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 AM NOT OLD."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I am not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my day;
I am not old—though youth has passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which Care may deepen now;
Yet Love, fond love a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,
And still in fancy, I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

I am not old—the snowy tinge
That's fallen on my hair,
What is it but a silver fringe
That makes the head more fair?
Sad contrast, may be, to the brown
Which used to deck my early crown;
But, let the senile tokens stay,
No impulse of my soul is gray.

I am not old—though I must leave
This earth and be at rest;
Soon, very soon, I will but grieve
For those whom Love loves best.
What though this fragile frame shall fade
In Age's cold and gloomy shade?
I shall regain the light, and be
Youthful in immortality.

Alaric; or, the Tyrant's Vault.

A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

ALARIC.

Not far from the city of Syracuse, when it was the metropolis of all Sicily, an object of longing to ambitious conquerors, and one of the finest cities in the world; not far from this place, upon the shore of the sea, stood a man who had just landed from a vessel that was now sailing away towards the North. He was quite young—not over five-and-twenty—tall and well proportioned; with a muscular system finely developed; and possessing a face not only striking in its manly beauty, but remarkable, in one so young, for its stern, resolute, and self-reliant expression. His dress was light and simple, and evidently of Greek manufacture; the lower limbs being clothed in close-fitting goat skin, above which he wore a shirt of white linen, confined at the waist by a belt of fine mail. Upon his head was a cap of woven stuff, the top drooping over the right ear; and his feet were shielded by a pair of sandals. His only weapon was a short, heavy sword, which hung, in a leathern scabbard, from his belt of fine mail. He stood for awhile, gazing about, as though undecided what course he should pursue; but finally he espied an old fisherman, not far off, who had just come down upon the beach, and towards him he made his way.

'A bright, pleasant morning, good sir,' said the youth.

The old man cast his net from his shoulders and gazed up. He carefully scanned the features before him, and then replied:

'Aye, fair sir, it is a pleasant morning. We have many such on this coast.'

'And yet it storms sometimes, I suppose,' suggested the first speaker.

'He is a wise man who little heeds the storms he cannot quell,' said the fisherman, with a nod of the head which seemed to give his words more meaning than the circumstances under which they were spoken would imply.

'You are right there,' responded the other. 'But tell me—where can I find Artabanus, the hermit?'

The fisherman took another careful look into his interlocutor's face, and then answered:

'He lives upon yonder mountain, which is called Catalano. Do you wish to see him?'

'Yes.'

'Then follow the path that leads to yonder cot, until it brings you to a small stream. Cross that, and then upon your right hand you will see a beaten track.—He lives in a cave near the top of the mountain, and this track will lead you directly thither.'

The young man thanked his informant, and was upon the point of turning away, when the latter resumed:

'I mean no offence. Your face looks familiar. It has the cast of a countenance I fancied I had seen before.'

'You'll at least remember of having seen such an one on this morning,' said the young man; and as he thus spoke he turned away.

'Aye,' muttered the old Sicilian, half to himself, but yet loud enough to reach other ears; 'and I call on Neptune to witness that I have seen it before. Such faces are not multiplied—they are not plenty in Syracuse these times. Alas! more's the pity.'

The youth hesitated for a moment, as though he would turn back, but he overcame the disposition, and kept on. When he had begun to ascend the mountain, he stopped and looked behind him, and saw that the fisherman was already upon the water.

'Can it be,' he said, to himself, 'that my face is so little changed? I think I remember that old man, for he has spread his nets long in these waters; but how should he remember me? I pray the gods that there be not many in Syracuse that will yet be so observant.'

With this the traveler kept on up the mountain until he had reached a broad table of rock, from whence he could see the bay, and the city beyond. The great metropolis was spread out before him, with its massive walls, its temples, and its palaces, and a tear started down his cheek as he gazed upon the scene. He clasped his hands upon his bosom, and, with a few muttered words, he started on again. He crossed the stream, and took the path to which he had been directed; but he did not follow it as one who was a stranger to its windings. He pursued his way with an ease and assurance, and, at times, with an abstractedness which could have been indulged in only by one who knew well the way he was going. Up the steep, rocky height he climbed, and, when he finally stopped, it was before the entrance to a cave—a cave which Nature had fashioned in the mountain's side, and sheltered from the sun's fervid heat, and the fury of the storm. At the mouth of this cavern sat an old man, over whose head some fourscore years had rolled. His hair and beard were white as the fleecy cloud that sailed above the mount, and floated in silken, wavy masses over his shoulders and breast. A mantle of grey cloth enveloped his frame, and his feet were shod with heavy sandals. He was engaged over an old manuscript, but as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps he closed the volume and raised his head.

'Good morning, my son,' he said, with a look of simple welcome.

'Kind father, I greet thee,' the youth returned, at the same time extending his hand.

'How!' cried the aged man, starting to his feet, as the accents fell upon his ear.—He shaded his eyes with the palm of the left hand, and gazed eagerly into his visitor's face. 'Do I see aright?' he added. 'Is it Alaric—my old pupil?'

'Aye, good Artabanus, I am Alaric—come once more to see thee.'

For some time the hermit gazed into the young man's face in silence, but finally he said:

'Sit down—sit down, my son. Thy presence has started a host of varied emotions to life within me, and I must recover my thoughts ere I can talk with thee in reason.'

'Thank the gods, I find thee alive and in health,' replied the youth, as he let go the old man's hand, and took a seat upon a wooden bench close by.

'Aye—I am well in body,' returned Artabanus. 'But,' he added, thoughtfully, continuing to gaze earnestly into his companion's face as he spoke, 'the body is but a small part of man, and the ills of the flesh are very joys when compared with some of the pains to which the soul may be subject. But tell me of thyself.—Where hast thou been?'

'I have been in Greece,' replied the youth. 'When I fled from these shores, eight years ago, I sought refuge there, and there I have remained ever since. Oh! I wept this morning, as I gazed down upon the city of my birth. I had thought I had done weeping over those memories; but when I again gazed upon Syracuse they came crowding upon me with a power which I could not resist. I saw the very temple beneath the walls of which my father and my brother were slain; and I could see the roof beneath which my mother died. Artabanus, there were not many of the patrician families escaped that foul butchery.'

'No, Alaric. Of all who were loyal to the true interests of the people, I have seen only yourself return. There were a few escaped, but not many. Were there any went with you to Greece?'

'No, father. I escaped alone. I saw my noble parent cut down—I saw my brother fall—and when I knew I had no relative left in the city, I fled. Fortune favored me. I found a small boat by the sea shore, and I put out alone upon the dark waters. I floated away to Melita, and from thence I gained a passage to Greece. The tyrant still reigns in Syracuse?'

'Alas! yes. And his deeds are evil, and the people suffer. We have had no peace in Sicily since good Helixus died.—Thou wert but a mere child then.'

'I was seven years old. I remember the good king well, for my father, you know, was one of his chief officers.'

'Aye—you were older than I thought,' said the hermit, musingly.

'And I remember that there was some mystery connected with the good king's death,' remarked Alaric. 'Am I not right?'

'There was not much mysery,' answered the old man. 'He was weak and weary, and he left the throne that he might die in peace; and death soon came to him.—But why hast thou returned to Syracuse?'

'Can you not guess?' returned the youth.

'I might guess many things, my son."

'And yet but one of them would be right. I have said that I left no relative behind me when I made my escape from this place; but I did leave one whom I loved—one about whom my affections were entwined with a life that could not die. You know of whom I speak.'

'Aye—you speak of the mason's daughter, Ianthe,'

'Yes, father. Is she alive?'

'She is.'

'And well?'

'She is well!'

'And,' pursued the youth, in a more eager tone, 'is she still free?'

'Why? Have you thought that she would remember you in love through the years that have passed?'

'O! do not tell me that she has ceased to love me. True, she was a child in years, but I loved her then, and my love has grown stronger in the separation which has followed. I know there is danger to me here, but I came with a will to meet it.'

'But suppose your very life were in danger if you sought the maiden?'

'You may warn me of danger, if you will, but do not seek to place the barrier of fear between me and my desire, for I know not the emotion. You, Artabanus, taught me when I was a boy, and your wise lessons have not departed from my mind. You taught me that there were many things more to be feared than death, and I have come, prepared rather to die than live all alone in a distant land, with the sad memories of my unhappy country for my only heritage.'

'And you would not turn from death, should it raise its threatening front between yourself and Ianthe?' The old man's gaze grew more earnest as he thus spoke, and a spark, within which seemed to gleam some newly awakened hope, burned in his eye.

'My father,' answered Alaric, with a flushing cheek, 'I could almost feel offended did I think you doubted me, but I do not think so. Show me that Ianthe loves me, and not even Pyrrho himself, with the blood-stained crown of Sicily upon his brow, shall have power to startle me from my course, while life is mine.'

Artabanus started to his feet and grasped the youth by the hand.

'Noble Alaric,' he cried, with a joyful enthusiasm, 'thou art worthy of the maiden's hand. She does love thee—she cherishes thy memory within her heart as the most precious thing of earth, and for long years she has lived upon the hope that thou wouldst return to her.'

'O—the gods be praised!' ejaculated the young man.

'But,' added the hermit in a changed voice, 'there must be danger in thy path. Pyrrho holds his throne only through the fear and enslavement of the people, and he knows it. Your father was one of his bitterest enemies, and he was also one of the first whom the usurper found it necessary to put out of the way. You are not only the very image of your noble parent, but you must remember that you had arrived almost at the full stature of manhood when you fled from Syracuse. You were then seventeen, and from seventeen to five-and-twenty, especially in one so early developed as you were, there is not much change. You were a man then, and you are no more now. So you must expect that you will be known and recognized. But let us speak of that hereafter. First do you see Ianthe, and when you have found all right in that quarter, we will consider further.'

'I shall find her with her father?'

'Yes—and his house is just where it was eight years ago.'

'I will go seek her, then, and——'

'Hold, my son. You had better wait till nightfall ere you enter the city, and also exchange that Greek shirt for a garment less likely to attract attention, for I assure you that too much care cannot be taken.'

Alaric was impatient to see Ianthe, but he saw the force of the hermit's reasoning, and he was willing to wait. So he sat down by his old teacher's side again—sat as he had sat years before, when receiving instructions from the same lips--and listened to the story of the wrongs that had been done Sicily during the last eight years. Hour after hour passed away, and Artabanus had still more to tell of the tyrant's cruelty.

'Merciful heavens!' cried the youth, fired almost to phrenzy by the recital, 'how have the people borne all this?'

'They have borne it under fear of their lives. Pyrrho's soldiers are posted at every place where a murmur can arise.'

'And how long shall it last?'

'Till some spirit with a heart big enough to love Sicily more than life, and a soul that fears not the tyrant, shall arise in Syracuse!' pronounced the old man solemnly.

Alaric started as he met the glance of his aged companion, for there was a meaning upon it of more than mortal import.—He dared not trust himself to speak then, for the feelings that had sprung to life in his own soul were so wild and strange that they fairly startled him. He arose and walked out upon the mountain, and ever and anon, as his eye rested upon the distant city, the tumult in his soul came to startle him again. He did not seek to analyze the emotion, for it was so bold and gigantic, so genie-like in its misty proportions, that he dared not handle it with reason.

After a while Artabanus came out and touched him upon the shouder.

'Alaric,' spoke the old man, 'it is waxing late, and we may be on the move.—Let us eat a crust of bread, and then we will descend the mountain together. I must go with you as far as the fisherman's cot, for there we must find a more fitting garb for you. Glycon is my friend, and may be trusted to the verge of the grave.'

The frugal supper was soon dispatched, and then the two descended the mountain together. At the fisherman's cot they stopped, and found that Glycon had just returned from his day's labor. Artabanus took him apart, and having explained to him as much of Alaric's story as he deemed advisable, he asked for some garments that would answer for the youth to wear.

The fisherman led the way to his scanty wardrobe, and the necessary garments were soon selected. Alaric's leggins of goat skin were replaced by long hose of blue cloth, and his white linen shirt was exchanged for a dark brown frock, beneath which he could easily conceal his short sword.—After this the hermit accompanied him to the southern shore of the bay, and there stopped.

'We had better not be seen together beyond this point,' said the old man. 'From here the way is plain, and you have had caution enough

At the gate you will not be stopped, unless some of the guard should take the whim to question you. Be wise, now, and cautious, and let me see you to-morrow."

'I will not forget.'

'Then may the gods guide and protect you.'

With this Artabanus turned back towards the mountain, and Alaric kept on. The shades of night were gathering over the city as the youth passed in at the broad gateway, and the guard had already lighted their torches. He had gone a few steps when a rough voice commanded him to stop.

'Didn't you promise me a fish for my dinner, thou lying knave?' the voice continued.

'You have mistaken your man,' said Alaric, hiding his face as much as possible without seeming desirous so to do.

'Good Bacchus, so I have. Thou'rt not Mestor.'

'No,' returned our hero; and as he spoke he kept on.

'That's a strange face,' said one of the soldiers.

'And, I thought, a fair one,' added another.

'How now?' asked a third. 'Has a stranger passed?'

'Yes—a fisherman.'

''Tis said that a Greek vessel was upon the coast this morning, and we should know whom she landed?'

Alaric heard no more. He turned the first angle in the street that presented itself, and then hurried on. The way was familiar, and he had no difficulty in selecting the various avenues he needed to follow, but he was not wholly easy. He had reason to believe that he was followed. He took several winding passages for the purpose of avoiding pursuers, but he could not get rid of the echoing foot-fall that sounded upon the pavement behind him. It slackened when he slackened—it stopped when he stopped—and when he hurried on the echo hurried after him.

CHAPTER II.

IANTHE—AN ALARM.

Within a comfortably furnished apartment of an humble abode, near the western wall of the city, sat two individuals. The first was a man some fifty years of age, stout and muscular in frame, and wearing the garb of an artisan, with the dust of toil still clinging to him. He possessed an open, kindly countenance, and if it lacked in comeliness, it certainly made up in honesty and frankness. Such was Bellerus, one of the most skillful masons in Syracuse, and possessing a fair kowledge of architecture in its higher and more elaborate branches. A genial, comfortable disposition had led him into society of his own choice, and an antipathy to turmoil and strife, and an unwillingness to assume much responsibility, had kept him from rising to any eminence in his profession. There may have been another cause for his retaining his humble position, though every desire of his social life seemed to be answered where he was.

The other person—the mason's companion—was a female. She had seen just twenty summers, and was as beautiful as the poet's dream. In form she was light and graceful, her limbs full and round, and her whole frame full of life and vigor. Her features were of true Grecian mould, with large, dark eyes, over which drooped long lashes of silken texture, while a mass of wavy tresses clustered about her superbly rounded shoulders. Beyond the few honest friends who sometimes partook of the artisan's hospitality, she was not known. Bellerus has guarded her with a miser's care, and few there were in the great metropolis who knew of the treasure of beauty that dwelt within his walls. The humble craftsmen who shared her father's confidence loved her devotedly, but they loved with a worshiping love, as the kneeling shepherd loved his goddess; and they were all pledged not to speak of her in their intercourse with the outside world.

'Don't call me foolish, father,' said the maiden, imploringly.

'I do not call thee so, Ianthe,' the mason returned. 'I only wish to help you over what may prove a most bitter disappointment. How can you hope that Alaric will ever return?'

'My love tells me so.'

'Ah—but love is blind.'

'Then its feelings are the more to be relied upon, for they come from the internal promptings of the soul. But I feel sure that he will come back to me. Only last night the bright goddess Electra appeared to me in a dream, and told me that Alaric should return. At least I will hope yet a while longer; for it is sweet to hope.'

Bellerus could not find it in his heart to do more towards dispelling the bright promise which the maiden cherished, and he turned the conversation upon another topic. Only a few words had been spoken, however, when a loud rap was heard without, and the host lighted a torch and went to the door. When he returned, he made a motion for Ianthe to leave the room.

'It is a stranger,' he said, 'and it is not meet that thou shouldst be present.'

But the maiden neither spoke nor moved. She had heard the tones of the visitor's voice, and her quick ear had caught a familiar sound.

Bellerus would have reminded her again, but the stranger was close behind him, and quickly entered the apartment. Ianthe saw not the humble fisher's garb—she only saw the well-remembered features which she had carried within the sacred repository of her affections for so long a time. They were changed a little—they had assumed more of manhood—but not changed to love.

'Sweet Electra, my dream is true!' she cried, as she started forward, and put forth her hands. '*Alaric has come.*'

'So heaven looks down with richest blessing!' the young man responded, as he folded the maiden to his bosom.

'May the gods preserve me!' exclaimed the old mason, gazing upon the youthful pair in wonder. 'I hope this is no trick of Thaumas to blind me. Alaric, is it thou?'

'In truth, good Bellerus, it is,' returned our hero, extending his hand as he spoke. 'Surely thou shouldst know me.'

'Aye, and I do know thee now,' the host responded, grasping the youth wamly, and gazing eagerly into his face. 'By the crown of Pluto, I could not mistake that face. Thou art grown wondrously like thy noble father.'

The trio were soon seated, and when they had regained somewhat of their composure, Alaric gave a brief account of his adventures during his absence from Sicily. Ianthe sat all the with her head upon his bosom, and ever and anon lifting her eyes to catch the warm glances of his love.

At length the old craftsmen went out, and the lovers were left alone. They told over the tales of affection they used to tell in other years, and for an hour the world was shut out from their thoughts.

'O!' murmured Ianthe, after Alaric had imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow in token of the renewal of his most solemn pledges, 'now that thou art near me, and my fount of love is full, I begin to fear the dangers which may beset thee.'

'Let us not think of danger now, my beloved,' replied the youth. 'This should be a season of joy and happiness unalloyed.'

'Aye—but we should not forget that there is a future, and that we must be watchful of the joys to-day if we would have them with us henceforth.'

'Thou art right, Ianthe. And I will be watchful. I know there is danger in the way, but I fear it not.'

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AUTUMN.

The sere and yellow leaves are falling, and the ground is covered with these scattered emblems of decay, save when borne upon the chilly breeze they pass with a rustling sound, and make weird music to the listener's ear, emblematic of our faded hopes and withered aspirations; elemental proofs of the changing seasons as they come and go, spring time and summer, seed time and harvest, the rustling of another leaf in the great and wondrous book of life. Yet how fleeting and unnoticed by the mass of mankind are these changes of season. Absorbed in his own particular world of business or of pleasure, man is abstracted from the changing aspects of all around him. A waif upon the stream of time, buffeted by its billows, or smoothly gliding along, voyaging prosperously, he is unobservant of the "fading leaf" until evident changes, mental and physical, admonish him that autumnal shadows are clouding the firmament of existence. The prime of life, the epoch of matured wisdom, the garnered sheaves of experience are but the prelude to its sunset—the valley of the dark shadow is before us. We are upon the threshold of that unfathomable and dread mystery, the only certainty amid life's uncertainties—its extinction. Nature should never appeal to us in vain; perception and thought were given us that we may see and ponder upon the varied works of creation, and elicit for ourselves a solution of these problems which are ever being presented to us for analyzation--and these changes of season, though from custom become simplified to our senses, should be suggestive of the causes whence the effects proceed. To an inquiring and contemplative mind, the fall of the leaf, simple, natural, seasonable as it is, generates a train of thought which should leave us wiser, sadder, *perchance* better men. It should make us more tolerant, more merciful, more charitable in our estimate of our fellow men, and less exultant in the pride of youth, manhood and intellect, from which the sap and sinew are departing as the autumnal shadows steal around us, and while the withered leaves flit about whirling on the stormy blast.

'Tis Autumn: a brief space, and the laughing, gushing streams, murmuring softly over their pebbly beds, will be fettered by the cold chains of the ice-king—the trees already show at intervals their skeleton arms partially disrobed of foliage, and toss their uncovered heads wildly and fitfully to the sweeping wind. And soon lake and river, brook and stream, will lie still and motionless as if palsied by the hand of death. 'Tis but a partial death, a winter sleep, and then again renewed, refreshed, invigorated, the young spring will awaken, and winter become a memory. And why, with all these changing phases of earth and air, from the genial breath of vernal spring to the keen blast of winter over its snowy winding-sheet, from the noon-tide heat, the blaze of a summer sun to the cooler temperature when his rays fall aslant upon the waving golden corn, man should pass onward unconscious of Nature's bounteous varieties, is to us a mystery; for we, albeit, we are more straight-laced in modern attire and social habits than was the "Bard of all Time," can enter keenly into his thoughts and feelings, and appreciate the profound philosophy which traced

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But our autumnal thoughts are becoming too lengthy; we must bring them to a conclusion; and while the blast rattles the casement, even while we are writing—this chill autumnal blast causing a premonitory shudder, anticipative of colder breezes yet to come, of frigid housekeepers descending to the breakfast table with blue noses, purple lips, crisped curls, and generally unamiable mood—we bless our stars that we are at home, at our own home, where the perpetual smile of one fair face that has companioned our joys and sorrows for many years, can infuse warmth even into the rigors of an arctic day, arousing memories tender, soft and pensive, as the unshadowed moonlight 'neath which we wandered in life's spring time, and whispered things which—would be nonsense now.

Wild Autumn winds, ye sound like dirges lone
Through the gray twilight's lowering, deep'ning gloom,
Or the weird wail of some spiritual tone,
Which fancy deems prophetic of the tomb.
Sad Autumn winds, ye whirl the crisped leaves
As ocean doth the navies on her breast,
Ye wake memories in the heart which grieves,
Startling the young wife from her midnight rest,
To breathe a prayer that Heaven in mercy save
Her sailor husband o'er the treacherous wave.
Cold Autumn winds, may mercy guide your wings,
To waft us safely to successive Springs!

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

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

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. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17

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, HOMŒPATHIC 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

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

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

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

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.

BENTZ & BARDWELL, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN *FOREIGN & DOMESTIC WINES & LIQUORS,* No. 13 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia. GEO. I. BENTZ. GEO. H. BARDWELL. July 27 2m 28

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. BENJAMIN ESLER, may 11 1y 18] Proprietor.

RIFLES! GUNS! REVOLVERS!--I have opened a large assortment of Rifles, Guns, Revolvers, Pistols and Hunting equipments of all kinds, at low prices.
I have engaged the services of Mr. Henry Gibbs, who will attend to repairing of Guns, &c., in all its branches.—All work warranted S. A. DANNER,
West King Street, between Cooper's and Leman's Hotels. apr 27 tf 15

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 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 2¼ 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.

HAGER & BROTHERS, have just received and offer for sale at lowest prices, CARPETINGS,
VELVET, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY,
THREE-PLY, INGRAIN, VENETIAN,
and RAG, of the best styles and manufacture. Also, superior quality of FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from one to four yards wide, FLOOR and STAIR DRUGGETS.
WALL PAPERS, DECORATIONS, BORDERS, of entirely new designs in Velvet, Gilt, Glazed and Common CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE, SPRING, HAIR AND HUSK MATRASSES, FEATHERS, &c.
sep 7 tf 44

PHILADELPHIA, July 10th, 1858.
TO THE FARMERS AND GRAIN DEALERS OF LANCASTER COUNTY:
In consequence of a prevailing misapprehension on the subject, I am induced, under the advice of Counsel, respectfully to call your attention to the several Acts of Assembly relating to the Measuring of Grain at the Port of Philadelphia. All Grain imported or brought into the Port of Philadelphia, must, by the express words of the law, be measured by the undersigned or one of his Deputies. The enforcement of these provisions is required as well for the protection of the public, as for the interests of the trade, and I rely on your co-operation in the endeavor which I shall make, faithfully to execute the duties of my office. Any practice which dispenses with the official act of the undersigned or his deputies, and at the same time subjects either the consignor or consignee to a charge for measurement, is, I am advised, in contravention of law, and cannot longer continue.
Respectfully yours.
JAMES ALLISON,
Head Grain Measurer for the Port of Philadelphia.
OFFICE, Corner of Broad and Race Streets, Philadelphia.
aug 24 3m 32

LEVI W. GROFF, NEAR BAREVILLE, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA. MANUFACTURER ON THE OLD PROCESS SINCE 1842 OF *DOUBLE DISTILLED PURE RYE WHISKEY.* Warranted to be Pure, without Corn or Drug, and distilled out of the *best of Rye only.* aug 17 4m* 31

PENNSYLVANIA PATENT AGENCY. J. FRANKLIN REIGART, of Lancaster city, obtains Letters Patent from the U. S. Patent Office, on the most reasonable terms. Drawings of all kinds of Machinery, Architecture, or Surveys, correctly executed by him. Likewise Deeds, Bonds and other instruments of writing.
Office—No. 3 Fulton Buildings, Prince street.
apr 25 tf 14

GALLIARD & MARSHALL, *WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,* 1521 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Dealers in Paints of every variety, Glass of all kinds, French and American; Imported Drugs, &c., &c., &c., which are now offered for sale at very low prices.
PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STORE.
mar 23 6m 10

NEW YORK WINE & LIQUOR STORE. ADAM REIGART, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS No. 6, North Duke Street, next door to the office of the "INTELLIGENCER," and directly opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa.
The subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he has just opened a large assortment of WINES and LIQUORS of the choicest Brands and Qualities. Having made arrangements with some of the first houses in Cognac and Rochelle, enables him to furnish to his customers, upon the most liberal terms, the following brands of Cognac and Rochelle Brandies:
OTARD, HENNESY,
PINET CASTILLION,
T. HIMES, MARTELL,
MARRETT, PELLEVOSIN,
J. J. DEPUY & CO.,
A. SERGNETTE, &c., &c.
WINES,
CHAMPAGNE, OLD OPORTO,
BURGUNDY, CLARET,
SHERRY, MADEIRA,
LISBON, TENERIFFE,
HOCK, MUSCAT and MALAGA WINES.
of various brands and qualities. Holland Gin, Scheidam Schnapps, Jamaica Spirits, Scotch and Irish Whiskeys; Peach, Apple, Lavender, Blackberry, Cherry, Ginger and Raspberry Brandies; Cordials, Wine Bitters, Amsterdam Bitters, &c., &c.
Also, Agents and Sole Proprietors of the OLD WHEAT WHISKEY.
Constantly on hand, an extensive stock of Old Monongahela Whiskeys of various grades, some of which be guarantees to be superior to any in the country.
All goods from this establishment are guarantied to give satisfaction, with the privilege of being returned.
apr 28 1y 15

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the MOUNT JOY SAVINGS INSTITUTION, located in Mount Joy Borough, Lancaster county, with a capital stock of Fifty Thousand Dollars, will apply at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, for the privilege of increasing its capital stock Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, with the further privilege of increasing the same to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, and for power to change its name to the "MOUNT JOY BANK," and under that name, in its present location, to issue bank notes, and in addition to its present privileges, to exercise and enjoy general banking privileges, under the general laws of the Commonwealth regulating Banks. By order of the Directors. HENRY EBERLE, President.
JACOB R. LONG, Treasurer.
Mount Joy, Penna., June 22, 1858. [june 22 6m 23

NET CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE. 1858. *NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS* 1858. EYRE & LANDELL, FOURTH & ARCH Streets, Philadelphia, have in store and daily receiving a fine Stock of Fall Dry Goods suited to the near trade.
BLACK SILKS of all grades.
FASHIONABLE FANCY SILKS.
SHAWLS of all the newest styles.
DRESS GOODS, in full variety
STAPLE GOODS, in large stock.
FANCY CASSIMERE, CLOTHS & VESTINGS.
BLANKETS, QUILTS, LINEN DAMASKS, &c.
N. B. Good Bargains Daily received from New York and Philadelphia Auction Sales.
TERMS NET CASH, AND PRICES LOW.
aug 31 3m 33

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.--This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Thirteenth year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It is the first paper of the kind published in the United States, and is distinctive in its character. It has lately passed into the hands of Geo. W. Matsell & Co., by whom it will hereafter be conducted. Mr. Matsell was formerly Chief of Police of New York City, and he will no doubt render it one of the most interesting papers in the country. Its editorials are forcibly written, and of a character that should command for the paper universal support.
Subscriptions, $2 per annum; $1 for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly,) to GEO. W. MATSELL & CO., Editors and Proprietors of the National Police Gazette, oct 27 tf 41 New York City.

NEW BONNETTS and NEW STYLE. The subscriber has just returned from Philadelphia and New York, with his new *FALL AND WINTER BONNETS,* and all kinds of MILLINERY GOODS, which he offers to the public very low, at wholesale and retail, cheaper than the cheapest. His stock consists of French and American Artificial Flowers,
Velvet and Bonnet Ribbon of all kinds and prices, Quillings, Rushes, Jainblands, Feathers,
Velvet, Satin, Silk, Capinett, Tarlton,
Crown Linings, Cap and Bonnett Wire, Straw Laces and Gimps. Hair Lace, White and Black Lace and Edging, STRAW AND TISSUE BONNETS, Crape, Roseleaf and Hairdresses, and every article which is needed in the millinery trade.
Trimmed and ready-made Bonnets in great variety, and prices to suit all customers. Bonnet Frames to fit every lady in the country, and a great many articles too numerous to mention.
Call and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
Also, a good assortment of DRY GOODS on hand at reduced prices. L. BAUM.
No. 62 North Queen street, opposite the Franklin House, Lancaster. sep 14 tf 35

JEWELRY IN GREAT VARIETY. *BREAST-PINS, EAR-RINGS, FINGER-RINGS, CHAINS, &c.,* ALWAYS FOR SALE BY H. L. & E. J. ZAHM, Corner North Queen street and Centre Square. Hair Jewelry made up in any desired pattern. Persons can rely upon getting back the same hair. July 6 6m 25

FARE REDUCED. *STATES UNION HOTEL,* 606 & 608 MARKET STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA. TERMS:—$1 25 PER DAY. G. W. HINKLE, june 29 4m 24 Proprietor.

WOOD.--Hickory, Oak and Pine Wood of the best quatity, for sale by GEORGE CALDER & CO., Office East Orange street, 2d door from North Queen, and at Graeff's Landing on the Conestoga. [Jn 20 tf24

HOPEWELL ACADEMY. The object of the Proprietors of this School is to afford young men an opportunity of procuring, at a moderate expense, the elements of a thorough English Classical or Mathematical Education.
The Winter Term will commence on the FIRST THURSDAY of NOVEMBER, and continue twenty weeks.
For circulars containing particulars, address,
sep 21 5t 36 JAMES W. ANDREWS, Hopewell Cotton Works, Chester county, Penna.

GLEASON'S NEW WEEKLY *LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.* The object of this paper is to present, every week, an agreeable *melange* of the notable events and literature of the time. Its ample columns will always contain a goodly store of popular Original Tales, Sketches of Adventure on Sea and Land, and Poetic Gems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.
Also the cream of domestic and foreign news so condensed as to present the largest possible amount of the intelligence of the day; the whole well spiced with WIT AND HUMOR.
In politics, and upon all sectarian questions, it will be strictly neutral. Each edition will be BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and the national customs and social peculiarities of every people. It will contain views of every important city, of edifices of note in the eastern and western hemispheres, of all the principal ships and steamers of the Navy and Merchant Service; with fine, accurate portraits of every great public character, male and female. Sketches of picturesque scenery, representation of "life on the wave," and exact illustrations of admirable or curious specimens from the animal kingdom, will also be given. One great feature of *GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP* will consist of a "broadside" of Humorous engravings, executed by the best artists in that line, and aimed good naturedly and in a spirit of genial fun, at the reigning follies of the age, and such new public projects, fashions and occurrences, as shall seem to be fit subjects for comic illustration.
AN UNRIVALLED CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS have been engaged, and every department will be conducted under the most efficient and perfect system that experience can suggest. This popular journal will be printed upon fine satin surface paper, from new and beautiful copper faced type manufactured expressly for us, and will present in its mechanical execution the most acceptable evidence of the progress of American skill. The size of this elegant specimen of art will be about 1500 square inches:—eight super-royal quarto pages.
TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM.
The first number of this new Illustrated Paper will be for sale on the 1ST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, at the principal periodical and news agencies and respectable literary Depots in the United States and the Canadas.
GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP will be published regularly every Saturday, at GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL, corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston, Mass., by F. GLEASON,
A. WINCH, General Wholesale Agent,
oct 19 4t 40 320 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

S. KEELER'S LATEST IMPROVED GRAIN FAN.—These Fans are manufactured at the best and most extensive establishment in the city or county of Lancaster—and being the latest Improved Grain Fans now before the public, Farmers and Dealers generally will consult their own interests by calling and examining them before purchasing elsewhere. They are now sent to all parts of Pennsylvania and other States.—These Fans are so constructed as to separate all the impure grains, such as cheat, cockle, smut, &c., at the same operation. They will also be made to order to separate Grass Seeds from Wheat. When such are desired the orders must be sent in time.
I have also manufactured the celebrated BAMBOROUGH FAN for many years, and I claim the improvements made upon my Fan as being far superior to them. They are considered the BEST NOW IN USE by all Farmers, who have given them a trial and who continue using them. I have had much experience in the manufacture of Grain Fans, having made more than 3,000 since I have been in the business. These Fans are adapted to hand or horse power, or any other power that may be applied to them, and they will be sent free of charge to any distance within 300 miles, by railroad or water at the shortest notice.
Castings of all kinds for Windmills always on hand; also Screens and Wire of all Nos., for sale at low prices.
Be careful if you want a Fan of my manufacture to see that my name is on it.
5,000 DOLLARS REWARD.—I will give a reward of $5,000 to any set of men who can prove to my satisfaction that these Fans are not the best in use. Fourteen First Premiums have been awarded these Fans, at different Agricultural Exhibitions.
A FIRST PREMIUM CIDER MILL, which will make from 6 to 8 barrels per day, with hand or horse power, and will produce more Cider out of the same quantity of apples than any other Press now in use. These Mills are said, by those who have tested them, to be admirably adapted for grinding and pressing Sugar Cane.
There has been a large and increasing demand for this Portable Cider Mill. Call and examine for yourselves, they will bear inspection.
I have also HANTS' PATENT GRAIN DRILL for sale, which is one of the best Drills in use at the present time. It stands No. 1 wherever used, and will sow all side hills and rough land that can be drilled. It sows all kinds of grass seeds, oats, or barley. Call and see these Drills before purchasing elsewhere, as it will be to your own advantage.
Shop—South Duke street, 2 squares south of the Court House, Lancaster, Pa.
mar 23 7m 10 SAMUEL KEELER.

SPECTACLES, TO SUIT ALL WHO need them, in Gold, Silver, Steel, or Plated Frames. We keep McAllister's Spectacles and Spectacle Glasses, and sell precisely at his prices. Old Frames refitted with Glasses to suit the eyes. *Satisfaction Warranted.*
july 6 6m 25 H. L. & E. J. ZAHM.

CONSUMPTIVES DO NOT DESPAIR!
CONSUMPTION CURED. AN OLD INDIAN DOCTOR, UNCAS BRANT, while a Missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, discovered a RARE PLANT, that proves to be a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaint, Nervous Affections, Coughs, Colds, &c. Having now made his fortune and retired from business, he will send the prescription and directions for preparing the medicine *free of charge* to all who desire it, and will send by his agent, enclosing two stamps (6 cents,) to pay the return letter, with a description of their symptoms.—The Old Doctor has cured more than 3000 *cases of Consumption* alone, and hopes all afflicted people will avail themselves of this opportunity, as the Doctor wishes to do all the good he can before he dies.—Address all letters to
CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED.
DANIEL ADEE, Box 3531 P. O., New York, Who is his sole agent.
oct 26 1y 41

COURT PROCLAMATION.--Whereas, the Hon. HENRY G. LONG, President, Hon. A. L. HAYES and FERREE BRINTON, Esq., Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the county of Lancaster, and Assistant Justices of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for the county of Lancaster, have issued their Precept to me directed, requiring me, among other things, to make public Proclamation throughout my Bailliwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery; Also, a Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Jail Delivery, will commence in the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on the THIRD MONDAY in NOVEMBER, 1858: In pursuance of which precept, PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Lancaster, in said county, and all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner, and Constables of the said city and county of Lancaster, that they be then and there in their own proper persons, with their rolls, records and examinations, and inquisitions, and their other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain, in their behalf to be done; and also all those who will prosecute against the prisoners who are, or then shall be, in the Jail of the said county of Lancaster, are to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.
Dated at Lancaster, the —th day of September, 1858.
BENJAMIN F. ROWE, Sheriff.
N. B.—Punctual attendance of the Jurors and Witnesses will hereafter be expected and required on the first day of the sessions. Aldermen and Justices of the Peace are required by an order of Court, dated Nov. 21, 1848, to return their recognizances to Samuel Evans, Clerk of Quarter Sessions, within one week from the day of final action in each case, and in default thereof, the Magistrates' costs will not be allowed. oct 12 to 39

AUTUMN DRY GOODS! HAGER & BROTHERS, are now opening BLACK and FANCY DRESS SILKS, PLAIN and FRENCH PRINTED DELAINES,
FRENCH MERINOES, all shades
POIL DE CHEVERES, CHINTZES, &c.
MOURNING GOODS—BOMBAZINES, CHALLIES, CANTON CLOTHS, DELAINES.
SHAWLS—Plush Shawls, Cashmere, Shawls, Stella Border, Plain and High Colored Thibet Shawls, Plaid Woolen Shawls.
MEN'S WEAR—Cloths Cassimeres, Vestings, French, American, Belgian Cloths of superior manufacture, all shades. Superior Black French Cassimere, Plain and Fancy Cassimere, Sattinetts, Jeans, Velvet Cords, &c.
A large lot of goods suitable for BOY'S WEAR—Velvet, Plush and Worsted Vestings; all of which will be sold at lowest prices. sep 7 tf 43

DISSOLUTION.---The Co-Partnership trading under the firm of WILLIAM DILLER & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
WM. DILLER.
LANCASTER, Feb. 24, 1858, GEO. J. DILLER.
The business will be continued at the old stand, North Water street, by [mar 2 tf 7] WM. DILLER.

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER. TATTERSAL'S HORSE POWDER,
HEAVE POWDER,
ROSIN,
FENNUGREEK
SULPHUR,
GEUBIAN,
CREAM TARTAR,
COPPERAS, &c.,
For sale at THOMAS ELLMAKER'S Drug & Chemical Store, West King street, Lanc'r.
feb 9 tf 4

STEREOSCOPES!--These wonderful and universally admired pictures, which appear as round and solid as sculptured marble, are taken daily at JOHNSTON'S SKY-LIGHT GALLERY, corner of North Queen and Orange sts.
Daguerreotypes of every size and style, taken at the lowest prices.
Lancaster, june 19 tf-22

RATE OF INTEREST INCREASED.--We will pay hereafter, until further notice, FIVE AND A HALF PER CENT. INTEREST on our Certificates of Deposit, issued for one year.
On Certificates for less than one year, and on transient deposits, payable on demand, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, as heretofore.
Depositors not drawing interest, will always be accommodated in proportion to the value of their accounts.
Stocks bought and sold on commission only.
Uncurrent money bought at lowest rates.
Collections promptly made, and Drafts drawn on Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore.
The members of the firm are individually liable for all the obligations of John Gyger & Co., consisting of
JOHN GYGER,
BENJ. ESHLEMAN,
DAVID BAIR,
HENRY MUSSELMAN.
ROBERT CLARKSON, Cashier. apr 21 tf 14

N. S. LAWRENCE'S NEW PAPER, PRINTERS' CARD AND ENVELOPE WAREHOUSE, *NO 405, COMMERCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.* Cash buyers will find it for their interest to call. jan 5 6m 51