

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR OBTAINS THE GREATEST REWARD." —BUCHANAN.

VOL. LXI. LANCASTER CITY, PA. TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1860. NO. 9.

### THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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

TERMS. — Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

Advertisements. — For the first square, 10 cents per line; for the second, 8 cents; for the third, 6 cents; for the fourth, 5 cents; for the fifth, 4 cents; for the sixth, 3 cents; for the seventh, 2 cents; for the eighth, 1 cent.

long ago, and the heart had become more callous in its organization. It would have taken much to make me fall in love now, and if I had done so I should have staved the weakness before I had confessed it even to myself. That part quarrel was made up between my mother and me; but we generally, by mutual consent, fenced round that ugly pit with a wall of silence. I had lost all sight of the Mainwaring; I never heard his name, never suffered myself to think about them. Only in my dreams little Daisy would sometimes rise up, her head drooping beneath the weight of brown hair, and her solemn eyes fixed always tenderly on mine. Lowther had been my fellow-colleague; but he, the rich man, did not stay to take his degree as I did, to whom the prestige of that ceremony would be serviceable at the bar. So of Lowther I had lost sight also, for a year or more.

On the last morning of my sojourn at home before my departure, I sat reading my letters at the breakfast table—reading aloud a scrap here and there which I thought might interest my mother. Suddenly I became silent, as in a letter from a college friend I came upon this passage: "You remember old Lowther. Did you ever think it possible that the staid Hercules would find his Omphale? Yet now he is a slave, and only all his wealth will ransom him. He is going to be married. The affair is to come off immediately. Omphale is not precisely a queen; in fact, she is a poor little devil of a milliner, or a governess, or something of that sort; her name Mainwaring. People talk with horror about the *mesalliance*. I do not see it in that light. A man might do worse than marry a milliner. You see I am getting fore-ordained, and so am getting moral."

I turned white and gasped for breath. The old word burnt like fire, and throbbed as if by the cicatrice would break. "What is the matter?" said my mother. "There is bad news." "All my cynicism rose to help me. "Not at all," I said. "You remember a little person whom you never would call Daisy? Well, the said little person is about to be married to a friend of mine. It is a good match. The pearl is a pearl of great price, and has sold itself for fifteen thousand per annum."

Shame on me for that sentence; but all my old jealousy had sprung up within, more acrid than it had ever been before. "And who is the purchaser?" asked my mother, in a low voice, but flushing to her temples. The wall of silence was down, and the air from the pit was unwholesome with fire-drift. I read her face. As the old word had awakened in my breast, so the goddess had awakened in hers. She guessed what my pale face meant, and I knew the meaning of the flush on hers. "She should not read my weakness thus."

The purchaser—happy man he was his dole, I answered, "is a Sir Hercules Lowther. A certain person who he were alive long ago; but what mere mortal can strive with a Hercules, particularly when that Hercules has a handle to his name and fifteen thousand a year? Really, I said, changing my tone, "I am glad that Miss Mainwaring is about to make so good a match. Notwithstanding your antipathy to her, my good mother, she is a very good girl in her way."

I went to Italy, and remained there and about the coast of the Mediterranean for a year. Do what I would, Daisy still haunted my dreams—always the same, sometimes even to the small ink-stained fingers cramped to hold of the paper. This was woman's constancy. Not three years, and she was married, and to Lowther, too, who, from reminiscences of old days, must constantly remind her of me. I confessed now that I still loved her—confessed it as a penance to myself, pressing it down on my sore heart like a cauterizing iron, and writing under the pain of my own self-contempt. Still from week to week I was not sure that the fire could mingle with water. My mother read of cold matrimony, precisely bred, looking upon surface propriety as virtue, never suffering a wave of passion or strong feeling to disturb the visible level of her nature, proud of her good blood and of her competent wealth. Daisy was what I have sketched her; and, moreover, she was poor, and neither knew nor orthodoxy was shocked at her rambling speculations; it was a sin, she thought, for any girl to have a deep thought before her mind, or to do things which led to this rupture. My mother's love (God rest her soul!) and the wrong that she did was done for love of me. She would have been jealous of any one whom I loved better than herself—for whom I meditated leaving her; and to Daisy she had taken a strong dislike before she even saw her. They were the opposites of each other, and could no more sympathize than fire could mingle with water.

My mother did not like me, said my poor little betrothed to me continually, and looked in my face with her solemn eyes, and read the truth there though my lips denied it. It was soon plain enough. Greater familiarity emboldened my mother's tongue, and cruel taunts and relentless sarcasms became broader and broader day by day. My mother's love for me, I said, and I will write no more of this, for I cannot write forgivingly even now. One morning my darling came to me, and said, "You shall not marry me," and then she threw herself into my arms and kissed me passionately, and she was gone. I stormed and bled in vain. That episode of my life was over. Daisy? Daisy! if hearts do bleed—do in their agony, wring forth bitter tears of blood—then my heart bled when I lost you.

Did I cry out 'Daisy? No, wife, you have fallen asleep over your work, and dreamed it. Do not come to look over me. You shall read the story when it is finished.

I sowed a plentiful crop of wild oats at Cambridge, which bore their mingled produce of good and ill. When I came home after degrees, for a week, before I set off for Italy, there was much more cynical and stolid than in the days of my matriculation. The old hard wounds had cicatrized

wings of the sharp pain, this would have been a luxury to me now. My pulse was steady and regular; the blood-mechanism beat strongly and calmly in my left side; my head was cool and clear. I had over-lived the age for that heart-fever. We come through those diseases as children through their childish complaints, and our moral constitutions were the healthier that we had passed through them and were rid of them.

About this time I determined to marry. I was rich; I had many friends, but had no home; I felt the lack of those domestic comforts and that social position which only marriage can give. This was a very different feeling to that loneliness which had weighed me down after my mother's death. It was partly in the form of a duty that I entertained this idea of marriage, partly in the form of a sober selfish advantage. It was desirable to change my bachelor-life, which was becoming somewhat wearisome. A mansion in the somewhat civilized quarter of the town would be an improvement on my dinky chambers within Temple Bar. I felt that this was incumbent on me to take my stand in that station of life in which I had been called, to do as other men did, to exorcise the duties of hospitality, to cultivate the household amenities, to obey the laws of nature and society; and, if it might be so, to rear children around me, who should in my place after I was gone. So I began to look round for a wife. My friends soon learned that I was a marrying-man, and recommendations came to my ears of So and-so's sister, and Such-and-one's daughter. Mamma smiled on me with increased favor, and incited their lovely offspring to display for me their virtues and accomplishments. Many a faultless dilly, from model training tables, was put through her paces for my behoof. Having decided on the expediency of marrying, I had decided to get a wife. Soberly and quietly, as becometh a sensible man, I had resorted to the whole matter. Moderate beauty, a moderate fortune, the conventional accomplishments, a good temper, a good manner, and perfect good breeding—Surely a hundred such girls come to every year.

Very opposite was this marriage project to the fond engagement of fifteen years ago. Then she was a fancy of a child, like myself had nearly hurried myself into the matrimonial condition, for which both of us were yet unripe. We were unfitted for each other. It would have been a sacrifice on both sides. How unsatisfactorily would Daisy have filled the office which I now looked for in my wife! The woman of my choice was of very antipodes to her. I was wiser since that time, and now judged of the holy institution of marriage by the light of that reason God had given me. I saw the wisdom and the expediency of the condition, and sought to adopt that condition to my own particular requirements. Then an impulsive passion for an individual had impelled me towards marriage; now, having syllogistically proved the desirableness of marriage, I made deliberate search for the individual who should fit the means to the accomplishment of that end; let him use his reason and he is safe.

I had professional business in the north of England, and I arranged to stay for a night on my way, at the seat of a friend in one of the midland counties. Of course this friend had a daughter. I went to view this daughter as I should have gone to look at the points of a horse which I thought might suit me, if I had wanted a horse. I had seen Miss Dalton in London, during the last season. She had all the requisite advantages which have been mentioned above, and to this favored person, I, the Grand Seigneur, felt inclined at length to throw the handkerchief. I would see her at home, and then make up my mind in the affirmative or negative. On the railway platform I met an old friend, no other than Lowther. He was in deep mourning, and his black dress, together with the change which time had worked on his manner, had given me some notion of his identity. However, we soon recognized each other, shook hands, and took our seats in the same carriage. My heart gave one throb and slept again. I had not seen Lowther since his marriage. He had broadened into a portly country gentleman, and his stolid countenance had gained a gravity which looked not unlike wisdom. His deep voice had a majestic roll in it, and his low speech a deliberation suggestive of well weighed words. I was amused at the form into which his juvenile stolidity had ripened, and at the same conversation that his wife was not long dead. Quivering the throbs at his heart had a long quivering tremor, it subsided to rest.

Poor Daisy! Her girlish figure rose before me vividly for a moment, and then gradually faded. I noticed on Lowther's finger a memorial ring of brown hair, and inquired of Margaret. Lowther was not far from the state of his in the north, but from his last destination. He made me promise to come to him for a day before I returned to London. A meeting with an old fellow collegian was always pleasant, this society of early days retains its hold upon us through life. Lowther and I, for this and for other causes, were glad to see each other, and shook hands heartily and warmly when we separated.

My reception by the Daltons was kindly, and had that domestic charm about it which is wondrously agreeable to the bachelor. It is something to be received on *famille* when one has not a home of one's own. I liked Amy Dalton better than any of the London ladies. I liked her kindness to the children when they came down after dinner. Children cannot be bribed or seduced into acting love where they do not feel love. I liked the hints which I heard of her household handiness, and of homely duties diligently performed by her. I liked her stories about the village folks, showing, not in the way of exhibition, how she visited their cottages, and read to them. Above all, I liked her because she did not try to captivate me, and did not parade her accomplishments and her virtues before me. I had seen too much of that lately. All these little favorable traits were so much thrown in over and above the essentials in the bargain which I mediated.

At night I retired to the library. I had writing to do which must be done for to-morrow's post. I wrote my letters, and then threw myself into an easy chair by the dying fire. Instead of Amy, thoughts of Daisy rose within me—thoughts long stifled and dead. Those summer days came back—the wanderings in Llandilo, the sketches, her childish petulance, her wild spirits, her fits of melancholy, her foolish dreams and speculations. I remembered how she used to disappear in the hazel thickets; how her little head had lain upon my knees; how, at that last parting, she laid herself into my arms and passionately kissed me. Now that she was dead it seemed as if her marriage with Lowther was wiped away. She was once more. The old feelings rushed back in a torrent. I awoke to stem them, but in vain. My heart strove with its sleep, and proclaimed its omnipotence; and my rigid reason shrank away before its fiery scepter.

There was a sound. The handle of the door turned, and the door creaked and opened. Good God! was I mad? There, in the doorway, stood Daisy—a little girl dressed in black, the same as this time, the same hair, the same eyes, and she was gone. I rushed forward, and there was nothing.

A lamentable weakness this. My head was affected. My will came into action, and beat down the stragglings of the heart, and strung my nerves with its iron fingers, and brought my wild thoughts under control. This, I pressed on mind, was a phantasm of my imagination. I was tired and feverish after my journey, and I had suffered too long to get the better of me. I will never let such absurdities conquer my reason again. I have been a fool.

My marriage had turned out happily. My mother's notification to me was substantially true; Lowther was married at that time. Daisy, then, was not dead; but the phantasm of that night—how was it to be explained. I asked for news about her, and Lowther told me that he had lost sight of her for some time; that after her father's death she had gone out as a governess; that he had offered help to her in vain; that she was too proud to accept help from an old lover.

On my way back I called again at the Daltons. As I walked by the side of Amy in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly, "Have you a governess here?" "Yes," she answered a little surprised, "what is her name?" "Miss Mainwaring. Here she is coming with the children."

Should I go on any more, little wife! Shall I tell them how hard I found it to win you back to me? how I, the Grand Seigneur, did not get my wife by a mere throwing of the handkerchief, but was obliged to go on my knees—obliged to terminate all my matrimonial negotiations about the proper view and bearings of matrimony? Shall I tell them of your troubles in those long years of separation; and how you are changed thereby, and yet the same—graver, soberer, wiser—equable and quiet—but Daisy still? No, do you say, I have written enough? Then I will write no more.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story has been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair on his forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurled by the mutilating knife, naturally, and gracefully as those of the wild Mustang of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankle, and proud neck, and the wide apart prominent eyes and open nostrils, denoted blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long turfs of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and his long neck he possessed were loose. I had noticed every inmate of the stable, and bestowed on him by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet name, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John," said the young ladies, as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one or the other of the inmates like a huge house dog. My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, good reader, I consider them sufficient to excite any amount of affection which might be expected. A quart of bestow upon his fellow, the dumb one.

He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesborough, for many years a practising physician of that place, and "Don John" had carried his master to and from many a bed of death, and, God help him, from his short feet had dashed across the fields, and he had heeded the new-born infant's wail that greeted his ear in his quietude, and the mother's pleasure—not that it was the wail for the advent of a human soul, doomed to suffer its number of years, then die! If his master had acquired fame, as all knew he did—"Don John" has also his laurels to be proud of.

The Doctor had been called to Utica on business connected with his profession, and he had been absent three days. During his absence, one of those drenching, warm, breaking up rains had descended on the mountains, rushing down like a deluge, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges, dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a fresher theatre to understand its terrible import. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, the floating wrecks of dwellings, sometimes freighted with human life.

The night was inky black, and "Don John" picked out the way feebly and steadily, never stumbling, but with his bride hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear of the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and "Don John" whinnied piteously once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish the twinkling lights, and once he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as his journey, and sleeping off the fatigues of his position. "Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge, to my own and your Oriskany, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet, tangled front look from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir," said the Doctor, "you are nearly home now." Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed, like mad, maddened devils bawled of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into a firm and determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely—the animal broad-back shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he had a kindly heart, and he had labored, and was sadly in want of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hooves resounded on the hard wood. They were across, and the animal neighed, and tossed his dripping mane till the Doctor shook in the saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but

marriage had turned out happily. My mother's notification to me was substantially true; Lowther was married at that time. Daisy, then, was not dead; but the phantasm of that night—how was it to be explained. I asked for news about her, and Lowther told me that he had lost sight of her for some time; that after her father's death she had gone out as a governess; that he had offered help to her in vain; that she was too proud to accept help from an old lover.

On my way back I called again at the Daltons. As I walked by the side of Amy in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly, "Have you a governess here?" "Yes," she answered a little surprised, "what is her name?" "Miss Mainwaring. Here she is coming with the children."

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story has been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair on his forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurled by the mutilating knife, naturally, and gracefully as those of the wild Mustang of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankle, and proud neck, and the wide apart prominent eyes and open nostrils, denoted blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long turfs of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and his long neck he possessed were loose. I had noticed every inmate of the stable, and bestowed on him by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet name, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John," said the young ladies, as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one or the other of the inmates like a huge house dog. My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, good reader, I consider them sufficient to excite any amount of affection which might be expected. A quart of bestow upon his fellow, the dumb one.

He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesborough, for many years a practising physician of that place, and "Don John" had carried his master to and from many a bed of death, and, God help him, from his short feet had dashed across the fields, and he had heeded the new-born infant's wail that greeted his ear in his quietude, and the mother's pleasure—not that it was the wail for the advent of a human soul, doomed to suffer its number of years, then die! If his master had acquired fame, as all knew he did—"Don John" has also his laurels to be proud of.

The Doctor had been called to Utica on business connected with his profession, and he had been absent three days. During his absence, one of those drenching, warm, breaking up rains had descended on the mountains, rushing down like a deluge, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges, dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a fresher theatre to understand its terrible import. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, the floating wrecks of dwellings, sometimes freighted with human life.

The night was inky black, and "Don John" picked out the way feebly and steadily, never stumbling, but with his bride hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear of the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and "Don John" whinnied piteously once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish the twinkling lights, and once he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as his journey, and sleeping off the fatigues of his position. "Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge, to my own and your Oriskany, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet, tangled front look from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir," said the Doctor, "you are nearly home now." Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed, like mad, maddened devils bawled of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into a firm and determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely—the animal broad-back shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he had a kindly heart, and he had labored, and was sadly in want of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hooves resounded on the hard wood. They were across, and the animal neighed, and tossed his dripping mane till the Doctor shook in the saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but

first I and you want some refreshments." Bounding up to the tavern door, where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and from "Good Lord, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke forth from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from the Mohawk—what is the matter? Has the frost carried away your senses? Here, boy, as dismounting he threw the reins to a gapping fellow, 'give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats—and, landlord, I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick!'"

"Doctor," said the group, 'have you crossed the Mohawk to-night, and if so, how?' "Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician. "Doctor," said the old gray-headed landlord, "that bridge went to the Mohawk this afternoon. Come with me and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you did it."

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart, and, lantern in hand, he followed the footsteps to the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge? "Good Heavens!" said the horror-struck Doctor, where is my gratitude? My poor beast came over his night, hooded by me on a solitary string-piece, and I, with this right hand, gave him a blow when he faltered? And the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft wet snow, and wept like a child. The man moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household, all contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given him by one, another rubbed his breast and neck with spirits—a third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck or otherwise caressed him. The morning revealed to the Doctor the dreadful danger he had escaped.

"Don John" never did do a day's work after that. Sometimes his master took him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle a few miles, but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were given him ever afterward. Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together—"Don John" survived his master some years, and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John"; to this effect: That he should be given to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Morrison, while she lived, to be careful of her health, and to be buried in his own lot, with something of the respect accorded to human remains—His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned that "Don John" was dead, and his body now rests in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whiteboro'.  
**CARDS.**  
FREDERICK R. PYPER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMWEG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
T. HALL, FOREMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 29 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
W. T. MCPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
ALDUS J. NEFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 29 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
EDWARD MCGOVERN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
DR. JOHN MCALLA, DENTIST. OFFICE: East King Street, near the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. APR 20 1860  
WILBERFORCE NEVIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
ABRAM SHANK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
YESSE LANDIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HUSBANDRY. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
JAMES BLACK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
REMOVAL.—H. B. SWARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
JAMES H. HARNES, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
PRINTERS SHEET AND CUT CARDS. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860

TRUSSERS' BRASES SUPPORTERS. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
PRACTICAL AMERICAN MECHANICAL. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
LANSCASTER COUNTY POLICE. OFFICE: No. 11 NORTH DUKES STREET, (WEST SIDE), LANCASTER, PA. APR 20 1860  
JOHN K. REED & CO. OFFICE