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TERMS.

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THE OLD MAN'S NEW YEAR.

BY ANNIE M. SAWYER. We are sitting by the firelight,
My gray-haired sire and I,
And on this happy New Year's night
Silent I sit and sigh;
And many times this evening drear
I've wiped the bitter tear.

The merry day we had last year—
The children's noisy glee—
As grandpa's olden tale to hear,
Each tried to climb his knee;
While song, and laugh and joyons dance,
Through these old rooms did glance.

I think my father strange to-night : His thoughts are wandering now;
His thoughts are wandering now;
Still I see by the fitful light,
Unwrinkled is his brow;
And I hear murinured words the while
I note his happy smile.

Ah! he has dreamed him back again Into those buried years, That now seem quite as free from pain As these seem full of years;
His brave, and glad, and beauteous youth,
So strong in love, in truth.

Loved forms of those old days flit by "Alice," (I hear him say,)
"Come closer; why are you so shy?
You'll be my wife to-day;"
His trembling arm he raises now,
He bends to kiss her brow. Poor, feeble man-his pale lips old

Meet but the mocking air. His was the tale so often told-Alice was false as fair. His dream is changed—a New Year's day Holds o'er him joyous sway.

And standing closely by his side, My mother, tender, true; While sacred words make her his bride, One heart, where first were two; And now he tells how one by one Sweet children blessed their home. It makes my tears fall down like rain,

To hear his whispers low,

As she were with him once again—
Why she died long years ago,
Tho' now, he speaks but of last year,
When some we loved were here. "Now, Sam," he calls, "come hither, child,

To thee our Nell we've given;"
(To-night Sam's on the ocean wild,
And Ellen is in Heaven)— And yet he sees them by his knee, Oh, that I dreamed as he! But hush! he wakes, his voice is low

His words are very sweet—
"Lost darlings sleeping 'neath the snow,
You all I soon shall meet.
Let me, O gracious Lord, I pray,
Keep with them New Year's day."

There was no gleam of angel wings, No voice the silence stirred,
I caught no glimpse of heavenly things,
And yet the prayer was heard;
Before the blessed New Year broke, In Heaven his soul awok

The Old Guard; or, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON I.

CHAPTER I.

Honor the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward!—Tennyson. 'Now-now-now for the charge of the Old Guard! On, on they rush! I see the bear-skin cap and steel-clad figures of Cuirassiers, the green uniform of the Chasseurs, and my own brave Mamelukes, with their snow-white turbans, and their long heron plumes, streaming in the wind!

Forward, my men-forward! keep the With these words, the dving warrior sank back on the coarse blankets which formed his couch, his features working convulsively, and one hand pressed hard on his wounded side, while the other threaded the blood-drenched masses of hair, which swept back from his clammy brow. He was an officer in the squadron of Mameluke Guides, who had served Napoleon in Egypt, and having followed his fortunes, had been incorporated into the Imperial Guard, and who, with their gorgeous Turkish costume, their keen Damascus blades, their trumpets and timbrels, presented such a striking picture when they dashed forward on their fiery chargers .-That night the Grand Army, with its 'wizard commander at its

bivouacked under the walls of Vienna, but they had won their way to the Austrian capital by many a hard-fought battle, and in the charge of Anserp, this gallant officer had fallen. Around him, and distinctly revealed by the lurid glare of the watch fire near, were gathered his corps of Mameluke warriors, their turbaned heads bowed, their unique standard lowered, their noisy instruments silent, while the chief surgeon bent over him, and, close by, wrapped in a gray cloak, and wearing a plain chapeau,

stood Napoleon, the Conqueror. For a few moments after he had suuk down, apparently exhausted, the dying man eluke warrior, whose death scene we have lay mute and motionless, but at length he described, had found a grave by the broad, started up, and waving his arm aloft, shouted-

victorie! Vive le Empereur!'

swart cheek reddening, his dark eyes flash- to recruit. That gay city had been gayer ing fire, but as the French rallying cry than ever with the festivities attendant on died from his purple lips, he once more the second marriage of the Emperor, with

fell back powerless. poleon, in a compassionate tone; 'had ry his Guard had been conspicuous, and you been my own countryman, you could on a glorious autumnal morning they were net have served me better. Mon Dieu! | drawn up in the court of the Tuileries for

reeling from your saddle!" fanned with it the flushed face of the suf-

tered the Mameluke, and then his eyes closed wearily.
Still he babbled now and then, but had

forgotten the sky of the North, stretching out like a vast waste above, the camping ground, with its tents and its watch-fires, the silent host, the solid squares of the and feathery palms upon its banks, and the of the same muslin encircled her graceful white ibes and bright-plumed flamingo, head, and was looped up with diamond bloom of the lotus. Again the dusky- liants glittered on her arms and ankles, haired maiden he had loved in his youth and a splendid necklace rose and fell upon

of her veil, and her voice coming softly down to him as he moored his caique beneath the rose-wreathed lattices of her fairy-like kiosk.

'Zenobia,' he murmured, 'my heart has never failed in its devotion to you. I love at the Emperor's side. you as no man ever loved before; your eyes are brighter than the stars, your cheek fairer than the lily of Ethiopia, your lips redder than the ripe pomegranate-I am here at your feet, your slave. Oh, let me

call you mine, sweet one!'

He paused, mused a while, and then, as his whole countenance grew grave, went

'You could not requite my passion; you wedded another, but I have stood by you in your hour of need. I have faithfully kept the promise I made you on your death bed. I have been father, mother, sister, brother-every thing to your little Charmain.

Again he stoppod short, his face paled and then crimsoned with excitement—his breath came gaspingly up.
'Charmain-Charmain!' he called, in

a voice that rang like a bugle blast through the encampment; 'come hither, child .-Your mother and I have met in the valley of shadows-tell her, I conjure you, that I have dealt by you most tenderly.'

As the word 'Charmain' passed his lips, a slight figure that had been lying in a corner of the tent, sprang from the hard soldiery, and as soon as the tumult of apcamp-bed, and darted toward the dying Mameluke. That form was clad ala Turque, and slender as it was, had borne the French eagles on many a battle-field .--That face was almost as colorless as the turban bound about the brow, but the features were delicately chiselled, the eyes large, lustrous and heavily fringed, like those of the women of the East, and full of a dreamy languor, and short curls clustered thickly around the graceful neck.

'You called me, said this person, grasping the sufferer's hand. 'Yes, yes,' was the quick answer. 'Nay, nay, not so,' interposed Napo-

leon; 'his mind is thronged with delirious fancies—it was Charmain, a female name, he spoke—not that of Ismail, the standardbearer. Go back to your rest, boy.'

The dying man looked up, with the light

reason shining in his eyes. 'I have been delirious, my Emperor,' he said, 'but I am not now—I realize all, should have no secrets. The young standard-bearer's real name is Charmain-before I left Egypt she was entrusted to my costume, and took her from place to place gone. To your Majesty and the Old Guard I entrust her.'

Napoleon glanced at the standard-bearer, over whose cheek the blush of maidenly coyness was stealing, and laying his hand on her head, replied-'Sira Mameluke, in my own name and

that of the Imperial Guard, I accept the charge.' A smile flashed over the countenance of

the sufferer, like a ray of sunshine. Blessings on you, my Emperor! gasped; 'I can die in peace.'

'There is a priest hard by,' said the surgeon; 'had we not better summon him to shrive the departing soul ?' Napoleon bowed assent, and ere long a

Roman chaplain appeared. 'Wake ye-wake ye!' he cried, grasping the warrior's arm. 'Go not into the eternal world unannointed, unshriven! Behold the emblem of the true church! Ibraham started and gazed searchingly at the priest and the symbols of Catholic

worship. During the years which had come and gone since he joined Napoleon's host, he had witnessed the imposing rites of the Papal religion; but now smoking censers, and waxen tapers, and glittering shrines, and peals of organ music had ceased to captivate his fancy. Once more olden memories grew strong within him-he watched the Moslem pilgrims winding their weary way across the Great Desert to Mecca; he heard the muezzin calling to prayers; he mingled in the solemn festivals of his native land, and his last words

were-'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Then a spasm shook his frame, a mortal

paleness overspread cheek and brow, a strange rigidity settled on every limbanother of the Old Guard was gone! CHAPTER II.

Months had passed since the events narrated in the preceding chapter. The Mamdeep Danube; the peace of Vienna had been concluded; and a part of the Grand There, there, the battle is gained—the Army had gone to carry on the war Natri-color floats over Vienna! Victorie- poleon was waging both in the Tyrol and Spain. But the Imperial Guard took no He had spoken with rapid utterance, his part in either—it was sent back to Paris the daughter of the Cæsars-the Arch Poor fellow—poor Ibraham! said Na-duchess Marie Louise. In all this pageant-'Twas an ugly sabre-cut which sent you a review, and another ceremony-the public adoption of the young girl whom the And drawing nearer, he smoothed the dying Mameluke had confided to their care. gory hair, and taking off his chapeau, After the review had been finished, there was a solemn silence, broken only by the ferer.

'They fly—the Austrians fly—push plunge of some impatient steed; but in the pushes of this unusual hush a bugle blast them across the river, comrades!' mut- midst of this unusual hush a bugle blast arose, and rang loud and long on the clear, cold air.

'Advance!' cried the herald, waving his

gilded baton, 'advance with Mademoiselle Charmain ! Quick as thought the ranks parted, surging back on either side, like the waves Old Guard enclosing the Emperor, the of the restless sea, and the squadron of sentinels pacing to and fro, the chill winds Mamelukes appeared, escorting a slight sighing through the boughs of the great girlish figure, mounted on a snow-white trees, and the mighty Danube, which palfrey, and arrayed, not as she had been seemed dark as the Stygian stream. His when a standard-bearer, but in the coslast hours were haunted by dreams of the tume of Eastern females. She wore an solemn Pyramids, the grim Sphinxes, the ample robe of crimson velvet, open in front, mosques and tombs and obelisks of Egypt. | to reveal a skirt and Turkish trousers of Again the tropic sky arched over him; the most delicate India muslin, from which again he saw the red and troubled waters peeped her dainty feet, encased in jewelf the stately Nile, the sycamores, acacias clasped sandals of white satin; a turban feeding amid the tall reeds and the snow- aigrettes; golden bands studded with brilrose before him, with the dark splendor of her breast with every breath, while ove.

stately pace, till it reached the spot where 'bright, particular star' at the review of cheek, and she could not summon strength

his comrades of Le Gard Imperiale.' He stopped, but an almost breathless

continued— 'In my own name and yours, I accepted the charge. What say you, soldiers, will you take the legacy poor Ibraham thus solemnly bequeathed?

the ranks. Napoleon smiled. 'That is like you, warriors of the Old | fig trees, jassamine and rose laurels, which Guard,' he replied, 'and now it is proper called up memories of her native Egypt.

that there should be a public adoption of Mademoiselle Charmain. 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur! Gard Imperiale!' shouted the enthusiastic During the months which had come and

gathered immediately about the Emperor. Napoleon grasped his hand and continued : In the presence of these witnesses and

Charmain. A soft blush rose to the girl's pale cheek, as shout after shout went ringing | up into the tranquil sky.'

The holy Madonna and all good saints help us to deal aright by the legacy of the dead!' exclaimed Napoleon, and then from the vast throng gathered about the Tuiler- reclining, and saidies arose a solemn ' Amen.'

The next moment Mademoiselle Char- main, I ought to have been off an hour main, escorted by the Emperor and Bes- ago, for to-morrow I quit Paris.' seires, might have been seen riding along all—I am dying—the death-stricken the lines, while wild acclamations rent the a sudden start and burning blush, which air. Thus the Egyptian girl was adopted | told more than she would then have dared by the Old Guard, and that night, at a reveal in words. brilliant fete, she went through the formucare. What could I do? I could not la of being presented at the court, from leave her there, and so arrayed her in boy's which Josephine had been banished, and where the fair and fickle Marie Louise thus disguised. She is a brave girl, my now reigned queen. In the gorgeous Emperor, but it will not be fitting for her throng assembled within those palatial painful silence. to remain in the Grand Army when I am | walls, Charmain was followed, and flatteran older head than hers. But in the midst hope of the glare of lights, the glitter of jewels, the sound of festal music, and the pleasant in a grave over which the grass had al- | their long and jetty lashes. ready grown green. It was late when, had received, she glided into a little pavilion in the gardens of the Tuileries. The moonlight stole softly in; the air was spicy

herself. At that instant a shadow fell across the marble pavement, and, glancing round, she saw one of the musicians, belonging to the Mameluke squadron. Throwing down his timbrel, he sank at her feet,

and said earnestly-'Oh, Charmain, Charmain, have you no word of welcome for me? 'Oh, yes, yes!' rejoined the maiden.

' the corps who came from Egypt with my more than father, and whom he loved so well, can never be unwelcome.'

'Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the youth; 'I had feared that all this adulation would spoil you. You are no longer one of us, sharing our marches, bivouacking in the open air, beating the French eagles on the battle-field. I foresee that Mademoiselle Charmain, the ward of the Emperor and the Old Guard, is to be a very different person from the poor boy Ismail. Ah! much I still fear that she will like her palace-home better than the camp of the Grand Army, her new friends better than the old—but—but what I be free from the promise you have just and his Guard made their quarters. The

will win her love.' He paused, but she made no reply, and he went on-

'Girl, I may as well speak out-you are the light of my eyes—an irresistible fascination drew me toward you of my own sex, but now a wild love has taken possession of me. Say, can you return it? The maiden hesitated an instant, and

then falteredhave time to think, ere I can give you an | main!'

answer.' months hence I will seek you again.' He gazed long and earnestly into her face, and stooping, left a kiss on her pale brow; but the kiss roused no thrill in that girlish frame, sent no flush to her cheek. The musician passed from her presence, and she was trying to compose herself to thought, when another intruder appeared; he was a young man of most gallant

speak patrician blood. 'Mademoiselle Charmain!' 'Count Claude!' were the words hastily interchanged between him and the Egyptian maid, and then he added-

bearing, and the curling lip and haughty

curve of the neck, which some think be-

but the fete lost its charm for me when I missed you! I ventured to follow youpardon me if I intrude, but do not, I beg God bless you, my beloved! you, do not banish me!

and they sat down together in the moonlight, and time sped by on golden wings. 'Do you know,' murmured the young soldier, as they parted, hours afterward, do you know the name Charmain fits you admirably? Mon Dieu! Your mother must have had prophetic eyes when she bestowed it upon you.' And now he too bent to kiss her hand. What was it that made every nerve thrill, and her face burn with blushes l Ah! the wizard spell of love was already upon her, the heart of the young ward of the Imperial Guard was beginning to awake!

* * *

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. her eyes beaming through the misty folds all floated a veil of rare old Flanders lacer | Mademoiselle Charmain. She was far little pavilion in the garden of the Tuil-Napoleon was awaiting them on his superb the Old Gaurd and the royal fete, in which to utter a word. war-horse, Marengo, and then the quon- she made her debut at Napoleon's Court;

clear, and through the creamy richness of tion has expired-I am here to know my clear, and inrough the creamy richness of thon has expired—1 am here to know my Soldiers of the Imperial Guard, said her cheek, melted a glow delicate as that fate. When I poured the story of my love Napoleon, in a clear and thrilling tone, which flushes the peach blossom, or tints into your ears, and pleaded for a return, there is not one among your ranks who the lining of the sea shell; the hair she you told me that you did not yet underdoes not remember the brave Mameluke had worn in short ringlets when a standard- stand your own heart. Since then you the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the officer, Ibraham, whom we left to moulder bearer, now swept about her face and have studied it deeply, no doubt—what soldier smiled as he murmured to dust on the banks of the Danube. In shoulders in heavy curls; her countenance name is written there? Is it mine, fair his last hours he committed this maiden had lost the weary, wistful expression -and now the Emperor laid his hand on which had touched so many hearts, but the drooping head of the girl- to me and her large, dark, oriental eyes still had a pensive look which heightened the effect

of her rare loveliness. That the orphan silence reigned throughout the court. He girl had found kind protectors was evident, not only from her personal appearance, but from all her surroundings. and jewels a sultana might have been stolen the heart of the Egyptian maid !proud to wear, while the room was furnished in the Eastern style, to make it seem 'Yes, yes, yes,' ran like wildfire along like home to her. There were the gilding, mention of the boy-faced noble betray has been expecting him for a week past! and mirrors, and cool lattices, and broad divans-the lotus and acacia flowers, the secret. Hark ye-he is the falsest of all

But something more than these pleasant France; it was the love-dream which had Vive Mademoiselle Charmain! Vive Le begun to brighten her young heart .gone since the Imperial Fete, where she plause had died away, Napoleon resumed: had first seen Claude de Montveau, she General Bessieres, come forward.' had met him daily; he had rode at her At this juncture the Commander of the bridle-rein over the vine-clad hills, sailed

Old Guard joined the group which had with her on the blue river, loitered by her side under the great trees in the palace knave's blood, but I have a sweeter grounds, and stood by her chair as she touched her guitar and sang oriental songs. darken his life, give him wormwood and your infant child, the King of Rome.' the God above, I, as Emperor of France This dreamy girl, with her pale face, her gall instead of the nectar he has tasted and Commander of the Grand Army, and dark, poetic eyes, and her quiet way, was of late; and Charmain, Charmain, she God I could say the same of her who was you as General of the Old Guard, take a thousand-fold more fascinating to him will rue the day when she slighted my solemnly—' upon us the guardianship of Mademoiselle than the sparkling and piquante beauties love!' A moment later he had mounted

of the French Court, and his whole soul his fiery steed, and was spurring toward ing to his feet and grasping the Emperor's bowed in homage, not to the loveliness of Paris. her person alone, but to her pure, young heart. No word of love, however, had as yet passed his lips; but now, as the twilight began to empurple the room, he rose from the divan on which he had been self to sleep, and in troubled dream saw selle Charmain has proved false to her

'I must leave you, Mademoiselle Char-'Quit Paris!' echoed the maiden,

'Yes, lady.'

'And whither are you going, pray?' 'I have enlisted in the Grand Army; shall go wherever its fortune leads me.' He paused, and for a time there was a

'You do not speak,' at length resumed ed, and caressed enough to have turned the young count; but if I fall, I shall Montveau sat out for Russia. Napoleon, Again he paused for a reply. Charmain over the surrounding sovereigns so long was silent, but her graceful head drooped banded against him, but compelled them of the Romans, farewell soldiers of the tumult of gay voices, her dark eyes often low over her guitar, the crimson burned to assist him in the accomplishment of his grew dim with tears, as she thought of the deeper on her cheek, and her eyes glisten-Mameluke warrior, who lay cold and still ed as if she had crushed tears beneath

'Oh, Charmain,' cried De Montveau, weary and sad in spite of the homage she sinking to his knees and uplifting his Atlantic to the Vistula, the nations obeyed proud face, 'I thought I was firm in my resolve not to avow the love which absorbs laurels to lay at your feet with my heart awaited it. And amid the mighty host, 'Here I can rest awhile,' she said to and hand and fortune, but this hour un-

response? The girl turned toward him a face like an April sky-all smiles and tears. 'I-I-I hardly dare tell you,' she murmured, 'how dear you are to me .-

Life will be a blank without you.' 'My own Charmain,' rejoined the lover, gathering her in his arms and kissing her was to perform no light task, but to decide which had swept proudly towards its cheek, lips and brow, when I come back the fate of the battle. But on the march from Russia you will be my wife by the to Moscow, the Emperor did not summon rites of the church-will you not?'

ne in vour absence. The young count hesitated an instant, and then said, in a low, tremulous tone-But' dearest, as the ward of the Em- that the decisive battle would peror and the Old Guard, you will meet fought till they should arrive at Moscow. the most distinguished men in the empire; and for this he wished to reserve the besides, your beauty and grace will bring many a suitor to your shrine. Will there Russian capital was at length reached, never come an hour when you will wish to and in the magnificent Kremlin Napoleon

dismal fancies he had conjured up. The the lurid flames spread from spire to spire, girl gazed at him with a look of the keenest from street to street, parching everything reproach.

'Oh, Claude, Claude,' she faltered, 'for such natures as mine there can be but and the crash of the falling timbers, and one love; can you not trust me?

'Yes, yes, entirely. I was wrong in doubting you even for a moment, and as God hears me, I will be faithful to you .-'I do not know my own heart! I have We are now betrothed lovers. Heaven never regarded you as a lover—I must smile upon our betrothal, ma chere Charlant soldiers who then moved as steadily

Once more he stopped, and then, while Well, be it so. I will wait—six the blood mounted to his temples, added trothed bride to wear some keepsake, as a seal of the vows which have exchang- And where, during these troublous times, ed between her and her lover, and as I shall not see you again ere I leave Paris, incorporated into the Young Guard, and I must beg you to accept this.'

Unclasping from his watch-guard a quaint, golden charm of that exquisite florentine workmanship so famous in days attention of the Emperor. gone by, studded with pearls and rubies, and still exhaling some spicy Arabian perfume which the manufacturer had concealed within, he attached it to her necklace, and whispered---

'It has been an heir-loom in the De Montveau family, and therefore it is most There is a brilliant array of beauty, fitting that my fiancee should wear it. If ward, and nobody, who could have seen and wit, and fashion, in the palace yonder, I return, I will replace it by a wedding him then, would have recognized him as ring; if they bury me amid Russian the elegant courtier whom Charmain had abducted her from the Tuileries, and left snows, preserve it as a memorial. Adieu. met at the Imperial fete. His face was He enfolded her in a convulsive em-

ered prayers, and then tore himself from her, and hurried away. Night came on, Cloud. She was brooding over the past, voice near murmured, 'Charmain!'

apartment—there, on the threshhold of a the Mameluke musician, who had sued for worthy a place in the Old Guard. In a spacious chamber at St. Cloud, sat | her love on that memorable night, when | receive another comrade!'

That cavalcade moved forward at a more beautiful than when she shone a leries. The rich color faded from her

'Well,' he resumed, fixing his dark and dam standard-bearer reined in her palfrey her complexion had grown exquisitely fiery eyes upon her, the time of proba-

Charmain ? prize you, but you can be nothing more! and tell you so.'.
Aye!' hissed the enraged Mameluke. He broke off suc Her robe that smooth-tongued De Montveau has foaming steed. You do not deny it, you dare not-you dare not-you blush, your tremor at the what you may have thought a well-kept

false men! things rendered the maiden content in and true-he who thus slanders him can- spoke the young count felt sure that he not be a welcome guest in the home of his | had something unpleasant to communicate. betrothed wife !?

'Betrothed wife!' echoed the Mameluke,

revenge in store-I will crush his hopes,

When he had gone, Charmain sank down upon the floor, and with Claude's have need of all the fortitude of which precious gift clasped tightly in her hand, bursi into tears. At last she sobbed heragain the encampment of the Grand Army plighted faith-she has eloped, leaving where Ibraham had died, the pageant at this note in her boudoir. Read it.' the French capital, when she became the adopted child of the Emperor and the Old Guard, and the scenes of her subsequent life at the Tuilleries, Versailles, and St. Cloud. Once more Claude's parting words rang in her ear, once more his farewell kiss thrilled every nerve, once more the Mameluke musician's visit tortured whom the Emperor would approve, but I

CHAPTER III. that you at least will regret my loss. the Conqueror, had not only triumphed great plans; and Italy, Austria, Russia, Bavaria, Poland, Holland and Sweden to the Catabrian Mountains, and from the sweat gathered on his gloomy brow. one imperious will, and thronged at his numbering half a million souls that poured Charmain, can my devotion awaken a lery wagons, Napoleon I. moved a masterwas the Old Guard, often called the 'Col- the chamber. umn of Granite'-an appellation well Time passed on, and Bonaparte's retreat suited to them, both on account of their from Moscow began. Back, back, back martial prowess and the high character over dismal wastes of snow, and through they sustained as men. When they ad- ambuscades of the enemy-amid the storms vanced to join in the conflict, all knew it of a Northern winter, moved the army his Guard to action, though the army had Ins Guard to account, chough one aim, has a will, Claude. This hope will cheer many a fierce encounter, even at Borodino, when strongly urged to lend its aid, he withheld it, and only a meagre victory was gained. He then supposed strength of his grand Old Guard. The burning of Moscow is an event familiar to Then plunged onward through the forest And the speaker's brow clouded at the every reader of history, and there, while and across the fatal river, and bivouacked with their fiery breath, while clouds of smoke hung dense over the fated city, the roar of billows of fire, and the explosions of powder trains, made the scene appalling beyond description, the Old Guard showed their indomitable courage, as if on a field of battle, and after their beloved Emperor had been induced by far more like a skeleton than they, and their persuasions to leave the Kremlin, I believe it is the custom for a be- followed him through the terrible scenes of the conflagration calm and fearless .a flame his bravery attracted the special army reached a place of comparative safety, Napoleon came riding along the ranks, in which De Montveau held a prominent 'Claude de Montveau,' he cried, in

command. deep, clear tone, 'advance.'

dauntless heart. 'Young man,' said the Emperor, 'on

serene and starry, but the girl heeded not the march to Moscow and in the recent seized upon me, and an awakened conthe quiet beauty outside, nor the regal conflagration you have earned the eagles luxury of her saloons in the palace of St. | for your regiment, the Cross of the Legion | I have written out a few particulars with the present and future, as linked with beat and the bugles rang, and shout upon her, fly, or you may be too late? Claude de Montveau, when a deep-toned shout rose from the troops, the Emperor proceeded to bestow the banner and the She started and glanced round the cross, and then added--

'Rise, Colonel de Montveau-you are a gilded door, leading into the balcony, stood veteran in heart if not in years-you are her love on that memorable night, when this hour you belong to it—brave soldiers, round, she saw a worn and wasted soldier

De Montveau, with cries of— 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive Colonel de Montveau! A thousand welcomes to the

Imperial Guard! That night the young count sat in the Kremlin which a battalion had saved from ruin, and where Napoleon and his Guard were now quartered. As the moonbeams flashed across his breast, they lighted up

'Ah, Charmain-'tis for your sake more than my own that I value this! God speed in his own name and that of the remnant 'No, no, Ali—as a friend I shall always the day when I can fold you to my heart of the Old Guard who had come back from

He broke off suddenly, for he heard the 'Aye! Did I not say Mademoiselle Char- clatter of horses' feet in the court below, main would forgot old friends and cleave and sprang to the window just in time to dral was with nodding plumes and flashing to new ones? Girl, you love another— see a cloaked figure fling himself from a

'Who is it?' he asked of a sentinel pacing to and fro on the battlements. De Montveau turned away, and was absorbed in dreams of Charmain, when a door unclosed and Napoleon appeared with victory of the allied powers, the abdication 'I will not believe it,' was the firm but a letter in his hand. His brow was knit, of the French throne, the farewell low reply. 'He is generous, and brave his lip compressed, and even before he to the Imperial Guard, their last charge at

messenger who arrived a few moments ago fiercely, while his face grew tumultuous brings dismal tidings.'
with the warring passions in his soul. He The count's cheek blanched, the blood turned away, but as he did so, he drew his chilled in his veins; one wild query rose seimetar from its scabbard, muttering- to his lips, but etiquette forced him to ask

'Colonel de Montveau,' he began, 'the

nothing has happened to the Empress, or 'No, nothing, Sir Count. Would to

'What,' interposed De Montveau, springarm, 'what has befallen Charmain?' 'Calm yourself, young man-you will you are master, to bear the blight which

has settled on your prospects? Mademoi-And he thrust a paper in the young count's hand. With every nerve in a wild

tremor, he read as follows :--'I am about to fly from my palace-home with him whose bride I became last night, by secret marriage. He is poor and of humble birth—by no means a husband her, and when the day broke bright, balmy, love him with all the depth and fervor of beautiful, she awoke pale and unrefreshed. my tropic nature, and could follow him to the world's end. Claude de Montveau I Perhaps the world never saw a grander | never loved, but he was rich and noble, army than that in which young Claude de and therefore I accepted him. Tell him this, and-and beg him not to curse me for my perfidy. Farewell, my Emperor, farewell Marie Louise, farewell baby-King Old Guard, a long farewell!

As Claude de Montveau perused the above, his tall form shook from head to now sent up his war-cry. From the Baltic | foot, his features worked, great drops of 'Oh! my Emperor,' he cried, your

Majesty knows that at the cannon's mouth, command to one banner. Thousands of or the bayonet's point, or amid the devourmy whole being, till I could bring home the wealthy and noble eagerly enlisted, ing flame, my courage has never faltered. with the perfume of flowers, and close by from the battle-field some well earned that they might partake of the glory that but now I am weak as a child,' and with a bitter moan he sank into his seat. 'My brave boy,' replied Napoleon, 'it

mans me. I cannot part with you till I northward with their prancing steeds, their is hard! God help you to forget one so tell you how wildly I love you. Say, booming cannon, their chariots and artilunworthy to be your bride, and the ward of your Emperor and his noble Old spirit. Foremost in this warlike multitude | Guard!' and wringing his hand, he left

destination months before. No martial music enlivened the toilsome journey, no cheery words and laughter gushed forth, but like a funeral procession the 'doomed What they suffered I host' marched on. have no power to describe, fierce battles exhausted their strength; their clothes hung in shreds about them; their limbs froze, and the sharp tooth of hunger onawed at their vitals. At the Beresinia Napoleon ordered a bonfire to be made of the eagles which had cheered his men on many a memorable field, and gave all the horses to the Artillery of the Guard .hard by the ruins of Brelowa, but, perishing as they were, the Old Guard never murmured. When they reached Wilna, only a few remained to tell the story of their wants and woe. Of these De Montveau was one; but colder than Russian snows, keener than the pangs of hunger, was the thought that Charmain was false. As he sat by the camp-fire the night of their arrival at Wilna, a traveller came staggering into their midst. Much as the soldiers had suffered, this intruder looked his voice was hollow and unearthly as he begged leave to warm himself.

'Claude de Montveau,' he cried, at length, starting wildly up, 'I must speak was Claude de Montveau? He had been to you or go mad! I have been journeying week after week to meet the retreating wherever the fight raged thickest he might army, that I might confess. None of you be seen, but it was while Moscow was all | recognize me in my disguise, but I once belonged to the Mameluke squadron of the Imperial Guard: I deserted to carry out a fiendish revenge. Both the Count de Montveau and I fell desperately in love with Mademoiselle Charmain ; she gave the preference to him, and from that time I devoted my life to vengeance. After the Grand Army departed for Moscow, I tried to alienate her heart from her lover, by stories of his fickleness, but she would not believe them, and in my desperation I in her boudoir a note I had forged for the blackened, his hair singed, his bear-skin purpose. I have kept her in close custody The lady made some confused reply, brace; he felt the hot rain of Charmain's of the hero flashed beneath, and the proud could induce her to be mine—she has tears; he heard her sobs, her half-smoth- lip wore an expression which told of a pined, all her form is wasted to a shadow, and might have laid down in her grave broken hearted, had not a fearful disease science driven me hither. On this card of Honor for yourself,' and while the drums regard to her place of concealment—go to

> As he ceased speaking, he fell back dead, and an hour afterward, Claude de Montveau was spurring over hill and valley at his utmost speed. Charmain was lying on a low couch, in her cell-like room, From when a step startled her, and, looking clad in tattered and dusty garments, and

Quick as thought they pressed toward | yet wearing on his breast the Cross of the

Legion of Honor. Claude!' she murmured, inquiringly. 'Oh! Charmain, Charmain, Charmain!' oried the count, clasping her to his heart

in a convulsive embrace, The scene which followed we will not attempt to describe, but if we had the pencil of Titian, or a Correggio, we would paint for our readers a tableau in which their wedding at Notre Dame should be be portrayed-a wedding graced by the elite of the empire, and where Napoleon. Moscow, gave the bride away. But, as 'no painter's art is mine,' I must leave the reader to imagine how gorgeous the Cathejewels, and all the splendor of court dress, how fair and pure Charmain seemed in her lace robes and misty veil, and how proud and happy was the young count when he led her down the broad aisle his wife, the

Emperor and the Imperial Guard following. As for Napoleon I., the Russian campaign was ' the beginning of sorrows;' the Waterloo, the banishment to St. Helens, came in rapid and dismal succession, and then he who, like Alexander, had aspired to conquer a world, filled a lone grave on

a desolate ocean isle. Count de Montveau and his bride, with many others who had fought under his leadership, sought a refuge in a pleasant 'This good blade might drink the first for the royal family.

This good blade might drink the first for the royal family.

This good blade might drink the first for the royal family.

I hope,' he faltered, 'I hope that and to this day their descendants love to rehearse the brave deeds of the Old Guard.

CARDS.

A N DR E W J. STEINMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office formerly occupied by the late Col. Reah Frazer,
opposite Cooper's Hofel, West King street.

apr 17

ly 14

RDWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly &
Co.'s Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa.
apr 6 tf 12

R. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST. --Office No. 4 East King street. Residence Walnut street, second door West of Duke, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 tf 18 DEMOVAL .-- WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Queen street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10

THEO. W. HERR, SURVEYOR, CON-VEYANCER AND SCRIVENER.

OFFICE—No. 22 North Duke street, opposite the Court

House, Laucaster, Pa.

PEMOVAL.--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. W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA. WILBERFORCE NEVIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office No. 21 North Queen street, nearly Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the court House.

Attorney at the court House.

WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with N. Lightner & J. K. Alexander, Esqs., Duke
St., nearly opposite Court House. [feb 7 6m* 4] A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of
Centre Square, Lancaster.

may 15, '55 ly II

A BRAM SHANK,
A T T O R N E Y A T L A W,
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESULEMAN, ESQ., NO. 36 NORTH DUKE ST.,
LANCASTER, PA. 1y* 10 NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY
AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly
opposite the Court House.
Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

PEMOVAL.--SIMON P. EBY, Attorney EMOVAL.-SIMUM F.
at Law, has removed his Office from North Duke stree let to No. 3, in Widmyer's Row, South Duke stree [mar 13 tf 9] REDERICK S. PYFER,
A T T O R N F Y A T L A W.
OFFICE—No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST SIDE,) LAMOASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

REMOVAL .-- WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from hormer place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the rinity Lutheran Church. T. HALL FOREMAN,

DFFICE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., NO. 26 EAST KING ST.
LANCASTER, PA,
nov 15 nov 15

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

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.-Office in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's

of fice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa.

All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to.

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in this control this house are fully control this control thi REMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-EPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to

H. GPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office, to No. 69 East King street, next door above King's Grocery Reference—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia. Calls from the conutry will be promptly attended to. apr 6 NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE .-- This ATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This is Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Thirteenth year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It is the first paper of the kind published in the United States, and is distinctive in its character. It has lately passed into the hands of Geo. W. Matsell & Co., by whom it will hereafter be conducted. Mr. Matsell will formerly Chief of Police of New York City, and he will no doubt render it one of the most interesting papers in the country. Its editorials are forcibly written, and of a character that should command for the paper universal support.

acter that should comment to port.

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