

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

VOL. LXI. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1860. NO. 15.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKES STREET,
BY GEO. SANDERSON.
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but as a shot, with rifle or pistol, I acknowledged no superior at that time, for I was then a perfect marksman. Strange feats I could tell you, as to my aim and general powers; but they have no connection with the present relation.
One Saturday morning, George came to me and said:
"Well, Jim, there was a fine fall of snow last evening, and the rabbits and squirrels will be plentiful this morning; shall we try the woods?"
I gave him no answer for a moment, and he resumed:
"If you do not wish to go, I will take Satan and go alone."
Now Satan had a great difficulty in distinguishing between us as to who was his master: George assuming as much control over him as I did myself, and the dog would follow him with as little persuasion as he would me.

and chilled, we turned us back, resolving in our minds to sleep at the camp all night, and go home in the morning. In an hour we had reached the high ground, and could see plainly the red light of the sugar fire, looming up clearly and plainly in the frosty air, coloring the fleeting clouds with a yellow glare. Trudging along with much celerity as possible, we made from the woods, striking a direct track to the clearing, which, after having fallen in the snow a hundred times, and almost barely escaping rolling down the innumerable precipices which we were obliged to pass, we reached, after the bolsters had devoured their supper. No supper! This was a new inducement for anger, and our feelings at our poor snoozes were not the most gracious and enviable. We concluded to return home, supperless and tired as we were, and waited only for the rising of the moon to start. During our detention here, who should come stalking into our midst, with his ears scratched, his hide barked, and his hair discolored and bloody, but our infernal friend, Master Satan? By all appearances he had indiscreetly introduced himself to our other black friend the bear, and some not over amicable personal enmities had been exchanged between them, from the effects of which Satan had hurriedly returned to us in the unseemly state he now presented. One ear lopped rather heavily, and the other sticking out through the flesh almost out through, while the other still retained the old-fashioned foppish crest, customary to his aristocratic lineage. His tail, carried on ordinary occasions stretched out, while running, to its straight tension, or curled gracefully over his sleek and shining back, was now drooped to the ground, and hung, as if in shame, between his legs.

heart or head. While waiting thus I debated with myself whether to aim for the eyes or the breast. My determination was at length formed, and I mentally concluded to direct my rifle towards his head and kill him dead, so dead in fact, that he could never explain the cause of the manner. Thus I lay deliberately plotting a murder, the fear of God, or who should come after, never entered my mind. Thus I reasoned: he had shot me in a moment of passion, he should therefore be subjected to all the after consequences, which necessarily follow such an act. That the ball had entered my right side, glanced off against my lowest rib, and out through my liver, I was convinced, and now, upon reflection, I stood a fair, almost certain chance, of going upon that very long, mooning journey, upon which I had now fully resolved he should bear me company, and lead the way, too. God only knows from whom I inherited such fanatical passions, such damning hate and bitter animosity towards any one who had injured me, but these thoughts all coursed through my brain, and instead of stilling the fever which was now fast heating my blood and aggravating my bitter passions, seemed further irritating all the worse feelings more and more. It seemed an age I waited, but firm to death, I neither spoke nor cried, although my sufferings were intolerable.

always near me. Gradually my strength returned, and then he strove to entertain me by reading to me from my favorite authors, or else communicating to me the news, gathered purposely, of all the village. Slowly but surely I progressed toward health, and at last was permitted to leave my room. My first essay was by riding with George, who drove me with care and anxiety to the Eagle's Nest. We were better friends than ever, adversity had drawn a bond around our hearts which no misfortune could sever; and at this late day George E.—is the most esteemed and dearest, nearest and most confidential friend your father possesses, as you well know. I learned from other parties of what I have told you (for he never spoke of his attention), that George as soon as his broken bones had been re-set immediately watched to nurse me, and had absolutely watched at my bedside day and night, until my final recovery. I have often laughed and joked with him upon our many old tramps together, but we have never adverted, or even hinted to the bear hunt, at the 'Eagle's Nest,' or our unfortunate return. He begged me to give him Satan when I left—, and I could do no less than comply with his wish; and long the old dog, for he is now dead, although but a short time since, lived with him, tracking the deer till they were all exterminated, and then degrading himself and canine family by hunting the timid rabbits from the woods and precipitous slopes. The 'Eagle's Nest' is now a cleared farm; and the spot is sown yearly with wheat or other grain, in which we foolish boys disgraced our humanity, and indicated our precious sense of honor, by fighting our 'first duel.'

mony was given in one hundred and thirty cases, mostly against their individual objects of hatred. Up to 1664 there is no trace of any law in New York as to witchcraft, and when it did appear it was confined to the English settlements on Long Island out of our jurisdiction. The Indians said the devil would have nothing to do with the Dutch. In 1672 Sarah Dibble was accused of witchcraft in New Jersey, but fled to Connecticut. In 1683 William Penn presided over a Court in which a woman was tried and acquitted on a charge of witchcraft. Virginia had a like trial in 1705, and North Carolina in 1679 and 1712. Altogether there were four hundred and sixty accusations of witchcraft in the colonies, thirty-two executions, three more condemned who escaped. New York alone, or perhaps New Hampshire, never condemned a witch, or passed a law on the subject. Of the methods of discovering a witch one Perkins gave eight or ten, and these were insufficient, and eighteen was impracticable. [Laughter.] In conclusion, the paper contrasted the horrible tortures, cruelties, and barbarities of foreign punishment of witchcraft, and the comparatively mild form of the delusion in the American Colonies.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. [mar 13 '60]
REMOVAL—SIMPSON P. EBT, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Duke street to the corner of W. & N. D. streets, Lancaster, Pa. [mar 13 '60]
FREDERICK S. PYSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, (near St. Lawrence), Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
REMOVAL—WILLIAM S. A. WILSON, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Duke street to the corner of W. & N. D. streets, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
T. HALL FORBESMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with T. E. Franklin, Esq., No. 23 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, (near St. Lawrence), Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
REMOVAL—H. E. SWARTZ, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Duke street to the corner of W. & N. D. streets, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
W. T. MCHALE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—No. 24 North Queen street, nearly opposite Michael's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
CAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law, Office—No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
WASHINGTON W. H. WALKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with N. Lightner, Esq., K. Alexander, Esq., Duke street, opposite Court House, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
ADLUS J. REEF, Attorney at Law, Office with A. B. Shaffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre square, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
ABRAHAM SHANK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with D. G. Eshelman, Esq., No. 30 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
JOHN P. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with D. G. Eshelman, Esq., No. 30 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
JAMES H. BARNES, FANCY AND WINDSOR CHAIR MAKER, Office—No. 24 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
CHARLES O. CLOUTIER, DRUGGIST, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
SCRIVENING & CONVEYANCING, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
DRUG & CHEMICAL STORE, Office—No. 11 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
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WHO IS DEAD?

VILLAGE AND CITY!
BY JOHN A. WILKINS.
VILLAGE.
Tolling solemnly, and slow,
Swings the little village bell,
While doth pause the passer-by,
Saddened at the funeral bell.
Praying for the spirit dead—
While he murch, toll, with a sigh,
"Who is dead?"
Treading solemnly, and slow,
Comes the little village throng,
Who, with Pastor at their head,
Bears the corpse to the grave—
Whilst the children cease their play—
Drawing nearer, half in dread—
Wondering at its passing on,
"Who is dead?"
And the busy workmen cease—
Gathering round, the windows round—
Whilst their spears hang on the wall—
Fall without a sound!
"The tolling of a bell—
God, rest light on the dead!
God, preserve our little one!"
"Who is dead?"
Broken is the number now,
No longer complete!
One familiar face is gone,
Now from churchyard street!
And the busy crowd—
Till, before the day is sped,
E'en the smallest of us all, you,
"Who is dead?"
CITY.
Tolling solemnly, and slow,
Swings the city's solemn bell,
But the passer hurries by,
Heeding, hearing not the knell!
To some other purpose bent,
Never finding time to ask,
"Who is dead?"
Now, with banners and adding plume,
And long escort to the grave,
Death's rattling down the street—
Life goes up the busy pave!
Carriage bells—tearful eyes—
No one in the throng hath said,
As the long procession passes,
"Who is dead?"
LABOR.
Nay, wheels still every way!
Death's a common thing, it goes
By the windows every day!
Not from the thronged and busy pavements,
No familiar faces, and no
From one, even in a thousand,
Knows who's dead!

THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night before the battle of Brandywine I was sent with a message from General Green to Count Pulaski, a noble Pole, and who took a prominent part in our struggle for freedom. He was quartered in a neat farm house near the upper ford. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time called out—
"Mary! my lass, Mary!"
In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.
"Did you call me, Count?" said the maiden, timidly.
"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me dear Pulaski. This is a Republic, my little favorite; we have no Counts, you know."
"But you are a Count, Sir, when at home, and they say you came a long way over the ocean to fight for us."
"Yes, Mary, very true—I did come a long way—the reason was, I had to come. Now, can you get this gentleman and myself a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night."
"Certainly, sir," she went out of the room like a fairy.
"Fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski, "would that I had the wealth I once had! I would give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabouts after her sweet face. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing Brandywine Creek, and bringing on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock at one of the lower fords.
The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force, advanced upon the creek, and united with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper ford of the river and creek. It so happened that during the conflict, when carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth; the house was on fire. Near the doorway lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains coming out of the terrible wound. I had been there but half a minute, when General Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression on his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form of Mary—
"Who did this?"
A little boy who had not been noticed, laying on the grass with his leg dreadfully mangled, replied—
"There they go!"
He pointed to a company of Hessians, then some distance off.
"RIGHT WHEEL—MEN, CHARGE!!"
And they died. I OBEY! I do not think that one man of that Hessian corps ever left that field except to be placed in the grave.
The last of Pulaski was on the battle ground of Brandywine. He and his sweet Mary fell on that same field.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

The Cincinnati Enquirer expects its readers to believe the following improbable story:
Day before yesterday a trio of newly wedded couples from the interior of Kentucky arrived at the Burnett House, and took apartments for the night in that well-ordered hotel. It was quite evident that the entire party were unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The roomy corridors, marble doors, gorgeous drawing-room, and well-laid table of the hotel, drew from them the most inopportune remarks of surprise. In the evening they visited the opera house, and were so astounded by its magnificence, that even Mrs. Waller's wonderful impersonation of 'Meg Merrilies' almost failed to interest them.
Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which hour the book-blogger of the Burnett House, in making his customary round, observed one of the bucolic Benedicts seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naturally asked the publisher of understandings, if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the book-blogger that he would like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office-men was at his side, and politely asked what was needed.
"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" said the disconsolate-looking individual.
"In the parlor?" echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."
"Well, I'd like to have one spread down somewhere."
"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.
"I don't like to," said the bashful young man.
"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk, "has your wife turned you out?"
"No," said he, drawingly; "but, you see, I've never been married before, and I don't much like to go in, petticoat in a 'gaiter' right in," said the clerk smiling "audibly," "she won't think it wrong."
Here the door of his room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a coaxing voice, saying—
"Do come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of your standin' out there. Come in, won't yer? I've done blow'd out the gas, and it's all dark."
The odor from the room assured the clerk that she had indeed "blow'd" out the gas, and, pushing open the door, he returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All argument was fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room for the night.

THE FIRST AMERICAN WITCHES.

Salem has hitherto enjoyed the bad reputation of being the mother of American witchcraft. But this is an historical error, as was shown by Mr. Hopkins in a lecture before the New York Historical Society last week.
The first legal enactment on the subject of witchcraft in this country, appears to have been made by the Maryland Assembly, in 1635, which adopted the English statutes on the subject. In 1639, Maryland directly provided for 'punishing with death, sorcery, blasphemy, and idolatry.' In 1641, the Massachusetts laws were promulgated providing that witchcraft should be punished with death. Rhode Island followed suit in 1647; New Jersey about that time, Delaware in 1700, South Carolina in 1712 restoring the statute of James the First, and Pennsylvania soon after. The laws of South Carolina on the subject remained on the Statute Book until 1837. Delaware adopted the statute of James the First in 1719. He believed that witchcraft existed previous to 1604-5. The Hebrew motto was 'the more women, the more witchcraft,' but his idea was, that 'they were no longer old and wrinkled beldames,' but 'young, and gay, and lovely creatures.' Connecticut, he believed, had from 1641 to 1697, twenty-one trials for witchcraft, although a large quantity of the State archives, containing the authentic details are destroyed. Massachusetts punished witchcraft in 1648. An anecdote is told of one John Bradstreet, who pleaded guilty, but the Court knew him to be so notorious a liar that he was acquitted. [Laughter.] In connection with the Salem witchcraft, it should be remembered that in Geneva there were five hundred witches consumed by the flames within three months; that thirteen victims in England furnished fourteen victims to the flames, and that the Salem horrors have been greatly exaggerated. He discussed the Salem excitement at length, criticising the part of Cotton Mather, and of the witnesses whose testi-

MY FIRST DUEL.

Father, Mr. C. was talking to-day about old College times, when he and you were students together at M— University, in the North, and, in the course of his conversation, spoke of a duel which you and a friend of yours had while there. How was it? What was the cause? Tell me, won't you?
"Well, my boy, it was one of those affairs of honor, as they are now called, which I thought a brave and ohtrivous thing to enter into, and which I am now heartily ashamed of. However, I will relate it to you, and bid you be careful lest you fall into dire and unnecessary snares as I, from the impulse of my over-quick temper and revengeful spirit, became entangled. Mother, do you wish to hear it?
This was addressed to my wife, a clear, blue-eyed dame, now looking with eyes of strange alarm on me and her boy, this having been the first time she had ever, during the course of our married life, even dreamed of such an adventure of her husband's.
"Oh! yes. I should like to know something of that myself."
"Well, then, here it is. Twenty years ago saw me a member of the Freshman class at M— University, a careless, reckless, fearless boy of sixteen. My father—God bless him!—presented me when I left his roof-tree in Florida, in order to amuse myself in my leisure hours, fearing I might overwork myself if I had no inducement otherwise, with a fine light rifle, a suit of Indian-dressed deer-skin, powder and bullet-pouch, and to crown all, a large, magnificently made dog, which he had brought home with him from Ireland, whither he had been a year or two before. The hound was of a mouse-color, with a fine fox nose, long, slim legs, and stood nearly four feet high. His eyes were never still, always watching some object, even at his meals; and as to his general reputation among the fellows, he could out-run, out-scent, out-bay any dog, within a hundred miles of home. Satan was the name he bore at home, and for all remembrances this diabolical name followed him wherever he went. Among the members of the unacknowledged secret and sporting club which I belonged to, 'The Provisional Government,' was George E.—, a rather fast and unscrupulous sportsman, whose whole time was spent, instead of at his book, as it should have been, cursing the woods and dealing destruction upon all game, of whatever quality, that crossed his hunting-path. To him as a leader I could have bowed in submissive homage;

CARDS.

EDWARD GOVERN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—No. 3 South Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
DR. JOHN MCALLA, DENTIST—Office No. 4 East King street, Residence Walnut street, second door West of Duke, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
REMOVAL—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Duke street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre square, formerly known as Hubler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
REMOVAL—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 62 East King street, next door above King's grocery, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
REMOVAL—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Duke street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre square, formerly known as Hubler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 22 '60]
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Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which hour the book-blogger of the Burnett House, in making his customary round, observed one of the bucolic Benedicts seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naturally asked the publisher of understandings, if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the book-blogger that he would like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office-men was at his side, and politely asked what was needed.
"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" said the disconsolate-looking individual.
"In the parlor?" echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."
"Well, I'd like to have one spread down somewhere."
"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.
"I don't like to," said the bashful young man.
"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk, "has your wife turned you out?"
"No," said he, drawingly; "but, you see, I've never been married before, and I don't much like to go in, petticoat in a 'gaiter' right in," said the clerk smiling "audibly," "she won't think it wrong."
Here the door of his room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a coaxing voice, saying—
"Do come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of your standin' out there. Come in, won't yer? I've done blow'd out the gas, and it's all dark."
The odor from the room assured the clerk that she had indeed "blow'd" out the gas, and, pushing open the door, he returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All argument was fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room for the night.

UNNOTICED HEROES.

Woods have their blossoms which we see or behold,
And the skies their worlds whose light is never known;
Ocean its treasures of untold gold,
And earth her heroes that are all unknown.
You may meet them as they pass and heed them not,
You may not know their names, but their deeds are known;
You may not count the battles they have fought,
The wreaths that crown them are their invisible.
Yet they have fought and conquered; they have bent
Night after night the bow of pain;
They have confronted scorn and death, and lent
Their blood to make the stricken whole again.
They have been pilgrims to that desert shrine
Which sorrow rears to the bright dead,
Oh have they struggled in that gloomy mine,
Where only dust is made the toller's share.
They have beheld their sweetest hopes decay
And seen their dearest ones in death depart;
Have seen their golden idols torn away,
And many a heart within a broken breast.
Their veiled and mighty spirits they ever heed,
Their souls that drop down from the vaulted sky,
Won where the flaming eyes of vengeance glare,
And the tumultuous fires of passion roll.
They have been victors; they have conquered fields
Earth's armies, and where the host found
They have struck down the sword of Ambition wild,
And trampled lust and chained the hands of Sin.
They have won captives; their sweet tones have brought
The erring back to Virtue's flowery path;
Their own and others' hearts submission taught,
To God's high will, and smoothed the brow of wrath.
They drink the dregs of trembling; but their souls
And agonized wails they still in the breast;
They say there is no brighter light than
And in His house the weary will find rest.
Want, grief, the scorn of man on them descend—
They only say "His righteous will."
With chastened spirit to that will they bend,
Believing, striving, hoping, loving still.
Oh, they are daily martyrs of the unknown;
How noble—their names are all unknown;
But angels from the walls of Eden see,
How glorious the laurels they have won!

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"Do come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of your standin' out there. Come in, won't yer? I've done blow'd out the gas, and it's all dark."
The odor from the room assured the clerk that she had indeed "blow'd" out the gas, and, pushing open the door, he returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All argument was fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room for the night.

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Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which hour the book-blogger of the Burnett House, in making his customary round, observed one of the bucolic Benedicts seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naturally asked the publisher of understandings, if he was the clerk. Receiving a negative answer, he informed the book-blogger that he would like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office-men was at his side, and politely asked what was needed.
"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" said the disconsolate-looking individual.
"In the parlor?" echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."
"Well, I'd like to have one spread down somewhere."
"Why don't you go into your own room?" asked the clerk.
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