The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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FALSE AS FAIR.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

I knew a maiden young and fair—
Just blooming into "sweet sixteen"—
With such a face, and form, and air
As I thought mortal be er had seen.
She did not speak as others spoke—
She did not move as others moved—
But every act, and word, and look,
Her wond rous grace and beauty proved.

Hair, which had caught the raven's hue,
She brushed from off a crescent brow;
Blue veined, and bearing such a tint,
As might have shamed e'en Alpine snow!
Coiled it around her queenly head
In heavy folds—plain smooth and wide—
Scattered a dark bud here and there,
Of tiny blossom, naught beside.

Gaze as I might I could not tell,
The shade of those deep, matchless eyes!
I only knew they made me think
Of radiant waters, starlit skies:
I only knew that when she bent
Their weight of glory full on me—
I could have fallen at her feet
In reckless, wild idolatry!

But most her lips my heart enslaved,
Lips ripe and red and fresh as morn!
Now melting into witching smiles—
Then curving in the prettiest scorn.
I did not understand the lines
That at each dainty corner lay,
But I have learned Life's lesson since—
I know their meaning well to-day.

I whispered her one quiet eve
My passion-tale in eager tone;
That sweet voice connued back, murmuringly—
"I am thy love and thine alone."
I gave her rings of quaint device,
I gave her pearl-bands for her hair,
She wore them with her own proud grace—
They well became her regal air.

There came a sorrow to my soul,
Fate swept away my glittering gold—
I sought my May to tell the tale—
She did not meet me as of old.
No dewy lips to mine were raised,
No lovely form stole to my side
With soothing words. I felt instead,
The force of all her scorn and pride.

My first love is a matron now—
Some twenty-five, I think, not more—
And in her princely carriage oft
Rolls proudly past our cottage door.
Her husband is an old, old man,
With but a feeble hold on life;
He wooed her for her youthful bloom,
He won a *lady*, not a *wife*.

But she gained that for which she sought,
Deep coffers filled with shining gold:
A lofty mansion, costly robes,
Gems flashing light, pale, pure and cold.
She has no love to warm her heart,
No tender dreams her breast to thrill;
But goes her way from day to day,
Careless, and calm, and haughty still.

And as I read my wife's sweet face—
That wife whose love has blessed me so—
I have not e'en one faint regret
For that wild dream of "long ago."
And as I press her sunny brow,
And softly smooth her wavy hair,
I bless thee, Father, from my soul,
That May Dalore was FALSE AS FAIR.

THE OLD BARN.

Rickety, old and crazy,
Shingleless, lacking some doors;
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting boards in the floors;
Beams strung thick with cob-webs,
Ridge pole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless impotence
Over the mows of hay.

How the winds turn around it—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
Whisking the straws away;
Streaming in at the crannies,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
That clung to the silent roof,
Day-dreams wove with the quiet
Many a glittering woof!
I climbed to the highest rafter,
Watched the swallows at play,
Admired the knots in the boarding,
And rolled in billows of hay!

Palace of King couldn't match it!
The Vatican loses its charm
When placed in my memory's balance
Beside of the gray old barn!
Splendor, wealth, may not charm us,
Association is all—
We love the love of our childhood
Better than marble-floored hall!

I sat for hours in the summer
On the threshhold so gray,
And saw the cows in the pasture
Take their lazy-paced way;
The lambs, snow-white as the dais,
Frolicked from hill to barn—
Or fell asleep in the shadow
Made by the "clever" old barn.

I've roved o'er the Southern country,
Stood in mosques of the East,
Galloped in the Western prairies,
Gathered in contentment, at least;
And I'd rather scent the clover,
Piled in the barn's roomy mows,
Than sit in breath of the highlands
Poured from Appenine brows!

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

Some years ago I happened to be windbound in the port of L——. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full moon, and raged with a violence which can be appreciated only by those 'who go down to the sea in ships, and behold the wonders of the deep.'

Right heartily did our hardy crew enjoy the shelter of that quaint old haven; grouped around their cheerful, cosy forecastle, the caboose giving forth a merry, homely, social blaze, they yarned away of by-gone dangers and hair-breadth escapes, which caused the older seamen to shake their heads in grave attestation of the narrator's truth; and the green boys to listen with open-mouthed wonder, thinking, and perchance hoping, that the day might come when they too should be enabled to relate similar wonders of maritime adventure.

The great hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of surge, beaten into foam-froth over the rough breastwork of rocks under whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showing against the black scud that careered above, like clouds of snow-drift flying through the pines on a dark mountain side.

From boyhood I have been a lover of Nature, in calm and in storm, in smiling peacefulness and dire wrath; by land and by sea have I studied her beauties; but of all the scenes I love to dwell upon is that of the sea when lashed into fury by the roaring tempest.

Such a scene had I now before me; in the bottom, or rather, as a sailor would call it, the 'bight' of a deep bay, lay the little haven of L——, securely sheltered by a massive breakwater of granite rock; on the right, as you looked seaward, the margin was defined by rugged precipices and outlying cliffs, whilst the left hand side was bounded by a chain of lofty mountains; obliquely up this bay was now raging a south-westerly gale, hurling the giant waves of the broad Atlantic into confused masses of foaming broken water; ever and anon tremendous squalls would sweep down the hill sides with resistless force, marking their paths by dense masses of smoke-like mist torn from the mighty surges that rolled along in solemn grandeur, until broken by crag and cliff and solid rock wall, they roared a dull great roar of impotent rage, as though they would shake earth's foundations, and open a passage to the ravening waters. Turning from the fierce battle of the elements that raged without, the peaceful security of the well-sheltered little harbor, our own good little ship looking so neat and trim, as hugging herself in the enjoyment of such good quarters, the merry voices and jocund laugh that occasionally resounded from her decks, formed such a picture of war and peace, that being lost in silent contemplation, I was not aware of a companion until a light touch upon the arm, and the gruff tones of our tough old pilot, Murtagh Moriarty, smote upon my ear.

'Hardy weather, hardy weather, yer honor,' exclaimed Murtagh, ducking his head as he spoke to avoid a sheet of foam that arched over the rocky parapet.

'Ay, ay, pilot; for the poor fellows outside, it's rough and wild work indeed!'

'Troth, id just is what yer honor says—wicked, wild, cruel work; an' shure id makes one's heart bleed for thim poor coasthers that's sint to say in sich wild winthery weather, an' wid vessels ill-found, wid ropes as ould and as rotten as haybands; short manned, the way they may bring long profits to their naygur-hearted owners; ay, in troth, yer honor, many is the brave-hearted stout sayman that has to give in whin human nathur couldn't stand agin hardships that id break a frame of iron; an', oh Lord a mercy, sir, dear! isn't id cruel wringin' to a strong man's sperit, when he finds himself in the pride of his prime, an' health an' sthringth, sowld maybe to save a few fathoms uv rope or a few feet uv new plank, an' hurryin' on in the broad light uv day agin the tall cliffs that stan' up like a tombstone forninst him, wid his white shroud bilin' up an' roarin' all round him!'

'Sail ho? a sail, Misthur Moriarty! A sail, Murtagh jewel!' exclaimed two or three fishermen who had joined us.

We peered anxiously to seaward; and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that foamed at their base, was a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter, as if carried on with a reckless desperation akin to despair, in order to extricate her from the fearful position into which over confidence or the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

'God be merciful! But by the living—'

Whatever else the old pilot would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to clear the greatest danger; for a moment she wavered on her course, as though her helmsman was paralyzed at the appalling peril; it was, however, for a moment only; again she lay over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible; there was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate crew were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, as if gathering up her speed and her strength for the last great struggle to escape destruction.—Already was the towering mass upon her, another moment and she would be rolled broadside on into that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers, the chaos of despair, of death! We held our breath in torturing anticipation of what was to follow; already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down; as she came up in the wind the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing crest, as if with the last great effort of exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray-smoke, and rain-mist.

'Bravely done! Bravely and well done!' shouted old Moriarty, in intense excitement. 'Ay—ay—by my sowl, the child that sails her is no chicken! He knows every sthick in her timber, too, or he'd never thry such a divil's thrick as that wid her. If a rope yarn failed him, his sperit id be on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his marcy in sparin' them? Ids down on their knees they ought to be this blessed minit?'

'Th'er no sthrangers here any how, Murtagh!'

'Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, the'er not; here she comes now, squared away afore the wind; but my old eyes are so mildewed wid the say sprift, that I can't make out what she is at all!'

'Whisht, boys, whisht! Spake aisy, can't you? Ye'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?'

All eyes were turned from the rapidly approaching vessel, in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless peltings of rain and spray. She was clothed in garments of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In the hard-drawn lines of her aged care worn features, could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. A look of patient suffering strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baneful, almost ferocious, fire gleamed fitfully. Her hands were clasped with feverish energy, as if in earnest, ceaseless supplication; her gaze wandered not; it was fixed upon the approaching ship. She moved through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, yet she spoke to none, nor seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. The moment she gained the lighthouse platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and wierd looking, swaying her body backwards and forwards, her hands raised in prayer. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and anon died away; but the same intensely vengeful light gleamed ever from her eyes.

'Letty Blair, God help her!' exclaimed old Murtagh. 'If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd sooner my bones were washing under yonder cliffs than face such a welkim as this afther every vy'ige!'

'For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad; she will die from such exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and warmth.'

'Hist, yer honor, hist! its poor Letty Blair. She's goin' to curse Black Will Gardner, the skipper of the Gipsy Bride.'

Meanwhile, the vessel which had caused all the excitement had drawn nigh, and her bowsprit now appeared as she rounded the pier end, in such close proximity that a man might have stepped on to her bulwarks. Usually, when a vessel returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome home. Some few stragglers had joined us, but, save an odd cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence; no joyous outburst welcomed the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant cheer acknowledged the gallant battle for life that had been fought and won. No; a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At this moment the appearance and movements of the captain of the Gipsy Bride arrested my attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of colossal, powerful and athletic frame, but withal of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, his might be read without envy. His swarthy features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold; hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions which crime entails upon its followers, reigned in turn; the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted rope yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at everything within reach as though he fevered to grapple with a deadly foe. The struggle for mastery over his feeling was terrible. The short quick walk along the quarter deck ceased the moment he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood glaring like some ferocious beast about to spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of racking mental agony—burst from his lips. It increased into a half-shriek, half-roar. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as, pointing to the form which bent over him from the rocky platform, like that of an avenging angel, with a burst of fearful imprecations, he thundered forth:

'Eternal fires! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!'

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sounds! That ship and her crew just gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices upraised in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind! And then that weird-looking kneeling woman, wrapped in her graveyard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that destroyeth the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that 'the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is never quenched,' might prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life's blood of William Gardiner—the outcast of God and man!

The close of that eventful day saw the storm unabated, the good ship the Gipsy Bride safely moored, her captain bestowed wherever his evil spirit could best find a resting-place; the mysterious visitant of the pier, I trust, where her broken heart and fevered mind were lulled into forgetfulness of the terrible past, and myself awaiting the pilot and his promised yarn; at length, having satisfied his craving for a pipe of Maryland, he made his appearance aft.

'I'm thinking yer honor is aiger to hear the story of poor Letty Lorimer?'

'Perhaps, Murtagh, your memory, like an old hat, would be refreshed by damping!' handing him as I spoke a stiff compound of Admiral Vernon's favorite mixture.

'Ough-an!' coughed the old pilot, making the cabin to resound again, 'bedad, its curious yer honor, that two of uz should be thinking the same thing!'

'Now, then, pilot!' I exclaimed, 'to develope this mystery that has puzzled me all day.'

'Ay, yer honor. It's now many a long year since old Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a sthrong ship-owner in this same port of L——. He owned ships that wint to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well, Clement had a daughter, the poor, wake oraythur yer honor seen to-day, and och! waary me! ids meself that remimbers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Culleen Dhas that ever tossed a spidther's wed from the grass-brake on a May mornin', an' becoorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their caubeens at her, but Letty id have none of 'em; she was grand-like in her idayies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint across the says, an' med great fortins. Well, there were two apprentices sent to ould Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have dalins-wid—one was a fine, dashin' young Scotchman, none uv yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chaps, but a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; och! shure, they said he was discinded from the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow, no matther who was at the beginning of him, he was a rale fine, handsome, slashin' sailor, an' no two ways about him; tother fellow, they said, was a side-wind from Spain, but he'd an English name at all events, an' was a great big-limbed, dark-lookin' customer—morose and self-given like—nobody fancied him; but bonny Donald was in everybody's mouth, an' the way he'd dance the reel of Tullogorun, an' sing the Laird of Co'pen, bedad it id bring the tears into yer eyes wid fair delight.—William Gardiner was ould Lorimer's favorite, at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald's nobody knew rightly, but people said that Letty was to be married to him whin he was out uv his time. There's always two voices to a bargain, and although Letty wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out uv his time the two uv them sets off an' gets married hard an' fast, an' maybe there wasn't the divil's own rookaun about it; however, Clement, sinsible-like, med the best uv the bargain his daughter had got, an' had them home an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification there was; everybody got dhrunk uv coorse, for Donald was such a favorite that nobody envied him but one, that one was was Will Gardiner, next or near the weddin' kem, but was black and sulky as a chained bear.—I'm told 'twas dhreadful to hear the oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

'Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gev him the command uv one uv his best ships, an' to show that there was no ill will betwixt nor between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate; she was as fine a barque as ever yer honor clapped eyes, oh! a rale beauty, called the Carlo Zeno; that was a woful viy'ge, for Donald, poor, light-hearted, gay, Donald Blair, he never kem back; he was logged as washed overboord in a squall off the Great Piton Rocks, near the island of Saint Lucia; there was whisperins of foul play, but Will Gardiner challenged them all, an' as the log was found all square, an' the crew spoke up, why, there the thing ended.

'Not wid poor Letty though; the poor crathur! she never lifted her head from that day; an' the poor ould masther, too, wid all Donald's wild ways was fond uv him, for who wouldn't; the poor lad was as honest an' open-hearted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke, an' his divarshun, small blame to him,; id's a sorry sowl that goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in id.

'In the coorse of time the widow Blair became a mother, an' if ever the dead came to life again the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's dash an' bravery; he grew fast, an' ould Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, couldn't bear him out uv his sight for a minit; but the dark times wor at hand, things began to go cross wid the poor ould masther—first one ship was wrecked, thin another, until, at last, the only one he had left was the Carlo Zeno.

'Well, the time kem when something must be done wid young Donald—he'd no longer his grandfather to look to, so bedad the heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and he was sint to sarve his time wid Will Gardiner; oh! but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending his darlin' grandson wid him id seemed like a last hope that he'd bring back the fortin that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Will that he'd behave to his poor boy, an' do by him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him an honest sailor an' a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we always called him, had a loug talk with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her the question that had been the aim an' object of his life; he asked her to be his wife, an' to forget all she had ever loved as only a woman can love—once; but he spoke uv him that was dead and gone, or the man with whom he'd broken the same bread and drunk the same cup, as a ne'er-do-well that desarved to be forgotten; little knowin', the black-hearted villain! the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up an' gev him her mind, and he left her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the curse upon his lips.

"More nor a year passed away, and still no news uv the Carlo Zeno. The poor mother was well nigh disthracted, and as for ould Clement, he was fairly besides himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else wid the exception of Art Sullivan, a very ould man, who was carpenter of the ship; she had foundered at say—the crew escaped on a raft; but, after days of awful sufferin', the only two that was picked off that fatal raft was himself and the carpenter.

'The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitterness was now full; he had seen ships and money and everything pass away from him, and now the only being that bound him to earth, that this poor old wearied heart clung to, the fair golden-haired laughin' boy, whose presence was like sunshine to him, and whose life was wrapt up in his own, he was gone too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. He longed for rest, the rest that knows no brakin' till the last day comes, and the broken-hearted desolate sowl was not long findin' it. We laid him in his last restin'-place, an' all that remained of the once great ship-master was a narrow grave and a plain little headstone; and poor Letty was left in solitary widowhood to mourn the days that wor past—too happy to be lastin' and too fleetin' to be true.

'The little that was left her she spent in charity and preparin' herself for the home where those she loved best had gone before her.

'Well, yer honor, one night Letty was tauld that a dyin' man wanted to make his peace wid the world, and that he should see her.

''Do you know me?' says he to her whin she wint into the wretched cabin, where he was lyin' on a lock uv sthraw.

''You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant of my poor father's.'

''Ay, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, but for that black villain Will Gardiner! says he.

''What about him?' What of him?' says she. 'Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know anything of my poor lost boy—as you are now about to appear before your Judge—tell me.

''Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen—'twas for that I sint for you. Whin we escaped on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so wor all the crew, but we had days and nights of awful sufferin'—hunger and thirst and the killin' heat by day sent most of them mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of them, and the rest died of fair starvation. At last none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave fine boy! he kept our spirits goin' day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin's bones wor' peepin' thro' his skin. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night an' day, and when he knew I had discovered him, he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel nor a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face. I took it, and tried to make the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the sperit of a lion, 'No!' he used to whisper, and his little eyes would flash, 'What the black rascal would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never pass my lips!' It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thief was sthrong through his own cowardly selfishness—so, what could I do?—When a man is driven to death by inches, he craves for life more than ever—pride, manliness, everything is wake in him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone; another and another followed, and Black Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a horrid timptation, for, says he, 'if we can only prolong life a couple of days more, we'll be sure to fall in wid some of the homeward-bounders!' My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no sign uv a sail, he spoke to me again; but I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a drivellin' old fool to cant about mercy to a worthless brat. I wondther now he did not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his conscience—he feared being alone. At last, he spoke out bold and said the time was come we should draw lots for life, one must die to keep the others alive. The lots were drawn, and, God forgive him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—Oh! God shield that sight from my memory!—there was that arch-demon struggling wid that poor small child. I screamed; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was feebler than he was, and at last the blow was struck; ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and he eat of his flesh, and he forced it upon me, too, and bound me by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now, but I could not die aisy. Oh, mercy! mercy, Miss Letty! I am goin'—I am——'

'The wild cry alone answered, the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the senses of poor Letty Blair.'

'And is it possible, Murtagh?' I exclaimed, 'that nothing has ever been done about this?'

'God bless yer honor!' said the old man, 'what could we do? Letty told me the story herself in a few odd clear moments she had after the first shock passed away, but then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? But his day will come, yer honor—sooner or later! The finger is on him, sure an' fixed! He tried sailin' from other ports, but he always comes back to this. But tell me, yer honor,' said the old man with intense eagerness, 'do you believe in the appearance of sperits from the other world?'

'Why do you ask the question?'

'Because poor Letty often wandthers by the sayside, and says that she is talking to little Donald; and thin she kneels down beside old Clement's grave, and whispers to him to be of good cheer, that little Donald, is comin' to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her doin' this, we know he is not far off; and let it be by day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees whin he comes, and the last whin he goes away. God forgive her poor wandern' broken sperit, it's not Christian-like, but shure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—once the pride of the heart that shall never bloom again, the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!'

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me; and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones.

The Ugly Family.

In one of the lower districts of the Palmetto State, there once lived a family of six or seven persons, who were known far and wide as the 'ugly family.' One of them, Jake, was so, 'onspeakably' hard favored, that it made one feel as if he had bitten a green persimmon to look at him, and whenever he walked through the streets, the dogs slunk their tails and sneaked off, too scared to bark.

The fame of his family spread through the country, and at last reached the ears of a Georgian, who, for a long time, had held undisputed possession of the celebrated pen-knife. This individual determined at length to pay a visit to the ugly famiiy, and endeavor to dispose of the aforesaid knife. So one morning he crossed the Savannah, and about noon he saw a wagon ahead, and rode up to inquire the whereabouts of the family.

'Hello, stranger!' said he to a man walking by the side of the wagon.

'Hello, yourself!' exclaimed the wagoner, turning round and disclosing a countenance so tremendously plain that the Georgian almost dropped from his horse.

'I say,' said the Georgian, recovering a little from the astonishment, 'are you not 'ugly Jake' himself?'

The wagoner shook his head and grinned a ghastly smile that made him look like the nightmare personified.

'I'll bet you ten dollars that you are the ugliest man in the State,' said the Georgian.

'Done!' said the wagoner, 'come here.' And going to the back of the wagon, he called, 'Wake up, Jake, and put your head out here.'

The Georgian, burning with curiosity, leaned forward as the cover was raised slowly up. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a physiognomy so awfully, boundlessly, overpoweringly ugly, that it seemed to be formed out of the double extract of delirium tremens.

The horse snorted and started back in fright and threw his rider over his head, but the latter had scarcely touched the ground before he was mounted again.—Throwing down the ten dollars and his pen-knife without saying a word, he 'struck a bee-line, for the Savannah, looking alternately over each shoulder as long as the wagoner remained in sight.

☞ Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

RECIPE FOR BLACKBERRY WINE.—As this is the blackberry season, we publish the following recipe for the manufacture of this wine:

There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine, when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We, therefore, give the recipe for making it, and, having tried it, we speak advisedly on the subject:—Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding on a quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquid into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack that never smacked under similar influences before. It may be improved, and, perhaps, will keep better, by adding a small quantity of pure French brandy.

CARDS.

W. T. McPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, mar 31 1y 11 — No. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA.

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaeffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17

ABRAM SHANK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., No. 36 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA. mar 22 — 1y* 10

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

REMOVAL.—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

ANDREW J. STEINMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by the late Col. Reah Frazer, opposite Cooper's Hotel, West King street. apr 17 — 1y 14

EDWARD M'GOVERN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly & Co.'s Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa. apr 6 — 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, CONVEYANCER AND SCRIVENER. OFFICE—No. 22 North Duke street, opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. mar 20 — 1y 10

REMOVAL.—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. apr 5 3m 12

WILBERFORCE NEVIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office No. 21 North Queen street, nearly opposite Michael's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [oct 25 1y* 41

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at 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, Esqs., Duke St., nearly opposite Court House. [feb 7 6m* 4

FREDERICK S. PYFER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE—No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST SIDE,) LANCASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

REMOVAL.—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

T. HALL FOREMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., No. 26 EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA. nov 15 — 1y 44

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

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.—Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. ☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15, '55 tf-17

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.—Office 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. m 15. — tf-17

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒOPATHIC 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 country will be promptly attended to. apr 6 — tf 12

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. LONG, " A. L. HAYES, " FERRE BRINTON, " THADDEUS STEVENS.
nov 24 1y* 45

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, 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 SEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10. feb 17 — 1y 5

BUILDING 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 shingles. 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. GEORGE D. SPRECHER, North Queen St., Lancaster, Penna.
☞ The above slate can also be had at F. S. BLETZ'S Lumber Yard, Columbia.
This is to certify that we do not sell our best quality Peach Bottom Guaged Slate to any other person in Lancaster city than the above named. R. F. JONES, Manufacturers of Peach Bottom Roofing Slate. oct 6 — tf38

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 hitherto occupied by John K. Reed & Co., at the corner of East King and Duke streets, between the Court House and Sprecher's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa: They will pay interest on deposits at the following rates. 5½ per cent. for 6 months and longer. 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. JOHN K. REED, AMOS S. HENDERSON, ISAAC E. HIESTER. mar 20 tf 10

PENNSYLVANIA PATENT AGENCY. J. FRANKLIN REIGART, of Lancaster city, obtains Letters Patent from the U. S. Patent Office, on the most reasonable terms. Drawings of all kinds of Machinery Architecture, or Surveys, correctly executed by him. Likewise Deeds, Bonds and other instruments of writing. Office—Agricultural and Mechanical Hall, (Sprecher's Buildings,) North Queen street, Lancaster. apr 25 — 14

A HOMESTEAD FOR $10.—A HOMESTEAD FOR $100. Also, HOMESTEADS for $1000 AND OVER, in a desirable, healthy country. ☞ AGENTS WANTED! Send for a Pamphlet. Apply to E. BAUDER, Land Agent, Port Royal, Va., Or to Col. W. D. REITZEL, Agent, at Landisville, Lancaster co., Pa. [July 12 1y 26

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!! We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our superior stock of COAL, selected and prepared expressly for family use, which we will re-screen and deliver in good order to any part of the city, at the lowest market prices. GEO. CALDER & CO. Office East Orange street, two doors from North Queen. Yard—Graeff's Landing, on the Conestoga. aug 16 — tf 31

KONIGMACHER & BAUMAN, TANners and Curriers Store, back of Robt. Moderwell's Commission Warehouse, fronting on the Railroad and North Prince street. Cheap for Cash or approved credit.—Constantly on hand a full assortment of all kinds Saddler's and Shoemaker's Leather, of superior quality, including "Ronzer's celebrated Sole Leather," also, Leather Bands, well stretched, suitable for all kinds of machinery, of any length and width required, made of a superior quality of Leather, Furnace Bellows, Band and Lacing Leather, Garden Hose, Tanner's Oil, Currier's Tools, Morocco, Shoe Findings, &c. All kinds old Leather bought in the rough; highest prices given for Hides and Skins in cash; orders will be promptly attended to. feb 5 1y 6

JAMES H. BARNES, FANCY AND WINDSOR CHAIR MAKER, *No. 59½ East King street, Lancaster*, Takes pleasure in inviting the public to call at his Warerooms, and examine his BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF CHAIRS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS. ☞ ORDERS received and promptly attended to at the shortest notice. ☞ None but the best workmen are employed in this establishment, consequently Chairs purchased at this house are fully equal to any article sold in the Eastern Cities. Call and examine for yourselves. [aug 16 1y 31

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE. 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 Oils, Acids, Spices, Seeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Sarsaparillas, &c., &c., to which the attention of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited. THOMAS ELLMAKER, feb 9 tf 4 — West King street, Lan.

REMOVAL.—We have this day removed our new Banking House, in EAST KING ST., where the Banking Business in all its varied branches will receive our best attention.
Interest on deposits will be allowed as heretofore.
Drafts on New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore constantly for sale.
Stock, Bonds, and other securities bought and sold in Philadelphia 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 coin.