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Jos Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlett Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and of the shortest notice.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

BY J. W. BRYCE.

It was an anxious, solemn hour;
In council sat the good and wise,
Wielding a people's sovereign power
To break asunder ancient ties,
Defy the doubt and dare the strife,
And speak a nation into life!
Upon their breath hung mighty fates,
The west or wo of embryo States—
The uncorn millions' destiny—
The hopes of all who would be free!
Now flushed with expectations high
The euger thousands gather nigh,
In acceuts deep, with 'bated breath
They talk of 'Liberty or death!'

And now in yonder belfry stands
The sturdy boilman, old and grey,
With throbbing heart and ready hands
To ring in Freedom's natal day!
The hours on leaden wings go by,
And yet there comes no sign whatever,
Until Greybeard was heard to sigh,
"No! no! they'll never do it, never!"
But hark! at last there comes a shout,
And ories a youthful voice, "ring out!
Grandfather ring! "Tis done! "Tis done!
The day of Freedom has begun!"
With sturdy grasp the iron tongue
The old man caught, and furious swung
"Till peal on peal, the joyous sound,
Aweke responsive echoes round,
And from a thousand throats there came
The wild, the joyous, proud acclaim,
"Hurrah! Hurrah! we now are free,
Nine times nine cheers for Liberty!"

"Then beomed the cannon loud and long: And now in yonder belfry stands

Then boomed the cannon loud and long : 'Then boomed the cannon loud and long;
Then blazed the bonfires bright and strong;
And everywhere, in bower and hall,
Young Freedom held her carnival!
Yat still above all sounds would swell
The silvery tones of that old bell—
Over the hills, and over the plains,
Echo still prolonged the strain,
Until.'twas caught up by the air,
Which seemed to carry it everywhere!

That old bell hangs in its tower yet,
And now makes but discordant jingle,
But no'er can a freeman ere forget
How once its tones were wont to mingle
With the shouts of the brave and free
Who welcomed the birth of Liberty!
And o'er this land should discord come,
Or tyrants threaten freedom's home,
Its voice would waken every heart,
Would cause each manly pulse to start,
And rally to defend our shore,
Spirits worthy theirs of yore!

From the London Times, May 11th. THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. There is a sound of thunder afar, Storm in the South that darkens the day, Storm of battle and thunder of war, Well if it do not roll our way.

Form! form! Riflemen form!

Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns! Be not dear to the sound that warns:

Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!

Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?

How should a despot set men free?

Form! form! Rifiemen form!

Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,

Look to your butts and take good aims;
Better a rotten borough or so,

Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames?

Form! form! Riflemen form!

Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

orm, be ready to do or die! Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riftemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

The following improvement on the above is poitely dedicated to such of the renders of The Intelligence

it may concern:
There is no sound of silver anear!
Nary red in our pocket to-day!
God of battles! on thunder! on dear!
That a subscriber would roll our way!
Pay! pay! gentlemen pay!
Bill and receipt are ready this day!
Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen pay

Be not deaf to the sounds that warn! Be not gull'd by another's plea!

Are figs of thistles? Yes, in a born!

Are promises payment? No sir-ee! Are promises payment? No sir-ee! Pay! pay! gentlemen pay! Bill'and receipt are ready this day Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen pay Let other debts for a moment go!

But me no buts, but settle arrears;
Better a grumbling tradesman or so,
Than a muzzled press or a printer in ters! Pay! pay! gentlemen pay! Bill and receipt are ready this day

Bill and receipt are ready this day
Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen my!

Pay! that you be ready to die!

Pay! that we be able to live!

Pay! or our very faithful ally,
The Devil, will get you without reprive!

Sook! gentlemen sock!

Step up to the Captain's office and sock!

Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen SOCK

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

July 4th, 1776.

When, in the course of human events. it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to as ume, among the powers of the eirth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should delare the causes which impel them to the sejara-

We hold these truths to be self-evicent, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with cetain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving heir just powers from the consent of the government becomes destructive of tlese ends, it is the right of the people to ater or to abolish it, and to institute a new effect their safety and happiness. Prudence. indeed, will dictate that governments log established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that manking sufferable, than to right themselves ly abolishing the forms to which they ale accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invarably the same object, evinces a design reduce them under absolute despotism, such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present an absolute tyranny over these States. To

andid world:

and world:

each other, our live the our sacred honor.

public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relin- was first reared the holy altar of Toleraquish the right of representation in the tion. legislature; a right inestimable to them,

and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new to harass our people, and eat out their substance. He has kept among us, in times of peace,

standing armies, without the consent of our legislature. He has affected to render the military

independent of, and superior to, the civil He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitu-

tion, and unacknowledged by our laws giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation : For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts For imposing taxes on us without our

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:
For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:
For abolishing the free system of En-

lute rule into these colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolish-

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases what-

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and

waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the

lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens. taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merceless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disayow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce government, laying its foundation on such in the necessity, which denounces our principles, and organizing its powers in such separation, and hold them, as we hold the form, as to them shall seem most likely to rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace,

friends. We, therefore, the representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in GENERAL CONGRESS assembled, all experience hath shown, that mankid appealing to the Supreme Judge of the are more disposed to suffer, while evils are World for the rectitude of our intentions. do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES: that they are absolved from all allegiance is their right, it is their duty, to throw off to the British crown, and that all political Great Britian, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full And when the alliances, establish commerce, and to do king of Great Britain is a history of all other acts and things which INDErepeated injuries and usurpations, all have PENDENT STATES may of right do. though the Land of Penn has no history, and waving his broken bayonet perore mising, in direct object, the establishment of And, for the support of this declaration, yet is her story written on her battle-fields eyes, he looks toward the scene of the prove this, let facts be submitted to | Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to pillars, or trophied columns, yet her The bystanders, spectators of this scene.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. most wholesome and necessary for the THE GLORY OF THE LAND OF the sky-her monuments are her own tears, the ruddy-cheeked boy, holding one aboard of her flour, bacon and oats, and as

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Beautiful in her solitary grandeurassent should be obtained; and, when so fair as a green island in a desert waste, suspended, he has utterly neglected to proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness-rises the land of Penn, in the history of America. Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon

Here, from the halls of the old State

House, was first proclaimed that Bible of the Rights of Man—the Declaration of Independence. Here, William Penn asserted the mild

teachings of a Gospel, whose every word was Love. Here, Franklin drew down the lightnings from the sky, and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here, Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated Prophet of Freedom, proclaiming, from Independence Hall, the destiny of a Continent, the freedom of a People.

Here, that band of men, compared to whom the Senators of Rome dwindle into parish demagogues,-the Continental Congress--held their solemn deliberations, with the halter and the axe before their

New England we love for her Adams', her Hancocks, and her Warrens. Her battlefields of Bunker Hill and Concord and Lexington speak to us with a voice that can never die. The South, too, ardent in her fiery blood, luxuriant in flowers and fruits, we love for her Jefferson, her Lees, her immortal Patrick Henry. Not a rood of her soil but is richer for the martyr blood of heroes.

But while we love the North or the South for their Revolutionary glories, we must confess that the land of Penn claims a glory higher and holier than either.— The glory of the Revolution is her's, but offices, and sent hither swarms of officers the mild light of science irradiates her hills, the pure gospel of William Penn shines forever over the pages of her past.

While we point to Maryland for her Calvert and her Carroll, to Jersey for her Witherspoon, to Delaware for her Kirkwood and M'Clane-while we bow to the Revolutionary fame of New England and the South, we must confess that the land of Penn has been miserably neglected by

It is a singular fact that, while all other and their orators, to speak of their past glory, their present prosperity, and their future fame, yet has Pennsylvania been neglected; she has been slighted by the historian, her triumphs and her glories have been made a matter of sparse and general narrative.

Our own fair land of Penn has no

orator to celebrate her glories, to point to her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green field of Germantown, blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the Past, all are stored with of the seas. glish laws in a neighboring province, their sacred treasure of whitened bones. establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur footsteps mingled with a wild and indisto render it at once an example and fit and her vallies of beauty, she sends her instrument for introducing the same abso-voice, and at the sound the Mighty Dead air is filled with the sound; and then dispageant of the Past. The character of clatter is borne upon the breeze. ring our most valuable laws, and altering, the Pennsylvanian has been mockingly fundamentally, the powers of our govern- derided, by adventurers from all parts of her who has gained the day? Every heart they shall 'gnaw a file.' It don't say they speculation has derided our sluggishness in falling into all the mad adventures of

these gambling and money-making times. swer; let old Susquehanna, with her peoole of iron nerve, and her mountain-shores of wealth and cultivation, send forth her reply.

And to the South-what shall be our answer? They ask for our illustrious dead! They point to the blood-stained fields of Carolina. They ask, where are your fields of battle? They point to Marion-to Sumpter-to Lee-to all the host of heroes who blaze along the Southern sky-" Pennsylvanians, where are your heroes of the Revolution?"

They need not ask their question more than once. For, at the sound, from his laureled grave in old Chester, springs to life again the hero of Pennsylvania's olden time, the undaunted General, the man of Paoli and of Stony Point, whose charge was like the march of the hurricane. whose night-assault scared the British as though a thunderbolt had fallen in their

We need not repeat his name. The aged matron, sitting at the farm-house door of old Chester, in the calm of summer twilight, speaks that name to the listening group of grand-children, and the old Revolutioner, trembling on the verge of the grave, his intellect faded, his mind and tremble with a new life at the name, and as he brushes the tear from the quivering eye-lid of age, will exclaim-with a feeling of pride that a century cannot destroy-" I-I, too, was a soldier withwith mad Anthony Wayne !"

Bunker Hill has its monument, New England her historians, South Carolina her orators-but the field of Germantown. and the meadows of Brandywine-where are their monumental pillars, their historians, their orators?

orians, their orators?

And yet the freemen of our Land of And yet the freemen of our Land of Penn may stroll over the green lawn of is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yon—New Orleans, the mother of harlots, and Germantown, mark the cannon-rifts on the der I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne hardlots—war corn is worth six bits a walls of Chew's House, hear the veteran —raise me higher, comrade,—all is get—bushel and nary red the next day. of the Revolution discourse of the bloodshed of the 4th of October, 1777-and count the mounds that mark the resting place of the dead, and feel his heart throb, and his pulse warm, although no monuconnexion between them and the state of mental pillar arises from the green lawn, no trophied column consecrates the repose

And when the taunt falls from the lips power to levy war, conclude peace, contract of the wanderer and adventurer, when the haired veteran in his arms, placing his South sneers and the North derides, then let the Pennsylvanian remember that though the Land of Penn has no history, and waving his broken bayonet before his for they shall gnaw a file and flee to the with a firm reliance on the protection of of blood; that though she has no marble late fight.

eternal mountains.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown, in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how the children of Penn died with the name of Freedom on their icy lips, the fire of

heroism burning their glassy eyes!
Let us go there, in the moment when Washington and his Generals came back from the fight. A pause in the din of battle! The

denizens of Mount Airy and Chesnut Hill came crowding to their doors and windows, groups of people, who conversed in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures, and looks of surprise and fear .-Yonder group who stand clustered in the roadside! A grey-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward, Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age. The maiden, faircheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume, the tight boddice. the linsey skirt, the light 'kerchief thrown over her bosom. Her ear is inclined toward Germantown, and her small hands are involuntarily crossed over her bosom,

that heaves and throbs in view. The matron, calm, self-possessed, and placid; little children clinging to the skirt of her dress, her wifely cap flung care-lessly on her head, with hair slightly touched with grey, while the sleeping babe nestles in her bosom.

The boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes! stands silent and motionless-he also listens! You stand upon the height of Mount Airy, it is wearing toward noon,

yet gaze around you.

Above, the mist is rising. Here and there an occasional sungleam lights the rolling clouds of mist, but the atmosphere wears a dull, leaden hue, and the vast

horizon a look of solemnity and gloom. Beneath and around, sweep hill and plain buckwheat field and sombre woods, luxuriant orchards and fertile valleys, all seen in the intervals of the white columns of the uprising mist.

The group clustered along the roadside of Mount Airy are still and silent. Each heart is full, every ear absorbed in the effort of catching the slightest sound A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

from Germantown.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far off shouts broke States have their sulogists, their historians, on the ear, mingled with the thunder of cannon, and the shrieks of musquetry; the earth seemed to tremble, and far around, the wide horizon was agitated by not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and pause in the battle, flit from face to face. and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense. lion roareth and the wang doodle mourneth It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to for its first born' the South, like the shricks of the ocean the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far in the loneliness

Then a pause, and again that unknown of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn tinct voices break upon the air, and the

The boy turns to his mother, and asks the Union. We have been told that our feels vividly that the battle is now over, may, they shall. And now there's a mor'n people—the Pennsylvanians—had no en- that the account of blood is near its close, one kind o'file. There's the hand-saw file terprise, no energy, no striking and effect that the appeal to the God of battles has rat-tail file, double file, and profile: but tive qualities. Southern chivalry has been made. The mother turns her fearful the kind of file spoken of here isn't one of taunted us with our want of daring ardor eyes to the South; she cannot answer the in the resentment of insult; Northern question. The old man, awaking from a my brethering, and means goin' it alone

To the North we make no reply. Let to syllable a sound. His suspense is fearour mountains, with their stores of exhaustless wealth, answer; let the meadows and speaks his question with the gesture of Philadelphia, the rich plains of old of age. The battle—the battle—how fingers, and lard on their heads. what Berks, the green fields of Lancaster an- goes the battle? And as he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below; he comes speeding round the bend of the road. he ascends the hill, but his steps totter, and he staggers to and fro like a

drunken man. He bears a burden on his shouldersis it the plunder of the fight, is it the that you've all went it alone and got spoil gathered from the ranks of the No-no! He bears an aged man on his

shoulders, he grasps the aged form with his trembling arms, and with an unsteady step nears the group on the hill-top.

a broken bayonet, which he raises on high with a maniac gesture.

The soldier, and the veteran he bears upon his shoulders, are clad in the blue hunting shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group,

he lays the aged veteran down by the road-side, and then looks around with a great deep was troken up, and the waters ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is rushed down and swept that man's millblood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimmed with powder, and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes broken, and his memory gone, will start the hand of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle—the battle—how goes the

battle? The group cluster around as they shriek the question. The young Continental makes no reply,

but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.
"Comrade!" shrieks the veteran, "raise

me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again." my eyes. I would see him once again." lin' wilderness, where John the hard-shell He is raised upon his feet, the blood is Baptist was fed on locusts and wild asses, ting dark-I would see-Mad Anthony!"

with tears? Here is one. sive and solemn in the back ground. The young soldier, all weak and trembling from the loss of blood, raising the greyface toward Germantown, while the wrinkled features light up with a sadder gleam,

hand of the dying veteran, the youthful maiden, all blossom and innocence, standing slightly apart, with the ancient man in peasant's attire, gazing vacantly around

as he grasps her arm.
"Lift me, comrade—higher, higher. I see him-I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!" And the young soldier held in his arms

a lifeless corse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired the hilly streets were occupied by anxious his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time, and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet. The battle, the battle, how goes the

> As the thrilling question again rung in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastily, and then flung his wounded arm to the South

"Lost!" he shricked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day a lifeless corse.

So they died, the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the Land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren

throughout the Continent;-Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour, retain their bones! Nameless and unhonored, the "Poor

Men Heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battle-field of the Revolution. The incident which we have nictured is but a solitary page among ten thousand.

In every spear of grass that grows our battle-fields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution you read the quiet heroism of the children

of the Land of Penn.

Be just to us, People of the North! Do not scorn our history, Chivalry of the South! While we gladly admit the brightness

of your fame, do not utterly forget the nameless and neglected HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.

BY A HARD-SHELL BAPTIST.

My Beloved Brethering: I am an unlarnt hardshell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heern afore, and I now appear here to expound the Scripters and pint out the narrow way which leads from a thousand echoes. Now the scene is still a vain world to Juroosalem, and my text as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leds of the Bible, somewhere between the Second Chronikils and the last chapter Looks of wonder, at the sudden of Timothy Titus. These are the text: And they shall gnaw a file and flee

unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the Now, my brethering, as I have before told you, I am an unedicated man, and

know nothing about grammer talk and collidge hifalootin; but I'm a plain unlarnt

REMOVAL.--WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, preacher of the Gospil what's been foreordained, and call to expound soripter to
dairy would not be a part of the Gospil what's been foreordained, and call to expound soripter to
Lancaster, april 10 of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.'

reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and and getting ukered; for 'they shall gnaw clasps her arm with his trembling hands. a file and flee unto the mountains of Han-His lips move, but his tongue is unable sidam, where the lion roareth and the wangdoodle mourneth for its first born.

And now there be some here with fine close on thar backs, brass rings on thar goes it while they're young; and thar be others here what, as long as thar consitutions and forty cent whisky last, goes it blind; and thar be sisters here what, when they get sixteen years old, cut thar titler ropes and goes it with a rush; but I say, my dear brethering, take care you don't find, when Gabriel blows his trump, ukered; for 'they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang doodle mourneth for its first born.'

And, my brethering, there's more dams besides Hepsidam. There's Rotterdam, The old man's grey hairs are waving in the breeze, and his extended hand grasps care-a-dam—the last of which, my dear brethering, is the worst of all, reminds me of a circumstance I once knew in the State of Illenoy. Thar was a man what built a mill on the east fork of Agur creek, and it ground a sight of grain, but the man that built it was a miserable sinner, never give anything to the church; and, my brethering, one night there came a mighty storm of wind and rain, and the fountains of the dam into Kingdom Come, and lo! and behold, in the morning, when he got up, he found he was not worth a dam. dear brethering, when the storms of temptation overtake ye, take care you don't fall from grace, and become like that man's mill, not worth a dam; for they shall gnaw a file, and flee to the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first born.' Whar the lion roareth and the wang

doodle mourneth for its first-born.' This part of the text, my brethering, is another figger of speech, and isn't to be taken as it says. It dosen't mean the howniggers are thick as black bugs in a spoiled Did you ever see a picture that made bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves and pickyour heart throb and your eyes grow blind pockets go skitting about the streets like weasels in a barn-vard-whar they have The roadside, the group clustered in cream colored horses, gilded carriages, front of Allen's House, which rises mas-'em-whar honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth, and a strange woman once took in your beloved preacher and bamboozled him out of two hundred and twentyseven dollars in the twinkle of a sheep tail, but she can't do it again, hallelujahmountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for its first-born.

each other, our lives, our fortunes, and monuments are enduring and undecaying The matron, gazing anxiously upon the My brethering, I am captain of the flat—our sacred honor.—they are there—breaking evermore into old man's face, her eyes swimming in beat you see tied up that, and I've got My brethering, I am captain of the flat-

good Monongehaly whisky as you ever drank; and I am mighty apt to get a big price for it all. But what, oh my brethering would it all be worth if I haden't religin ? Thar's nothing like religin. Thar's nothing like religio, my brethering. It's better nor silver and gold jimcracks, and you can no more get to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail .-Thank the Lord I'am an unedicated man, my brethering, but I've searched the scripters from Dan to Buesheebee, and found Zion right side up, and the hard-shell religin. But it's not like the Methodist

what expects to get into heaven by hollerin' hell fire; nor like the Universalist what gits upon the broad guage and goes the whole hog; nor like the United Bretheren what takes each other by the seat of their trowsers and tries to lift each other into heaven; nor like the Catholics what buys thar tickets from their preest-but it may be likened, my brethering, to him that crossed a river, and when he got thar the ferry-boat was gone; and he rolled up his breeches and waded over-hallelujah, for they shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for

its first-born.' Pass the hat, brother Flint, and let every hard shell out.

A GOOD ONE .- Said a gentleman of ambition to one whom he supposed to be well acquainted with the conditions and prospects of the numerous towns of the State: 'I wish to settle in some locality where I can be useful and do good; do you know of a place where one can practice law, preach, and use his surplus means to profit in shaving notes ?' Reflecting a short time, the other repli-

There is but one place that I now re member.' Where's that?' asked the interested

individual. 'Hell! and it is already filled with just such characters. Interrogator bowed and retired.

CARDS.

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Mar 31 1y 11 No. 11 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa. A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of
Centre Square, Lancaster.

may 15, '55 ly 17

TESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. 23. All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills. Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c. will be attended to with correctness and despatch.

A BRAM SHANK,
ATTOBNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN. ESQ., No. 36 NORTH DUKE St.,
LANCASTER, PA. mar 22

PWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 3 South Queen street, in Read, McGrann, Kelly &
Co.'s Backing Building, Lancaster, Pa. NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY OAT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

My beloved brethering, the text says DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST .- Office

REMOVAL.--H. B. SWARR, Attorney At Law, has removed his effice to No. 13 North Duke street, nearly opposite his former location, and a tew doors north of the Court House. SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at

SIMON P. EBY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—No. 38 North Duke street,
may 11 by 17)

REDERICK S. PYFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. A T T O R N E Y A T L A W .

OFFICE—No. 11 NORTH DURE STREET, (WEST SIDE.) LAR
CASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

REMOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG,
Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his
former piace into South Duke street, nearly opposite the
Trinity Lutheran Church.

JOHN F. BRINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th
Street, above Spruce.
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