PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON. TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISMENTS.—AdvertIsements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

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

"OLD CHURCH BELLS." The following lines, extracted from an English paper, are well worth preserving :

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old belis from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from the maiden bower. Clouds there are none in the fair Summer sky

Sunshine flings benison down from on high; Children sing loud, as the train moves along, "Happy the bride that the sun shineth on." Knell out drearily, Measured and wearily,

Sad old bells from the steeple grey;
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day. Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall Dripping all over the plume and the pall, Murnur olk folk, as the train moves along, Blessed the dead that the rain raineth on. Toll at the hour of prime,

Matin, and vesper chime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowty graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky. Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach, Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach; Kinging in life from the bud to the bloom, Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away. Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;

Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life; Life is our Labor, and Death is our rest, If happy the Living, the Dead are the blest BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along, A gaily-dressed wife by his side; In satin and laces she looked like a queen, And he like a king in his pride. A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed. The carriage and couple he eyed.

And said, as he worked with his saw on the log. I wish I was rich and could ride.

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife.
One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work, Whose face as the morning was fair Went tripping along with a smile of delight, While humning a love-breathing air. She looked on the carriage-the lady she saw

Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, 'I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine.'

The lady looked out on the maid with her work, So fair in a calico dress. And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth, Her beauty and youth to possess." Thus in this world, whatever our lot,

Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not.
Ungrateful for what we enjoy. We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed;

Growing deeper and wider the longer we live, That nothing but heaven can fill.

THE GIPSEY'S REVENGE; OR. THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY ALOYSIA.

'Welcome, welcome, Aunt Ella,' cried a group of pretty, merry girls, as a sweet, benevolent-looking woman entered the drawing-room where they were conversing. 'We were just speaking about you, and wishing you were here to tell us one of your delightful stories.'

Most willingly, my dear girls, would I oblige you, but indeed I feel so sorrowful to-night, I fear my tales would fail to interest you.'

No fear of that, Aunt Nellie, but as you are so sad, we will wait until some other evening.'

But she, dear kind auntie, seeing we were disappointed, said, 'girls, I will tell you the cause of my depression this evening; but in imagination I carry you back to the days when I was a laughing, light-hearted girl like yourselves. Full of life and gladness, I tripped gaily along the pathway of life, plucking flowers of affection from every bower, little thinking that my bright dreams would so soon be dis-

pelled by the dark clouds of bitter misery. Our house was a perfect paradisé content and happiness beamed on every inmate's face. One evening as we were enjoying the pure pleasures of the social circle, a tap was heard at the door, and a servant entered, announcing to my father

that a stranger desired to see him. 'He instantly rose, and upon leaving the room was met by a tall dark man,

wrapped in a heavy cloak. "I presume you are Dr. Austin,' said! the man, looking earnestly at my father,

who graciously smiled assent. "Well, Doctor, my wife is dangerously ill, and I want you to come with all

possible haste to see her.' "Is she very ill ?' inquired my father,

who did not relish the idea of leaving home on such an inclement night. "Yes, very,' replied the man, sternly,

'so for God's sake be quick, Doctor, or she will be dead before we reach my home -home he repeated-once indeed it was a happy one—earth's choicest gifts were mine-but now, ruined and desolate, and she, its light, its beauty, my wife, my own darling wife, dying, surrounded by misery and want. Oh, my God, he groaned in deep agony, if it is thy will spare me this dreadful trial.'

'My father gently touched him as he sat with his face buried in his hands, saying the horses were ready. In a moment they were rapidly driving to the stranger's home, and 'onward, onward, for the sake of Heaven,' were the only words he uttered.

· Alighting at a miserable cottage, at the outskirts of the city, the man pushed open a creaking door, and entering a miserably cheerless room, beckoned my father to approach the bed upon which the sick woman was lying.

My father saw in a moment that no human aid could avail her anything; and it was with reluctance he imparted the news to her despairing husband; but he, in whose bosom the lamp of her life was not yet extinguished, begged my father to do something at least to relieve the

"William, come near me-1 wish to speak to you ere I depart, murmured the but if it is God's will to take her, we will

The man arose, and kneeling by the bed-side, took her pale thin hand in his, and kissing it, fondly exclaimed, 'Oh, my Mary, little I thought when first I clasped this loved hand in mine, and pledged before God's holy altar to love and protect | ed to see him driving madly up to the | to an evening party.

am dying; do not disturb my last moments comfortable bed which my mother had by thoughts like these, for never did I prepared. regret my choice-and if wealth and

dying woman, who had forgotten his little one, have they brought you back? presence, motioned him to draw near. "Listen, Doctor, to what I have to say.

but I feel with the goodness of your noble heart you will listen to my story.' 'My father seated himself, while the woman related as follows:

"Mine, Doctor, has been a strange fate; and short though my life has been, it has been an eventful one. I have no unknown to me, loved me with all the ferremembrance of my parents, for in my vor of his passionate nature. He declared childhood I had no settled home, but led his affection for me, but I told him I was a wandering life with a gipsy band, who the affianced of your father. He then ever treated me with great kindness; yet vowed before heaven, if ever I became the I always fancied I did not belong to them; wife of Hubert Austin, he would be but at that time the thought troubled me avenged. I heeded not his threat, and little, for I was too full of gaiety to think soon after was married. A few years after A SHORT PATENT SERMON. long on anything serious.. From a wild, you were born you were stolen from us .frolicsome child, I grew up to be a tall In vain we searched in every direction, girl of sixteen, beloved by the band of but could find no clue to our lost darling dark gypsies, and was treated as a queen —and long, long, my Mary, we have among them. My slightest word was law, mourned you as dead.' and it was strange to see the tenderness and respect which they tendered to me.

laws, and the government had set a large upon the brow of sister Mary. price upon their heads. One day we had large body of constabulary.

adopted me as his own.

ous man, called me to him, handed me a sister was waited to the realms of bliss. small box, bade me on my honor never to | 'It would be needless for me to picture open it until my twenty-first birthday. our grief at her loss. It was heartfelt—Solemnly vowing to do his bidding, I bade earnest; and poor William at this moment them a last farewell.

"My home with the Judge and his masters, and every attention was paid to that I am sad? my education.

was very proud of me, intended that I whom you speak?' should make a great match, but when told him that I had bestowed my affections He declared that no beggar should win me. and bade me henceforth consider his friend, the Hon. Jasper Singleton, as my future

'I replied that I would never wed any useless to urge me in the matter. I was the past.' indignant at his applying such an epithet to William, who was a man of rare talents and a young lawyer struggling to attain an honorable position in the world.

"Hoarse with anger, he bade me begone. 'Too long,' said he, 'have I harbored you, ungrateful girl, in my home, never thinking that like a viper you would sting me when I least expected it Begone!' he cried, as he almost hurled me

from his house. "Loving my adopted father, I sought to be reconciled to him, but he was deaf to my entreaties unless I would give up William. "That week William and I were mar-

ried, and humble though our home was, happiness ever hovered around us, until one unfortunate day my husband was riding in haste to a neighboring town, when was thrown from his horse and severely hurt. For weeks his life was despaired of. Night and day I watched by the bedside of my only earthly hope, and the Almighty at least rewarded my efforts and spared my husband's life. During the excitement I had forgotten that we were almost penniless, and soon the reality stared us in the face. We were forced to leave our pretty cottage, and William, whose weakness prevented his working, with unuttera- That bow from my sight, passed for ever away ble agony watched me as I endeavored to carn a small pittance to sustain life. But | that it may shine with renewed splendor is wasting my life away. I have but a short time to live, Doctor, and as this is the anniversary of my twenty-first birthday, I would, before I die, have the mystery

over and kissing her husband's pale brow, be comforted. "My Mary," he murmured, "I will never know comfort again.'

which hangs over my life unraveled. Doc-

'My father, as desired, opened the box, and took out a bundle of papers, and was about handing them to the man, when the woman said, 'William is too agitated, Doctor; will you be kind enough to read them aloud yourself?

'A slip of paper fell from his hand, and on picking it up, my father read : ! "This is to certify that the child Mary who has lived with our band for years, is the daughter of Dr. Austin, of Bstolen by me to avenge my wrongs in winning from me the only being I ever loved. A am dying, and I seek to repair the only injury done to one I once loved.'

"Emanuel Vallerino, my child, my child!' cried my father, bending over his new-found daughter. 'My darling Mary, for whom I have mourned for long, long years; is it thus I behold you; my God, spare, oh, spare my child, he said with

frantic emotion, kissing her. "Father, father?" was all she could murmur, as she sank back exhausted upon her pillow. "William, I am thy father, too; love me as a son. Our loved one may yet live;

never be separated.' 'Unable to speak, the husband clasped warmly my father's hand.

We wondered father did not return that night, and were not a little astonish- scraper, you may judge he has been out devil himself-tail or no tail. So mote it

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. you forever, and when I took you from house next morning, and, in excited tones, your friends to share my home and heart, ordering the servants to place a bed in the oh, Mary, I never dreamed that this would easy old family carriage, and directing my be the end of it-wretch that I am-why mother to prepare to receive a sick person. did I not leave you in the midst of the Without waiting to give any explanation, comfort and affluence that once was yours, he hurried back to the sick, and in about and you would have escaped this misery.', an hour he and William tenderly carried "William,' said the sufferer gently, 'I in the sick woman and laid her in the soft,

> 'Calling her into the library, he told luxury were mine, I would give them all who the stranger was. The shock was too for thee.'
>
> 'My father, who had been standing at the window, was about to leave, when the wildly about, murmuring, 'My Mary, my

'Oh, how affecting was the meeting between my mother and her long lost daugh-It does not, indeed, concern you, and ter; and when I kissed my sister's hand, perhaps I am trespassing on your kindness, I felt that I would willingly give my life to save hers.

"Mother,' she asked one day, 'do tell me who was Emanuel Vallerino.' " My child,' said mother with a sigh, he was my adopted brother, and only that light did I ever regard him; but he,

'The night wind wailed sadly around "But they had been branded as out- our home as the shadow of death deepened

" Father - William - Mother - all comtaken refuge in a cavern, after being near me, she murmured faintly. 'I would hunted as wild beasts, when we were ee you all before I depart. Good-by, suddenly surprised and captured by a she exclaimed, kissing us affectionately.— 'Oh, do not weep for me; I am leaving We were put in prison, and after a you but for a time; and oh, what a happy short trial the band were condemned to reunion ours will be when we meet in you death; but my youth gained me friends, bright spirit land. But hush, they are and the venerable Judge, who had taken a coming. I see their arms outstretched to great interest in me, having no children, greet me. I hear the music of the heavenly Jerusalem. Farewell earth-fare-"I wept bitterly at the terrible fate of well, all that is dear to me, farewell. Almy old companions, whom I sincerely mighty God, unto thee I commend my loved, and as I was bidding them a last spirit. Jesus, receive my soul.' And adieu, the chief, who was a stern, mysteri- with one faint gasp, the soul of my beloved

> needed all our tenderest sympathies. 'Girls,' said Aunt Ella, as she saw the

beautiful wife was all that I could desire; tearful eyes of her attentive auditors, they loved me tenderly, and did all in their 'this night is the auniversary of that power to make me happy. I had the best death-bed scene. Do you wonder, then, 'Oh no, darling Aunt Ella,' they all

ty education.

On ho, darling Aunt Ella, they all and pitched over the balcony: and down, down he came, ker-chunk, somewhere in the down he came, ker-chunk, somewhere in the adopted daughter of Judge Dudley; was ever to be forgotten; but tell us, auntie, well received, and reigned a belle during is dear, good Uncle William, who is althe whole season. My adopted father, who ways so kind, yet sorrowful, the William of 'Yes, girls: he has never forgotten his

idolized wife; and I often thought when on my William, his rage knew no bounds. you were teasing him about getting married, what deep wounds you must have inflicted on his breaking heart.' ' Had we known we were inflicting pain,

said the girls, sobbing, 'we would not for a moment think of tormenting him; but she one day committed a slight misdeperson but William, and that it would be the future will show how sorry we are for meanor, and forfeited her 'third' of Para-From that day many a blessing did Wil-

liam Warrington bestow upon the fair young girls who sought to soothe his melancholy, and by a thousand acts of kindness to render him happy; and they who loved him then put on a suitable rig of asbestos, and as a brother, found in him that friend turned fireman-not one of the b'hoys, which the young need, a sincere and truth- that run with the big squirting machine, ful counselor in every act of their lives.

is passing away and wafting away on its known to himself; but with which, I trust, airy wing fragments of our most precious you will become fully acquainted at some time. The flowers that spring around our pathway, though they have just verged from the gloomy shades of winter, must soon decay, and the lofty trees that have scarce thrown around them their cloaks, to shelter us from the summer's heat, are

passing swiftly away. The storm which overcast the evening sky, with the rolling thunder and fier lightning flash, its pouring rain, its howl ing winds, has passed away, and left all nature calm as the summer's breath.

The bright bow, the token of God's covenant to man, that was bended in the cloud. Ah! it too, has passed away. Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,

Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day, That how from my sight possed for over a way. The sun is passing away, but it is only already passed away. Gay, happy youth is rapidly passing away, and ere we are for man, the noblest work of God, though he alone is endowed with reason to comtor, please hand me that box lying on the prehend, a soul to feel his majesty and mantel. Poor William,' she said, stooping grace, passeth 'as a flower of the field.' All human glory passes away; though man rear up mountains of marble, they, too, will pass away, leaving no trace of

> " Friends, friends, Oh! shall we meet Where the spoiler finds no prey Where lovely things and sweet,
> Pass not away, Oh! if this may be * *
> Speed, speed their rising day,
> How blest from earth's dim show,
> To pass away."

--- tells an occurrence witnessed by him last week on board the Ocean, on her passage down. An oldish and somewhat purblind gentleman pacing up and of a large full length mirror; and after ment or two, inquired in a very deliberate tone-

'Is-vour-name-Brown ?' No answer. Question repeated louder-'Is-your-name-Brown?' Question again repeated louder still-'IS—YOUR—NAME—BROWN ? Still no answer. 'Well,' said the questioner, 'you are

either no gentleman, or very deaf! The saloon was in a roar. When you see a gentleman at midnight sitting on the step in front of his flower and leaves the tree to wither. I house, combing his head with the door say, beware of him, for he is the very

THE PRESSMAN. Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rrunce,
And let the work begin;
The world is pressing on without,
And we must press within—
And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, although
The devil is at our side.

Let fly the frisket, now my boys!
Who are more proud than we,
While wait the anxious crowd without The inward power to see?
So pull away—none are so great,
As they who run the car; And who have dignity like those Who practise at the bar?

And you who twirl the rollers there, Be quick, thou inky man; Old Time is rolling on himself, So beat him if you can.
Be careful of the light and shade, Nor let the sheet grow pale, Be careful of the monkey looks Of every head and tale

Though high in office is our stand, And ph-ous is our case,

We would not cast a slur on those
Who fill a lower place.

The gaping world is fed by us,
Who retail knowledge here;
By feeding them we feed ourselves,
Nor deem our fare too doar.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And thus the chase we'll join;
We have deposits in the bank—
Our drawers are full of quoin;
And who should more genteely cut
A figure or a dask!
Alas! that we who press so much,
Should e'er be pressed for cash!

My text is contained in these words. which most of you have probably seen somewhere, or somewhere else: "Pray, tell me how the devil was dressed.
"Oh! he was in his Sunday's best;

His coat was black, and his trouser's blue, With a hole behind where his tail came thro.

My HEARERS: The origin of this notorious scamp—the devil—is wrapped up in a great many thicknesses of obscurity. As to his paternity, it is generally supposed that he never had a father nor a mother, but is entirely self-made for which wonderful piece of workmanship he, no doubt, takes a vast deal of credit to himself. The first we hear of his superroyal highness, he was "sloshing about' in heaven, at a terrible rate, and frightening the infant Cherubim into fits. He pretended to be dissatisfied with the general movement up there, but the throne was his sole object; and, I may say, he fought like the devil to reach it. He thought if he could only be king of that extensive dominion for a few millions of years, matters would be so put to rights that they would take care of themselves for the balance of eternity. So, he fought like a threshing-machine for the crown of glory but, my brethren, he hadn't ammunition enough-his rations were short-his cause wasn't just-and the hosts of the Lord too many for him. He was cornered at last. centre of the great Dismal Swamp. By that disastrous fall, my brethren, he so injured his left foot, that it withered and arned into a hoof, which he exhibits even

by a nicely-polished calf-skin boot. The first of this rascal's capers upon earth, my friends, was that of transforming himself into a beautiful garter snake, and so charming good mother Eve that dise-and away went poor Adam's share, in the bargain. And I verily believe, that the same old reptile holds a fascinating power over the fair sex at the present time. His fallen Greatness, my brethren. but such a fireman as is employed upon a steamboat, to heave in the wood and keep Passing Away.—The evening breeze the blazes up. His great pyrotechnic establishment is in some locality best future period.

to this day, except when artfully concealed

My brethren, when the devil comes to town, now-a-days, he doffs his old fire toggery, and dresses either in the flash style or assumes a more gentlemanly garb -seldom, indeed, coming in coarse homespun, or with a seedy coat, stogy boots and a sooty shirt. Sometimes he may be seen strutting along quite fancifully attiredwith coat of claret, vest of buff, pants of sky-blue, and hat and boots of ivory polish; with three diamond studs and a nugget in his bosom-and a gold watch-chain, large and strong enough to tether a mad elephant; but, with all these, there is always a hele behind where the tail comes through. Sometimes, too, he appears in a more respectable guise of plain black, with moderately short, business-like hair, and well-trimmed whiskers. In such raiment my constitution was not strong, and I was when the morning dawns. Childhood, the he might readily be mistaken for an unasoon attacked by a dangerous illness which morning of life, full of innocent joy, has dulterated gentleman—an influential and prominent citizen—were it not that there is a hole behind, and the tail will work aware, old age will have overtaken us; itself through. And, brethren, I have even known the old scoundrel to don the pontifical robe, get into the pulpit and salary per annum that would crowd all the piety out of your poor pastor in less than a fortnight from the date of the first payhim. Earth and its glory, even time itself, is passing away. When all are religion. Yes, brethren, I've seen the the brusque veracity of the little Irishman, Is Your NAME Brown. -- Captain uttering the 'words of truth and sober- sion had arisen as to the comparative down the upper saloon, stopped in front highways, as proud as a peacock and stiff at the table of his prince.' as a roll of sole-leather. I have also seen Nor, in considering Moore's character,

the hole behind where the tail came And now, my unsuspecting young sisters: more ready for another-who talks of love matrimony-whose kiss is blight to the

through.

the Scribe. "HONESTY IS THE BEST OF POLICY."

Be honest, and 'tis clear as light You'll make by far most money by't; The profits that are got by cheating, Are very few and very fleeting. Experience proves the adage true; Then never loose it from your view.

When I was a little fellow, just old enough to be mischievous, I was beset by a parcel of my companions, to go and pilfer the parson's pears. Down by the side brook that flows into Applebury of the pond, back of the parson's house, was a

flavor. Whether I was afraid of a floggingdays children were brought up to respect the pious) prevented me; or whether I luck in pilfering melons--I can't now re-

and one Saturday afternoon I received an invitation to go see him. Away I went, conscious that I had done no wrong;—how light beats the heart of innocence. The good man met me at the door:—(Robert, said he, taking my hand, 'I have heard that you refused to join in pilfering my pears. Now I mean to convince you that 'Honesty is the best of policy.' 'Here,' added he, placing a large basket of the finest fruit before me, 'cat what you please, and take as many as you can carry."' I felt at that moment happier was in the neighborhood, at Mattock, and convince to the new and went two pears. Now I mean to convince you that 'Honesty is the best of policy.' 'Here,' added he, placing a large basket of the finest fruit before me, 'cat what you please, and take as many as you can carry."' I felt at that moment happier invested to place the finest many as you can carry." I felt at that moment happier invested the pear of the pear that my honesty came to the parson's ears, I felt at that moment happier was in the neighborhood, at Mattock, and carry.' than Napoleon with empires at his feet. he wrote the following, which was not And the circumstances led me to remark, given by Lord John Russell, nor, indeed, early in life, the consequence of an adher- do we recollect to have ever seen it in

ence to the maxim. There was, at Applebury, a merchant well esteemed for his probity:--- Where do you trade, neighbor ?'--said one farmer to another. 'Why, at Mr. Upright's,' And replied the first. 'His weights and He neasures always hold out. I had as lief send a child as a grown person to his store, for the matter of his being treated well. I don't pretend to know the value of some sorts of goods, myself, but he has but one price, and never takes advantage of any one's ignorance.' I marked the consequence. Upright grew rich and respected

But there was rich George Ardenburg,

who had a large farm given him by his father. One of the merchants had advertised for tallow to send off to New York. Rich George had killed a number of fat cattle, and as the tallow was to be sent away immediately, he thought it a good time to dispose of it. It was weighed .-Everybody thought it was astonishingly heavy. Dick Artly, who attended the store, being somewhat suspicious, and a little roguish withal, in removing one of the cakes, as though by accident, let it fall plump on the floor. It split open -and lo! in the middle was a large stone Poor George looked like a sheep-stealer. He was hooted out of town. His match was broken off with the amiable Miss Arabella Bromley; he was turned out of the militia office he held, and finally was compelled to sell his farm and move off to

The blacksmith, the tailor;
The printer, the nailor;
The hatter, the joiner;
The potter, the miner;
The farmer, the physician;
Merchant, politician;
The saidler, the sawyer;
The priest, and the lawyer;
The painter, the glazier;
The mason, and grazier; The mason, and grazier,

Will find that my maxim, so trite and so old To those who adopt it, brings honor and gold.

Moore had higher affection for his own family than, in his most tuft-hunting fancy, he ever cherished for princes, peers, and high-born ladies. He was as good a son, brother and father as ever breathed. While his mother lived, and she was fiftythree when she died. Moore wrote to her twice a week, no matter what were the other claims upon his time. He was not ashamed among his aristocratic friends of his lowly origin. There is an anecdote, related by Lord John Russell, that when Moore first sat at table at Carlton House the guest of the Prince of Wales, charming all by his companionable society, his Royal Highness remarked, 'I suppose, Mr. Moore, you are of the same family as preach 'Christ, and him crucified,' at a the Marquis of Bogheda?' The poet's answer was: 'No! my father sells wine, spirits and groceries, in a little shop at the corner of Aungier street, Dublin ment. I couldn't possibly have the hand- The Prince immediately looked round the religion. Yes, brethren, I've seen the the brusque veracity of the little Irishman, devil, in clerical duds, holding forth to an and called out in his most impressive admiring congregation in most eloquent manner, Let us drink a bumper to the style, festooning the garden of heaven health of Mr. Moore's father; I am sure with the rarest of exotics, and describing he must be a very excellent gentleman. hell as a hundred times hotter than he It may be that a scene not much unlike himself could ever make it with a cargo of this occurred also at the Prince's table, rosin, pitch and camphene. His nether in which Curran distinguished himself, ornament was not visible while madly as Moore did, by his candor. A discusness'-yet there was a hole behind for the status of each profession, and Curran tail to come through; and the tip end of happily concluded it by giving the preferit might be seen peeping from beneath his ence to the law, 'which,' he added, 'has ecclesiastical cloak as he walked in the enabled the son of an Irish peasant to sit

gazing at the figure presented for a mo- his devilship at the bar, upon the bench, should it be forgotten that as a husband in State Legislatures and in our National his conduct was not only unexceptionable. Congress. At all these places he has ever but always affectionate, considerate, reliant worn the dress of a gentleman, but always and kind-hearted. It is not worth while slipped up on the behavior, and exposed to trace back the circumstances of the courtship, but the marriage was one of passionate love, upon both sides. Neither seems to have given the other any cause beware of a gay charmer, who pays a to regret the formation of the life-ties thousand compliments and has as many which bound them. Mrs. Moore (whose death occurred only a few weeks ago) was and totes you about, but never thinks of a beautiful and charming woman, who went very little into society, but concilibloom of innocence—who plucks the nated the good will and kind regard of all who knew her. The only cause for complaint she could have felt, was Moore's too frequently leaving her, while he fluttered about in the gay and fashionable circles in

Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert | which he so much delighted. Nor, indeed, should all the blame of this be cast upon Moore himself. His celebrity as a writer, his flashing wit and thorough geniality in society, and, above all, the singular fasciation of his singing, contributed to make him not only acceptable, but a most desirable guest in the highest and most fashionable circles of London. Living, as he did, in the country, yet within twenty minutes walk of Bowood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's splendid and hospitable country seat, Moore was as much involved in high life as he would have been in London. For the Marquis beautiful meadow, in the midst of which of Lansdowne is a nobleman of immense stood the pear tree. It was large—hung wealth, and so much political power as to full, and they were of a most delicious make him a partisan, who, though he cared not for place, used to gather around him in the country, the elite of all that was whether respect for the parson (for in those exalted, talented, and fashionable among his own class, and on his side of politics, and also the whig opposition. Among was deterred by the recollection of my bad | these Moore became completely at home, while his dearest Bessy would remain in member; but I teld them decidedly I would have nothing to do in the matter, and did all in my power to dissuade them from the enterprise.

I don't know how, but it so happened,

I don't know how, but it so happened,

I don't know how, but it so happened, member; but I teld them decidedly I their pretty cottage at Stoperton, contented and one Saturday afternoon I received an children were females, Anastasia and

> print: "I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy, "I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,
> Nor think my old strain of my theology stupid,
> When I say that your wife had a right to a boy,
> For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.
> But since Fate, the boon that you wished for, refuses,
> And granted three girls to your happy embraces.
> He meant when you wandered abroad with the
> Musos,
> That your wife should be circled at home with the
> Graces'

A GRAVE JOKE.—There have been

many stories told of Col. Ethan Allen, of revolutionary memory. The following, though old, is not a bad one: He was one evening at a party where

maxim that—Honesty is the best of Policy. repaired to one of the vaults in question,

with a view of frightening the old veteran, should be have the temerity to further the wishes of the company. Allen was made acquainted with the nature of the wager, and, without a moment's hestiation, said he would bring the required skull and lay it on the table. He went to the vault and laid his hand on one, when his concealed acquaintance cried out in a sepulchral tone, 'That's mine!' 'Very well,' replied Allen, and he picked up another. That's mine too!' repeated the same voice. 'That and 'be true,' returned the importurable hero, 'for no man can have two skulls.'

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that the inherence of the past, feel assured that the his phere of beneated that the last paunished to devote themselves, with rooswed they have resolved to devote themselves hero, 'for no man can have two skulls." Upon this he quickly left the vault, with the memento mori in his hand; his friend following in hot haste, half frightened out of his senses. Allen, however, reached the soonest, where he had left his companions. and placing the skull upon the table, ex-

have it; but look at it quickly, for the fellow is close behind that owns it.' The man in the sheet immediately came in, and the laugh was universal against him.

CARDS.

R. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST --Office No. 4 East King street. Residence Walnut street, second door West of Duke, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 ff 13 A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-Office with B. A. Shedler, Es 1. south-west corner of
Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17

fine one door east of Lechler's Hofel, East King street, ancaster, Pa.

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may 15, 55 ff.17

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No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly &
Co's Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa.
apr 6 (112) tf 12 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,

Lancaster, april 10

PEMOVAL.-DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMGRATHIC PHYSICIAN. has removed his office to
No. 69 East King street, next door above King's Grocery.
Reference—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia.
Calls from the conutry will be promptly attended to.
spr 6 W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANGASTER, PA.

REMOVAL .-- H. B. SWARR, Attorney Lo at Law, has removed his office to No. 12 North Duk-street, nearly opposite his former location, and a few door north of the Court House. apr 5 3m 12 AMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at

M N P. EBY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—No 38 North Duke street,
LANCASTER, PENNA. DREDERICK S. PYFER, REDERICK S. PAREER,
A TTO RINEY A T LAW.
OFFICE—NO. 11 NORTH DURE STREET, (WEST SIDE.) LANCASTER, Pa.

REMOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG,
Attorney at Law, has removed his odile from his

Attorney at Law, has removed his office from h former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. apr 8 tf 12 Trinity Lutheran Church.

Town F. BRINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PHILADELPHIA. PA.,
Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th
Streat, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to
Hon. H. G. Long,
A. L. HAYES,
FERRER BRINTON,
THADDEUS STRVENS.

AMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's liotel, Lancastor, Pa. 23-All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing beeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 15.

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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.—
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SEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10.
feb 17 ly 6

The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has taken the office lately occupied by John A Hiestand, Esq., where he will be pleased to transact all business connected with the above profession that may be placed in his hands.

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ATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE .-- This Orrest 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 reoder it one of the most interesting papers in the country. Its editorials zeforcibly written, and of a character that should comma + for the paper universal support.

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He was one evening at a party where his well-know courage was the theme of conversation.

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He fears nothing,' said one. 'And I would wager any amount that he would not he informs, and one is the fearment of this would wager any amount that he would not he informs, and one of the party suddenly left the apartment as Allen entered it. The absent bon-vivant products the fearment of the same plant of the same of his state of the same plant hat destinction of human lite caused by Sexual diseases, and the destinction of human lite caused by Sexual diseases, and the tomor data that he would not he informs, and one of the party suddenly left the apartment as Allen ente

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