# 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 arreanages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—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.

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

### From the Home Journal.

DICKIE LEE. BY JENNY MARSH. Oh, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee,

Of the sunny days gone by; The bonny lad I called my lover, The bonny lad that loved no other No other lass but me No other tass but me:

Oh, we were in love when our years were few,
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—
Six years was I, and seven was he: Six years was I, and seven was he:
And since those days long years have passed—
Long years of blossom and of blast;
But in them all there never grew
A love more sweet, a love more true.
Than that of Dickie Lee!

I often think of Dickie Lee, And the summers long ago— Of the old school-house and the little brook. With its mossy banks in the shady nook, Where we could fish, 'till the bell did ring, With our "home-made line" of a bonnet string And a crooked pin that served for a book, And learned more joy than the spelling-book But if we were late, and the teacher eross, The blow and rebute I -counted as dross, The blow and rebute I -counted as dross, And during it all, I only could see The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee

I wonder now if Dickie Lee
Looks back across the years,
Smiling, perhaps, at the thought of me,
And the funny times we used to see,
In that school-house dim of yore?
On the little bench close by the door,
The little bench that would hold but for The little bench that would hold but four-Janie, Louis, Dickie and me-And the lambs of the flock were we I wonder now if he ever thinks of the dreadful time he stole the pinks

And roses rare to give to me? And what befell poor Dickie Lee They tell me that my Dickie Lee Iney tell me that my beate Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride;
That he has ships upon the sea,
Titles, too, of a high degree,
And that a lady became his bride
Very well, so let it be,
Fickle have 1 been as he.

Tis many a year since he was my lover. Loving me well, and loving me other;
Tis many a year since the barefeeted lad
Romped close by my side, making merry and glad
Tis many a year. 'tis many a year,
That seals up the past and brings down a tear—
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy. Knowing or dreaming of nought but joy Unless he dreams of me, And I would not see the man of care, That calls himself Richard Lee That has wasted cheeks and thin gray hair. For, oh! he would steal from me

Something I love and cherish well. Something I love and cherish well,
An image shrined in a secret cell.
And it is dear to me;
Though the face is freekled and plain and lean.
Yet memory calls it bright and serene,
And keepeth the spot of its dwelling green
For the sake of Dickie Lee,
The little boy that long ago
Was really in love with me!

BY REQUEST. SUMMER MUSINGS.

BY AMOS SHIRK. Once again, in beauty blooming, Summer's flowers bright appear, And their presence bringsth gladness, Chasing forms of gloom and sadness. From many hearts grown sore, Making life and light and begauty Dawn upon us here!

And the golden ray that's streaming From the setting Sun's faint beaming Tells to us in language true That the mighty God who made it

Gave us Summer too. Glowing beauties e'er attend thee, All beneath thy smile grows brighter Phantoms vanish, cares are lighter, When thy sunbeams dar Sent like meteors of the heavens.

But, sweet Summer, thou art going But, sweet Summor, thou art going:
As a lover's dream of bliss
Leaves his heart with joy o'erflowing.
Like coguetish zephyrs blowing,
Soon thy presence we will miss;
Autumn, sad, will soon supplant thee,
Aud thy fairest flowers kiss.

Fare thee well, thou dying Summer, Shades of gloom and forms of sadnes Fill the hearts, now full of gladness Cause the throbbing breast to swell, When the Autumn's chill winds sighing Chaunt thy dying knell

Soon wo'll leave these friendless portals. God his Angels soon will send,
And 'neath wings of snowy whiteness.
Crowns of gold, and dazzling brightness.
Heavenly music shall attend
Our glad entrance to those mansions,
Where God's Summers never end!
HICKORY GROVE, Providence Twp., 1857.

#### MARIAN DEAN'S STORY. It was many years ago that Mr. Carring-

ton Bates came to our town to teach a singing-school. He was very good looking, I believe, at least people said he was, but I hated him, and with such good cause, that I never dare trust myself to tell what I thought of him. He came so well recommended by a long list of 'reverends' and 'honorables,' and made such a fine appearance-so gentlemanly and respectablethat every door was open to him, and every one had, a word of praise for him. He played the violin, and sang divinely, which was enough to set all the sentimental and other man to swear against what the other musical part of the young people half crazy over him. As he had a melancholy air, him, and on other nights he was supposed

to be engaged in adjoining towns. head, for I thought it was not meant for me until I heard that Phillp Southey's name was on the list of pupils. Then I watched Mr. Carrington Bates as he rode down through the long, lane-like street sure I should go if Philip did. We were not engaged—Philip and I, at least, not he was building on his little farm. The there was no music so dear to me as his always taught me the tunes he caught up

from others, I was as sure I should go as I had seen my name, Marian, beside cut them on the bark of

Mr. Dean's orchard. I was an orphan bound-girl-bound to

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. and I was brought up as their own child. heart, and bright, honest face, where one school just as I had done before. could see his thoughts in his clear eyes-

at me from under her spectacles when he told me, and said, smilingly:

girl to go. Father Dean patted me on the head and said:

Bless her heart, we shall have ber singing like the birds, shan't we, Phil ?' Philip said :

'The birds are good in their kind, and Marian's singing is good in its way nowpleasant to my ears always, but I don't beteacher fulfils half his promises he'll Barnard's friend went out, and through the singing-school. In what seemed to down on the bear skin robes and gilded me the great erowd of singers, I should harness. Mr. Bates had a friend with him, have felt embarrassed and afraid if Philip a Mr. Congreve, who, he had promised,

riding along a lonely road in the north my eyes were continually turning to the money, which had never been found. part of the town, was knocked from his little pale man on the sofa, whose words In one week, Philip was to be removed horse and robbed, and now lay ill at a had worked so much misery for me. evening probably Mr. Barnard could de- was neard plainly in the next. Whoever remember. I waited until father and happen so strangely, we went over to the

scribe him, or, at least, recognize him. ing town, but promised to meet me at the had clinked a few times, the voices rose. village. I hurried past the lighted stores singing-school and take me home if father It was Mr. Bates and his friend. I knew and offices—the windows, where I could would fetch me there. Philip did not come even at the intermission, and as I sat turning over the leaves of a singing-book, mingled with the most horrid oaths and had there first seen Carrington Bates.

See such dear glimpses of homes—and door he opened for me the last time I saw select him to act the preacher.

Philip! But the loud, derisive laugh the see one called me aside, and turning over the leaves of a singing-book, mingled with the most horrid oaths and had there first seen Carrington Bates. and listened to the merry words and laugh-ter of a group that surrounded the teacher, to listen, but I could not help it. I read, found the jailor, and put my precious beads to Bates. Not the elegant and refined turned the doorstood open, and the preacha young man, who did not belong to and looked at the engravings, to make in his hands. I don't know what I said to teacher of music, but reckless and harden- er" stood just inside, with his coat and mations, a few quick glances at me, then, table, to let them know the parlor was him, and took me along the cold stone the news, whatever it was, seemed to mot empty; but they did not hear me.—
spread all over the house, and they
gathered around the lights under the breathing softly. If it had been any one
gathered around the lights under the breathing softly. If it had been any one
gathered around the lights under the breathing softly. If it had been any one
gathered around the lights under the breathing softly. If it had been any one
specification where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads to the room where I found the remainder that I sent leads the remai went up to him, and, touching his arm, came over me. I held my hands over my that he was innocent. He had fretted at asked what it was. He held a small coin ears, but I could not shut out their hor- first, for my sake, and because it was up to the light and said, as he looked rible talk. steadily in my face:

from Mr. Barnard by the robber.' 'The robber? who had it?'

Philip Southey, and he is in jail now. He did not get off as he intended.' All their eyes were fixed on my face, my own mind, that my pride came to my bed yet.' aid, and I said, calmly,

word I might go and ask the sheriff. I among them.' walked back to my seat and sat bolt upthat we did not sing any more that night. with me.

'Why did not Philip come?' I asked. Of course it is all explained now.' 'Hush, child,' he replied.

'Well, if it isn't, why shouldn't it be? cried, a little troubled by his manner. 'I hope it will be, but it is a hard case. There, don't take on! I don't believe him guilty, but one man's belief or one man's word won't do any good while there is an-

says. It is a hard case.'

How my heart sank as he went on to and a story was soon trumped up that he | tell me the whole horrible truth. It seems had been crossed in love, of course all the that Philip had that day offered a counterwomen were in his favor, and he soon had feit coin to the toll-gate keeper, which a list of pupils and patrons that quite was marked, and had been described by astonished the people themselves. He Mr. Barnard as being in his purse when rang shrilly through the house. bore all his honors meekly and well, tak- he was robbed. The gate keeper took the ing their attentions as a matter of course, money, but sent an officer after Philip, being nothing more than he deserved, but who said he took the money from Mr in return for them he would be generous Bates in change for a bill he gave him to 'consideration.' So it was decided that be had given no change for books—those book. This was unfortunately true enough, for Philip had met him in the road, and This talk of the singing-school and the paid him in advance for a book, which the

witnesses, and it was indeed a hard case. Sleep did not come to my pillow that They almost suffocated me. night, nor the next, for the next day Mr. Barnard was taken to see Philip, and declared, that to the best of his belief, he breath. that led from the village past the old farm was the man who had robbed him. The house where I lived, and wondered what a cloud that hung over us all was growing singing-school would be like, for I was darker; public feeling was against him .-- cried out to him, that if he was a man, he Almost every one was on his side at first, would tell the truth, and not let the law month, she may hear of something to her suspicion on him. but now they wondered how he could be do double murder. Mr. Congreve cowered formally, but it was somehow understood such a hypocrite. They insulted him in down out of sight; and Mr. Bates said his that I was to be mistress of the log house his prison by professing to believe that friend was so tender-hearted he was not there was a gang of robbers in the neigh- fit to live in this hard world, and he had farm was all paid for now, which accounted borhood, and urged him to turn 'state's better go right off to his hotel. for his extravagance in attending singing - evidence.' I believe he bore it all bravely, His coolness baffled me, and turned school. I was glad of it in my heart, for and like a Christian, but I did not. I had everything that was in my favor against been taught to hide my feelings, but I me. He was so full of pity and forgivevoice, all untrained as it was; and as he fretted in secret. Father thought it was ness for me, his accuser, that they looked best I should continue to attend the sing- upon him as almost a demi-god. If he had ing-school, and I did, though it cost me let me alone-if they had not growded about

earth, lay in trouble and darkness. There's no knowing what might have the law. They had no children living, there's no use in making people talk,'

could, and, as they thought, for the best; on him that I could name so that I might such a mood before but a child, living alone with two old peo- go to him, to comfort him, or mourn over They added so much to my behavior in he looked up.

ple, must necessarily be, and feel, unlike him in the face of the world. I might the church, and Mr. Bates was so respect
'I'll make all the reparation in my other children. As I grew up these feelsend him messages by father, but what able, and so melancholy about it, that power, he said, beseechingly. 'Don't ings kept pace with my years, and I felt could I say to him? I believed him in-every one took it for granted I was crazy; look at me so; I tell you it was an awful

he came to be to me the type of everything pupils talking over the robbery, but they vain hope that some one would believe Was the man mad, or was I! I could good and desirable in this world; and who were either very merciful to me or afraid, me; and people said, 'twas all for love, not tell. shall blame me if in my thoughts I gave for they never mentioned Philip's name and 'twas a pity I should set my heart on 'You' him a place among the blest in the next? in my hearing. One night father had such a hardened villain as Philip Southey.'

Philip did come, just as I knew he would, some business in the village, so he went It was for love, but it was also for justice, and told me I was to go with him to the early, and left me to wait at the hotel and what I would have done for any singing-school. Mother Dean looked up until the church was opened When I innocent soul, suffering wrongfully. entered the little sitting-room of the hotel, Philip's trial was put off until the early old me, and said, smilingly:

Mr. Barnard was lying on the sofa talking fall. The trial was a mockery; I say it and he has boasted of so many crimes we have just had one that is too good to in the face of the world. Friendless, since he has found that he cannot escape, keep. his throat to his friend. I looked, too, in the jail of his native village, within

had lost the middle finger.' So it was settled that we should attend the light from the hall lanterns shining

which the teacher held in his hand. I inexpressible feeling of loneliness and fear nor bow it down, so long as he could feel

neck-the old whimperer?'

By Jove!' cried Mr. Congreve, admiralways come the respectable dodge better than I. Blast your eyes! you'll get nabbut I was so sure of Philip's innocence, in | than I. Blast your eyes! you'll get nab-

id, and I said, calmly,
'I don't believe it.'
Some said, 'Shame!' and Mr. Bates said, understand, and these people are all fools, with an offended air, if I doubted his so they pitched upon the biggest fool

The church bell rang just then, and the right, staring at the chalk notes on the two men, to my great relief, left the room. black-board. It was all a farce, a mistake | Their conversation had no meaning for me, I felt, and would be explained on the mor- but was simply disgusting and horrible; row. There must have been some strange | so much so, that I could hardly bear to look on my face, for no one came near me, take my old seat in the church, when they or spoke to me again; and as soon as the two were standing before the pulpit .scholars took their seats the teacher was Their faces were a little reddened, but face with his manacled hands. I fear his called out. He requested them to stay they were both perfectly cool and gentle- spirit was not so calm as his words. until he returned, but was gone so long manly. A glee class had been formed, and, at father's request, I had joined it. -

him. I noticed, as he came up the aisle, and leaned over the pew door, so that I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

'Now, Marian, bird,' said he, holding to accompany me. I was startled by his to the second joint, was gone! It flashed just as he had left it. upon me. I did not sing. I sprang to my feet, and seized his arm, while my voice

'Robber! murderer! your hand, your

hand!' His face whitened, but he shook me off. as coolly as he would a spider that had enough to teach them twice a week for a pay for a singing-book. Mr. Bates said dropped on his sleeve, and, with a grasp Five years more, and the brown hair he that was in reality like iron, but seemed praised would be streaked with silver. I every Tucsday and Friday night the village who bought books bought them in the gentle as a woman's thrust me, back into was sorry, for his sake, that I was not church should be lighted and warmed for church, and, besides, Philip had not got a my seat. I struggled fiercely, and shriek- growing beautiful; that he might be proud ed out my charges against him, and my of me, and say, 'Look at her; she trusted sorrow for Philip, for my feelings had been me when all the world thought me guilty, too long pent up and hidden, to stop for and loved and cherished me through all teacher had floated by me, and over my teacher was to send him. There were no anything now. Some of the timid ones my degradation.' This did not trouble me, fled, and the curious gathered about me. for I believed he could judge me by my

'She is mad, poor thing,' said Mr. Bates, as I leaned back in the pew, gasping for

I was not mad; I saw Mr. Congreve's pale frightened face in the background, and

more sorrow than he knew of to sing all the evening, within a stone's throw of the kept near me, and talked to me, and about the old maple that hung over the spring in | jail, where he, who was my 'all in all' on | me, until it seemed that I should go mad in reality. When they brought a sleigh to the door to take me home, he got in too, Mr. Dean when quite a child—bound by happened, little girl, but you are not his ties of love and gratitude, as well as by wife nor his sweetheart, father said, and me in a perfect fever of terror and hate could not comprehend it. I felt as if I dom, and whispered to me again, all the way. It was easy enough then to was in the same half-wake state I was on this better to be wronged than to do

How heartily I wished that I were cheat father Dean with his story, for he that horrid night when he lay asleep on wrong, Marian. I never knew howbeau- PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT,

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1859.

Every night I heard the teacher and of what was uppermost in my mind, in the can tell the same story now, eh?

just taken off his cravat and was showing without money or influence, he was kept that I thought perhapsand saw three greenish brown spots, two sight and hearing of the places where his near together, and one just above them. childhood was spent, was kept to pine, and 'Odd,' said his friend, carelessly. 'It to weary himself out with hopeless wishes, Bares, and followed the profession of "half-horse, half-alligator" class, and the looks as if the hand that made those marks while his enemies were getting stronger teacher of singing," he replied, beginning lady a fair match for him. proof against him. The truth was bad to reel off his sentences, just as he read Then they went on talking on different enough and may God forgive those who them from the handbills that had been Ark., is a solemn-looking gentleman who subjects, until a sleigh drove up to the lied about him. He had, on the night of scattered about, offering a reward for his all along has been taken for a preacher.lieve it is perfect, for all that, and if the door. It was Mr. Carrington Bates. Mr. the robbery, traveled over that same road apprehension. -and although father swore that he had help us to get a little nearer perfection.' the open door I saw the fine sleigh, with called at his house at half-past nine, that was filled with one thought. Justice ual when a young man stepped up and, was nothing in his favor, as Mr. Barnard would be done at last, though we had could not tell what time in the evening be waited so long for it. It was hard to was robbed, and the horse Philip rode was believe that it was so near, but I hardly a very swift one. His case was hopeless; trembled as I stood there, for I had had not sat just across the aisle where he could give me an encouraging, pleasant schoolars. I watched the two tall figures, sideration of his youth, his previous good when I spoiled Philip's last chance for where, sure enough, the couple stood look now and then. I'll give Mr. Bates muffled in furs, laughing and talking mercredit for being a good teacher, and nothrily with the landlord, and thought of dear sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with

Barnard thought I was not glad, for he
There had been some kissing games and ing was heard in the town but talk of his Philip in his prison. Mr. Barnard rose to hard labor. Only ten of his best years, looked at me strangely. sayings and doings, and his goodness. shut the door, and then settled himself on and his whole life made miserable by the After two or three schools there was a the sofa for a nap. I turned to a book of shame and degradation of the prison. sudden change in the subject of conversa- bound magazines that lay on the table, but Father said it was unjust-and some of This running about, and jumping across and so thought the "preacher," who, I tion. A drover, named Barnard, while I could not interest myself in them, for them hinted that he had helped secrete the a story, don't do any good, and won't pass | could see, had a good deal of humor in

to the prison. I knew it was of no use to I knew that I was resolved to help Philip, farm-house near. Of course all the coun- learn, the door of the appeal to father, or any one else, for the try was horrified, and full of flying rumors. next room open and shut, a clinking of privilege of seeing him; so, late in the Every one had their opinion, and first and glasses on the table, and a confused mur- evening, I stole up to my little room, foremost in avowing his was Mr. Bates.— mur of voices. There was a large hole opened the drawer, and took from their It was some one in town, he said, or im- in the wall where the stove-pipe once had many wrappings, my mother's gold beads. plied, in as many ways, and as many times, passed through, and was now merely pa- This was the one golden link that bound as he possibly could; and as it was a light pered over, so conversation in one room me to that mother whom I could not there for trial and everything should and when it was over I left the cabinwere in the next room, were talking very mother Dean were asleep, and then stole jail. One night Philip was gone to an adjoin- low and guardedly-but after the glasses out, along the lonesome street, to the the school, came in and spoke a few sure I was not dreaming. I walked about him, but he threw them back, as though ed in appearance and words, the Car- vest off and one boot in his hand, talking words to him. There were hurried excla- the floor, and rustled the paper's on the they had been a serpent and had bitten rington Bates I had heard talking in the with the gentleman who had played the "atblack-board to look at some small object else, I would have wakened him, for an wrongs could not break his noble spirit, well done, though ! unjust, but he was resigned now. It was 'Bah!' I heard Mr. Bates say, with a almost the resignation of despair, but I A counterfeit quarter that was taken laugh, I went to see the old fool, and ad- would not disturb his calmness by telling vised him to put a meat poultice on his him what I heard in the hotel. I would not add one drop to the bitterness of his cup, nor to the bitter thoughts he must ingly, 'you're a bold one, Carr, and could have in his lonely life. I told him I

known it all along, and it has helped me to look my accusers in the face. It is better to be wronged, than to do wrong,

and ten years are not much, Marian.' There in that prison room, I promised, that, at the end of ten years, if God spared both our lives, I would be his wife -that I would love and remember him through all those ten years; and at the end, we would begin life together, anew.

The jailor came for me, and he bade me good bye,' cheerfully; but when I looked back in the doorway, he had covered his

Five years of the ten had nearly passed away, and I was working at a farmer's, was surprised to find father at the door | Mr. Bates was to go around that night, | many miles from my old home. Father waiting for me. He said Philip had sent and try their voices separately, so that he and mother were both dead, and I was for him, and he had stayed to go home might class and seat them as he liked. I alone in the world. We had almost sat far back from the front, and dreaded starved on the little farm; and when it his approach, not so much because I was was sold and the debts were paid, there was afraid to sing alone, but because I loathed just nothing coming to me. I did not care, for I was young and strong, and had that he was about Philip's height and size, something to work for. I laid up all my and I hated him for it. He came at last little earnings, so that we, Philip and I, would have enough to take us away from that place, and make a beginning somewhere else. By some flaw in the deed, or the bow on the strings of his violin, ready | quibbling of the lawyers, his little farm had gone back to its former owner, long familiarity, and glanced scornfully up at before his trial, and now ran to common. him, and at the white hand which held the And the house, that was to have been our bow. The middle finger of his right hand, happy home, still stood, four logs high,

I grew faint and sick even now, when I think how I looked forward to the day when I could say. 'The time is half gone; only five years more, and Philip will be free!' Five years! Would Philip still love me? I looked in the glass, and noticed the sharp outlines of my face.

heart. Near the close of the fifth year, a letter was brought me, written in a strange hand, and post-marked at my native village. It contained only this

'If Marian Dean will be at the hotel in this village, at noon, on the I0th of this

advantage.
'L. RANKIN, Postmaster.' be of advantage to me, but to hear good was on my way to meet him. Hours seemnews from Philip? It was a mystery, but ed like years to me, but they soon passed people advised me to go on, and as it was by, as, God be thanked! all troublous already the 8th, I had no time to lose, so times will; and I did thank Him when the next day I took the stage, and, at the saw my brave, sober-faced Philip-when appointed hour entered the sitting-room of threw my arms about him, over his prison the hotel, where my first trouble in life dress, and could say, What was my surprise on finding began. there Mr. Barnard. He caught both my the eyes of the world, as you have always hands in his, and said, solemnly,

'Miss Dean, I ask your forgiveness.

I believe they did everything for me they either, or anything to him—had any claim had never seen his quiet little Marian in the same sofa. I stood before him without tiful the world was before.'

| And I was brought up as their own child. | How hearthy I wished that I wished that

alone, for I could not understand them - nocent, but he knew that. So I crushed and the children in the streets called me mistake. You know they were nearly of only Philip Southey, with his great, kind down my heart, and went to the singing crazy Marian.' I was not crazy, though a size, and well, I was frightened, and I may have seemed so, for I always talked it was dark. I don't doubt but what you

him now, won't you !'

'See who?' I asked. 'Carr. It is the strangest thing Everybody thought him so respectable until he was caught in this last robbery,

'Who is Carr?' I cried, for a light seemed breaking in upon me. 'He was known here as Carrington

I did not hear any more, for my mind

straight along, don't you?' he asked. in law, you know.'

I did not know anything about law, but good feeling and merriment. and that all the cunning of Carrington Bates should not baffle me. After I had | listened as patiently as I could to Mr. Barnard's story of the strange chance by which he had been detected, and how pronounced them "husband and wife." curious it was that he should be taken

ness of the stone corridors, and shuddered when the jailor opened for us the same | but he did not understand why they should private parlor of the hotel.

'Have you come to tell me that I sent | remarked-

He threw himself back while Mr. Barnard looked at him as though | he exclaimedhorror-stricken.

he continued, and the adorable Philip, to the state room indicated, commenced too, for he has kept me five years more a an assault upon the door as if he would gentleman, ahem! If they hadn't all batter it down, exclaiming at each lickbeen fools, though, he couldn't have done "For heaven's sake don't, I am't a it; so I suppose I must thank them, too. preacher!" But you-the devil! how like a little tigress you sprang at me! How I'd liked to have throttled you-and you played

eavesdropper, too, eh?' He clenched his handsome hands, and shook them, as though he imagined he had

me by the throat. Mr. Barnard walked to the door. 'Ha! ha!' he cried after him, know how it feels, don't you! But what do you want here, old buzzard?

I want to repair a wrong I have done, replied Mr. Barnard, with more courage than he had shown before. 'You robbed 'I know that, old boy,' he said, coolly,

and began humming a tune which he had taught us in the pleasant old days before a cloud hid my sunshine. I pitied the man, so hardened and fallen, so different from what he might have been, if he had not degraded the many good gifts which God gave him. He seemed perfectly conscious that his race was run,

and gave up with a kind of reckless despair that was pitiful to see. 'Little fool!' he said, scornfully, 'what are you crying for? Don't you think I'll give the devil his due, and myself credit, for all the smart things I have done? Go home, will you? I want a prettier picture in my room than your little pinched face. As for you,' he continued, after a short pause, turning to Mr. Barnard, ' you like my company, don't you? You are ready to die, almost, now, because you must tear

yourself away from me. Eh, my little man ?' Mr. Barnard stepped over the threshold to make sure that he was out of the reach of those cruel hands, and said, in a lov

'I can forgive you for robbing me, but I can't forgive you for making me your tool."

The prisoner answered, with a low bow 'I beg your pardon, my most venerable and worthy cat! but your paw is not the only one I have burned while poking my chestnuts about. Save your breath to blow your burns, and don't come round me with your holy indignation. I'm tired of you, stupid.'

Mr. Barnard beckoned to me, and we silently left him. He was as good as his word. He told

the whole story, boastingly, and cleared Philip from all blame. He confessed that he had given him the marked coin, and had managed everything so as to throw I don't like to think now of the anxious

days that passed before I got the precious What could it mean? What could papers that would free my darling, and

'Husband, you are free and innocent in been in mine.'

We were married there by the chaplain On my honor, I believe he was innocent.' of the prison, and together we journeyed He sat down on the sofa, covered his back to my old home. With what a sober face with his hands, and began to sob. I kind of joy my Philip rejoiced in his free-

tiful the world was before.'

Mr. Barnard bought Philip's little farm back for us, and we were to pay him in small sums, as we got able; and my savings stocked it, and helped to build a leb to build a new house, where the old walls, four logs high, lay crumbling. We were both still young, stout-hearted, and stout-handed, and have been very happy since-soberly

and gratefully happy.

Of Carrington Bates I have not heard since he was imprisoned for life; he is 'You'll come over to the jail and see dead to the world and to me, only his memory haunts me sometimes in my

#### A Good Joke.

This is a great country for jokes, and

Early this morning there were added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very much like runaways—the gentleman a very tall, raw-boned specimen of the

Among the passengers, from Napoleon, About nine o'clock this evening I was conversing with this "reverend" individaddressing him, remarked-

"We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied laughingly,

several mock marriages gone through with 'You think you can tell the story right | during the evening, and I supposed this was merely a continuance of the sport him, and was inclined to promote general

> The couple stood up before him, (a good deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage I thought,) and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, There was a good deal of fun aiterward.

and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks How well I remembered the chill still- enjoy themselves, and took a great deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun;

tendant, and who, as I came up,

have both retired to the same state-room." The old gentleman raised both hands as

"Good heavens! you don't tell me so! 'I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure,' and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand,

The whole cabin was aroused, every state room door flying open with a slam, when the door opened and the Arkansas traveler, poking out his head, coolly re-

remarked—
"Old hoss, you're too late!"—Hender son (Ky.) Democrat.

## CARDS.

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST -- Offic

AMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House.

ABRAM SHANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESC., No. 30 NORTH DUKE St.,
LANCASTER, PA. 192 16 mar 22 1y\* 1C

TESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-lancaster, Pa.

39, All kinds of Serivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortagaes, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch.

EDWARD M'GOVERN, No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly Co.'s Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa. tf 12

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House.

Lancaster, apr 1 DEMOVAL .-- WILLIAM B. FORDNEY

Attorney at Law, has removed his office from No Queen street to the building in the south-east corne Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10 EMOVAL .-- DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-EMOVAL.-DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-GPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 68 East King street, next door above King's Grocery. Reference-Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia. Calls from the conutry will be promptly attended to apr 6

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Mar 31 ly 11 No. 11 N. Duke St., LANCASTER, PA

mar 31 ly 11 No. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA

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

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

REDERICK S. PYFER,
A T T ORNEY A T LAW.
OFFICE—No. 13 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST SHOEL) LAN-

OFFICE-No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST CASTER, PA. 1) REMOVAL .-- WILLIAM S. AMWEG,
Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his
former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the
Trinity Lutheran Church. spr 8 tf 12

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his cesidence, No. 249 South 6th treet, above Spruce.

Refers by permission to lion. II. O. Long,

" A. L. HAYES,

FERRE BRINTON,
THADDEUS STEVENS. AMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Oftice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's
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