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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MISS SPRIGGINS.

BY J. WELLINGTON WELCH.

Miss Spriggins is going to be married,
I heard so this morning, down town;
She'll no longer be Miss Dolly Spriggins,
But Mrs. Charles Henry Brown.
I pity this wight who has got her;
When he knows her as well as I do,
He'll wish that he never had wed her,
For she's an untamable Shrew.

Her lover no doubt thinks her temper
Smooth as oil, and sweeter than honey;
But then if he does, 'tis no wonder,
For her father has plenty of money;
Indeed I am told he's right wealthy,
That his coffers are crowded with pelf,
And more than all, that he's not healthy,
And soon may be laid on the shelf.

Miss Dolly asserts she's but thirty;
'Tis false though, allow me to say;
I have positive proof that she's forty,
I saw it in the "record" one day.
She calls herself a *young* lady;
She can't come that sell over me;
And if Brown thinks her only thirty,
He's greener than I took him to be.

Brown calls her a perfect beauty;
Her picture before you I'll bring,
And, reader, if *you* call her pretty,
Why, then, *I'm* no judge of the thing.
The end of her noise pointeth heavenward,
She's as fat as a lucifer match,
Her eyes are like two red onions,
And right under one is a patch.

Her mouth's like the door of a tavern,
Her hair's of a carrotty hue,
She is six feet three in her stockings,
While Brown is but four feet two.
I hope she'll ne'er weep in his presence,
For her tears, to fall down from such height,
Should they strike on the top of his caput,
Would demolish that article quite.

I met Brown to-day at Smith's Island;
Of his sweetheart he seems very proud;
He calls her a queen among women,
In short, in her praise he's quite loud;
But she'll lead him a life full of sorrow;
If he stays out at night beyond ten,
The way she'll treat him to the broomstick,
Is a caution to unmarried men.

In a very few weeks, if naught happens,
In their beautiful mansion up town,
By the aid of the Parson, Miss Spriggins
Will become Mrs. Chas. Henry Brown.
I wish Brown much joy of his bargain;
When he knows her as well as *I* do
He'll wish the "Old Harry" had got her,
Stead of Young Harry four feet two.

[*Philadelphia Daily News.*

FIDDLING FOR THE DEAD.

Several years ago, circumstances connected with my art led me to Naples. After working hard, and winning some sort of reputation as a violinist in my own country, I determined on giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, in the hope, I think not an unladdable one—of upholding English music, and at the same time of filling my own pockets. The experiment proved highly satisfactory; and, with the exception of a few hostile criticisms, I must confess that I met with quite as much success as I deserved. At Naples, the appointment of solo-player at the opera was offered me, and, although the emolument attached to the office was not very high, I gladly accepted of it, in order to enjoy the delight of a southern winter and at the same time devote myself to theoretical studies, under the genial influence of the siren Pathenope. We fiddlers require, every now and then, a few months' pause and abstraction from the too mercenary professional life of Paris and London, otherwise our enthusiasm is apt to cool, and we come to look upon our once-loved art as no longer a mistress to be worshipped, but a trade to make money by. The appointment gave me occupation, but at the same time left abundant leisure to prosecute my other studies, and I was perfectly contented with my lot. The climate and scenery are alone an intoxication, while the magnificent Toledo, with its perpetual fair, the stately palaces of the Chiaja or, better still, the unrivaled bay, prohibit all ennui. To live in this 'piece of heaven fallen on the earth,' as the Neapolitan calls his country, is a positive pleasure. As the eye rests upon the luxuriant gardens around, or catches the sparkling foam of that delicious sea, with Capri and Ischia in the distance, we no longer wonder at the indolent, pleasure-seeking nature of the people. Like a gentle opiate, lulling the sense of bodily pain, a divine repose steals over the fretted nerves and heated brain, in this 'delicious land of lavish lights and floating shade;' and to the musician, living for the most part a highly artificial life, amidst the feverish excitement of perpetual emulation, the lotus gift comes with a double welcome. Yielding entirely to the surrounding influences, I shunned society as much as possible, and lived alone—alone with my loved Guernarius, best and most cherished of friends. In solitary rambles through the picturesque streets, an occasional sail to one of the small islands of Lazaretto and Nisida, or a stroll to the environs, the weeks passed by in delightful succession, literally embarrassed with the richness of nature and art. Nursed in solitude, my ideas grew apace; sheet after sheet of paper became crowded with a series of hieroglyphics, unintelligible to any but a very practiced eye; and I had already planned, and even partly executed, a work of a more ambitious character than any I had hitherto attempted. This work, on which I intended to rest my reputation as a composer, now absorbed my whole attention, and, in order to avoid every possible distraction, I raised my fees to such an amount as would leave me undisturbed by concert-givers. The pay of my appointment amply covered my expenses, and, for a few months at least, I resolved to live in retirement. To announce publicly that I declined to accept any engagements, would have been an insult to those who had so kindly welcomed me; besides, I was 'only a fiddler,' and had to live by my art, and was, moreover, satisfied with my condition. My only object was to gain a short respite from the excitement of solo-playing, and to give my fingers a holiday, not for a moment to abandon a profession which I had chosen in opposition to the counsels of my best friends, but which, with all its drawbacks, is the only one that ever would have satisfied the aspirations of my heart. The ruse answered perfectly, for, in the land where instrumental performers are proverbially ill-paid, ten louis was an exorbitant honorarium. So I lived in peace, fulfilling my allotted task, occasionally giving my services gratuitously when the object was one of charity, but otherwise eschewing public life. A quartette of Beethoven's was the only temptation to which I yielded; and these glorious works never revealed their wondrous wealth of harmony to my ears so fully as performed in my 'parlor near the sky,' overlooking the azure sea.

One morning, toward the end of March, as I was sitting alone, smoking, and correcting the score of my new work, the door suddenly opened, and a foreign-looking footman entered the room with a note from his master, Prince Paul ——, a Russian nobleman, then living in Naples. To my infinite surprise, the note contained a request that I would spend the following evening at his palazzo, and bring some music. Of course there could be no objection on my part to accept the engagement, and I therefore presented myself at the appointed time and place, with my fiddle-case under my arm.

The palazzo was one of those noble mansions situated on the Chiaja; and I was ushered by the chamberlain through a magnificent hall into an elegantly furnished ante-room, where tea, coffee, &c., were liberally supplied. After duly disposing of my burden, on an ottoman, I accepted a cup of the fragrant souchong, sunk in an arm-chair, and began to make a survey of the apartment. Two or three servants dressed in black performed the duties of the tea-table to admiration, and the chamberlain was the very perfection of one of those now nearly obsolete functionaries. But what struck me as very strange was, that I should be the only guest, and that no sounds of footsteps or voices should be heard. At length growing impatient at the delay, I asked my cicerone for an explanation of this apparent anomaly; but the only reply I got was to the effect that monseigneur would wish to see me immediately; so I took up my instrument, tuned the strings, and then quietly awaited the momentous summons. Presently the door was thrown open, and I was informed that the prince was ready; so I rose and followed my serious guide through a suite of apartments to the saloon where the great man and his friends were assembled. On my entrance, he advanced and welcomed me in tones of the most bland politeness; then, after a few commonplaces, he said he should be delighted to hear me play. I bowed, and commenced a piece of my own composition, founded on a popular Neapolitan fisherman's song. I had purposely selected this for what dramatists call *le lever du rideau*, from the fact of its possessing a certain degree of sprightliness caculated to arrest the listener's ear, and thus produce a favorable reception for my more elaborate performance. It also gave me time to study my audience and the acoustic qualities of the room, which was of considerable size, but so dimly lighted that its proportions were not easily definable. A few wax candles, burning in silver stands, interspersed up and down, shed so feeble an illumination on the surrounding objects that it served but to increase the gloom.

The company consisted of some twenty or thirty individuals, who preserved the most icy rigidity of manner. One lady, dressed in blue satin, with a jasmine flower in her hair, was beautiful as a Grecian statue, but, alas! as cold. Another of the guests seemed plunged in deep thought, for his head never once moved from its recumbent position during my performances. Two or three of the gentlemen were dressed in uniform, and, to judge from the stars and ribbons which adorned their breasts, must have been of considerable distinction. Among the gentle sex I remarked a few pretty girls clustered in one corner, while an elderly lady, in black velvet and ostrich plumes, surveyed the group with a smile of benevolent approval. One couple, consisting of an old gentleman and lady, who, to judge by their silver locks and venerable forms, must have long passed the term of life allotted by the Psalmist, sat in close proximity to their host, and were evidently the patriarchs of the party. The rest I could not see, with the exception of a dark-complexioned man of about thirty-five, who fixed upon me a glassy and steady eye. There was a wild haggard expression about that man's face that I did not like; and whenever I looked in his direction, I met the same fixed stare, until it became an insult; but, as if to make amends for this, a comely-looking dame, seated by his side, rewarded my exertions with a very kindly, good-humored smile.

There was an air of *bienseance* pervading the assembly; but, at the same time, I had never in my whole experience found the Horetian axiom of *nil admirari* pushed to the same extent; and when I brought my solo to a close, not a single expression of admiration greeted my labors. I ought, by the way, to except the prince, who pleased to express himself in flattering terms of my artistic endowments. Two footmen now brought on silver trays a slight refection composed of ices, orgeat, and Venetian confectionery. While this part of the ceremony was being enacted, and I was duly refreshing myself with an ice such as Italy alone can produce, Prince Paul came up and began to chat about the rival schools of music in Germany and Italy, in a way that showed considerable knowledge of the subject. There was in the old gentleman's manner a benevolence and regard to the feelings of others, combined with a genial warmth of expression, strangely opposed to the chilling indifference displayed by his guests.

After a sufficient pause I resumed my instrument, and this time selected Prume's delicious *pastorale La Melancolie*, thinking that this might be more in harmony with the feelings of my audience. But it was all one; not an emotion was stirred by the most touching tones of that expressive melody, or the admirable variations which succeeded it. The dark eyes still glared at me wildly—the comely dowager smiled good-humoredly as before—the generals evinced no symptoms of a surrender of their stoicism—the group of fair girls, with their *chaperonne*, preserved the utmost composure—and *she* with the divine face and the jassmine flower! no trace, not even the faintest gleam of susceptibility doubt that adorable countenance.—I could have borne all but this. Had one smile of approbation from those lovely lips rewarded my endeavors, I should have been content. But this indifference was dreadful. Was it possible that a being so thoroughly beautiful could be deprived of all sensibility to the poetry of sound? It could not be; no, I had failed in calling forth those emotions of the soul so obedient to the summons of the inspired musician. My wand was evidently impotent, and I became piqued and discontented. At length, after playing a mournful sweeping movement, toward the close, without the slightest effect, I suddenly broke off, and in a fit of desperation dashed into the *Carnival de Venise*. It was a last resource, and I resolutely determined on rousing this apathetic assemblage, at the sacrifice even of my own reputation. The most *outre* and extravagant variations—the most ludicrous sounds I could devise—altercations between the old man and woman, followed by the tumbling down stairs of the former, while hotly pursued by his better-half; Paganini's most grotesque movements, rendered grotesquer and absurder still—followed by the clucking of hens, crowing of cocks, the bleating of lambs, the grunting of pigs, the various sounds of a farm yard, delightfully interspersed with the mewing of cats, and the lowing of an old cow, being the veritable song of which that ancient female died; all these, and more, recklessly thrown in, without the slightest regard to anything but the desired object of rousing my audience. Caring for nothing else, I fixed my eyes on the Madonna-like head, and watched intently her face. With the electric thread which seems to connect the musician and his listener, I was ready to catch the faintest expression of her features, to seize the slightest and most airy fancy of her brain, and transfer it to my strings. Alas, alas! all was fruitless; and, after some of the maddest and most insane sounds ever emitted from a fiddle, I sank thoroughly exhausted into a spacious arm-chair, and buried my face in my hands.

The Prince now approached and thanked me warmly for my services, at the same time expressing the gratification I had afforded him by what he was pleased to term my wonderful execution and originality of genius. There was a dignity and grand-seignior air about the old nobleman which prevented my laughing bitterly at this dubious compliment to my charlatanry; but I saw at a glance that he meant no insult, and therefore contented myself with a formal bow. Soon afterward, the chamberlain entered the saloon; monseigneur politely wished me good night, and my guide conducted me through the long suite of dimly-lighted apartment to the hall. Just as I was leaving, I cast a glance behind; the divine head was pensive as ever—the dark eyes still glared—the good-natured dowager smiled—the warriors preserved their guard in the same corner. I felt I had produced no impression—that I had, moreover, made a fool of myself, and that the sooner I left the place the better. Stung to the quick with mortification, I pushed brusquely past the attendants, and, declining the proffered carriage, rushed into the street, glad to escape from this mansion of the dead.

The following morning I received a complimentary note, containing a cheque for ten louis, and expressing a wish to see me again in the course of the ensuing week. Now, as I said before, I am 'only a fiddler,' and have to live by my art, consequently I again accepted the invitation, and drew out a programme of strictly classical music, thinking that my previous selection had probably not been to the taste of the listeners. I should not omit to mention that I was on each occasion provided with a *pianiste accompagnateur*.

The same stillness pervaded the mansion as before, the same ceremony, the same dimly-lighted apartments, and so far as I could perceive, the same guests. I played with care, for the idea had seized my mind that these silent persons were fastidious critics of music, and had probably not relished my extravagance of last week. I was, therefore, doubly scrupulous, and rendered with the utmost accuracy in my power Mendelssohn's magnificent concerto, which was my *piece de resistance*. But I again had the mortification of closing without a murmur of that sweet music of applause which is to the executive artist as the breath of life. The exquisite beauty of the lady with the jasmine flower, faintly seen through the prevailing gloom, the soft pensiveness of the countenance, in whose features were blended Athenian grace with the Madonna inspiration, stole into my heart and disturbed its usual placidity; for recollect, oh! reader, I was in the land of Romeo and Juliet. As usual, the Prince congratulated me on my performance, and the chamberlain conducted me to the door. The ten louis were duly forwarded, and I endeavored to dismiss the subject from my mind; but in dreams there would arise the figure of a beautiful lady beckoning me to celestial bowers, and in the daytime my mind was haunted by her image. I became restless and moody; found myself, without any what lawyers call *malice prepense*, walking up and down in front of the palazzo, gazing at the windows, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the divine occupant. In fact, I was beginning to evince all the symptoms of a man hopelessly and irretrievably in love. Laugh not, good friends, at my plight, for it was a sorry one. You who are rich and well born can afford to love; the fair and the young smilingly strew the path in the citadel of their hearts with rose-leaves.—And you again, respected Jones, who don't exactly belong to the *creme, de la creme*, can yet afford to love—and rear up a brood of sturdy little Joneses; but the poor artist, who is neither rich nor high born, nor respectable—the Bohemian of society, the diverting vagabond, whose only mission is to mitigate the ennui of listless lords and ladies—what business has he to love, save some rouged and spangled beauty of his own gypsy clan? It is true, he is admitted into the familiarity of the great; he is lionized, and, it may be, flattered by beautiful women; often, too, he is the recipient of the most delicate confidence; yet woe betide him should he for a moment forget his exact position, and lift his eyes to the fair forms around him with any other than the coldest and most deferential gaze.—Yet it is hard to do this at all times—hard, with your susceptible nervous organization, to case your heart in steel, and successfully resist the blandishments of beauty and refinement. I was fully aware of all this; and that my growing passion was the direst insanity; everything—my position in life—the utter indifference displayed by the object of all this delirium—went to prove the fact. Still the impassibility, the coldness, the mystery, only served to add fuel to my raging love, and I was living in a sort of fever. For a time I did nothing but draw figures of melancholy ladies with flowers in their hair, write doggerel sonnets to Beatrice—I had ascertained her name—wherein the moon, and the stars and the sea largely figured, and the world love generally rhymed to grove. During the height of this madness I arose one night from my sleepless couch, stifled and restless; I threw open the window; the gentle breeze from the sea, bearing on its wings the voices of fishermen in the bay, mingled with the occasional laughter of a group of lazzaroni listening to the recital of some drollery; the drowsy hum of the sleeping city, and the murmur of the waves, added to the picturesque sounds which in Naples never cease day or night—all tended to compose my mind. I drew on my dressing gown and slippers, lighted my meerschaum, and sat by the window, inhaling rich draughts of the cool and fragrant air.

Presently I seized pen and paper and began to write. The confused ideas and passionate ravings of my heart now found a vent, and poured themselves forth in musical forms. Without premeditation or design, my composition took a shape, into which I most happily threw those wild aspirations which, through ignorance of the medium, had been simply ridiculous abortions on the uncouth canvas and doggerel verse. So thoroughly became I absorbed in my occupation that I was bewildered when Giulia, the pretty serving-maid, gently tapped at my door to announce the matutinal roll and coffee. I looked around; the lamp still feebly flickered against the now almost brilliant sunlight; a mass of paper lay scattered on the floor, and the ashes of the pipe had fallen on my tattered *robe de chamber*, curiously perforating that venerable garment. I hastily gathered the manuscript together, extinguished the lamp, admitted the astonished Giulia, discussed my breakfast, and then resumed my work. By noon it was finished to my satisfaction. I entitled it *A Dream of Love*. The same evening I was again engaged at the palazzo, and went this time triumphantly armed with my new composition, which I had dedicated to 'The Unknown Lady.' She was, as usual, just visible through the perpetual twilight which reigned in this abode, with the same placid expression of goodness in the divinely beautiful face. The swarthy stranger was also there, and his eyes rested on me as wildly as ever; the good-humored dowager was good-natured still; the girls, fair as a group of sea-nymphs, appeared, like those wayward beings, devoid of human souls; for they were utterly unimpressionable. The other ladies and gentlemen maintained their usual frigid demeanor. I played a romance of Beethoven's, Ernst's *Elegie*, then just published; a selection of the *Lieder ohne Worton;* and then my own *Dream of Love*. Up to this time I had evidently made no way; my audience was unmoved, and I began to feel nervous, for I had staked all my hopes on the success of this last composition. At length I commenced, and, gazing on the being of my idolatry, drank inspiration from that queenly brow. The tender strain proceeded, coy and gentle as a bashful lover's vows; then gradually warming instinctively it became hurried, uncertain, fierce, and strong, until, reaching the climax of frenzy, its passion exploded in a wild burst, and then, in broken sobs and scarcely articulate sighs, it slowly died away in silence.

I fixed my straining eyeballs on the unknown lady, and sought to dive into the secret recesses of her soul. With a throbbing heart and fevered brow, I threw into the music all the fire which tormented my breast. The violin was no longer a mere musical instrument, but rather a human soul pouring forth the wailing melodies of 'some divine despair,' whose piteous accents must touch the coldest heart. Alas! it touched not hers. The dark eyes glared fiercely; the dowager relaxed not a muscle of that stereotyped smile; that detested smile nearly drove me mad. The maidens were passive as usual, and the heroes sat stolid as blocks of stone. I felt my head turning, and, in a paroxysm of agony at the ruin of all my hopes, I flung aside my instrument, and, utterly reckless of consequences, threw myself at the feet of the lady, and wildly seized her arm, when—O that the earth had opened to receive me and hide my shame!—the exquisite member crumbled into dust, and she the madly-worshipped queen of my soul, toppled over from her seat, and, with a fearful crash, fell to the ground, dashed into a hundred fragments. . . . . I recollect nothing further of what occurred; but when I regained my senses I was at home, attended by a careful nurse and the ever-watchful Giulia. For some days I did not allude to any subject of an exciting nature; but when my constitution had finally triumphed, and I was one evening sitting on the balcony, still weak, but rapidly recovering, the honest girl put a letter into my hand which she had orders to deliver to me as soon as the physician would allow. I broke the seal, and read as follows:

'SIR—Your rash conduct has been cruelly punished, and I feel it has now become my duty to remove the mystery which has so painfully affected you. I am an old man, and have survived most of my contemporaries; consequently, I live chiefly in the past, amidst departed friends and by-gone memories. For years I have existed in this manner, alone, and yet surrounded by the dear familiar faces of those I loved best on earth. As each cherished friend died, I called into requisition the skill of the modeler, and in wax, clothed in their usual dress, wearing their usual expression, I have thus preserved my household gods around me. Remembering their various tastes, I procure those amusements to which they were most addicted, and for this purpose I secured your ability. In these scenes I live again, and the pleasures of memory crowd my brain. In fact, I have few other resources of joy left than those which lie embalmed in the past. Those figures you saw in the dim light are the exact—exact, yet, alas! how different—representations of my departed friends and relatives; and the lady dressed in blue satin was my only daughter—good and pure as an angel. Ah! the wound is re-opened. Adieu forever.

PRINCE PAUL ——.'

Enclosed was a cheque for fifty louis, and a ring containing a lock of raven hair, set in diamonds. At first I was furious. I resolved to return, with bitter reproaches, these hated *cadeaux;* but the Prince was gone, no one knew whither. Thus baffled, I tore up into a thousand shreds my noturno, drawinus, sonnets, &c. I was covered with confusion and shame.—To have thus madly loved a wax figure! All Naples would be pelting with ridicule the luckless foreign fiddler. I must instantly leave the accursed place, and once more plunge into the active scenes of daily life. Fortunately, however, I found my adventure was not known; so I quietly resigned my appointment, and bade farewell to Naples—a city I have never revisited.

Many years have elapsed, and in the varied scenes of a busy professional life the above circumstances had nearly faded away from my memory, when, to my astonishment, one morning not long ago, I received a small parcel from abroad, containing the miniature portrait of a beautiful girl, exquisitely painted. A letter accompanied this gift, wherein I was officially informed that by the will of the late Prince Paul ——, recently deceased, at an advanced age, in Moscow, I became entitled to this portrait, together with some manuscript music and a small sum of money. The music I found to be no other than my forgotten *Dream* which had been left in the Palazzo on the night of that dire confusion. Lost in amazement, I gazed at the well remembered features until my mind dreamily wandered back through the long years to the sombre mansion, the eccentric old nobleman, the silent party, and my astounding *affaire de cœvr* on the Chiaja.

An Eccentric Doctor and his Patient.

Of all the professions, trades or occupations that engage the minds of men, that of physician is the most diversified. In locating he has to find out the constitution of those he is called upon to visit, for it is frequently the case that success may be owing more to a deep and thorough knowledge of the constitution than applications. As an illustration of this, we will relate an anecdote of one of our old physicians, who, if he finds physic will not cure, tries such other means as the case may require.

Dr. D—— had long been the attending physician of a lady considerably past her teens, and affected with certain disorders incident to a want of occupation and the care of a family. She sends for the doctor in season and out of season; he rushes at a two forty pace, and finds his patient physically perfectly well, but sad and lonely, and of course afflicted with the blues. All that he can do is to administer a tincture with a few drops of peppermint, and the patient is well for a day.

On one occasion—a cold blusterous night—the doctor had just turned in, wrapping himself snugly in his blanket, with the hope of a quiet sleep, when a loud rap aroused him.

'Who is sick?' inquired the doctor.

'Miss Sallie Strickland, sir; she is most dead; expect she'll die before you get there.'

'I'll be along,' says the doctor; exclaiming to himself, 'that Miss Sally! I'll try to cure her this time.'

The doctor plods along through mud and mire, cold and rain, studying his application. When he arrives at the dwelling of Miss Sally he finds her, as usual, in rather a depressed state of mind.

'Doctor,' said she feebly, 'I expect to die every moment; I am very low. Can you do anything for me?'

The doctor feels her pulse; nothing the matter—merely wanted company. The doctor becomes communicative.

'Miss Sally, I was having a terrible dream when your servant awoke me.'

'What is it?' she eagerly inquired.

'I dreamed I was dead,' continued the doctor, 'and descended into the lower regions, where I met 'Old Scratch,' who invited me to view his dominions. The inmates were engaged in different occupations; some playing cards, others swindling their neighbors; in fine, all the pursuits they followed during their life, they continued there. When Satan got through showing me round, he exclaimed to the four quarters of his kingdom that they should all go to bed—'for,' said he, 'Sally Strickland will be here directly, and there'll be no sleep in my regions for a month!'

The doctor's speedy departure was increased to flight by the sight of a broomstick flourishing actively in his rear; but the remedy was effectual.

A QUAKER PARENT OUT-WITS HIS SON IN A BARGAIN.—The Quakers are, in the main, as every one knows a thrifty, kind-hearted, and, undoubtedly honest people; but in some of them, even as among the 'world's honest people,' love of filthy lucre will predominate. In one of their farming communities lived friend Benjamin sr., and his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to fatten for sale. One day Benjamin, jr., had selected a choice portion of stock from a passing drove, and was about to buy, when Benjamin, sr., came along.

'Father, I am about to buy these cattle, what dost thee think of them?'

'What do he ask? So much? I guess thee'll get them for less; offer him $800, and wait till morning if he don't trade.'

Filial Ben assented—made an offer in vain—went home with the old gentleman, slept—and next morning, after caring for his stock, mounted his horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on the way he met Benjamin, sr., returning homeward with the whole herd in question. Benjamin, sr., was wealthy as well as smart—he had taken an early start and bought the lot.

'Thee will let me have my 'portion,' will thee not?' asked filial Ben.

'What! Isn't that a hard trick to play thy own son? and I trusted to thee!'

'Ah, Benny,' said pater familias, reprovingly, 'thee must be sharp and wide-awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch everybody; watch thy father, Benjamin; watch thy father!'

Quite likely for young Benjamin the admonition was needless thenceforward.

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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}

DR. G. R. BOND'S FRENCH PREVENTIVES.—This article enables those whose health or circumstances do not permit an increase of family to regulate or limit the number of their offspring without injuring the constitution. It is the only safe and sure preventive against *Pregnancy* and *Disease*. The above article can be sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, two for $1, and $5 per dozen. DR. G. W. BOND'S SPANISH FEMALE MONTHLY PILLS.—These Pills are the only medicine married or single ladies can rely upon with safety and certainty for the immediate removal of Obstructions, Irregularities, &c.—*They should not be used during Pregnancy.* Price $2 per box. Each box contains 72 pills. Sent by mail. The Doctor can be consulted on all diseases of a private nature. *Scientific treatment, a quick cure and moderate charge guaranteed.* GEORGE R. BOND, M.D. Office, corner of Grand and Orchard streets, over the Shoe Store. Entrance, No. 65 Orchard street, New York. Established in 1832. may 15 1y 18

No. 32. No. 32. REMOVAL! SHEAFFER'S CHEAP BOOK STORE. REMOVAL NEXT DOOR TO THE EXAMINER & HERALD PRINTING OFFICE, NORTH QUEEN STREET. Bargains from the Trade Sales! Call Before You Buy! Compare Prices and Save Money! Books Cheap for the Million! Suits Everybody! The undersigned has removed his large stock of BOOKS AND STATIONERY, to his new Store, adjoining the Examiner and Herald Printing Office, North Queen street.—Having fitted up his new establishment, which, with the advantage of three times the room as in the old store, and having just purchased one of the finest and largest assortments of Trade Sale Books ever offered in this city, would respectfully invite his old friends and patrons, and the public generally, to give him a call at the new stand, to examine the large stock, which consists of the STANDARD—Historical, Theological, Medical, Law, Biographical, Polite Literature, Gift, Poetry, Classical, Mathematical, and Mechanical Works. Agent for the American Sunday School Union, American Tract Society, and for sale the Methodist, and all other Religious Publications. PLAIN AND FANCY NOTE, POST AND CAP PAPER. ENVELOPES OF ALL SIZES AND STYLES SHEAFFER'S IMPORTED STEEL PENS, acknowledged to be the best in use. POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, PORT MONNAIES, all styles, GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS, &c., &c., together with all that is necessary to make a First Class Book Store. Thankful for the patronage heretofore extended, the proprietor feels confident that with the increased facilities for accommodating the public, he will merit a continuance of the same. JOHN SHEAFFER, Publisher and Bookseller, No. 32 North Queen street, Lancaster, next door to the Examiner & Herald Office. [may 8 tf 17

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S IMPROVED GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING, *is the Cheapest and most Durable Roofing in use. It is Fire and Water Proof.* It can be applied to *New* and *Old Roofs of all kinds* and to Old shingle roofs *without removing the shingles.* THE COST IS ONLY ABOUT ONE-THIRD THAT OF TIN, AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE. GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT for preserving and repairing TIN and METAL ROOFS of every description. From its great elasticity, is not injured by the contraction and expansion of metals, *and will not crack in cold nor run in warm weather.* These materials have been thoroughly tested in New York and all parts of the South ern and Western States, and we can give abundant proof of *all* we claim in their favor. They are readily applied by ordinary laborers, at a trifling expense. "*NO HEAT IS REQUIRED.*" These materials are put up ready for use, and for shipping to all parts of the country, with full printed directions for application. Full descriptive circulars will be forwarded on application by mail or in person, at our principal offices, 510 BROADWAY, (oppposite St Nicholas Hotel) N. Y., 349 FULTON ST., (opposite City Hall) BROOKLYN. June 5 6m 21] JOHNS & CROSLEY.

TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed by Messrs. Allen & Needles agents in Lancaster for the sale of their celebrated SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME, we would call the attention of Farmers to this Fertilizer, it being superior to all others; and from the testimony of those who have used it for some years past, we feel authorized in saying it is *the best* application for Corn, Oats, Wheat, Grass and other crops which require a vigorous and permanent stimulant, that has ever been offered to the public. Apply to GEO. CALDER & CO., East Orange street, 2d door from North Queen st., and at Graeff's Landing on the Conestoga.

ALLEN & NEEDLES' IMPROVED STANDARD *SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,* The old established article, in constant use by thousands of Farmers and Planters for a number of years past. PRICE $45 PER 2000 POUNDS. (2¼ CTS. PER POUND.) *GUANO.* PERUVIAN.—Received direct from the Government Stores. Warranted genuine. ICHABOE.—This is the old-fashioned FEATHERY GUANO, imported direct. PACIFIC OCEAN GUANO.—A small quantity of this well known article, in nice order, dry and very strong. *ALLEN & NEEDLES' NEW FERTILIZER.* The low price and superior quality of this fertilizer is fast bringing it into general use. PRICE $30 PER 2000 POUNDS. (1½ CENTS PER POUND.) BONE DUST.—Button-makers *fine Bone Dust* and GROUND BONE. LAND PLASTER.—Warranted pure. In barrels. A liberal deduction made to DEALERS on all the above articles. N. B.—We have a large number of Diplomas for Premiums awarded by the various Agricultural Societies, which you are requested to call and examine. ALLEN & NEEDLES, 42 South Wharves and 41 South Water street, (First Store above Chestnut,) Philadelphia. [July 10 3m 26

STOVES, TIN AND COPPER WARE. *DEANER & SCHAUM,* NO. 7 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, 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 attention to their large stock of COPPER KETTLES, which are manufactured at their establishment, and will be sold cheaper than can be bought at any other place in this city. They have also the largest stock of TIN WARE, made of the very best material and in a workmanlike manner. Roofing, Spouting and all kinds of Tin Work done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. They have purchased the right of C. Kieffer, Esq., for Lancaster county, for his patent Calorific Boiler, of which hundreds are in use in this county. Call and examine this useful boiler, that can now be sold at reduced prices. Persons in want of anything of our line, will please give us a call. [June 5 tf 21

BOOKS FROM THE TRADE SALES. THE REASON WHY. Series. LIFE AND TRAVELS OF HUMBOLDT. CLEVELAND'S COMPENDIUM OF LITERATURE. GOLDSMITH'S ANIMATED NATURE. THE MANSE IN OWE. By Hawthorne. ART OF DANCING, with Figures, Music and necessary Instructions. LAWYER'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK, with Index alphabetically arranged, of the titles used in the practice and study of law. By a member of the Phila. Bar. For sale cheap at J. M. WESTHAEFFER'S, apr 17 tf 14] Cor. of Orange and North Queen sts.

A CARD TO YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The subscriber will send (*free of charge*) to all who desire it, the recipe and directions for making a simple *Vegetable Balm*, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blotches, *Tan, Freckles*, Sallowness, and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same—as Nature intended it should be—*soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful.* Those desiring the recipe, with full instructions, directions, and advice, will please call on or address (with return postage.) JAS. T. MARSHALL, Practical Chemist, june 26 3m 24] No. 32 City Buildings, New York.

REMOVAL.—We have this day removed to our new Banking House, in EAST KING Sr., 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. Persons entrusting any business to us, whether money on deposit, or for purchase or sale of Bonds or Stocks, may depend upon prompt and faithful performance of all contracts. The members of the firm are individually liable for all its obligations. JOHN GYGER, & CO ROBT. CLARKSON, Cashier. mar 2 tf 7

NATIONAL 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. ☞ Subscriptions, $2 per annum; $1 for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly,) to GEO. W. MATSELL & CO., Editors and Proprietors of the National Police Gazette, oct 27 tf 41 New York City.

CRYSTAL PALACE SHAVING AND HAIR CUTTING SALOON, UNDER SPRECHER'S HOTEL, E. KING STREET LANCASTER, PA. S. J. R. C. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. S. J. BOSTON, H. J. CLARK, } Superintendents. [apr 15 1y 6

SECOND-HAND BOOKS.—For sale very cheap, a large lot of Second-Hand Books, embracing many valuable and interesting works in Science, History, Biography, Poetry, Fiction, and general hand books. Call and examine at DUNCAN & STONER'S, may 15 tf 18 Centre Square.

TATTERSALL'S HEAVE POWDER. Powdered Rosin, Antimony, Fennigreek, Sulphur Saltpetre, Assafœtida, Alum, &c. For sale at apr 21 tf 14 THOMAS ELLMAKER, Drug and Chemical Store, West King st.

A FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—The subscriber will offer at public sale