen full in Sall's face, dyeing her hair with an orange-peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue—she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked like a grashopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud turtle choaked with a codfish ball. "Sal," says I, in a voice musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me!" She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said: "Yes!" She gave clear out, and then squatted in my lap—she corkscrewed and I circumfluxed and rolled in it. I hugged until I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she ate the day before. Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practised for four weeks every night, how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall.—We were just entering the parlor door, when, down I went, ker-slap on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow dropped a banana skin on the floor, and floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out, so clapping my hands over it, we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled up behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up, I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was allowable, and was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended! Good night.

From the Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat, April 13.

Singular Case of Seclusion.

THE WOLF ROCK INHABITED—A MAN FOUND IN A CAVE ON BUCKINGHAM MOUNTAIN—A RESIDENCE OF FORTY YEARS ARRESTED!—On Friday last a most singular case of discovery occurred, by which it appears that the celebrated and romantic "Wolf Rocks," on Buckingham Mountain, in Bucks county, are inhabited by a hermit who asserts that it has been his residence for more than forty years.—On the morning of that day, a colored man, named William Kennard, was passing along in the vicinity of the part of the mountain in which the rocks are located, and hearing a strange noise like the rattling of tin-ware, or, to use his own words, "like the dragging of a kettle by a chain," he became alarmed and ran to another part of the mountain to obtain the company of another colored man to go back with him and make some explorations.—Having screwed up their courage to the sticking point, the two men armed with a crow-bar went back to the part of the rocks from which the strange sound emanated and after making considerable explorations were about to abandon the enterprize when it occurred to them that making a noise might bring the stranger to sight. They placed themselves in a position supposed to be near the location from which the sounds had emanated and commenced beating the rocks with the crow-bar. This soon had the effect of bringing a voice from some hiding place which asked "who is it and what do you want?" They proceeded to the cleft in the rock and after a diligent search succeeded in finding an entrance to a large room or cavern in which was a human being. Upon being asked to come out he refused to do so, and denied the obtruders admittance, threatening to put balls through them both if they attempted to enter. They left, and, having obtained reinforcements, returned again to the rocks with the intention of bringing the hermit from his hiding place. Finding himself overpowered he yielded and came from his retreat. It proved to be a person named Albert Large, who was born and raised in the adjacent valley, but has been seen only occasionally for many years. He stated that he had been an inhabitant of this cave for more than forty years and had purchased his clothes and food at villages several miles distant. His beard was long and the furniture of his cell consisted of a few boards, some leaves or straw, and some rude vessels for holding water and cooking his meals. It is said that old residents of the valley have, for many years, frequently discovered smoke issuing from the Wolf Rocks, but as no one was known to inhabit them, it was supposed to be a fog, or occasioned by some optical illusion, for which the most scientific men were never able to make any satisfactory explanation. The man Large, it is said, labors under a strange hallucination of mind, and has not occupied the cell more than half as long as he thinks he has. Even within the last twenty years he has frequently been seen in the neighborhood weeks at a time, and then would disappear for a long time, no one in the valley knowing his whereabouts. It is now supposed that the Wolf Rocks have been his retreat at those times when he wished to be secluded from the world.

His chosen spot was one of the most picturesque and romantic on the mountain, and commanded a full view of the valley until it is lost in the distant hills of New Jersey. The entrance to it was of a difficult access and when once safely penetrated, gave "landlord" a full view of all that was going on among the young and ardent visitors of the place. He has seen a vast deal of "billing" and "cooing" among the young folks who congregated there on Sunday afternoons to advance matrimonial matters, and he also can tell a charming story about some respectable young men who have been on Sabbath days, regaling their moral and physical constitution by card playing and other species of gambling.

Our hermit is related to a number of the oldest and most respectable families in Buckingham Valley, was born and raised on the farm now occupied by Samuel E. Broadhurst, and has a brother Joseph S. Large, now living, who is one of the most distinguished Episcopalian Ministers in the west.

P. S.—Since the above was in type, we learn that a large number of persons from the surrounding country visited the cave of the hermit on Sunday last. The news flew and the public curiosity was aroused by a circumstance so novel and mysterious. That a man had been living summer and winter for many years in a cavern of a rock in sight of the heart of the valley was too much for the credulity of the neighborhood. A gentleman who visited the place in company with many others, described it as one of considerable comfort and convenience. It was provided with a bed and over it and around the apartment it was tightly boarded in a manner that would have done credit to a skillful carpenter. Over the entrance leading to it was a large flat stone which he rolled away at pleasure when he wanted to go out and which was carefully replaced when he returned and wished to enter his sanctum. His kitchen untensils consisted of a tin kettle, a basin, a bucket or two, some earthen pots and an iron vessel in which he cooked his food. The place although a very secluded one commands a view of about a hundred houses, the nearest of which is less than half a mile distant. It is certainly one of the singular cases on record and has thrown a mystery around this mountain that may well fill the minds of its sable inhabitants with fear and trembling, as they silently tread its secluded paths in their nightly missions and descents upon the neighboring henroosts.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1858.

I half promised you in my last letter a description of the ball at Senator Gwin's, but I neglected my opportunities, and failed to go. Accordingly what I write concerning this most splendid affair of the season,—this one night of carnival in Washington,—must be hearsay merely, and brief. It was, as my friend the "Idle man" of the *States* observes,—

"A festival where knight and dames,
Mingled with all that wealth or lineage claims,"

and according to all accounts was a most gay and enjoyable affair. Mrs. Gwin is always one of the most splendidly dressed ladies in Washington society, and on this occasion shone forth with peculiar lustre as a lady of the court of Louis Quatorze. Miss Gwin appeared as a Greek girl; Miss Carrie Gwin as a page; Senator Gwin himself was in citizen's dress, as was the President, and a number of senators, who were privileged characters. I will add a few of the most noticeable of the gay crowd. And to begin with the ladies, as a matter of course, there was Miss Beach, of Hartford, niece of Mr. Secretary Toucey, as a *Gipsey*, whose attractive features and unusual figure must have looked finely in such a romantic dress; Mrs. Senator Douglas always quaint as *Aurora*; Mrs. Senator Cass, of Andover, as Mrs Partington with *the* constancy at her heels; Miss Cass as a French marchioness; Mrs Philip Clayton, wife of assistant secretary of the treasury, as a lady of the republican court, Washington's time; Miss Fanny English of Georgetown, as the American flag; Mrs. A. H. Evans of Texas, as Isabella of Spain; Mrs. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, as a Spanish princess; Miss Hale, as Sir Rose; Lady Ousely as a French marchioness; Miss Ousely as an Italian peasant girl; Mrs. Senator Pugh as "Night;" Mrs. Senator Thompson as the Cantonniere in L'Etoile du Nord; Mrs. George Saunders, of New York, as a Spanish lady; Madame de Stoeckel, wife of the Russian minister, appeared in gipsy dress as a lady of the court of Henri Quatre; Mrs. D. E. Sickles, of New York, as Little Red Riding Hood; Miss Porter, of Lancaster, Pa., as Madame Pompadour; Mrs. Senator Davis as Madam de Staël.

M. de Stoeckel, Russian minister, wore a *domino noir*; Gen. Robles, the Mexican minister, a gray domino; Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, a fishing angler; Hon. J. T. Hatch, of Buffalo, as a huntsman. The Turks wore their state uniform, enormously rich; Generals Harney and Jesup also appeared in full uniform, &c.

Of the gentlemen, Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, attracted a great deal of attention in the novel character of a "gentleman of the twentieth century." As it may be worth while to learn what costume our posterity are to wear (Mr. Clingman is a bachelor and is not included in this remark,) we give the honorable gentleman's idea of it. Blue coat, lined and faced with white satin, metal buttons, velvet collar. Two vests.—outer one white, under one red. White cravat with lace, and lace at wristbands. White satin breeches, with red bands at the knee, white stockings and black pumps. Hon. Anson Burlingame appeared as Julian St. Pierre; J. Buchanan Henry, in court dress of revolutionary epoch; Hon. L. M. Kuitt, as the duke of Buckingham; Capt. Nelson, of the navy, as Falstaff; Mr J. P. Hoover, late marshal, as a lord chamberlain, &c. Lord Napier wore his ordinary court dress, and Sir Gore Ousley his official costume as a knight of the bath. Of the representatives of the press, Major Ben. Perley Poore appeared first as the merry monarch, Charles the Second, and afterwards as Major Jack Downing, enlisting for the Utah army; A. H. Evans, of Texas, late of the N. Y. Herald, as Antipholus, of Syracuse; John Savage, of the States, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Kingman, the "Don" of the Baltimore Sun, wore a court dress which belonged to, and was originally worn, by President Monroe. Of course I have not attended to one half the guests, but I have't room for more. The affair terminated at a late hour, but like a scene of fairy enchantment, it vanished ere the day light, and has been a general topic of conversation in society ever since.

THE NECESSITY OF VENTILATION.—The subject of ventilation has, of late years, been impressed very frequently on the public, and is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. Every person knows how disagreeable is the atmosphere of crowded roooms, and yet few can tell precisely why it is so. A lecture of Dr. Smith, at the New York Hospital, supplies certain facts and figures bearing upon this matter, which explains very significantly the reasons in detail for the unpleasantness of crowded, confined rooms. We give the following extract, as fully explaining the subject:

"By an elaborate and careful investigation, it has been determined that the daily discharge of matter from the lungs and skin is greater than that from the bowels and bladder. The average amount exuded from the lungs and skin of a healthy adult of ordinary size, in 24 hours, is about 40 oz., and of this quantity about 10 dwt. consists of animal matter. If the number of patients in this building be 200, then the total amount of pulmonary and cutaneous exhalations will be in one day 666 lbs. 8 oz.; in one month, 30 days, 20,000 lbs.; and in one year, or 365 days, 243,334 lbs. 4 oz.; and the amount of animal or organic matter in these exhalations, will be, in one day, 8 lbs. 4 oz.; in one month, 250 lbs., and in one year, 3040 lbs. 8 oz. The amount of effete emitted from the lungs and skin of the 200 patients in this Hospital, would be, in one year; 608,333 lbs. 4 oz., and of animal matter 7604 lbs. 2 oz. Such estimates enable us to judge of the degree of liability to disease, originating in ill-ventilated or over-crowded habitations."

A very interesting experiment was tried at Chicago, some time ago, to ascertain the amount of oxygen necessary to support life. Six hundred persons were placed in a hall in one of the hotels, all the doors and windows were closed and the experiment began. During the first half hour nothing was observed except a universal drowsiness, which was warded off as long as possible by an ingenious device of the experimenter in the shape of an eloquent lecture. During the second half hour several sank into a deep sleep, from which it was impossible to rouse them, and a few fainted. At the end of the third half hour it was deemed unsafe to continue the experiment longer, and the fact was considered established that under these circumstances life would become extinct within the space of ninety-five minutes.

Congress Thirty Years Ago.

"General Sam Houston is said to be the only member of the present Congress who was also a member thirty-five years ago, when Edward Everett formed one of the three hundred constituting that body."

There are some slight inaccuracies in this statement, says the *N. O. Picayune*, although not material. The Congress, in which General Houston and Mr. Everett were members together, was that of 1825-'27, more than thirty years ago, but not thirty-five: and the whole number of members was 261, and not 300. It is of that Congress that Gen. Houston was the only member who is a member of this Congress. But he is far from being the only surviving member, and there is at least one member of this Congress who was in Congress long previous to 1825. Mr. Crittenden, the venerable Senator from Kentucky, was in the Senate in 1817, more than forty years ago. Houston left Congress in 1827, and did not come back till 1846, having been not only out of Congress, but for the most part out of the Union, brought back, if all accounts of his ante-annexation coquetry with England be true, rather against his own will.

That Congress contained a great many men who have since acquired great reputations, and occupied the highest positions in the country. Four of its members—Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, and Buchanan—have since been elected President. Two—Richard M. Johnson and Wm. R. King—have been Vice-Presidents. The presiding officer of the Senate was John C. Calhoun, then in the zenith of his popularity and the highest vigor of his intellect. The eccentric Randolph occupied the seat which, at the close of the term, was filled by John Tyler, afterwards President.—Daniel Webster was in the House, and Hugh L. White in the Senate—men whom large masses of devoted friends unavailingly strove to elect to the Presidency.—Benton, then a giant among orators and statesmen, was in the Senate; so was Hayne, of South Carolina, who died so young, and so deeply lamented: Forsyth, who never had a superior as a debater in the Senate, afterwards Secretary of State and minister to Spain; Louis McLane, who became, successively, Secretary of State and of the Treasury, and minister to England; Levi Woodbury, afterwards Secretary of the Navy, of the Treasury, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the House, besides McDuffie, and Hamilton, and Philip P. Barbour—men who have left great reputations unconected with public station—there were Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, Secretary of State and minister to France; William C. Rives, of Virginia, also minister to France; Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, minister to England; and, though we name him last, not the least conspicuous there, Mr. Everett himself, whose name had already become widely known for ripe scholarship, and who became, successively, minister to England and Secretary of State.

It was a remarkable body which included these men. Very few of the members survive, and of the whole list President Buchanan is the only one now in public life, excepting General Houston. Mr. Buchanan was, however, a man of mark then. Gen. Houston was only known for some eccentricities, which soon after made him notorious, if not famous; and his titles to distinction, whatever they are, were earned on another field than in the councils or service of the United States.

In looking over the list of members of this Congress, as published in *Niles' Register* of December, 1825, we notice a curious circumstance. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose christian name could not be found out by the compiler; and so he put him down thus:—Polk. Twenty years afterwards this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1825, was elected President of the United States.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS.—Eat all you can digest, and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure, healthy blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night.—Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change, hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need of your going out, because you eat as much upon a rainy day as upon a clear day; and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom, or ill feeling, is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors do not muffle your eyes, nose and mouth in furs, veil, woollen comforters and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator: that is two lips; shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked a few rods briskly, and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible. What are the facts of the case? Look at a railway conductor going out of the hot air into the piercing cold air of winter, and in again, every five or ten minutes, and yet they do not take cold oftener than others; you will scarcely find a consumptive person in a thousand of them.

It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of cold air, the very thing that would cure them; the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it, especially if it is cold, when it is known that the colder the purer it is, yet if people cannot go to a hotter climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves a whole winter in a room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except it were raining or mid-winter; then I would sleep in an unplastered log-house. My consumptive friends, you want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread can give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-of-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certificates.—*Dr. Hall.*

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.—Washington, as everybody knows, was very methodical; and he was particular to have matters about which a dispute might arise, "put in writing." The article below is copied from one of his, "and is both characteristic and amusing. It is an agreement with his gardener, who, it appears, was in the habit of getting "tight;"

"Articles of agreement made this twelfth day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, by and between George Washington, Esq., of the Parish of Truro, in the county of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on one part, and Philip Bater, Gardener, on the otner. Witness, that the said Philip Bater, for and in consideration of the covenants herein hereafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year as a Gardener, and that he will during the said time, conduct himself soberly, dilligently and honestly—that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a Gardener, to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on times herafter mentioned.

"In consideration of these things being well and truly performed on the part of said Philip Bater, the said Geo. Washington both agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quality of provisions as he has heretofore had, and likewise annually a decent suit of clothes, befiting a man in his station; to consist of coat, vest and breeches; a working jacket and breeches of homespun, besides two white shirts, three check do., two linen pocket handkerchiefs, two pair of linen overhalls; as many pair of shoes as are necessary for him; four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days; a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner at noon.

"For the true and faithful performance of all and each part of these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

PHILIP BALER, his X mark.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Witness:
GEORGE A. WASHINGTON.
TOBIAS LEAR.

CARDS.

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, Krimpake 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. may 11 1y 11

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

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 7 tf 11

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaeffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster may 15, '55 1y 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 16

EDWARD M'GOVERN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NO. 3 CENTRE SQUARE—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, LANCASTER, PA. apr 6 tf 12

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

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENTIST—Office in North Queen street, 3d door from Orange, and directly over Spangler & Westhaeffer's Book Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856. 1y 18

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 1y* 45

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to Lime street, between Orange and East King streets, west side.
Refer to—Professor W. A. Gardner Philadelphia
Calls from the country will be promptly attended to apr 6 tf 12

CUMMING'S UNRIVALLED HAY STRAW AND FODDER CUTTER, Star Corn Shellers, Horse Powers, Threshers, Grain Fans, Root Cutters, &c., in large variety.
BOAS, SPANGLER & CO., Seed and Implement Warehouse, 927 Market st., below 7th. feb 2 1f 43

SPICES, &c.—Cinnamon, Cloves, Saleratus, Baking Soda, Cream Tartar, Nutmegs, &c. For sale at THOMAS ELLMAKER'S Drug & Chemical Store, West King street, Lanc'r. feb 9 tf 4

WALL PAPER STORE. EVANS' WALL PAPER STORE has been removed to No. 135 North 9th street, where can be found a large assortment of plain and decorative PAPER HANGINGS, at the lowest cash prices. Gold Paper at 75cts. per piece and upwards; Glazed Paper at 18¾cts. per piece, and unglazed 6