VOL. LXI.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1860.

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

TERMS.

SUBSORIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERSIESMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

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

I sat in my room on a midnight dreary,
Counting the rain on the roof;
Hearing the roll of the wheels aweary,
And the clank of the horses' hoof,
Hearing the fall of the distant feet
That echoed along on the sleeping street,
And the hollow song of a roistering rhyme
Striking in with the clang of the midnight chime.

I sat in my room while the gas burned low On the dead-white chamber wall,
While, pale and haggard, and full of woe,
And strangely lank and tall,
A stony figure in silence stands
Watching the moves of my trembling hands;
Watching the drop of my weary eye,
With a dim, grim smile at my every sigh.

I gazed at this figure in solemn awe, I gazed at this figure in solemn awe,
This spectre so gaunt and gray,
Who came not by the bolted door,
With his ghostly, shadowy way.
I saw that the rags on his shrunken form
Wore dripping with wet from the midnight storm;
I saw him shriveled with pain and cold,
And his face looked prematurely old.

With a shiver of dread in every vein, And every word he spoke again
Were the echoes of my own.
"What dost thou here in the midnight deep,
When the world is lapped in its sweetest sleep?
What dost thou here?" he said again,
"When the pillow claims thy wearled brain?"

"What art thou, thing of a bloodless life, Whose presence is death and shame; Whose every word is the stab of a knife, What is thy dreadful name?
For a moment flashed his eyes in light,
Then darkened again, as in endless night:
"Whoever shall know, shall never forget
The time when he wore the chains of Debt.

"Whoever shall once, in a thoughtless way, Wear those golden chains for me, Shall labor and toil for many a day Before his limbs are free.

At first my chains are of burnished gold,
And worn in a rich and gorgeous fold;
But they grow in weight, and they grow in size,
With every speedy hour that flies.

"Bat I, with a magic all my own,
Can change these chains of gold;
I can turn them to iron, and eat the bone,
And gnaw the flesh till the heart grows old;
Till the clothes shall hang in a filthy-shred,
Till the eyes shall look like the eyes of the dead;
Till the arm shall die in its palsied pain,
And the blood run cold in each icy vein.

"Who weareth my chains shall know no hope, Shall crave no length of life; Shall die by drug, by knife, and rope, Or live in blood and strife." Or live in blood and strie."
With his golden chain the shape drew nigh:
I sprang to my feet with a shuddering cry,
There was nothing to hear but the swell of my screan
And nothing to see but the mist of my dream.

"DO IF YOU DARE."

BY FINLEY JOHNSON One evening in June, by the rays of the moon,

In the depths of the forest glade, All lovely and fair as the fairies are, I met a beautiful maid; Her sweetness and youth, her virtues and truth,
Her heart so free from sin's taint;
Mere words are too weak to utter and speak,

Or her beauty to picture or paint; I attempted my bliss to gain by a kiss From her soft ripe lips so fair; But she turned aside with a maidenly pride, And said, "kiss me, sir, if you dare."

I swore by the light of the stars so bright That my every act should prove ow constant and true, as the heavens blue,

How constant and true, as the heavens blue,
My heart would be unto love;
And I said in glee, "Oh, married we'll be,
And then I'll taste the bliss
Which I can sip from the red, red lip,
In the form of a hearty kiss;"
She then gazed down on the grassy ground,
With delight in her every air,
And tenderly cried, while she gladly sighed,
"Do, dear love, if you dare."

Her commands I obeyed, and soon we both strayed

Her commands I obeyed, and soon we both strayed In the beautiful garden of love; Where we now enjoy, without sad alloy, The joys of the angels above; She refues not now, for bound in love's vow, Her mind is now at its ease; And I need but request, a squeeze and a press, To kiss her whenever I please; And daily she cries, while love from her eyes Is darting its glances so fair, That she never again will cause my heart pain, By crying, "now, do if you dare."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Poets have sung, romancists have written, and philosophers have reasoned, since poetry and romance and philosophy have had being, of the depth, and truth, and devotion of that exquisite and precious thing called woman's love. And yet, though we have all reflected a little on the subject, we find it ever new, ever fresh, ever pleasant to think of. But what we despair of ever seeing realized is, to for hours if I did not weary you. behold it widely and properly appreciated. Few men who enjoy the inestimable privilege of having one heart which knows | warmly.' no other idol on earth but them, which looks up with admiration, and confidence. and devotion to them, are thoughtful enough to place at its lofty height so rare and precious a blessing. And yet, to be loved is the first joy of earth. But then, woman's love is made up of such a world of tenderness, of self-sacrifice, of devotion, her work, and rose from her chair. The of—let them pardon us for betraying to young man offered her his arm, and turned have been half prepared for it since last cajoled; and then he had returned from the many-worship for the man of their away up the Champ Elysees. He asked night, and I, too, seem to have nothing to pride and timidity, rather than own his heart; is composed of so many various her, by way of beginning the conversa- learn about you. I will not speak of a dault. He now made matters ten times and conflicting elements, that man in the tion, if she had been long in Paris. Louise, month, but of three; but if you then worse; for crushing within himself all his ordinary hurry and bustle of life, can almost choked with tears, replied that she scarcely find time to seize, learn and was born there; that her father, a thriving understand them. There are, however, tradesman, had died when she was two loves in woman; the maiden love, and young, leaving only her behind with a my Louise, said Pierre, much moved. the wife's love. The absorbing, fresh, and widowed mother. Under her care, the pure love of the maiden requires more to business fell away, and when at last two head; 'no, it is I that should be proud. last. He was not used to such excesses; will rarely really love except it be some resource but to turn her talents as a clever so brilliant a chance as to be the wife of and at the end of ten days found himself one whom she can look up to, whom she needlewoman to account. She had some an industrious and steady workman.' can respect, and whom at all events she friends, once visitors at her father's table, or general capacity. The love of the wife mend her. Hitherto she had found ample arm in arm, too happy to speak; for, alone maiden never will; hence does she often stand by the meanest wretch when he has able to labor sufficiently hard to suffice for fallen from his original high estate, and your living, said Dupont, kindly. become perhaps so vile, that all else despise makes the lover always put on his best killed me; but every day I get better.' behavior before his mistress, when he is sensible and wise, and which too often Dupont. prompts the husband to be careless and thoughtless in his line of conduct.

Pierre Dupont was a Paris workman of the better class, that is to say, a young into the country.'
man with a fair amount of education, some Louise raised her head and looked at man with a fair amount of education, some little experience of life, and, like most of his fellows, with no small opinion of him- of such consideration in workmen generemployed in one of the offices of the Re- and she judged the young man at once. publican journals. When out of his apprenticeship, he began to work with she, with a faint attempt at a smile. assiduity and energy. Every day he was at his post, and at last the editors began to count upon him with certainty, for he with me.' really worked upon a Monday-a circumtypographers. The consequence was evident. When on an evening he left off work, he would assume the garb of a more intruding, I will go for a day in gentleman, with very nearly the manners, the country with you.'

About a fortnight before the wedding, there being very little line of demarcation between an educated French workman of Dupont, gratefully; 'I shall, then, call earlier than usual from his atelier, when ready.'

'He shall not go to the hospital,' said three shot would be left, she, quietly; 'if he wants a nurse, I am two would be flied away.

T. Take your seat, John

ary men around them. They want some of the easy manners and polished address; but even this many of them can assume with their black coats, white waistcoats, and polished boots. Pierre Dupont was a fortunate man. In addition to his salary, he had a thousand frances annual income, left him by his mother, so that he could with ease indulge in his two luxuries, books

and good clothes.

When a little more than one-and-twenty, Pierre began to feel lonely. His neat, well-furnished room appeared to want some through his brain, and, after some delay, coats; and when her grief is past, as took shape and form. For a wonder, the French workman of one-and-twenty, felt that he wanted a wife. He began at once, able and intelligent companion, one who would please not only his eye, but his understanding, and he looked some time in vain. One evening, when coming home to dress, he noticed a young, pale, sadmind was quite full of the face he had bed. mind was quite full of the face he had just seen. It was a quiet, pretty face, which doubtless in health had been lively, that night; his thoughts were given to

her woe-begone expression. Pierre Dupont, when dressed, came once more down stairs, and when going by the door, asked his porter who the new lodger was.

well, that is-

'You are very kind, Monsieur,' said the young girl, gently.

'Now, I tell you what, Mam'selle, Mona good, steady, honest young man. Do you see him there with his book? He is would have been profoundly dull. going down to sit on a bench in the you will just go out with him, and and work until it is dusk, when a short walk will do you both good.'

should be most happy to offer to read to her while she works. 'But I am afraid I should be intruding

on Monsieur--' Bah!' cried the concierge, warmly,

Both laughed heartily at this sally. Pierre offered his arm to Louise; she timidly accepted, and an acquaintance was thus unceremoniously made in the usual bors. They went to the garden of the time, I might hope-Tuilleries; Pierre made Louise sit down upon a chair, for which he paid the sum of

consent, one of the masterpieces of modern | you know nothing of me.' French literature, the Girondins of Alistened at first, but presently her attention was drawn, and before half an hour she hearkened with all her ears.

But am I not tiring you?' she at length exclaimed as Pierre ended a sentence. Oh, no! Mademoiselle; I could read

'I never listened to anything with half so much pleasure in my life,' said Louise,

'Indeed, then I will continue.' replied Pierre, looking at her with intense satisfaction, half inclined to have added something to his speech. He restrained himself, however, and went on reading.

At length it grew too dark to read, and as Dupont closed his book, Louiseput away feed it than does the wife, and hence she months ago her mother died, she had no A poor useless girl like me, seldom obtains he fell from one degree of folly to another, believes to be superior to herself in intellect | who gave her work, and promised to recomis more chastened, and made up in part of employment, and hoped to continue to do

But you seem delicate, and scarcely 'Oh, I am a strong and hearty girl by and curse, save only one whose love is, nature,' replied Louise. 'I nursed my perhaps, even deeper still-his mother. It dear mother, however, three months before is an innate consciousness of this which she died, and fatigue and grief nearly

'I do not know.' ' Well, suppose we ask Madame Carotin. our concierge, to go a day's pleasuring

the young man. She was not used to hear young girl's mouth words of love and self. By trade he was a printer, and was ally. She was a shrewd and clever girl, and happy. It was now definitely settled,

But why take Madame Carotin?' said

'I should have objected once, but I am stance of very rare occurrence among the a work girl now, and I must submit to the renovate and prepare the small apartment girlish affection, hasten to his side with

find plenty of employment until night.' the lodge they parted, Mr. Pierre Dupont stopping below to speak with his concierge. The good woman spoke in rapturous terms shop had been opposite, and when her

tin was the Cerberus. 'Now you want a wife,' said she garone better able to keep it in order than he rulously; 'upon my word, she's the very could himself; ideas connected with meals one to suit you; domestic, hard-working, taken at home, flowers in his window, never idle, a clever needlewoman, one who somebody to talk to and read to, floated would make you all your shirts and waistcheerful as a little bird.'

But my dear Madame Carotin, exclaimed Pierre, smiling, 'not a word of expects me. I don't mind, however, one therefore, to look about him; he knew this at present. I have not seen enough plenty of nice girls who would have been of Louise to judge of her capacity to make very happy to have been taken out of a me happy. I have a sort of presentiment Sunday, treated to a walk or ride, but this we shall like one another, but, for heaven's did not alone suffice; he wanted an agree- sake, don't talk any nonsense to her.' 'Motus? silence, said Madame Carotin, placing the end of her forefinger on one side of her nose, 'I know her too_well for

that. She's as timid as a hare.'
'So much the better,' replied Pierre looking girl coming down stairs, with a small basket of work on her arm. He mendation for silence to the talkative old made way for her and passed up, but his woman, he lit his candle and went up to

but which now wore a look of care and Louise, whom he already felt a deep intersorrow. She was in deep mourning, too, est about—a very strong step at his age, which probably explained the origin of on the way to love. He rose, however, early, and after calling Louise, dressed .--They then sallied forth. Pierre proposed an excursion to St. Germain by railway, to his talents and acquirements, and, at and Louise gladly acquiesced. So to the length, with ease, made him stay to dinner. railway they went, after breakfasting in a Ah! ah! my prince of lodgers,' said milk-shop on coffee, eggs, rolls and butter; the concierge, with a smile, 'you allude a hearty meal apiece for twelve sous, or to Mademoiselle here. I knew you would six-pence. Louise seemed already aroused. like your new lodger. Come in and speak Sleep, as Shakspeare has it, truly knits up to her; the poor child is sad, and has come down here asking me in such a soft, time, when the first storm is over, pleasant sweet way to let her sit here, because she companionship is always the best antidote is lonely, that I cannot think of refusing.' against sorrow. Pierre Dupont spoke 'I hope Mademoiselle will pardon me,' much of flowers, of country life, of poetry, cried Pierre, in a state of considerable of lovely scenery, of trees and woods, and confusion, but I thought you were not its wondrous works, until Louise listened happy without any alloy entering into the brought home drunk at four o'clock in the good share of intellect and much reading, noise you made when you came in, and sieur Pierre is my prince of lodgers, my his conversation was necessarily interest-

They reached St. Germain about eleven If Mam'selle be not to unwell, I cheeks, and her eyes beamed with intense happiness. Dupont was enraptured and young, ardent and impulsive, thus, toward the afternoon, gave vent to his feelings:
'Pardon, Mademoiselle, my rash and

sudden speech, but I never felt so happy 'allow me to be your good mother for before. In fact, my sensations of delight the nonce. You are sad and he is dull- are such to-day, that I cannot refrain the you are the very couple to enliven each expression of a wish that we may spend many such happy hours together again .-Madencoiselte, I have long wished to marry, but never before found all that I wanted combined in one person. I do not just now wish to be intrusive, but if I free-and-easy manner of our lively neigh- could hope that by-and-by, at a future

'Oh, Monsieur Dupont,' cried Louise. with unfeigned surprise, . it is impossible two sous, or one penny British, and then that you can love so insignificant, so plain, began to read to her, with her hearty so inferior a girl as I am. At all events

Such a day as this is all that is needed phonse de Lamartin. Louise scarcely to know one so innocent and open-hearted as you are. Mademoiselle, I declare that, after the six hours I have since morning spent in your company, I love you warmly, sincercly, deeply; there are affections which spring up in an hour-' 'And die in less,' replied Louise,

gravely. 'No, Louise, I ask you for no promise save this, that for a whole month you will permit me to see you every day; that | your honor and good feeling.' occasionally you will be the companion of

my walks, and that you will decide-'Nay,' said Louise, after a few moments reflection, 'I will be candid. I knew last from mere weakness and inability to connight from your manner, from the tone of | tend against temptation, or rather, from a your voice, from your looks, what would dislike to own that he was averse to go to happen this day; and though surprised barrier drinking shops; then that he had an instant at your brusque declaration, I stayed from vanity when flattered and really love me, and are unchanged in better aspirations and his nobler feelings

worthiness, I will be your wife.' 'Proud!' cried Louise, shaking her

Pierre thanked her warmly, and then dying. they walked away from the wood in silence, in the world, young, full of sanguine hope, and ill. But there she sat, bending assid duty; hence will she pardon what the so if health and strength were spared her. the future all before them, bright sunny uously over her needle, avoiding all sky above and enamelled turf beneath and birds singing around, they were supremely happy under the influence of Love's young dream, the brightest, sweetest dream, that life presents to man. Louise scarcely liked to own herself how, a lone orphan, she had been fascinated by the gentle

attention of a clever and handsome young What shall you do to-morrow? said man, whose only fault, that she could see. was a little somewhat pardonable—pride at his own superior acquirements.

A few days after, they went to Mendon; but this day their mutual affection was unreservedly owned, Pierre having the intense satisfaction of hearing from the confidence, which justly made him proud as they had no parents or relations to consult, that their marriage should take was ill, he was dying, he wanted a nurse. place at the date before alluded to. Pro- She despised him, that she knew, but all Because, as you do not know me, per- digious was the delight of Madame Caro- were deserting him save her, and what, haps you would not like to go out alone tin, in part at her own perspicacity, in could she do? Oh, woman's love, well part at the prospect of Louise having a has Scott portrayed thee. Never did happy home. She herself nudertook to Louise, when in the first freshness of her

About a fortnight before the wedding,

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. studious habits, and professional and liter- you early. If it is a fine day, we shall he fell in with—it was on Monday—a party of jolly fellow-workmen, who were Louise thanked him very much, and at toddling toward the barrier to drink. 'Bravo!' cried they, 'here is the mar-

rying man. Ah! ah! you are a pretty fellow to give up your liberty at this time of the young girl, whom she had known, of life. A pretty bad example you are it appears, from a child. Her father's setting.' 'It is my taste to marry,' said Pierre, quietly, and I will have no man quarrel mother died without a relative in the

world, the young girl gladly accepted a with my fancies. You are at liberty to room in the house of which Madame Caro- remain single if you like. Good evening. 'Nay, if you are serious, marry, in God's name. But come, to-day, and le us drink to your happy marriage. 'I would rather not,' exclaimed Pierre.

Why, are you afraid to go to the barrier of a Monday before you are married? You will be afraid to speak to us by-and-by.' 'I am not afraid; but my sweetheart

'We'll just drink a litre, and you shall

go. Come along."
Stupid Pierre Dupont! Are, then, the joys of home, of love, the picture of her bright smiling eyes to greet you, the blessed holy welcome to your hearth of a good wife, the ineffable satisfaction of bearing happiness and light into your humble dwelling when you come at eventide, all as nothing, that you risk all this from the wretched fear of looking afraid, and to drain, with half-drunken companions, the poisoned draught? For such is love. Abandon me to my fate, for I wine, even water, in such society. Pierre shamefully sinned against you. went to the barrier, and sat down to drink He had not dined, and the wine, passing swiftly round, flew to his head. Toast after toast was drank to the health of the young girl. The workmen, who really liked Pierre Dupont, paid high compliments He drank more and more, not caring how much, now that his brain was inflamed, his eyes on fire, and the whole frame fevered; and, at length, sallied forth with his companions to a gaingette, or ball. Early next morning, Pierre Dupont awoke, his head aching, his tongue parched, and with that particularly small opinion of himself

icated all night. 'A very nice man you are to be called the prince of lodgers,' said Madame Carowith rapt attention. The young man was | tin, who was doing something in his room; composition of his happiness, and with a morning. Poor Louise she got up at the she has been crying ever since. A brute Rodolphe, though I am no Madame Pipelet, | ing, where a much more intellectual and of a husband you'll make. But get up, and go and ask her pardon.'

which a man feels when he has been intox-

'I cannot see her this morning,' said Dupont, turning to the wall with a sense been very ill, and they will excuse your Tuilleries to read; now the air of the o'clock, and went at once to the terrace of foolish timidity, which does more harm absence. garden is certainly healthier than here, which overlooks the river, one of the most between man and man, and between those though my lodge is famous for its airy beautiful views around Paris; he thence who love, than even more grievous errors. back with a message from the editor, situation. If you will take my advice, pointed out all the different features of the When your ill is reparable, always face saying that he was not to hurry himself, after which they turned their those you have injured, own your faults, but get strong and well, he felt happ steps to the wood. Louise seemed de- and be assured you will find more ready | because this was the natural reward of his lighted, a faint rosy color came upon her forgiveness than by keeping out of the former good conduct. With a very clever

sententiously and away she went.

was too ill to work, his head would not soon returned to his work, and many a man has become a habitual drunk-ard in a week. Pierre Dupont went home he found so much joy and happiness in his again the next day, with a very indistinct home, besides his healthy, blooming, and notion of where he had been all night.— industrious little wife; he found so much He lay in bed until twelve o'clock on this genuine delight in pleasures shared in occasion, and then, by a great effort rose to go to his work. On a chair close by the side of his bed he found a letter.

It was a letter from Louise. She firmly declined the honor of his future acquaintance. She could have excused his one night of folly, but not his second deliberate return to such a practice. She thanked him much for his kind attentions toward her, hoped he would allow his good sense to overcome his new weakness, and concluded thus: 'It is not in my power conveniently to leave the house for a month; I cannot pay my rent until then, here or at my new residence. But if you make any attempt to see me, I must turn into the streets. I trust to

Pierre stood overcome with grief and sorrow. He knew very well that he had at first failed in his former good habits he returned under the influence of anger Proud and happy you have made me, and revengeful feelings. For a whole week he abandoned work, and scarcely once returned home. But this could no on a bed of sickness, helpless, almost

'Louise had all this time remained confined to her room. She was pale, thin intercourse with any one, but full of courage, firmness and resolution. She had been deceived in Pierre Dupont, and she resolved that no other should ever call her wife; that she would work for herself, and remain an independent woman. morning she rose early, attracted by loud voices in the next room.

' He must have a nurse day and night, or he must go to the hospital,' said a man's

Let him go to the hospital, the brute, cried Madame Carotin. 'I'll not nurse him and I'm sure nobody else will.' 'He'll die here,' exclaimed the Doctor

he must have medicine every half hour. A woman's heart heard this, and all the resolutions of Louise faded away. He

'More shame for you,' said Madame Carotin ; 'he's not worthy of it.' 'He is ill, Madame Carotin, and every one else abandons him. He is no longer my affianced husband, but I will gladly

nurse him.' 'Very well spoken; young girl,' said the cheerful old doctor, 'and with your assistance, I answer for him, to say nothing of the nice bouillons that Madame Carotin will make for him in a day or so.'

But now let him be still,' said the docter. 'Give him this medicine, every half hour, one teaspoonful, and in the

afternoon, I will return.' Woman's love! woman's love! how bright is thy presence and thy results." How smooth soon was the pillow of the sick man, how nicely shaded the curtains, how comfortable his head, and how regularly was his medicine administered. And there she sat, gazing at his altered face, with unchanged, unalterable, undying

She gave him a teaspoonful of his medicine.

'Who is that?' he vainly said, trying to open his eyes. 'It is I, Pierre, your own Louise, your wife, your friend,' she replied, quite unable to hide her feelings.

Leave me !' cried the young workman : 'I am not worthy of your affection, of your

'I do not know unless it was fear of ridicule. They treated me as if I was a hen-pecked husband before marriage, and

But what could provoke you to drink

to show I was not, I went.' Well, you won't do it again, will you ?' said Louise kindly. 'Do you forgive me?' asked Pierre in a

'Do you still love me?' he continued more anxiously.
'Pierre, you know I do,' she answered.

gazing at him with eyes beaming with ' And you will be my wife ?' 'If you make haste and get well-'

Bless you, my own Louise. I vow, gentle girl, that the same shall never happen again. I will have more courage and more resolution---' Be yourself, that is all that is needed,

replied the young girl in a cheerful tone. But my work-what will they think of me at the office ?' Don't fret about that. I will go there to morrow morning and say that you have

And so she did, and when she came doctor, a patient and kind nurse, Pierre You are a fool, said Madame Carotin, Dupont soon came round, and though still a little pale and thin, was married on the About four o'clock Pierre Dupont went | day originally fixed. Louise insisting on out. He was ashamed to see Louise, he keeping her promise. The young man permit him to read, and desperate, he suffered severely for a moment of weak-

turned his steps once more to the barrier, ness, took his lessen in good part, and to obtain fresh excitement from drink .- | made it influence his future life. Having By thus madly returning to the charge, abandoned the use of strong drink, and common with the one fitting partner of his joys and sorrows; he looked back with so much deep gratitude to her forgiveness of her follies; his earnest endeavors were always made to promote his interior comfort, and to look first in all things to his wife and family, thus proving himself one of the men who in this world can appreciate the value and merit of that rich treasure of Woman's Love.

"Not at Home."

There are any quantity of fashionable ways of doing up fashionable as well as unfashionable lying. Not at home, is the favorite style of giving a visitor the cold shoulder. Of this detestable dodge a lady narrates an incident which we here

'I never.' said she 'sent a message to the door but once, and for that once I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say ' not at home, to whomsoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he startled me with the news that a very intimate friend was dead.

'It cannot be,' was the reply, 'for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I alone would sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me.' Here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

She sent for you, but you were not at home,' said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued: 'I am sorry for Charles, her husband: he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times. · I never in all my life experienced such

a loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her, by my own equivocating. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next I resolved over the cold clay of my friend that I would never again, under any circumstances, say 'not at home.'

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.-Teacher-John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left? John. Three, sir.

T. No, two would be left, you ignoramous. J. No there wouldn't, though; the

three shot would be left, and the other T. Take your seat, John

RATHER GREEDY:-A scene occurred our depot, writes a Missouri friend, the other day which for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled.

I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman comes up and addressed a man standing close by me, evidently a stranger to him, with the common Western question: 'Do you use tobacco?"

'Yes, sir,' he graciously replied and Bouillons, indeed! I wish he may produced a plug of the hugest dimensions, he handed it to the applicant, who taking out his knife cut off about one-fifth of it, with the common observation-

'There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there ?' Well I should think there was.' 'Very well you take it then,' he coolly

replied and handing the small piece to him, he put the plug into his pocket and walked THE KISS.

"Who gave that kiss?" the teacher oried;
"Twas Harry Hall," John Jones replied.
"Come here to me," old Switchem said,
And solemnly he shook his head: And solemnly he shook his hoad:
"What evil genius prompted you
So rude a thing in school to do?"
Said Harry: "I can hardly say
Just how it happened. Any way,
To do a sum she whispered me;
And round my face her curls—you see—
That is, her cheek—and I—and I—
Just kissed her—but I don't know why."

CARDS.

EMOVAL.--H. B. SWARR, Attorney At Law, has removed his office to No. 13 North Duk treet, nearly opposite his former location, and a few doon north of the Court House.

W ILBERFORCE NEVIN,

A T TO R N E Y A T L A W,

Office No. 24 North Queen street, nearly opposite Michael',

Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [oct 25 1y* 41]

WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with N. Lightner & J. K. Alexander, Esqs., Duke
St., nearly opposite Court House. [feb 7 6m* 4] PREDERICK S. PYFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

A T T OR N E Y. A T L A W.
OFFICE—No. 11 NORTH DURE STREET, (WEST SIDE,) LANCASTER, Pa.

PARTOR N E Y. A T L A W.
Apr 20 tf 14

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Apr 20 tf 14

Apr 20 tf 14

A T OR N E Y. A T L A W.
Apr 20 tf 14

Apr 3 tf 12

Apr 4 tf 12

HALL FOREMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
FIGE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., NO. 26 EAST KING ST.
LANCASTER, PA. Ly 44 nov 15 1y 44 DR.JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST.-Office And Residence, one door below the Lamb Hotel, We King street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 tf 13

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of
entre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17

BRAM SHANK,
ATTORNEYATLAW,
Price wird D. G. Essitawa, Esc., No. 36 North Duke Sr.,
LANCASTER, PA. 19516 mar 22 NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY
Opposite the Court House.
Laucaster, apr 1

DEMOVAL .-- SIMON P. EBY, Attorney at Law, has removed his Office from North Du t to No. 3, in Widmyer's Row, South Duke stre A NDRE W J. STEINMAN,
Office formerly occupied by the late Col. Reah F
opposite Cooper's Hotel, West King street.
apr 17

EDWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGran
Co.'s Banking Building, Lancastor, Pa.

THEO. W. HERR, SURVEYOR, CON-

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, ancaster, Pa.

39. All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, beeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with orrectness and despatch.

may 15, '55 tf-17

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

AP 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, HOMGPATHIC 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 tf 12

JOHN F. BRINTON,
A T TO R N E Y AT L A W,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th
Street, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to
"A L HATES."

PETER D. MYERS,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, PHILADLIPHIA,
will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House
and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to his care
will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to.—
Satisfactory reference given. Office N. E. corner of
BEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10.

To 17

BEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Becond Floor, No. 10. feb 17 ly 5

J A M E S H . B A R N E S ,
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umber Yard, Columbia.

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Manufacturers of Peach Bottom Roofing Slate.

oct 6

Tas

BANKING HOUSE OF REED, HENDERSON & CO.—On the 26th of MARCH, Instant, the undersigned, under the firm of REED, HENDERSON & CO., will commence the Banking Business, in its usual branches at the office of Fast King and Duke streets, be tween the Court House and Sprecher's Hotel, Lancaster, Parthey will pay interest on deposits at the following rates.

5' " " 30 days and longer.

They will buy and sell Stocks and Real Estate on commission, negotiate Loans for others, purchase and sell Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Drafts, &c., &c., &c.

The undersigned will be individually liable to the extent of their means, for all deposits and other obligations of REED, HENDERSON & Co.

MANOS S. HENDERSON, mar 20 tf 10]

mar 20 tf 10]

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The subscriber having removed his store to the new building nearly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, has now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the Drug business, consisting in part of Oile, Acids, Spices, 18eeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Sarsaparillas, &c., &c., to which the attention of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited.

THOMAS ELLIMAKER, feb 9 tf 4

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you to the nevere.

Any.

Persons visiting the city will please come and try the house, and we pledge ourselves that we will endeaver to use our best efforts to make it appear like home.

CHAS. J. FABER, of Reading, has charge of the office.

G. W. HINKLE.

United States Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J., Propristor.
may 1

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Caster co., Pa. [july 12 1y 28]

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Persons in want of anything of our line, will please give us a call.

ATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE...This 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 was 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.

AP Subscriptions, \$2 per annum; \$1 for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, country and state where they reside plainly, to GEO. W. MATSELLA CO., Editors and Proprietors of the National Police Gasette, oct 27 tf41

SCRIVENING & CONVEYANCING. The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has taken the office lately occupied by John A. Hiestand, Esq., where he will be pleased to transact all business connected with the above. ed with the above profession that may usiness connected with the above pro-laced in his hands.

33-Office No. 26 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa.

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