The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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TERMS.

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LADIES' STOCKINGS.

A CLOTHES-LINE in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry goods,
Whose nature I cannot divine,
Are wildly and merrily flapping
About on the same old line.

And a very sly young lady
At the parlor window sews;
And I rather conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into "them hose."
She's only a half length picture,
Fore-shortened below the breast;
But the dry goods which dance on the tight rope
Out yonder, make up the rest.

So dream-like she seems—so gentle—
You'd think her too good for earth;
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth,
To its worldly home—by jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws,
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

O eyes! like the sky when bluest!
O hair! like the night without star!
O muslin and hose I can't help it,
You draw my thoughts over "thar."
The lady alone is substantial—
The clothes but a fancy ideal;
Yes, somehow or another—confound it!
I've mixed up the sham with the real.

O love! you're the same old sixpence,
With the poet, the muff, or the brick;
You go up with a rush like a rocket,
But come down at last like a stick.
And let love-thoughts be lofty or lowly,
Platonic or flash, I opine,
That they all, like yon dry goods and stockings,
Belong to the very same line!

From the London Family Herald.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

'No, by Jove!' exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in an easy chair and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of the perfumed smoke; 'no, by Jove!' he repeated, 'I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous.—This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womankind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think it so.'

'It would be possible, I should think,' said Walter Everett 'that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement.'

'Oh, pshaw, Everett!' exclaimed Harry; 'that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry—I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict.'

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton.—That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would not be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction whenever he choose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too cute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady, and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *tete-a-tete*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!'—Mrs. V. replied with equal enthusiasm, 'She has indeed, and she danced admirably.' Or if Harry remarked that 'Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party,' Susie added, gently, 'that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating.' By this sly way of fighting fire with fire she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at last one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconsistent heart was starving after some new light of female beauty.—It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road instead of going down it, to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had noticed a strange quietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

The fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane, 'He has good taste, at any rate,' she soliloquized, 'and that is one consolation.' But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was entrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the peer, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the fore part of the vessel, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. V. sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

'Why, good morning Harry!' exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; 'this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated your company. After you left home I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible and hurried down here.'

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

'That lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry, said she turning to the lady. 'Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me more pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends.—Your name is ———? I did'nt quite understand.'

'Miss Wentworth,' replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

'Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth,' said Mrs. Vane, complacently. 'I do not recollect of hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me where is the baby? Mary come here.'

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

'Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There—does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See? Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet.' And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby red faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face and asked, enthusiastically, 'Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa?'

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

'What the deuce am I to do? he soliloquized. 'To blow out at her, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red faced little imp with her, too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it couldn't be anything else, and be my child; she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this strape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her?'

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called Mary to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed, 'Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth,' at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, 'and we will hurry into dinner. The stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!'

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who, to tell the truth, was a little absent minded) to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane

'My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl,' said Mrs. Vane. 'Harry, dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of those delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious.'

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to drive to his own residence.

'Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?' said Mrs. Vane. 'We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account.'

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Souchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and, save his penitent confession, (made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, 'Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?' to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech,) there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.'

LOOK OUT FOR BOGUS CABLE CHARMS.—The New York papers inform the public that the excitement which the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable has occasioned has created a new set of impostors, mock sailors, who pretend to belong to the Niagara, and who invade offices, saloons and bar-rooms with grossly bad imitations of the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable, five or six inches in length, which they offer for sale at prices varying from fifty cents to a dollar. It is probable that these sharpers will extend the circuit of their operations, and our citizens should be on their guard. The New York *Express* says:

"Nearly every jewelry store of note has offered cable charms and bits for sale in a variety of forms. We have cable rulers, jewelry, watch keys, canes, amulets and rings.—The twisted wires are put up in almost every imaginable shape, and are sold at all prices, from ten cents to as many dollars. Tiffany's famous establishment in Broadway is crowded all day and evening by anxious cable purchasers, who stand in long queues like people at a post office window, and eagerly pay their dollar and register their names, so as to be served with genuine cable in regular turn.—Over three hundred wholesale dealers, many of whom were from the country, registered their orders on Thursday, and, in a few days, will flood the whole country with certified genuine cable. The letter of Mr. Field to Tiffany & Co., stating that they only have the real, simon pure, original cable from the Niagara, rather astonished some jewellers, who imagined that they had bought a good supply of the real article."

THREE CHILDREN PICKED UP IN LAKE ERIE.—The Windsor *Herald* gives the following particulars of the finding of three children floating in Lake Erie, on Thursday last: Mr. Owen was crossing from Sandusky to Kingsville in a small schooner, when, about eight miles from one of the small islands, he fell in with a small boat containing three children, the eldest about 11 or 12, a girl, the others much smaller. The boat was full of water, drifting before the wind, and they were up to their necks in water. From the oldest, Mr. Owen learned their names and where they belonged, and kindly took them home. From the father he learned that they had been in the water from 8 A. M., to 5 P. M. They had been seen in the boat in the morning, shortly after which they were missing. The father started in pursuit, but failing to find them, returned to the island.

THE OLD PRINTER.

BY C. W. M'CLURE.

A Printer stood at his *case* one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim as the light
Of the mouldy lamp hung near.
The wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the Printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast;
He watched the hands of the clock creep round,
Keeping time with its snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type, with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten *stick*.

His hairs were as white as the falling snow,
And silently, day by day,
He beheld them with grief, like the autumn leaf,
One by one, "passing away"
Time had cut with his plow furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his gray-bearded chin;
And with fingers long, as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type, with a weary click,
In the old rust-eaten *stick*.

For many long years, through joys and thro' tears,
That old Printer's time *battered face*,
So ghostly and *lean*, night and morn had been seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his *case*.
In a few years more Death will *lock up his form*,
And *put it to press* in the *mould*,
And a *stone* o'er the spot where they lay him to rot,
Will tell us his name, and how old;
And his comrades will light that old lamp by his *case*,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they *set up* his death, with a solemn click,
In his old rust-eaten *stick*.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

'Mother, mother, mother!' sobbed a sweet voice, in agonizing tones. It was dark and cold in the low, dismal attic; but close pressed to the frosted windows lay the face of Sammy Hantz. His soft hair hung over his tearful face, and his thin hands clasped the rough window sill, and his whole frame shook as the keen blast found its way through the crevices around the stone chimney. It was a sound you never would forget—those half-sobbed, half-moaned words—'Mother, mother, mother!' You would have felt that little heart was ready to burst with its unutterable weight of sorrow, and that *grief might* be the companion of childhood, as well as old age.

Below stairs the fire leapt and sparkled, and crept gaily over the logs in the fireplace; for you may find fireplaces in Inglenook even now.

Everything was in order, and Mrs. Hantz, the step-mother of Sammy, was sitting placidly before the fire smoothing the folds of her clean apron, and in a self-satisfied manner stroking a tabby cat which lay in her lap.

Her three children were sitting cozily in little chairs by the fireside, and Mr. Hantz was talking with a brother who had just arrived to spend Thanksgiving with them.

The wind blew fiercely without, and once, when an unusual tempest seemed to shake the foundation of the house, the father turned suddenly to his wife and said:

'Where is Sammy?'

'Gone to bed,' said she tartly.

'What made him go so early?' asked Mr. Hantz. And in a tone which precluded further inquiry, his wife answered:

'Because he was too lazy to sit up, I suppose.'

For a few moments Mr. Hantz looked of vacantly into a corner of the room, and then offering a pipe to his brother, seemed to forget that little Sammy had been mentioned.

Eight years before Mr. Hantz had been sitting by the same fireside with his first wife, gentle Sarah Lee. Sammy was upon his father's lap, and Sarah, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, was talking of what they would do when Sammy would be old enough to have a Thanksgiving of his own. Perhaps Mr. Hantz's memory was bringing out those old pictures in a fresh light; and he may have paused to wonder if *he* had charged since that wife of his first choice and purest love sat before him. However it was, no one knew. Men are often ashamed of their best and noblest thoughts, and hide them for fear they may be called unmanly.

Whether the old adage may be true or not, that 'a mother is the same all the days of her life, but a father changes when he gets a new wife,' we do not pretend to say; but it was a fact that the *second* Mrs. Hantz and her children, were apparently *first* in the thoughts and affections of Mr. Hantz.

The morrow was Thanksgiving, and from early morn had Mrs. Hantz been busy preparing for the great dinner of the coming day.

More than two months before, she had partly promised Sammy, that 'if he was a good boy, and behaved himself,' he might go to his grand-father Lee's to spend Thanksgiving. And the motherless child had hoped and planned, and been happy upon the events of that day. He had many times gone to bed supperless, and never cried at all, because he fell asleep thinking of the dinner he should have at his grandfather's.

Although but two miles away, his stepmother seldom allowed him to go there, because as she averred, 'They set him up against her, and made him look uglier than ever.' But once in a while she was obliged to let him go, for fear that 'people would talk about it.' She was a first-class member of the church in Inglenook, and her praise for chariatble deeds, and kindness to the poor, was in all the neighborhood. She was one of those Christians, whose 'right hand knows what the left hand doeth,' and whose religion was for the praise of man, rather than the approval of God; and whose judgment I leave for a just Judge to pronounce at a coming day.

Many a time had poor Sammy had a boxed ear, while the minister looked out of the window, and been sent supperless to bed, while she told visiters that 'he was sick,' and while he slept shivering under a few old blankets in the garret, she displayed a snug warm bed-room below, as 'Sammy's room.' Through all Inglenook she was proverbial as a 'model step-mother,' and none but He who watches over motherless children knew of all that poor Sammy suffered. No human friend knew of the wrongs done to his childish nature; of the harsh repressing of all exuberance and of the bitterness which grew up in his heart toward all but his grandfather. He was like his mother, and sitting on her father's knee, he had been told by the old man how gentle and lovely she was, and that she was with the angels now, and he a motherless boy.

So the young child's heart clung to the old man who was kind to him, and the great holiday of the year was that upon which he could get away from the sound of his mother's voice, and the fear of her hand—when he could leave the chill fireside at home, where he always sat behind the new family group, and would climb on the lap of old Mr. Lee, and with his soft curls lying close to the white hair of the old man, listen to the stories told of his mother, and then have a nice supper upon the round table, drawn close to the fire. This year he had anxiously waited for the dry leaves to drift through the woods in October, and for the first November snow to come, because at Thanksgiving he should visit his grandfather.

And the day before has at last come.—He was up before the stars were out of sight, and had a blazing fire upon the hearth; the tea kettle boiling, and the 'potatoes in.' All day long his little feet had pattered here and there—to the barn, to the well, down cellar, up stairs, in the pantry, and through the kitchen. There surely never was a housewife who needed more waiting upon than Mrs. Hantz, and Sammy did it all. His fingers smarted with cold, when he picked up great baskets of chips; his back ached when he lugged in armful after armful of great hard-wood sticks for the kitchen and 'spare room' fire-place; his hungry stomach craved a piece of the smoking pies, which he had to drag from the brick oven; and he longed for one 'doughnut' from the heaping panful he had to carry away.—His little feet and slender arms were very tired; but he never complained a word and to all his mother's provoking taunts, and needless fault-finding, he was silent; but when all was done—and it was nine o'clock—he could not help asking her if he was to go to his grandfather's to-morrow; and when he heard her say, 'No! I want you at home,' he could hardly totter up-stairs. When there he dropped into an old chair, and moaned, 'oh, so sadly! 'Mother, mother, mother!'

How many childish hearts moan mother, mother! How many ache and break for want of a mother's love! All over the world poor orphaned children send up a wail for mother! Love and Heaven! Bitter indeed is the cry; but does not God hear it, and shall he not justly reward the oppressors of little children?

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and brightly upon Inglenook; but Mrs. Hantz 'waited on herself' that day, for after calling for the poor boy many times, she went up stairs and found him still sitting, white and chill, by the window, with tears frozen upon his cheeks and his soft hair woven with the frost work on the glass.

Little Samm had gone to hold his Thanksgiving with the angels.

The Man of Many Trades.

About fifteen years ago, when game was abundant in Delaware, large parties of sportsmen came down from the North and 'waged war' with unsuspecting feathered tribes. Among the number of those who were induced to exchange their cheerful homes for the more delightful prospect of roaming over a rocky and uneven country were three individuals, named respectively Doctor Pearce, Bill Fisher, and Sam Willson.

After 'coasting about' for days, and not being sufficiently rewarded for their trouble, they were rather disheartened, and which added more to their dejection, Fisher had a violent toothache. The doctor, out of consideration for Bill's sufferings, suggested that they should go in quest of a tavern. Some two hours' hard riding brought them in sight of a singular looking building, in front of which projected one of those old fashioned well-poles. As they neared the house, a confused hum of voices saluted their ears.

'Thunder,' said the doctor, 'this place is not a tavern, it's a school-house.' 'Suppose we inquire,' suggested Sam Willson. On entering a room, near the front door, Willson's idea that the party had got into a country inn, was confirmed. On a shelf, behind a small counter, stood some six tumblers, upon the tops of which were about the same number of lemons, by way of decoration. Hardly had our thirsty friends got seated, when a side door opened, and a tall, red-faced, long-nosed individual, with an immense quill stuck behind his ear, stepped into the room. The doctor remarked 'we are looking for a tavern, but from the noise, I should think that we have got into a school-house.' 'Sir,' replied he of the quill, with much gravity, 'you are in a school-house; nevertheless, I can accommodate the gentlemen with a 'snifter' all round." 'You see, sir,' he added, 'I attend to my duties as teacher, while I ladle out liquor at the same time.' 'Well, you are a trump,' said the doctor, in great admiration.

'No, sir,' answered the school-master. 'I am a member of the Legislature!' 'Good gracious! are you anything else?' timidly inquired Sam Willson. "Yes,' replied Quill, 'I can say, and say it with pride, that I am the only dentist in the county!' 'How fortunate,' exclaimed the doctor, 'here is a friend of mine who is suffering from a severe tooth-ache—do you think you can relieve him?' 'I should think so,' replied the dentist. 'When there is any pulling of teeth, consider me *in*. So saying, he left the room, but returned in a few minutes, bringing with him a pair of large, unwieldy pincers, such as are used by fishermen to skin eels. 'Thunder!' almost yelled the excited Fisher, 'you don't intend to force those infernal catfish nippers down my throat?' The dentist was struck dumb by this question. Not so the waggish doctor, who immediately explained that the instrument in question was the regular forceps. The member of the Legislature now, for the first time, began to feel that his skill as a dentist was at stake.

'Perhaps,' said he, 'you doubt my ability to pull teeth; but I will show you that the thing can be done.' Entering the school room he cast his eyes over the group of children there assembled. Suddenly he seized a stout country lad, and, after a short struggle, succeeded in dragging him to the bar-room, and dumping him down into a chair. 'Now, gentlemen,' said Quill, with a splendid flourish of his arms, 'you will see a great thing done here.' So saying, he grasped the boy by the neck, and, despite his frantic struggles to get free, drew a sound tooth from the boy's mouth. Holding the tooth in the nippers, the operator exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, 'what do you think of that, gentlemen?' Mr. Fisher, whose toothache quite left him, remarked, after such an atrocious piece of business, 'we won't stay another moment in your house.' Accordingly our indignant party of sportsmen were getting into their wagon, when the school-master, tavern-keeper, member of the Legislature, and dentist, bawled out 'I forgot to mention the people of the county have nominated me for Sheriff.'

THE GOLD EXCITEMNT IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—Leavenworth despatches of the 25th ult., received per U. S. Express to Booneville on Monday last, state that considerable excitement prevails in Lawrence and Kansas City in consequence of recent arrivals from the gold region of Pike's Peak, confirming the existence of gold in abundance in that locality. A company that started from Lawrence, in Iowa, had met with good success. The gold found is similar to that of Frazer River, in California.

Mr. Richards, who arrived at Kansas City on the 28th ult., reports that with very limited prospecting, satisfactory results were obtained. Two men, with inferior implements, washed out six hundred dollars worth of gold in a single week, at a small stream fifty miles from Pike's Peak. A second Frazer River excitement is apprehended.

GRAPE CULTURE.—It is expected that at least 350,000 gallons of wine will be made from the native grapes in California, this year. But what is noteworthy is the fact that the grape chiefly grown in California for making wine is of Spanish stock, and was introduced by the priests when they established their missions, between the years 1769 and 1780. The vine is hardy and healthy, and the berry juicy and strong. An acre of vines is calculated to yield 1000 gallons of wine, and never less than 800, although 400 is considered an average yield in Ohio and Europe.

SWAMP FEVER.—The Natchez *Courier* says:—"We hear of innumerable cases of swamp fever among both whites and blacks in the parishes opposite us in Lousiana, and in the low lands of this State, occasioned by the falling waters. Not a few of these cases are brought on this side of the river, and from the peculiar appearance of a person having the swamp fever, the skin being more or less yellow, some persons are apt to mistake such cases for yellow fever. We have heard a skilful physician pronounce swamp fever nothing more or less than chronic yellow fever."

NEW RIFLE CANNON.—The Government has been trying the rifle cannon of Mr. Sawyer, of Fitchburg, Mass. At one mile, the body of an ordinary sized tree would not be missed once in fifty times, so exact are its line shots. Mr. Sawyer superintends the firing in person, and, in seventeen shots, at a distance of one mile the farthest was not over three feet from the centre. This is the closest shooting with cannon known. The cannon is grooved like a rifle. The ball is shaped like the Minnie rifle-ball, and is filled with powder, which explodes after striking and entering an object.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Lutheran Church in the United States numbers about 175,000 communicants, 2000 congregations, and 1200 ministers. Its members are found chiefly in the Middle and Western States, although there are a few congregations in New England, and quite a considerable number in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, as also in Western Texas.

CARDS.

SIMON P. EBY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—No. 38 North Duke street,
may 11 1y 17] LANCASTER, PENNA.

FREDERICK S. PYFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE.—No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, WEST SIDE, LANCASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

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

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
mar 31 1y 11 STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House.
Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

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

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

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Sheffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17

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

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

EDWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 5 NORTH DUKE STREET—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE,
LANCASTER, PA.
apr 6 tf 12

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENTIST.—Office in North Queen street, directly over Long's Drug Store.
Lancaster, may 27, 1856. 1y 16

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to Lime street, between Orange and East King streets, west side.
Reference—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia.
Calls from the country will be promptly attended to.
apr 6 tf 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 1y 5

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE. The subscriber having removed his store to the new building nearly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, has now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the Drug business, consisting in part of Oils, Acids, spices, Seeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Sarsaparillas, &c., &c., to which the attention of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited. THOMAS ELLMAKER.
feb 9 tf 4 West King street, Lanc'r.

TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed by Messrs. Allen & Needles agents in Lancaster for the sale of their celebrated
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
we would call the attention of Farmers to this Fertilizer, it being superior to all others; and from the testimony of those who have used it for some years past, we feel authorized in saying it is *the best* application for Corn, Oats Wheat, Grass and other crops which require a vigorous and permanent stimulant, that has ever been offered to the public. Apply to GEO. CALDER & CO,
East Orange street, 2d door from North Queen st., and at Graeff's Landing on the Conestoga.

"TO THE SEEKERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE."
RECAPITULATION FROM THE DAILY PAPERS.
The following comprise a few of the NEW WORKS lately received at the "PEOPLE'S BOOK STORE."
"Bishop Potter's Discourses," "Man upon the Sea," "Beecher's Life Thoughts," "Life of Hugh Miller," "Cruise of the Betsey," "Lola Montez's Autobiography," "Lola Montez's Arts of Beauty," "Family Aquarium," "Two Millions," &c., &c. All the Magazines and Newspapers constantly on hand, and anything in the Book, Stationery or Periodical line not on hand will be ordered at the shortest notice. Orders earnestly solicited.
SPRENGER & WESTHAEFFER,
aug 24 tf 32] No. 33 North Queen street.

WOOD MOULDINGS.
UNITED STATES WOOD MOULDING, TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING MILL.
Fifteenth street, between Market and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.
Also, Sash, Blinds, Shutters and Window Frames for sale low—all of which are of the best materials and workmanship.
may 11 1y 18] BENJAMIN ESLER, Proprietor.

TEACHERS' NOTICE. The proprietors of the PEOPLE'S BOOK STORE, beg leave to call your attention to their new, extensive and well selected stock of "SCHOOL BOOKS" and Stationery, which they offer on most accommodating terms to those having charge of SCHOOLS throughout the county, and respectfully solicit a share of patronage. We have on hand every Book now in use in the county, and stand prepared to furnish anything in our line at the shortest possible notice. We aim to give entire satisfaction. Remember the OLD PEOPLE'S STORE. SPRENGER & WESTHAEFFER,
aug 24 tf 32] No. 33 North Queen street.

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, Morocco, 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 6 1y 6

FARMERS ATTENTION! The best article in the world for raising wheat is LEINAU'S SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE OF LIME, at $40 per ton, or 2½ cts. a lb., by the barrel. Analysed and recommended for the Wheat and Grain crops by Professor CHARLES T. JACKSON, *Chemist of the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C.*
It will repay the outlay 50 to 100 per cent., and will not burn the seed by coming in contact as Guano does.
TRY IT,—PROVE IT!
G. A. LEINAU, Proprietor,
No. 21, South Front Street, Philadelphia City, Pa., or of my Agents throughout the country.
ANALYSIS can be seen at my Office.
Cash mailed with the order will receive prompt attention.
A liberal discount to storekeepers who buy to sell again. Pamphlets can be had at my Office.
aug 24 2m 32] G. A. L.

FALL GOODS.—The subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and country merchants generally, that their stock of
HOSIERY, GLOVES, SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
Woolen and Small Wares, is now complete, comprising their usual assortment, and which they will sell at the *lowest market rates*
They would especially call attention to their stock of BUCKSKIN GLOVES AND MITTENS, comprising the Hanover, Germantown, Johnstown and other desirable makes, which they have purchased directly from the manufacturers, for cash, and are now prepared to sell at reduced rates.
SHAFFNER, ZIEGLER & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers, No. 36 North Fourth Street, near the Merchants' Hotel, Philadelphia.
aug 24 tf 32

PHILADELPHIA, July 10th, 1858.
TO THE FARMERS AND GRAIN DEALERS OF LANCASTER COUNTY:
In consequence of a prevailing misapprehension