

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

VOL. LXI.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1860.

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

T B B M S. SUBSCRIPTION.-Two Dollars per annum, payable in ad-vance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-ages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. ApyrarmEMENTS.-Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines.) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional inser-tion. Those of greater length in proportion.

Job PRINTING-Such as Innd Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

THE OLD STILL-HOUSE.

It stands by the river side, The still-house drear and use drear and brown The roof is dark, and the chimney wide, The roof is dark, and the chimney wide, Hath partly fallen down. The owl hoots there in the dismal night, He looks like a ghost in the moonbeams white; And his ghostly bride, with her round, large eyes, Folds her dark wings and hoarsely cries, "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts walk, do not you?"

Darker and still more dark Darker and still more dark The shadows gather fast, And noiseless steps and tall forms stark Move like a shadow past. Old age comes first, with thin white hair, And blear and sour on his brow so bare; And the old owl stops his; chant to look; But his mate croaks on from her mossy nook, "Too whoot! too whoot! "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts haunt, do not you?"

There's youth, once young and strong, And manhood staid and wise; And inanhood staid and wise; But tales of sin, and wood, and wrong, Flash from their blood-shot eyes! But scowls are on each one's fair face, And only the tempter's mark you trace On the brow where kisses were wont to rest; But the owl sings on from her mossy nest, "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts haunt, do not you ?"

Around the festal board Around the festal board Gather the ghastly band, And up to the brim the rum is poured By many a palsied hand. And each one drinks with horrid cheer, And each one speaks with a haughty sneer And laugh, and jest, and oath are heard; But the owl chnuts on, with heart unstirred, "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts dwell, do not you?"

Then cometh another band : There is WOMAN, robed in white. And kindly the touch of a gentle hand Rests on each shoulder light. The mother, the sister, the wife are there— The daughter with white lips moved in prayer; And the owl stops with a stare so grim, That his mate half pauses to look at him : "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts walk, do not you?"

There is childhood, fair and pure As the first wild flowers of spring, With a trusting heart that will endure Through wrong, through everything And round the neck are soft arms thrown; But not the tear, the kiss, the moan Can molt the heart where the serpent lies! And the owl chants on with calm, cold eyes, "Too whoc! too whoo! I know where ghots haunt, do not you?"

In vain-it is all in vain : Tears cease in mute despair, What power can whisper of hope again ?----All, all is anguish there; And the slight forms sink 'neath the heavy blow, Lips pale, and faces as white as snow, And blood-drops stain the golden hair,— And the owl's voice dies in echo there, "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts dwell, do not you ?"

The night had lost her crown, Behind the forest green-Sofly the young moon hath gone down, To slumbers most serene The forms fade out in the empty air. And the owl sits mute with a solemn stare Then starts and flies with heavy wings, While his ghastly bride but once more sings, "Too whoot! too whoo! I know where ghosts dwell, do not you ?"

and wavelet on the shore of life, but ant afternoon we walked out towards the rather the resistless undercurrent-more woods for the last time-Stella leant upon like a quiet, undemonstrative giant than a her happy husband's arm, and I followed noisy, passsionate, hot-brained little dwarf. with my sister. I had fallen into a reverie, Love will sacrifice itself for the happiness from which I was aroused by Edward of the beloved object-separation, nay Waring's voice. even death, cannot end its life. An ever-'A boat!' he cried. 'A boat! Now,

burning lamp in the unseen innermost of if we can find the owner, we may have a the heart, its very existence is often un- glorious sail. Whose is it ?--- do any of known save to the vestal soul which trims | you know? and watches it. 'It is Mr. Brown's,' said my sister,'

Stella! Stella! loved of my youth and stooping to examine a name upon the post age, lost forever here, but garnered up for to which it was chained. 'He is a friend me among the gems of heaven, dost thou of ours, and will lend us the key with know now, in that bright sphere to which pleasure. Yonder is his house among the the angels bore thee long ago, how well I trees; I will go and borrow it for you.' loved thee ? oved thee? I pause and start! The moon, falling followed her. 'I'll be back in a moment,'

through my study window, lights up the he said; 'don't run away with my wife mirror upon the wall, and reveals to me while I am gone, Mark.' And he looked my own reflection. I see an old man, grey- back laughingly, as he vanished through haired and careworn; not feeble or the bushes. decrepit yet, but past the blessed age of He had scarcely gone when a low peal

sentiment and romance-the spring and of thunder broke upon our ears. I looked summer time, which Byron calls 'the up at the sky; it was fast clouding over. passionate part of life.' A fitting person, 'We are to have a storm,' I said .truly, to write and speak of love, 'a The boat will be of no use to us. I wish proper hero for a love tale.' Yet I, Mark they would come back.' Ashford, sitting here in my lonely study, Stella turned as I spoke, and her face with law books piled about me, with noth- grew deadly pale. 'Mark! Mark!' she ing near me which does not speak of dry gasped; 'call him back! Quickly, cousin business and money transactions, could -quickly.' 'Are you afraid of the storm ?' I said. write a love tale from the memories of my old heart which might put to shame the She pointed to the boat and the tree records in the lives of younger men on near it, in answer. 'My dream ?' she whom the whole world looks as heroes. murmured. 'My dream! Do you remem-Come, old goose-quill, there are no briefs ber it ?' or deeds upon the desk--there is no case As she spoke a flash of lightning gleamed upon the horizon, and another and a for you to draw up to-night-Doe vs. Roe can lav over until to-morrow-let me use heavier peal of thunder drowned her you for myself for once; open for me the voice. closed tombs of the past, and record the 'Edward! oh, Edward! come backdead feelings and actions which time has come back !' she sobbed.

hurried there. Stella, bright star of my But he was beyond the reach of her boyhood ! how sweetly your picture seems | sweet voice, that voice which he was never to smile upon me. You look now as you | to hear again-no, never ! for as she knelt did upon that autumn day when I first met | beneath that willow, praying for his safety, you, and when you gave me your soft hand the lightning flashed again, and the thunso frankly, and called me Cousin Mark for der's awful voice was heard once more; and when silence reigned again, and I the first time.

She was very beautiful, not only to my recovered from the stunning effects of a own eyes, but to those of every one who deafening crash, I knew not where, which gazed upon her; but I did not love her flung me prostrate on the ground, I saw for her beauty only, it was her heart and her lying, pale and ghastly, with a black soul which won me. Heaven knows that mark upon her bosom, beneath the riven if every charm had vanished from her face | tree, where I had last seen her, praying, and form, she would still have been as For the first time in my life I folded her precious to me. Before she came to dwell in my arms. Upon those lifeless lips I among us I had known that she was pressed passionate kisses; into those betrothed to another, and she was too pure closed ears I poured wild protestations of and frank to make a secret of the fact. love; close, close, I pressed that seared She spoke of Edward Waring (an officer bosom to my own, and wildly moaned as I in the navy, and who was at that time | felt the soft hand growing cold and hard absent on a three years' oruise) with the as marble.

simple confidence of a child, and would | They found me afterwards, wandering run joyously to tell us of the receipt of a letter from her absent lover; and yet, and raving like a maniac. They say that despite this knowledge, despite the fact I was mad for weeks; but I have lost no that she regarded me almost as a brother, | remembrance of that day, nor of the horthe love I felt for her grew, against my rible despair of the young bidegroom's will, to be the master passion of my soul. | face, as he looked upon his sweet wife's I never breathed one word of its intensity | pulseless form. He wept; he mournedto living mortal; and she little knew, as she leant in sisterly confidence upon my Friends sympathized with him, and knew arm, that I was praying all the while for nothing of my sorrow; but as years passed strength to hide my love from her sweet, on I could see that his old buoyancy truthful eyes. returned, that he was young and glad Time passed on, and the hour of Edward again. Waring's return drew nigh. I heard from One night-ah! many years ago-when my sister that the day for the wedding was | Stella had been dead five summers, I sat already fixed upon. Soon visions of white | beside her grave, weeping, and watched satin and orange flowers were often revealed the lights gleaming from the windows of to me through an accidentally opened a stately mansion near at hand-lights window, and I knew that beneath busy which shone upon the fair face of another fingers and flying needles Stella's bridal bride whom Edward Waring had wooed dress was growing to perfection. Yet now, and won. Yes, he whom she had loved so for the first time since I had known her, well, and trusted in so fondly, had wed Stella was sad and abstracted. For hours another; and I, whose love she never she would sit alone watching the sky, or guessed, sat there, in the still, star-lit looking into the far distance with some- summer night, and wept upon her gravething like fear upon her face. None the grave which my hand, and mine only, seemed to see the alteration save myself; still decks with flowerets not half so pure but a lover's eyes are far-seeing, and I and sweet as the fair bud so early laid had watched her face so long and so fondly. | beneath the sod. In heaven she will be mine ! Yes swee Going to her one day, as she lingered upon the piazza, I spoke of this sadness, angel, in dreams I hear the promise. I and asked her, as a brother might, its have been constant to her each moment of my sad life; and when, this fitful fever 'Mark, you will laugh at me if I tell past, I join the dead ones gone before to a switch that our own children would laugh you" she replied. It is very foolish, and the spirit world, I know she will be the I am ashamed to speak of it. I-I have first of all to meet me, and together we had a terrible dream, cousin, and I cannot | shall know the bliss of perfect love, unshake off its influence.' marred by death or parting ! 'A dream! Tell it to me, Stella, that The tale was done : softly and reverentmay interpret it,' I said laughingly. | ly I folded up the paper, and replaced all Dreams always go by contraries, you in the secret drawer once more. Then, know; a terrible dream will certainly stealing out towards the grave-yard, I ed into a paroxysm of powerful-not to bring the best of good fortune to the sought the lawyer's grave, and found it. dreamer.' Close beside, with a creeping rose still Stella shook her head. 'I wish that I clinging about its time-stained marble, could think so,' she said. 'I know that I was another stone, marked 'STELLA am very childish, but since that dream my WARING !' presentiments of evil have been almost A dandy negro stepped into a store to more than I can bear. I fear-oh! I fear, Mark, that I shall never see Edward buy some potatoes ; but before purchasing again.' She buried her face in her hands he delivered the following on the nature of the root : 'De tater he am inewitably for one moment, and then raised it again, covered with tears. 'I dreamt that we good or inewitably bad; dar am no me were walking together in a wood,' she dicumocrity in de combination ob tater. said, speaking in a low, tremulous tone--| De exterior may appear remarkably exem-'you and your sister, and Edward and I- plary, while de interior am totally negative; but sein' as dat you wends the article on your own responsibly, why, widout suckumlocution, dis culled pusson tree bent over the water, and close beside it a little boat was tied. We were laughtakes a peck.' ing and talking merrily, when suddenly I felt my blood curdling in my veins, and IF What kind of provisions should knew that something unearthly was at my always be given to professional beggars side. I turned with a shudder, and saw The cold shoulder.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. softly; not the loud and glittering ripple She was to leave us soon, and one pleas- Circuses: and What is Done in used to practice it even at evening perform-

Them. Subsequently to visiting a theatre the other night, we met a friend to whom, in the course of conversation, we confided the important secret of a weakness that we had for 'Sports of the Arena,' coupled

with a confession of our having just come from enjoying the same. . We only wish, though,' we remarked,

by way of finishing a sentence, ' that they would do away with the performing animal." 'Oh! you do wish that ?' said he, in a way that made us feel vaguely guilty of having done something wrong.

'Why yes,' we resumed, rather hesitat ingly; 'we never feel quite easy on the subject of the orchestra when unreliable quadrupeds, like elephants and rhinoceroses, are allowed to run loose about the ring within a few feet of the musicians' heads. There's no knowing what dangerous sentiment of hostility might suddenly be provoked in the minds of such beasts. against the proceedings of the cornet a piston, or what might be their opinion regarding a peculiarly brilliant solo on the ophicleide.'

'Have you no other objection ?' asked our inquisitorial acquaintance, with the same unpleasant manner as before.

'Well, yes,' we replied, 'there's the danger to the exhibitors, you know. Some months ago, if you remember, a certain well known Circus proprietor and selfstyled ' Tamer of the Brute Creation' was tossed and severely injured by the 'Intelligent Mastodon,' on whose head he was endeavoring to stand in a state of trium-

phant tableau.' 'I only wish it had killed him !' exclaimed our friend, with an excitement that he never exhibits, unless under the influence of strong emotion.

'Good Heavens !' cried we, ' killed whom-which-what ?' 'Why the human brute, I mean,' said

he, 'of course.' 'What! we rejoined, in a burst of in-

dignation, ' do you mean-you sanguinary ruffian-that you wish the rhin-that is, 'Intelligent Mastodon'-had killed Mr. -, we should say, his talented and popular trainer ?'

'I do, by Heaven !' replied our friend ; and, what's more, if I had it in my power, I'd throw every ' Lion King ' into the cage with his beasts, unarmed, just at the time when the monarchs of the forest and jungle were pretty nearly hungry enough to eat each other, and not by any means in the humor to hesitate long about experimenting on the qualities of the human body as an article of food, even though it might be the

body of their familiar tyrant and torturer ! As it is, I'd give fifty dollars any time to see a 'talking' or 'dancing' horse kick way?' its teacher's brains out; and I'd walk as many miles to have the pleasure of watch-

ances, in the presence of the public." 'But it must have destroyed the sight,' we exclaimed.

· Of course it did,' rejoined our friend ; but it made the rhinoceros mind; and to exclaim. that's all Buggins, and the pious folks who harm in the circus, care about.'

'But,' we'ventured to say, 'we were not such miscreants as Buggins.'

· Buggins was a paragon of friendliness and mercy, compared to Bill Jones, one of the proprietors,' was our friend's reply. 'I recollect one morning, Jones was trying to teach a gray mare-such a pretty creature-to keep in the circle. She had never seen sawdust before; was a little skittish-intractable. Over and over again did Jones lash her with a heavy whip, till you could see little streaks of blood showing up through the glossy hair of her coat. Frightened to death at such treatment, she jumped round just as he started her off again, and fell out of the ring. Jones rushed up to her like a demon, beat her over the head and neck with the butt end of his whip, and afterwards with an iron bar as thick as your two thumbs, till she got down on her

knees, and whinnied for mercy, the blood all the while bursting out of her ears, eyes and nostrils." 'Good God !' we cried, 'did nobody

try to stop the wretch ?' Stop him ! Why, his father-in-law stood by, applauding him ; hounding him on with, 'Give it her, Bill ! give it her !' 'His father-in-law ?'

'Well, not his father-in-law then ; but, since that time, Bill married the daughter. Ah! you should have seen that DOOL child trained. I have been told, by those who traveled with the family, that she was naturally timid. She is considered to-day one of the most daring horsewomen in the world. Her courage was flogged into her. She was whipped up to the balancing point-lashed through every position of classic gracefulness she now assumes with so much apparent ease .----She was a pretty little girl, and occasionally their would be remonstrances against her father's cruelty. All the worse for her, poor child, for then her mother would snatch up the whip, and cut her to pieces, out of sheer spite at being interfered with. I often wonder whether Bill Jones keeps up the system of discipline resorted to her father and mother, from her cradle upward She must have become so accustomed to it, one would think, as to feel

of treatment.' 'And do you mean to say,' we asked, that all children are taught to be acrobats and equestrians in such a revolting

'No,' our friend replied; 'oh, no! -have good nerves, naturally

Ah! you think that, eh? Well, let DEUGAND OHEMICAL STORE me tell you that beasts of such kind can be tamed with red-hot iron-and with nothing else !?

'But you don't mean-' we were about 'You asked me to change the subject,'

won't go to a theatre, but think there is no said our friend : 'I will. I feel hungry. Let us have some supper.'



FREDERICK S. PYFER, ATTOENEYATLAW. OFFICE-NO.11 NORTH DURE STREET, (WEST SUDE) LAW. spr 20 tf 14

BE MOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. apr 8 tf 12

HALL FOREMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW ATTORNEY AT LAW. ICE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., NO. 26 EAST KING ST., LAN OASTER, PA. 1944 DOF 15

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST. -Office L) and Residence, one door below the Lamb Hotel, Wes King street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 tf 13

T. MCPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ar 31 ly 11 No. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law. Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of nutre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17

A BRAM SHANK, ATTORNEYATLAW, DFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., NO. 36 NORTH DUER ST. LANGASTER, PA... 1y*10 1y# 10

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY NATLAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

DEMOVAL.---SIMON P. EBY, Attorney at Law, has removed his Office from North Duke street to No. 3, in Widmyer's Row, South Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [mar 13 tf 9]

[mar 13 ff § A NDREW J. STEINMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by the late Col. Reah Fraze opposite Cooper's Hotel, West King street. apr 17

E^{DWARD M'GOVERN,} No.3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly a Co's Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa. tf 12

REMOVAL.--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. VEYANCER AND SCRIVENER. OFFICE-No. 22 North Duke street, opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. 1y 10

DEMOVAL H. B. SWARR, Attorney K at Law, has removed his office to No. 13 North Duk street, nearly opposite his former location, and a few door north of the Court House. apr 5 3m 12

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at S Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House. may 5 tf 16

WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with N. Lightner & J. K. Alexander, Eqs., Dake St., nearly opposite Court House. [feb 7 6m*4] JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law .-- Of-fice one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street,

Lancaster, Pa. **13**, All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 16, '55 tf-17

The subscriber having removed his stores to the new building nearly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, has now on mand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the Drug business, consisting in part of Oils, Acids, Shices, Seeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Saraparillas, &c., &c., to which the stantion of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited. THEMAS ELLMAR ER, feb 9 tf 4 West King street, Lan.

NO. 24.

Reverse of the state of the s

day. Persons visiting the city will please come and try the house, and we pledge ourselves that we will endeavor to use our best efforts to make it appear like home. CHAS. J. FABER, of Reading, has charge of the office. G. W. HINKLE, Formerly of the States' Union Hotel, and recently of the United States Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J.; Proprietor.-may 1

may 1 Mean relates Hold, Atlantic Uty, N. 3, Proprietor, 3 may 1 COAL 1 COAL 11 COAL 111 We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our superior stock of COAL, selected and propared ex-pressly for family use, which we will rescreen and deliver in good order to any part of the city, at the lowest market prices. Office East Orange street, two doors from North Queen. Nard-Graeff's Landing, on the Conestogs. aug 16^a tf S1

AHOMESTEAD FOR \$10.--A HOMESTEAD for \$100 AND OVER, in a desirable, healthy country. AS AGENTS WANTED! Sond for a Pamphlet. Apply to E. BAUDER, Land Agent, Port Royal, Va., Or to Col. W. D. REITZEL, Agent, at Landeville, Lan-caster co., Pa. [july 12 1y 26

caster co., Pa. [July 12 19 20 RE M O V A L .--We have this day re-Rto our new Banking Hons, in EAST KING Sr., where the Banking Business in all its varied branches will re-ceive our best attention. Interest on deposite will be allowed as heretofore. Drafts on New York, Philadelphia and Ba timore con-stantiv for sale.

Stanty for sale. Stock, Bonds, and other securities bought and sold in Philadelphila and New York - and information given as to their relative value and prospects. Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold, and premium allowed on old American coln.

Browed on old American coin. Persons entrusting any business to us, whether money on deposit, or for purchase or sale of Bonds or Stocks, may Logend upon prompt and faithful performance of all con-tracts.

tracts. The members of the firm are individually liable for all its obligations. JOHN GYGEB, & CO PORT CLARKSON. Gashier. mar 2 tf 7

HOPATKONG_WHISKEY.

A delicious Tonic Stimulant, distilled from the pure juice of APPLES, and especially calculated for the use of FAMILIES AND INVALIDS. It is fast superseding the various "Gina," "Whikkies," and other Liquors purporting to be pure and unadultera-ted. It is endorsed by prominent PHYSICIANS AND OHEMISTS, and is undoubtedly the purest Liquor now in use. It is put up in an entirely Original Style, in large bottles, and is sold at the low price of 15 cents per bottle. Bold by all Druggists and Storekeepers, and by the principal Agents. J. C. HESS & OO.

J. C. HESS & CO.,

J. C. HESS & OO, Wholesale Botanic Dragitas, No. 7 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia. N. B.—The Trade supplied with pure Brandles, Wine and Liquors, direct from Bond. [mar 27 3m 11

STOVES, TIM AND COPPER WARE. No. 7 EAST KING STREET, LANOASTER, PA. They have constantly on hand all kinds of Stoves, of the various patterns now in use, either for wood or coal. They would also call particular attantion for the large etock of COPPER KETTLES, which are manufactured at their establishment, and will be sold cheaper than can be

mar 20

WILBERFORCE NEVIN, A T T O R N E Y A T L A W, Office No. 24 North Queen street, nearly opposite Michael's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [oct 25 19*41]

quite uncomfortable under any other sort

THE LAWYER'S OLD DESK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. Several years ago it was my fate to reside, for a few months during the spring and summer, in the uninteresting little town of B-----, New Jersey. I never shall forget the sleepy quiet of the spot, nor the stupid solemnity of its inhabitants. The houses, all alike, and unshaded by tree or shrub, stood in formal rows, like a line of dominoes after a recently finished game. The sun beat down upon them all day long, and seemed to have peeled the skin off the staring red roofs, so raw and lowing did they appear. In every garden lines of wet linen were perpetually hanging out to dry, and every parlor window was perpetually closed. Walking through the streets, morning or afternoon, a stranger's general impression would have been that every housekeeper in the place had just finished her washing and was laying down to take a nap. The only buildings of importance in the place were the schoolhouse and the meeting-house, and the only amusements not considered sinful were scandal and donation parties and sewing societies.

cause.

Look ! a good place to make a grave.'-

The house we inhabited was large and old-fashioned. Its last tenant had been, it was said, a lawyer; a grave-stone in the churchyard near by bore his name, and up in an unused room on the upper floor stood' an old desk, which was said to have been is property. One day when the town seconed sleepier than usual, and I was doomed to several hours of loneliness, I accended to the apartment where this ancient article of furniture was placed, and began listlessly to gaze from the window which overlooked the whole place, and even a distant farm-house or two. There being no seat in the room, I perched myself upon the desk which I have mentioned, and, to prevent myself from slipping off, rested my hand upon a little moulding which ornamented the back. I had not remained in this position many moments, when a sharp pain caused me to start suddenly, suddenly to the bank of a river; a willow observed a little spring, half-hidden by the carving which surrounded it. I had seen a spring like this before, and, knowing what it purported, I eagerly pressed it with my finger, and opened by its aid a little secret drawer, of the existence of a huge black thing, with wings, holding a which I had never before had the slightest suspicion. In this drawer were several long lance in his skeleton hand. A good place to make a grave,' he whispered .-papers and a small kid bag. The latter I opened immediately, and found it contained the miniature of a temale and a lock of curly hair.

With my curiosity aroused, I seized my treasure, and, running down to my own little room, closed the door, and seating myself in my little rocking-chair, began to examine it at my leisure. The portrait was that of a very young and lovely girl, whose hair corresponded to that of the curly tress which lay beside it. The papers were four in number: two were little notes of invitation, written in a does not come soon ! lively, familiar manner, beginning, 'Dear Mark,' and ending, 'Your cousin Stella;' the third was a scrap of poetry in the same hand, and the fourth was a manuscript in strange foreboding at my own heart. large, business-like characters, but evidently not a legal or business document. Manuscript-at least, any except my own -always fascinates me, and I composed myself for the perusal of this waif of my own sfinding. The paper was old and yellow, the characters faded by time, but, had no fear now-her dream was forgotten by dint of perseverance, I at length deciphered it. It was as follows :

STELLA.

the words which made my Stella another's. Love, true and perfect love, is not the wild, tempestuous, stormly feeling which some believe it to be. Love which really, and I thanked my God that He only read the anguish of my soul.

THE SAME OLD STORY. Come sit by me, Katy, and tell me Of what he was talking last night, When you stood at the gate till the moonbean Had quenched all the stars with their light

He pointed to the willow tree, and there I saw a grave dug. I screamed and turned towards Edward, but he was not there. I Yon came back with checks glowing orimson, And eye-lashes glittering with tears, And a smile, which, half sad, half triumphant, Still over your sweet mouth appears.

strove to fly, but the day had suddenly grown dark, and I could not find my way, Did he talk of the beauty of summer? nor see anything but the gaunt figure at my side, and, with a feeling of despair I cannot even bear to remember. I seemed Where woodbine and jessamine bloom? nor see anything but the gaunt figure at "He told you a story !" Oh! Did he? Well, Katy dear, tell it to me. "You've almost forgot it ?" Already! How very much flattered he'd be! to swoon away. Oh, Mark! I fear that dream foretold my Edward's doom. Think of the perils of the ocean and of the sword ! I cannot rest nor sleep. I shall die if he You say that you "think I may guess it !" Yes, Katy, the story I know: "Tis an old tale, yet always a sweet one, I'm certain you found it so.

Again she wept, and I soothed her. telling her that death meant marriage, and 'Twas new in the first days of Adam, laughing at her superstition, yet feeling a When, wandering through Eden's fair bowers, In Eve's little ear it was whispered, While she, blushing, played with the flowers.

The days passed slowly by, but brought no sorrow. One bright morning, a ringing You are blushing too; what is the matter? Why, what are you crying about? Your grandfather told your grandmother The very same story no doubt. step was heard upon the pathway, a clear, manly voice sounded through the hall, and Stella wept with joy upon her lover's Just three little words tell this story-What thousands of hearts they have thrilled ! How many with joy they have gladdened ! How many with sorrow they have filled ! in the living vision of present and future. These the little words are: "I LOVE YOU!"

A few days more and I had listened to These the first words are: "A Love a con-You see 'this the very same tale That you heard there last night by the woodbines, Beneath the bright moon's silvery veil. Don't say I know nothing about it-

You know very well it is true; But Katy, my dear, did you tell him The same story that he told you ?

sagacious elephant trample into a -emulate each other-and would become pancake the wretch who amuses himself by excellent performers, almost without tuidriving a three-inch spike into the poor tion. But they are the exceptions. Take animal's flesh, or by cutting him in the Signor Smitherini, for instance, and 'his open mouth with a heavy riding whip.' wonderful sons.' Did you ever see them

'But you are mistaken,' we began to do the double trapeze, or go through a urge. 'Do you not know that all these series of gymnastic evolutions, ' a la Rispoor animals,' as you call them, are ley.' If you knew how their poor little trained upon a system of tender kindness

bodies ached and smarted with the flogand mild coercion only to be equalled in a gings they had in the morning, at rehearfirst class ladies' school, conducted on the sal, you wouldn't enjoy their ' extraordinamoral suasion principle ? Don't you know ry feats of agility and youthful strength ' that the 'talking' horse is induced to half so much as you do. Bill Jones was ascend and descend a flight of steep stairs awfully hard on his pupils. He wouldn't at the word of command, entirely by means even let them practice on a mattrass. of pieces of carrot or apple; and that They had to do it in the ring ; sometimes when he is being put through his rehearsin country places, where we couldn't get als, his master invariably locks up every sawdust enough to put a layer of three whip in the place, to avoid being betrayed, inches of it on the hard ground. And by sudden irritation, into anything like Heaven help those luckless boys, when harshness towards the docile creature ?---Bill took it into his head to come and Don't you know that the elephants and rhinoceroses and camels and lions and developement. I need only tell that he tigers, are captured when very young, and are gradually led-by being nursed in their |

keepers' laps, softly scratched behind the ears by their keepers' fingers, rewarded for shirts and drawers.' good behavior with choice fruits or extra allowance of beef, and punished only with were exceptions with which you met.' at as an instrument of torture--to regard their keeper with an absorbing affection that enables them to interpret and anxiously desire to execute the slightest wish their keepers may entertain ?'

them.' We are sorry to say that at this point of 'And the 'Talking Horse?'' the discussion, our friend suddenly explodbrutality of his training." say slightly blasphemous-denunciation of all things equestrian, acrobatic, or in any way connected with the circus business, horse, is not equal to the greater propordeclaring that every travelling show was | tion of torture that he has endured. no better than a circulating Pandemonium,

and that the daring horsemen, menagerie Child ?' ' people, gymnastic professors, clowns, humorists, and all other persons, whatsoever, engaged therein, were so many incarnate devils.

'I traveled with a circus once, for over father was ring-master, and, as he saw six months,' he went on to say, as he re- the danger she was in produce an expreslapsed into his usual cool and decorous besion of pain upon her face, he-' havior ; 'I was infernally hard up, when I 'Took her away, of course,' said we. happened to have thrown in my way a 'He growled to her, between his teeth, Smile !' (with an oath) smile, or I'll cut chance for an engagement to do part of the agency business of a large concern,

your (another oath) legs off !' Aye, the just starting for the West and North onnext time she involuntarily looked sacred the Summer campaign. I had consideraagain, he did cut her too. The audience didn't notice it, but a member of the ble power of imagination, and enough litcompany did, and 1 heard him relate the erary ability to write puffs and advertisements: so I accepted the situation. We story as a good joke.' 'Horrible !' cried we. 'But the educahadn't been three weeks out, before I wished I had tried to get a place as light-

ted ponies, that we see go through their porter in a dry goods store, or something tricks with such seeming good-humor.' of the kind-anything, indeed, I should ' Do you recollect,' rejoined our friend, how enraged you told me you felt one have preferred to associating with the peonight, at the Broadway Theatre, when ple I found myself thrown amongst. The life was a very hard one, in the first place, you saw one of the clowns there make a pony kneel down, by fairly hammering its though that I didn't mind. But the horshins from under it ?' rible cruelties I saw daily practiced on

'And the 'Intelligent Mastodon ?' '

animals and children use to rouse me to We do recollect. 'And the audience applauded, eh ?'

such pitches of horror and indignation, We nodded. that it was only by painful efforts of self-We noaded. And they laughed like mad men when control that I restrained myself from dashing out the brains of certain partiesthe elephant shricked ?'

• Certainly.'

whose names you are well acquainted with 'Do you think,' said our friend, 'they through the medium of gorgeous posterswith an iron tent-pin, or anything else that would have laughed so heartily, had they came to hand. There was Buggins, the seen the keeper goad him in a raw wound excruciating jester, comic equestrian, and under the ear, to make him produce that subduer of the wild denizens of the comical sound ?'

forest.' Do you know how Buggins tamed his rhinoceros. Hitting the wretched beast over the head with iron bars, till our friend to postpone the subject. they bent, was one of the mildest forms of 'I will.' he assented : ' but first tell me persuasion adopted by Buggins. Running did you stop to-night to see Van Amiron goads, three inches long, into the soft burgh's Menagerie ?'

flesh behind the ear, was regarded by Bug- 'No,' I answered, 'I always did object gins as little more than an impressive to that part of the circus-business, since I mode of tickling the intelligent monster. read The Wandering Jew, and how Morok But Buggins' great feat in the torturing used to tame his lions and tigers, and his line of business was a dexterous way he famous black patther, with red and white had of flickling his whip into his unwieldy hot irons. Surely, such barbarity as that victim's eye. That he regarded as a mas- must have had its being only in the dister-piece of ingenious punishment, and he eased imagination of a Eugene Sue.

TAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law .-- Office in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. Scr All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. m 15.

m 15. tf-17 REMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMto. tf-17 C GPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to to 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 for the conutry will be promptly attended to.

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 61

treet, above Spruce. Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. Long, A. L. HAVES, " FEBBE BEINTON, " THADDEUS STAVENS.

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watch them do their lessons in physical developement. I need only tell that he was muscular, singularly skilful in the management of a whip, and that his pupils were costumed in the thinnest of management of a whip, and that his management of a whip and that his management o pupils were costumed in the thinnest of

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Cities. Call and examine for yourselves. [aug 16 1 y 3] **B** UILDING SLATE.--The subscriber has just received a large lot of PEACH BOTTOM and YORK COUNTY BUILDING SLATE, which he will put on by the square or sell by the ton, on the most reasonable terms. He has also constantly on hand an extra light Peach Bottom Building Slate, intended for slating on top of shipgles. Please call and examine my PEACH BOTTOM SLATE, which are the best in the market, and cannot be had at any other yard, as I have made arrangements with R. F. Jones for the Lancaster Market. BORGE D. SPRECHER, North Queen St., Lancaster, Penna. SG- The above slate can also be had at F. S. BLETZ'S Lumber Yard, Columbia. 'No,' said our friend ; ' we changed portions of our company, over and over again, during the summer; we were engaging and discharging people all the while, but never saw much difference amongst

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We were horribly disgusted with the revelations we had heard, and beseeched