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

TERMS. JUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in a vance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearage are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding a square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for a dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional instion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

os Painting—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphle Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and the shortest notice.

HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. D. STUART. Not to be blest with warrior strength, To wield the sword and wear the glaive, Or rise to conqueror's fame at length, Proclaims the good or makes the brave. To have the power to bide the scorn, And rise above the bate and strife. And rise above the hate and strife Of those to wealth and title born, Is the crown'd courage of our life.

What are the swords that prop a king-

Kings and the mightiest men of arms, Strong as the heads of realms they bide Sport as they may with fortune's charms, They are like leaves upon the tide. In dim of old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of stlence and decay,
While the true world-heart beateth high
And thrones itself upon to-day.

Give me the man whose hands have tossed

THE HIDDEN HAND. BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE

DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

[CONTINUED] ""Have you got through?' asked the ma at the door, rapping impatiently. "'No, no,' said I, as directed.

"He resumed his tramping up and down, and I went back to my patient. She beck-oned me to come close, and whispened— "'Save my child! the living one I mean! hide her! ob, hide her from him! When he demands the babe, give him the poor little dead one—he cannot burt that! And he will

not know that there was another. Oh! hide "Master, I was used to queer doings, but this was a little the queerest. But if I was to conceal that second child in order to save it. it was necessary to stop its mouth, for it was squalfing like a wild cat. So I took a vial of paragoric from my pocket and give it a drap,

and it went off to sleep like an angle. I wrapped it up warm and lay it along with my shawl and bonnet, in a dark corner. Just then the man rapped again.

No, bring me the babe, he said. "I took up the dead infant. Its mother kissed its brow and dropped tears upon its little cold face; and I carried it to the man

'Is it asleep?' the willian asked me. "'Yes, master,' said I, as I put it, well wrapped up, in his arms, 'very sound asleep."
"'So much the better,' said the knave,

walking away.
"I bolted the door and went back to my patient. With her free haud she seized mine and pressed it to her lips, and then held up her left hand, pointed to the wedding ring upon her third finger.
"'Draw it off and keep it,' she said; 'con-

ceal the child under your shawl, and take her with you when you go; save her and your fortune shall be made.' 'I declare, master, I hadn't time to think.

"Come! get ready to go,' he said,
"She also beckoned me. I hastened to her.
With eager whispers and imploring gestures she prayed me to take her ring and save he

'But you,' said I—'who is to attend you? "I do not know nor care! Save her!"

"The rapping continued. I ran to the corner where I had left my things. I put on my bonnet, made a sort of sling around my neck of the silk handkercher, opened the leeping babe there.

large part of it like a hammock and big shawl around my breast and nobody was any the wiser. The rapping was very 'I am coming,' said I.

"'Remember!' whispered the poor girl.
"'I will,' said I, and went and opened the door. There stood t'other willian with his head covered with black crape. I dreamt of nothing but blackheaded demons for six months afterward.

"'Are you ready?' says he.

"'Are you ready; says ne.
"'Yes, your worship,' says I.
"'Come along, then.'
"And binding another silk handkerchief round my eyes, he led me along. 'Instead of my mule a carriage stood nea

the horse block. 'Get in,' says he, holding the pistil to my

ears by way of an argument.

"I got in. He jumped up upon the driver's seat, and we drove like the wind. In another direction from which we come, in course, for there was no carriage road there. riage whirled along at such a rate it made me quite giddy. At last it stopped again. The man in the mask got down and opened the

door.
"'Where are you taking me?' says I. "Be quiet,' says he, 'or—'and with that he put the pistil to my cheek, ordered me to get out, take the bandage from my eyes, and walk before him. I did so, and saw diml that we were in a part of the country that was never at before. We were in a dark road through a thick forest. On the left side of the road, in a clearing, stood an old house, a dim light was burning in a lower window. the pistil to the back of my head. passage, the man all the while at my back.

"'Go on in there,' said the willian, putting door stood ajar I went into a narrow, dark me go into a dark room. Just then the un fortunate child, that had been moving rest lessly began to wail! Well it might, poor starved thing!

rved tning: "What's that?" says the miscreant, under his breath and stopping short.
"'I tain't noting, sir,' says I, and 'hush-h-h'
to the baby. But the poor little wretch raised

'What is the meaning of this?' says he. 'Where did that child come from? Why the demon don't you speak?' and with that he seized me again by the scruff of the neck and

ok me. 'Oh, Master, for the love of heaven don't,' says I, 'this is only a poor, unforfunate infant as its parients wanted to get outen the way, and hired me to take care on. And I hav had it wrapped up under my shawl all time 'cept when I was in your house, when put it to sleep in the corner.

"'Humph! and you had that child con cealed under your shawl when I first stopped you in the woods?'

''In course, Master,' savs I.

"'Master,' says I, 'it's—it's a dead secret, for I haddent another lie ready.

"He broke out into a rude, scornful laugh and seemed not half to believe me and ye not to care about questioning me too closely. He made me then sit down in the dark, and went out and turned the key on me. I wei my finger with the paragoric and put it to the baby's lips to quiet its pains of hunger. Then I heard a whispering in the next room. Now my eyesight never was good, but to make up for it I believe I had the sharpest ears that ever was, and I don't think anybody could a little glimmer of light through the chinks that showed me where the door was, and so I creeped up to it and put my ear to the key hole. Still they whispered so low that no ears could o' heard them but my sharp ones. They were talking about selling some woman and child. I should 'av been oneger if they offored 'em for forty dollars, but t'other willian wouldn't give a cent. He told my willian, as he called Captain, that he'd take 'em off his hands and no more. And then they threatened each other, and went out o' my hearin. And in the mornin' the new willian came and took me and the child off in a shay and drove down a long way to the beach, and hailed a wessel on the river and took us aboard and sold us to the captain right afore my eyes, and then went ashore, and we was carried off out to sea, though I cried, and 'splained, and spostulated all the time.

"Now, sir, came a strange providence, which the very thoughts of it might convert a heathen! We had been to sea about five days when a dreadful storm riz. I tell you, master, that looked like the wrath of God! I hugged the baby to my breast—and went to praying as hard as ever I could pray.

"Presently I felt an awful shock, as if
Heaven and earth had come together, and then every body screamed, 'She's struck ! She's I felt the vessel trembling like a live creetur, and the water a pouring in every where. I hugged the babe and sorambled up the companion way to the deck. It was pitch dark, and I heard every man rushing

toward one side of the wessel.

"A flash of lightning, that made everything as bright as day again, showed me that they were all taking to the boat. I rushed after, calling to them to save me and the baby .-But no one seemed to hear me; they were all too busy trying to save themselves and keep others out of the boat, and cursing and swear ing and hollering that there was no more room—that the boat would be swamped, and

room—that the boat would be swamped, and so on. The end was, that all who could crowd into the boat did so. And me and the baby and a poor sailor lad and the black cook were left behind to perish.

"But, marster, as it turned out, we as was left to die, were the only ones saved. We watched after that boat with longing eyes, though we could only see it when the lighting flashed. And avery time we saw it in ning flashed. And every time we saw it i was farther off. At last, marster, a flash of lightning showed us the boat as far off as ever we could see her, capsized and beaten hither and thither by the wild waves—its

crew had perished. "Marster, as soon as the sea had swallowed up that wicked captain and crew, the wind died away, the waves fell, and the storm lulled -just as if it had done what it was sent to do and was satisfied. The wreck-where we poor forlorn ones stood—the wreck that had shivered and trembled with every wave that struck it-until we had feared it would break up every minute, became still and firm on its sandbar, as a house on dry land.

"Daylight came at last. And a little after sunrise we saw a sail bearing down upon us. We could not signal the sail, but by the mercy of Providence she saw us and lay to, and sent off a boat, and picked us up and took us on board-me and the baby, and the cook and the sailor lad.

"It was a foreign vessel, and we could not understand a word they said, nor they us.—All we could do was by signs. But they were very good to us, dried our clothes and gave us breakfast, and made us lie down and rest and then put about and continued their course.

The sailor lad—Herbert Greyson—soon found out and told me they were bound for New York. And, in fact, marster, in ten days we

made that port.

"Well, marster, I aint a gwine to bother
you with telling you of how I toiled and
struggled along in that great city—first living
out as a servant, and afterwards renting a room and taking in washing and ironing—aye! how I toiled and struggled—for—ten—long years, hoping for the time to come when I should be able to return to this neighborhood, where I was known, and expose the evil deeds of those willains, and for this cause

I lived on tolling and struggling, and laying up money penny by penny.

"No one ever helped me but the lad Herbert Greyson. Whenever he came from sea, he sought me out, and made a little present to me or Cap.

Cap, marster, was Capitola, the child .-The reason I gave her that name was because on the ring I had drawn from the masked mother's hand were the two names-Eugene

"Well, marster, the last time Herbert Greyson came home, he gave me five dollars, and that, with what I saved, was enough to pay

my passage to Norfolk.
"I left my little Cap in the care of the people of the house—she was big enough to pay for her keep in work—and I took passage for Norfolk. When I got there I fell ill, spent all my money, and was at last taken to the noo house. Six months passed away before I was discharged, and six months more before I had earned and saved money enough to pay my

way on here.
"I reached here three days ago, and found a wheat field growing where my cottage fire used to burn, and all my old cronies dead, all except old Hat, who has received and given me shelter. Sir, my story is done—make what you can of it," said the invalid, sinking down in her bed as if utterly exhausted. Old Hurricane, whose countenance had ex-pressed emotions as powerful as they were various while listening to this tale, now arose

stepped cautiously to the door, drew the bolt and coming back, bent his head and asked— "What more of the child?" "Cap, sir? I have not heard a word of Cap since I left her to try to hunt out her friends. But any one interested in her might inquire

for her at Mrs. Simmons', laundress, No. 8 "You say the names on the ring were—

Yes, sir, they were."

"Have you that ring about you?"
"No, marster. I thought it was best, in case of accidents, to leave it with the child." " Have you told her any part of this strange

"No. marster, nor hinted it; she was too young for such a confidence."
"You were right. Had she any mark about her person by which she could be i entified."

"Yes, marster, a very strange one. In the middle of her left palm, was the perfect image of a crimson hand, about half an inch in length. There was also another. Herbert Greyson, to please me, marked upon her fore arm in india ink her name and birthday-'Capitola, Oct. 31st, 1832.'"
"Right. Now tell me, my

Now tell me, my good soul, do you know from what you were enabled to observe, what house that was where Capitola "I am on my oath. No, sir, I do not know;

"You suspect?"

"You suspect?"
The woman nodded.
"It was—," said old Hurricane, stooping and whispering a name that was heard by no one but the sick woman.

She nodded again, with a look of intense

meaning. "Does your old hostess here, Hat, know or suspect anything of this story?" inquired "Not a word! No soul but yourself has heard it!" Major Warfield.

eard it!"
"That is right! Still be discreet! If you "That is right! Still be discreet. It would have the wicked punished and the innocent protected, be silent and wary. Have no anxiety about the girl. What man can do for her will I do quickly! And now, good creature, day is actually dawning. You must And I must call the seek repose. And I must van the parson in and return home. I will send Mrs. Condi-ment over with food, wine, clothing, and ev-ery comfort that your condition requires." said old Hurricane, rising, and calling in the

clergyman, with whom he soon after left the They reached Hurricane Hall in time for an early breakfast, which the astonished housekeeper had prepared, and for which night's adventure had certainly given them a

good appetite. Major Warfield kept his word, and as soon as breakfast was over, he despatched Mrs. Condiment with a carriage filled with provisions for the sick woman. But they were not needed. In a couple of hours the housekeeper returned with the intelligence that the old nurse was dead. The false strength of mental excitement that had enabled her to tell so long and dreadful a tale, had been the last flaring up of the flame of life, and almost immediately went out.

"I am not sorry upon the whole, for now I shall have the game in my own hands!" muttered Old Hurricane to himself—"Ah Gabrielle Le Noir! better you had cast your-self down from the highest rock of this range and been d-shed to pieces below, than have thus fallen into my power.' So far we have followed the lovely heroine

and her friends; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The remainder of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the Ledger, dated February 12, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no book stores or news offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail if you send him five cents in a letter. Address Robert Bonner, Ledger office, 44 Ann street, New York. This story grows more and more interesting, as it progresses.

For the Intelligencer. DON'T YOU REMEMBER, NELLIE!

Don't you remember, Nellie The day when we met-The joy of that meeting

Hangs round my spirit vet. And don't you remember When the leaves began to fall I left you in the North land, I left my love, and all.

Don't you remember
A tress of sunny hair You placed within my bosom, And still I keep it there. Thy eyes still look upon me, Though far away I roam. And thy fairy tones come to me, Here in my Southern home.

Each hot and bitter tear You shed when we parted, Perchance, for many a year. And don't you remember How your bosom rose and fell, And the loved and long caresses When you bade me farewell.

And don't you remember

Don't you remember The token fair you gave, It has guarded me through life, It shall bear me to the grave. God bless you, bonnie Nellie. Wherever you may rest,

And Heaven's hand but send thee Mementoes, for the best. And when again I meet thee, 'Mid the noble and the true Shall I give thee back each token That I received from you;

Give thee back unsullied Affection's budding flower; May Heaven in mercy hasten My returning hour. And I remember, Nellie, The words of parting dear, The music of the heart-throbs Convey them to me here. But, hark! the clock above me

Has tolled the midnight hour, And so farewell my beauty, My loved and gentle flower.

an Exciting Sea Story of the Revolution

SEAWAIF; OR, THE TERROR OF THE COAST.

A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776. CHAPTER IV.

When Seawaif left the presence of fair Kate Cringle, he met her father, who accompanied him down to his boat, in vain tryng to find out what Kate had wanted him

The young captain sprung into his boat amid the murmured good wishes of hundreds of citizens who had gathered there to see the privateer go to sea, and in a few noments he was on board of his vessel.

With a clear, bugle-like voice, which needed no trumpet, the young commander shouted: Man the capstan bars, lads, and run

the anchor up with a will. Stand by the jib and flying-jib halliards-lay the head His orders were obeyed readily; and in

few moments, the second officer, who stood on the forecastle looking over the bows, cried:

'She's broken ground, sir!' 'Very well, sir-run up the jib and fly-

ing-jib, and haul the sheets to starboardman the top-gallant and top-sail sheets and halliards! Round with the capstan, men, and run the anchor up to the bows! A moment later, and the head-sails up, the veering bow of the schooner proved her to be all aweigh, and then came the order:

Sheet home, and hoist away top-sail and top-gallant sails!' This was done; and as the fore-and-aft sails, already up, filled, the schooner began

to gather headway. Then, as she fell off before the wind, which was fair out of the harbor, her square sails filled, and she shot shead with increased velocity. The crowd on shore looking with delight upon the splendid vessel, and gladdened, too, at the hought of her errand, rent the air with oheers; while Mr. Cringle, taking upon himself the part of gunner, fired an impromptu salute from a single gun, which was kept upon the wharf to be used as a warning-signal if the British approached.

The 'Tyrannicide' replied to this by a salute of seventeen guns—her whole compliment. 'That's what I call a darned waste

o' powder !' said a pinch-face, dried-up anatomy of a man, whose thread-bare clothes, little eyes, and long, greedy talons of fingers, spoke the miser out and out. 'It isn't your powder, Moses Gelson, said Mr. Cringle, rather sharply. 'If it

was, it wouldn't be likely to be in a vessel destined to fight for liberty!' 'Tush-tush! What is this 'liberty to us !-- the war is ruining trade, and soon we'll all be as poor as rats!' said the miser,

nettishly. 'It is a pity that such mean curses a you weren't poor; you're too stingy to live! f you only had your due, you'd get a good lucking in a horse-pond!' cried out Mr. Cringle, so angrily and so loudly, that his words were heard by the crowd, and probably found echo in their hearts; for they

instantly shouted: 'Let's duck the old miser-to the goose

ond with the old tory!' And seizing the terrified wretch, they dragged him roughly toward a pond of muddy water near the residence of the merchant, and soon would have put their intention into execution, had not Kate Cringle, who saw their actions, stepped out upon the balcony, and cried out, in a clear, musical voice, which reached every ear:

go, and save your strength for a nobler mers, stand to your sheets and braces, and purpose! Her timely appeal and her beauty-for These orders given, Captain Seawaif

fication, and rather to the disgust and along until he was almost abeam.

anger of her father, who would have been 'Haul down your colors, or I'll sink you!

is it.

is it. miserly meanness. girl, bless her!' muttered the old miser, as as he could—not stopping until he reached his own residence, which was also a kind of whole broadside.

• storehouse in which a vast variety of all It was done with terrible effect, for the kinds of truck and trash were stowedold jnnk, second hand anchors, sails, corthousand other things.

CHAPTER V.

Never was a craft in better battle trim on deck, below, or aloft, than the Privateer, after Seawaif had got her rigging stretched. Conscious that he was ready to meet any foe of his tonnage and weight of metal, he boldly headed off from the coast for the track of inward-bound

vessels from England. One morning soon after, he was at breakfast in his cabin, with his first officer and the doctor-young Morley being in charge on deck.

But each bounded from the table as they heard the shout 'sail ho!' from the lookout, at the top-gallant cross-trees.

'Where away, and what does she look like?' oried young Morley, in reply.

Seawaif and his companions held their breath, and listened for the answer. 'I see three sail, sir, dead ahead: they

seem square-rigged, and coming down right before the wind!' was the reply. Englishmen, and making for the coast I'll wager my first prize-money!' said the

captain, as he hurried on deck. 'John-Bull-Men's, be gar--I shall get my instruments ready for amputat!' cried the delighted Frenchman. 'So will I!' said Mr. Doolittle, as he

buckled on his sharp, but short cutlass, and followed his commander on deck. The breeze was fresh, and the schooner with only her lower sails and top-sails set, was going off to the eastward on a taut bow-line, her top-gallant and royal yards pointed to the wind, and her larboard tacks aboard. There was quite a heavy sea rolling; and as she pitched into and

through it, she threw the snowy foam over her prow almost as high as her fore-top. 'See all clear for action, fore and aftreeve preventer stays and braces-have the spare spars cleared away! Gunners, look to your children; they may have play soon. Boarders and pikemen, see that your tools are in their places!' cried the captain cheerfully, as he came on deck; and then he seized a spy-glass, and scanned the vessels in sight.

'What do you make out, sir, if you please?' asked Mr. Doolittle, whose hopes for work and prize-money were now on the 'I see six vessels; but they are yet too

far off to make out whether they are armed or not!' was the reply. 'Shall the gunner open the magazine,

'Yes, after all the galley-fires are put

The men went to their work, and their respective stations quietly, but with a cheerful look, which betokened a perfect confidence in their vessel, and especially

in their officers. An hour passed, and the vessels were now hull-up ahead, yet Captain Seawaif gave no orders either to alter the course r shorten sail.

'What about our colors, sir?' asked the lieutenant. 'You can run 'em up in rolls to their

places, ready to pull out when I order it, Mr. Doolittle,' said the captain, still keeping his glass directed toward the approachng ships. The enemy were now rising fast, not more than four or five miles off; but the

merchantmen, obeying signals from the sloop-of-war, which had evidently discovered the nationality and character of the schooner, by her rig, hauled on a wind and shortened sail, while the man-of-war held her course under a cloud of canvass.

'Take your stations for working shin! cried Seawaif. The men bounded to the sheets and braces. 'Hard up the helmease off the sheets, and round in the weather-braces!' cried the captain.

'Tarnal thunder! you're not goin' un from one sloop-o'-war, are you, sir?' asked the lieutenant, in agonized wonder. 'Get out and rig two spars, with iron enough on them to sink them, for drags: drop one over each quarter, and ask no impertinent questions, Mr. Doolittle,' said captain, quietly.

'I' beg your pardon, sir, a hundred times—I thought you was goin' to run!' said the now delighted officer, as he hastened to obey the order.

'Double-shot with grape and canister -gunners to your stations!' cried the aptain, now, determinedly. 'Men, make noise when I announce it, but within an hour that sloop-of-war shall strike her flag, or we'll go down with our's flying! When she is taken, the merchant-men will

be easy prizes.' Had they not been cautioned, the men ould have cheered so loudly as to have been heard on board of the sloop-of-war. After the drags were rigged and lowered over the side, held by stout hawsers, and not seen because sunk beneath the water. the schooner did not go more than three knots, although-under a full spread of canvas—she seemed to be running away from her antagonist, which now could be seen coming up hand over hand, her decks crowded with men, and her ports showing

s battery of twenty-four guns. On she came, the red cross of St. George flaunting from her peak, until she was within nearly a mile of the schooner, when she fired a shot from one of her bow guns. 'Show them our colors and name! the young captain, while his pale face

flushed with a smile of terrible joy. It was done in an instant; but the vessel's head was not changed, nor a sail touched. Rapidly the Englishman closed up,

heading a little to leeward, so as to range under her larboard beam. 'Crouch well behind the bulwarks, men ; stand by your larboard guns, but do not touch a match until the order comes from Shame men--shame! to treat an old | my lips; depress your guns, so as to take man so. He is weak and helpless; let him her between wind and water! Sail-trimbe ready for orders.'

in her excitement she really looked hand- took his position on the larboard side of some—had the desired effect; and the old the quarter-deck, and with ill-concealed

miser was released, much to his own grati- delight he saw the Englishman range

really glad to have seen old Gelson get a Strike, you Yankee rebel, strike!' shouted lesson—for he hated him heartily, not the English captain, who stood on the poop only for his lack of patriotism, but for his of his vessel in full uniform, steadying

he hobbled sway from the crowd as fast but you!' cried Seawaif, sarcastically, and instantly giving the order to pour in his

British had not anticipated resistance from a rebel whom they supposed to be using dage, fishing tackle, nets, harpoons, and a his best efforts to escape, and were huddled along the deck on the side next the schooner, and were cut down in fearful awatha. And as the sails were little injured, the sloop-of-war shot ahead, so that she was past the schooner before she could return the broadside.

'Cut away the drags, spring to your starboard battery-throw in chain-shot as well as grape-and cut her sticks away! cried Seawaif.

Then ordering the helm up, as the schooner's headway increased, he veered off athwart the stern of the sloop; and as the guns came in range, delivered a raking fire, which not only swept her decks, but cutting away her masts, crippled her com-

He then hauled on a wind, determined to pepper her until she should 'strike,' and not wishing to lose any men at close quarters if he could help it. But he had no occasion to use his guns any more; for suddenly, with a shock, which shock the sea and the air like an earthquake, the illfated craft was seen to fly in fragments,

amid a cloud of smoke, into the air. Whether by accident or design, no one could tell, but, in some way, the powder in the magazine had been ignited, and she was blown to atoms.

instantly ordered the helm up, and steered for the spot where the sloop-of-war had been, in hopes to save some surviving persons of her crew.

But not a living soul could be seen. A few blackened spars and timbers only met the eve. 'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! zis is too bad! Not one man to amputat-not one ball for

extract!' said the doctor, with a sigh and

a piteous grimace, as he looked in the 'You may have better luck another time, doctor,' said Seawaif, as he gave orders to trim sails and haul on a wind again; for the transports-having seen the fate of their protector-were now crowding sail, and trying, like a flock of frightened sheep, to make their escape from an opponent which had done such fearful damage in so short a time. But the schooner had

no lumbering cargo, and was ready for combat or a race, as occasion required. This great revolutionary sea-story, from the vigorous pen of Ned Buntline, will be continued, from where it leaves off here, in the NEW YORK MERCURY, for Saturday, February 26th, 1859, which is now ready and for sale at all news depots and bookstores. The MERCURY is the largest, hand. somest, and most unobjectionable weekly paper published, and enjoys a circulation of over one hundred thousand copies. Each number of the New York Mercury is illustrated by the celebrated FELIX DARLEY. Subscription, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Address, Cauldwell, Southworth & Whitney, proprietors, New York City.

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

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly AT LAW, has his Office in North Du pposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 EMOVAL.--WILLIAM B. FORDNEY,
Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North
Queen street to the building in the south-east corner of
Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel.
Lancaster, april 10

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENCIST.—Office in North On. LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law .-office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of the Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17

EDWARD M'GOVERN, REMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-CEPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to lime street, between Orange and East King streets, west

J fice one door east of Lechier's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. 23. All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c.. will be strended.

CAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at

SIMON P. EBY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 So THADDEUS STEVENS

PETER D. MYERS,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House
and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to his care
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