THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. PUBLISHED SVERT TURSDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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

Advartishments.—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.

JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets Blanks, Labbis, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and or

A PARABLE ON THE UNION.

- BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Two married sisters, side by side, In houses large and fair, On the good farm their father gave, Dwelt in contentment rare.
- The neighbors mark'd their growing wealth, Where ease and plenty vied,
 And some on t'other side the brook
 Their state with envy eyed.
- They visited each other oft,
 Took part in joy or care;
 To the same schools their children went,
 And all was bright and fair.
- But she who wore a cap of snow, And held the spindles fast, Unto her sister sharply spoke, As her own northern blast:
- "No longer can I hold my peace— I feel impelled to say, Your kitchen is a nuisance vile To all who pass that way. "I am truly mortified that one
- Who bears our household name Should be determined to abide In such disgrace and shame." Then she who ruled the cotton field
- Indignantly replied,
 And so their old regard was chang'd
 To haughtiness and pride.
- Their offspring took the quarrel up, And at each other hiss'd; The little ones made ugly mouths, The older shook their fist.
- At length, a nice old spinster aunt,
 Miss Unitr by name,
 Whom both their parents much had loved,
 To pay a visit came.
- Each had a long complaint to make, And one was heard to say, That from her honored father's farm She meant to move away.
- "How, now, good nieces! What's the feud?
- I fear you're growing daft,. Good will and peace are more to you Than all the kitchen craft.
- "What! move away for such a cause? Where'd be the gain, I pray? "Twould stir your father in his grave To hear the words you say.
- "Don't make a harder bargain, now, Than Esau did of old:
- He got a mess of pottage, sure, When he his birth-right sold. "Don't turn your kindred blood to gall,
- And fire-brands round ye strew; I heard them t'other side the brook
- A laughing loud at you. "Come, lip to lip, and hand to hand!
- Nor let me longer grieve, For I must see you reconciled Before I take my leave."
- At first they pouted, then they look'd Into each other's eyes, And then the dear old cradle love Sprang up without disguise.
- They took Miss Unity's advice, And, every discord o'er, Forgiving and forgetting, lived As happily as before.

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I tisement to the boy, and five shillings to went to a concert at the Music Hall of pay for the insertion in The Traveller-Boston. Music is poetically and proverbially 'the food of love,' and in my senti- escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, not that I had any object in view. Mine chantress is, the fates must indeed be very was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion on hand investing it. Well, to return to the con- paper next morning. It was brought to cert, it was crowded to excess, and the rush on leaving to reach cabs and carriages was very great. I wore on that interesting announcement—but, my stars! memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly I admired myself, and next to read as follows: myself, the other party I was most struck with was a fine girl with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a spooney state, worked myself in a towering passion—of love. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as devoted, 'as shy as I was vain,' as an over-candid friend once said. Hail Columbia, which concluded the concert, surprised me as unprepared as on my first glance to improve the occasion, and the company were shoaling out while I stood mutely gaping after the object of

my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current and lost to sight. I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but alas!—the lights were few and so far between, that 'no glimpse of my star could I get.' I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had emerged, and thus

gaining once more a sight of my sweeting. 'Hang it!' I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat tail, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested. How provoking,' said I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; 'how provoking the modern fashion, a lady now has as many hoops and tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone.' It was with some irritation that I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop

around the button. 'Please to let me try,' said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand, it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face. Stars and garters! but it was a fair one, black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight blush tiuted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop, and indeed she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help

her; our fingers met. Please to make way there,' shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up You may rest assured I accepted the

friend's dress in one hand, and my coat- gentlemanly address.' decided tug, severed us.

conscious of my meaning—our eyes met I

knew, and this was the only consolation Button.' left me, for immediately afterward I lost

That night I scarcely closed my eyes. thinking of my bright particular star, and what means I should employ to find her out. I knew little of the town, which mortality as elsewhere.

My love fit grew more and more violent

portmanteau to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the 'black-eyed divinity' so long. It was with no little delight I from which the following extract is taken: now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color-and I stooped to gently disentangle it from the brass as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excite ment I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my | your Lordship moves. hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out ?-- a gold

chain and bracelet! You could have brained me with my for such has been often the fate of murlady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters derers in England, in America and elsestood; in the excitement and flurry of un- where. But this was a villain of no ordoing the loop from my button, the lady dinary stamp. His victims were not stal- the declaration that you feel honored by had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, wart men alone, but defenceless women which had not unnaturally fell into the and little children. He did not slay in coat skirt with which she was engaged, the glare of the noonday sun, as a common and, doubtless, on missing it, instead of robber at the head of his band of retainers, regarding me as romantic, she put me down but he killed in the quiet hours of the as one of the swell mob, who had purpose- night, and the slumbers of innocence were ly entangled myself in her dress to rob startled by the death shrieks of his unsus-

this inevitable dilemma. I must go down the happy wife and mother—happy in the consequent upon the death of martyrs in to the grave remembered only in the dear innocence and purity of her life, though the same cause? Do you excuse yourself, one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of humble in her station—and I have seen my Lord, with the thought that it is only the coffee-room table. I sat down and passed during the brief space of one short you forgotten from whom, and under whose wrote an advertisement in the following night. She was sleeping in fancied seen auspices, American slaves were acquired

" If the lady whose dress got entangled in a gen Wednesday, will call or send to the Tremont she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the adverthere, if that will not give me a clue to mental state I consumed a good deal of it, and at the same time to know who my en-

unpropitious. My plans being so far adopted. I orderwhenever I saw an eligible opportunity of impatiently, the appearance of the newsmy room damp from the press, and I then read in all the glory of large type, my with what an advertisement was it followed in the very same column. I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as 1

22 REWARD .-- LOST or STOLEN. Φ2 REWARD.--LOST or STOLEN, on Φ2 the night of the Concert, at the Hall, a GOLD CHAIN BRACELET. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall. Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward on applying at No. 7 Chambers Place.

Here was a pretty plight-to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello'sthat of

"Loving not wisely—but too well." My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical coat so accurately described. and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to No. 7 Chambers' Place.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant who answered the name of the family. Having heard it, I said, 'Is Miss Raymond in?

Yes. Sir.' replied the servant woman, who shall I say wants her?' 'Tell her,' I replied, 'that the pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return

it to her.' The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went and delivered my message.

Soon there came out not my fair one With all that's best of dark and bright, Meeting in aspect and eye;

but a stalwart brother. 'That,' I said, handing him the bracelet, 'is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive, I wear the blue coat with brass buttons and am flattered to think manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am no pickpocket.'

'Then, sir, you shall have the reward.' said the brother, taking out his purse. 'No,' I replied, 'for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole

the lady's bracelet.' The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to the advertisement in the same paper, as a proof that I did not want the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

'Well,' he said, 'you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak as to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable.'

the passage; was there ever such an un- invitation. Need I go further with the invitation which was given to you, to parlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement? story. The lady (to use the words of the ticipate in the celebration in memory of You hinder the people from going out, advertisement) captured the pickpocket.— John Brown, the great American murderer. Annie, exclaimed one of her companions The bachelor's button no longer adorns Permit me to refresh your memory with with some asperity; plague upon the tire- my blue coat, and I have now framed and the first lines of your response to the comsome loop, break it; and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forment in which I am publicly described by Sib: I feel honored by the ward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful my own wife as a pickpocket with a to attend the Boston Convention. When I charge tail in the other, and giving a quick and her with the libel she always does what

So ends the story of 'A Bachelor's

Brougham. None of our readers can have forgotten, says the Bangor Union, how grossly Lord was a large one, and to expect to know the Court of St. James, the Hon. GEORGE M. name of my fair one by mere description DALLAS, by calling his attention to the great many with dark eyes within bills of in which they were sitting. Since that insult the distinguished Peer, in answer to in the course of the day; but tired out at an invitation to be present at an anniverlength with my search, I returned to the sary of the execution of John Brown, in hotel, and took out my dress coat from my Boston, has written that he felt honored by the invitation.' Mr. DALLAS makes this an occasion for addressing him a letter,

'I will now pass to the second event, which has served in a still greater degree, dress still adhered to the button twisted by expanding the field of your operation, to strengthen and to confirm you in the position, which, by common consent, had harper's Ferry expedition. True, you been previously assigned to you. But denied that John Brown was a real marbefore entering directly upon the subject, tyr. True, you declared your opposition allow me to refer to an incident which to encouragement of negro insurrection, occurred not a great while ago, at a spot not more than 3,000 miles distant from that great centre of civilization in which

A murderer in another Continent closed a long career of crime under the gallows! There was nothing peculiar in this fact, her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find

their beginning in those for which he one's self—when I wished to be considered suffered an ignominious death. They exthe most devoted of knights, to be re- tended over a series of years, and the last, membered only as the most expert of for which with his life he paid the forfeit, Was ever an honest lover was by no means the worst. I myself have in such a plight? and to make it worse, I seen and known the unhappy victims of will, nevertheless, regard it as an honor could not see how I was to escape from his earlier crimes. I have seen and known to be invited to attend the celebrations her bracelet. To find her out was im- her again in all the desolation of a child- the assassins of slave-holders in America, possible; but a bright idea struck me as less widowhood. Dreadful, indeed, were who are worthy to be treated with so much my eyes lighted on a newspaper lying on the scenes through which that poor woman kindness, respect and forbearance? Have rity when the spoiler came to her humble as chattels? May I be pardoned for saylog cabin, and passed through the unbarred door to the bedside of her sleeping husband is a slave, bought and paid for by my an-and children. Your Lordship knows the rest, and I will be brief. They were four province, under the solemn sanction and when they laid down to rest that dreadful night. The morning dawned on the living | held as a slave under the guarantee of a

children. the scene and enlarged the field of his attend the anniversary celebration of his ed dinner, and waited patiently-or rather operations. At Harper's Ferry he again | martyrdom ? Your Lordship has alunsheathed his bloody dagger, and again ready answered the interrogatory in the was the hour of midnight made terrible by the death struggles of his unwatching victims. Am I not right then is saying that John Brown was a villain of no ordinary stamp? Sane men, in a contemplation of the magnitude of his crimes, have exalted the demon into a saint, and mourn for him as a martyr in a holy cause!

It was upon the 3d day of December, 1860, that his friends and partisans assembled in the City of Boston to celebrate the first anniversary of his martyrdom.

Previous to that time a letter had been addressed to your Lordship by the 'Committee of Managers,' inviting you to be present upon that occasion, and to join in that celebration.

I did not rank you among the vicious and blood-thirsty fanatics with whom a common sentiment upon a single point, had served in some measure to identify you. Besides, I will add, that my high respect for the exalted order to which you belong, as well as the position in which you stand toward the occupant of a throne, induced in my mind the belief that you would, in some manner, exhibit your horror of the crime of assassination, and with such an emphasis that madmen might never again give impression to the thought that an English nobleman could have any sympathies in common with either assassins or their partisans.

Pardon me, my Lord, if I, in uncon scious ignorance, did not estimate at their proper value the refined principles of that higher law' which have been incorporated among the doctrines of that so-called great humanitarian anti-slavery party, of which

you are so distinguished a chief. At first view it might occasion surprise that the Philanthropists' of Great Britain read your Lordship's letter, a burning should seem to shut their eyes to the miseries and their ears to the wail of woe which go up around them from the millions of the unhappy, the destitute and depressed of their own race and kin who live through life a lingering death, while they have only eyes to see and ears to hear, and tears to shed over the reputed wrongs of a handful of Africans upon the far-off shore of a continent beyond the Atlantic. But it is necessary, in charity, to remember that the degradation and wrongs of the one are familiar to them from youth to they have become accustomed, familiar and, perhaps indifferent from its constant repetition. They are probably appalled by the magnitude of the evil, and asked to forget its existence and their obligations by you now to be setting in a starless night. ride. Before getting off, however, the the exhibition of redoubled zeal in the cause of those whom their imagination excited by heart-rending romances, picture as the victims of sorrow and oppres-

sion in a far distant land. From this brief but not unnatural di-

'SIR: I feel honored by the invitation Upon reading these few emphatic words, I paused and re-read the letter of invita-

her and her party to view in the darkness Hon. George M. Dallas to Lord them in a public Convention, to be held domestic questions which have produced comber.

BROUGHAM insulted our Minister to the killed for attempting to decide this problem in the mode that he believed to be the most efficient, is an occasion peculiarly was hopeless. There doubtless must be a fact that there was a Negro in the Congress appropriate for the discussion of our duty to the race for whom he suffered.

It would be a work of supererogation now waste of time to eulogise him. Leaving and noble order to which you belong. I both these duties to the coming ages, let would fain hope that you do not; but you us seek to continue his life by striving to do not express the sentiments of the

accomplish what he left us to finish.' It is true, my Lord, that you modified somewhat the only legitimate interpretation of your first emphatic endorsement. True, as 'the representative of the antislavery party in England,' you avowed a wide difference of opinion between those you represented and the promoters of the

because 'they might prove less hurtful to the master than the slave.' True, you intimated that the surest means of accomplishing your cherished schemes of Ameriean negro emancipation was under the form of law, through the instrumentality of a which has been to him and to his fellowof the Republic! But prominent above in the gloomiest moments of his desponall other considerations which are suggested by a perusal of your letter, stands forth the invitation to attend the Boston Con-

vention! What a spectacle is here presented, and how fruitful a theme for reflection! An English nobleman shaking hands across the ocean, and transmitting pleasant messages to such an assemblage convened for

such a purpose! Do you believe they will fail to infer that while you disclaim sympathy with John Brown's plans of emancipation, because they are less likely to result in injury to the master than the slave,' you ing that in the family of the writer there cester from a British subject in a British approval of British laws; and who is now woman, surrounded by the lifeless and British title-deed? Should another John mutilated bodies of her husband and Brown, under pretext of giving freedom to this slave, slay the owner thereof, and for The chief criminal in this drama of his crime suffer a felon's death, would your blood, emboldened by immunity, changed | Lordship feel honored by an invitation to

affirmative. If a British nobleman, of such worldwide reputation for statesmanship and philanthropy as your Lordship, endeavors to instil into the public mind the belief that it is a real honor for an honorable have said that he was mad, while madmen man to be invited to join in rendering homage to the virtues, and moral worth, and the philanthropic services of an admitted midnight assassin, whose only virtue, or worth, or service in the cause of humanity, whose only claim to distinction above other cut-throats, beyond that notoriety which always attaches to the most revolting murderers, consists in the fact that he killed ostensibly in the cause of the so-called great humanitarian antislavery movement of the age, you need not be surprised, my Lord, if others, who have real or imaginary wrongs to redress, may, while rejecting your peculiar idiosyncracy, accept this as a means of redress. There are those who from the depths of their bleeding hearts, and for the redress of grievous wrongs which they themselves have suffered at the hands of their own race, would feel and say, 'if this be a the damage is.' real honor which a British nobleman may covet, how much more honorable to be

invited to participate in a saturnalia of men, I'm pleased to hear yer satisfied. nobler blood!' May heaven grant that The bill is two hundred and seventy-five neither your Lordship nor another may dollars.' ever again be called upon to acknowledge the honor of an invitation to join in the celebration of such a feast!

Perhaps, though, your Lordship's visions of the future Republic may prove delusive! Perhaps your own unguarded words, written in the flush of an anticipated but not fully accomplished victory, may of themselves induce a momentary pause in the mad career which you and your associates thought of days long past, when, as a the utmost alarming sang froid, that's band of brothers, their fathers by their no mistake. Two hundred and seventybloody valor, conquered liberty from their five dollars is the bill.' hostile invaders, may penetrate their 'in the days that tried men's souls.' Or, so composed before them. memory of a glorious past with all its heart-thrilling associations, in memory of the blood of their sires, mingled together upon many a hard fought battle-field, they should ever need that the should ever need to different the should ever need that th consent at least to part as friends! The end may not be yet, my Lord! Out of the cleuds may emerge a sun, more re-splendent than even that which seems to James' novels, to resume their solitary

brief period the nation which Great his saddle and hailed the landlord: Britain failed to conquer with her mighty Britain failed to conquer with her mighty sword, even in the dawn of its infant existence, will have fallen an easy victim to that subtle policy by which you and to that subtle policy by which you and to that subtle policy by which you and to the conduction offence at.'

'I say, landlord, he shouted, 'before I [north side,] in the City Hall go, I'd just like to ask you one question MAY 7th, 1861; between the hours of 1 and 7 o'clock, P M., for twelve qualified persons to serve as Directors of the Common Schools of the Lancaster City School District, for three years.

A. L. HAYES, gression I will return to the subject of the your colaborers have endeavored to arm its citizens in a fratricidal war. If the success, I grant that your Lordship, as the achieving a greater triumph by the subtle arts of diplomacy than has ever been won by British arms, during a long and brilliant

and bloody career.

You delude yourself, my Lord, if you

The crowd hore on, and we were sepa- for the slander in any amount of kisses, discover if I had not, in my hasty perusal and of the human race, share your The crowd bore on, and we were sepa- for the slander in any amount of kisses, discover if I had not, in my nasty perusal and of the number of joy upon the occasion you set at least a look which I intended to speak a thief and stole her heart and pocketed volumes. I thought she did not seem un- her bracelet.

I the slander in any amount of kisses, discover if I had not, in my nasty perusal and of the number of joy upon the occasion you ject. I beg to quote its words: My celebrate. Millions of the down, trodden Lord—A number of young men, earnestly and the oppressed of other climes now desirous of devoting themselves to the mourn over the peril which menaces the work of eradicating slavery in the United overthrow of the great Republic, without States, respectfully invite you to meet knowing, or caring to comprehend, the in this city on Monday the 3d day of De- the danger. During eighty-five years it has * been a beacon of hope to the weary laden, It seems to them that the anniversary and should its brightness be quenched by of the death of John Brown, who was that dark and clouded night upon whose gloomy and fitful shadows we may even

this moment be gazing, believe not, my Lord, that the announcement of the catastrophe will be a message of joy to the hearts of 'all the friends of the human race!' No, my Lord. You may or may to defend John Brown, and a useless not represent the sentiments of the high

> million! If your Lordship really believes that 'all friends of the human race' are rejoiced at the overthrow of that political organization which, commencing with Washington, has been perpetual in power to the present day, descend a little, I pray you, from your elevated position in the social scale, and seek enlightenment from those whom you may encounter. Ask

the wandering exile from his native land who, for the crime of seeking freedom from the thraldom of despotism, has been doomed to revisit the home of his childhood no more forever, if he rejoices at an event which threatens to extinguish the brightness of that light, the contemplation of recent political change in the Government sufferers a thing of joy, of life and hope, dency!

HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

A man may be a first-rate fellow, as Mat Peel used to say, and yet not know how to keep a hotel. If ability in hotel keeping be a test of a good fellow, there is one man for whom we can certainly vouch as all sorts of a good fellow. He keeps a hotel, or country tavern, if you will, away up in the interior of Arkansas somewhere. The way we happened to

hear of him was this: Several weeks ago, two well known gentlemen of this city went travelling for the benefit of their health, and concluded to try the famous Hot Springs of old ' Rackensack.' There being neither river, railroad or canal to take a body to the Springs our travellers hired horses at their destination. They unluckily did not follow the right road, or else there was no right road to follow; at any rate they got lost, and after a fatiguing day's ride through a barren and inhospitable wilderness, they came to a neat little building standing alone in the woods, with farming appendages around. Our travellers halted and hallooed. great tall, raw-boned giant of a fellow

stepped out. 'Can we get lodgings here to night?' asked one of the horsemen. Well gentlemen, I reckin you kin,

said the big one, 'and welkim to boot.
This is a hotel.' The travellers, although they did not like the cut of the landlord's jib, dismounted, were relieved of their horses, and were

soon regaling themselves over a good country supper of corn dodgers, bacon, milk, fried chickens and coffee. It was a regular country supper, but with their whetted appetites our invalids enjoyed it

amazingly. After supper the gigantic landlord sat on the porch with them, talking, laughing, cracking jokes, and treating occasionally to some good old rye, of which he appeared to have a plentiful stock. The invalida set him down for a regular 'brick,' and were still better pleased when lighted at last to nice soft feather beds, with the whitest and sweetest of sheets.

Next morning our travellers were aroused by their ugly but affable landlord, and regaled with a breakfast, if possible, more appetizing than the last night's supper had been. The horses were brought around, and

it was evident that they too had been well cared for. One of the travellers pulled out his wallet, and said to the big entertainer : 'Well, landlord, you keep a first rate little hotel out here; better than we expected to find. We are much pleased

with it, and now we want to know what The landlord drew himself up, and putting on a very solemn look, said, 'Gentle-

'How much did you say, sir?' asked the travellers, both startled.

The big one, drawing himself up a little higher, and looking still more solemn, replied, distinctly and emphatically, 'Two hundred and seventy-five dollars, gentlemen.

'Do I hear you right, sir? do you really mean to charge us two hundred and seventy-five dollars for two meals and lodging and horse feed?

'Gentlemen,' said the landlord, with

The invalids got scared. They did not hearts. Perhaps the retrospect may refeel strong enough to fight; and if they inaugurate once more that feeling of had, could never have hoped to make any fraternity which animated their ancestors thing out of the ungainly giant who stood if they cannot agree to live together as ing another word, the traveller with the brothers in one family, that they will, in wallet squeezed it and peeled its different old age. It is an oft told tale to which upon many a hard fought battle-field, they should ever pass that way again, that they would give him a call.

> The travellers were now on their horses. You, perhaps, imagine that in a very traveller who had to disgorge, turned in

'Fire ahead, gentlemen,' was the

answer; 'ye've paid yer bill, and yer merit of a deed may be measured by its welkim to ask any thin', without offence.' Well, how in the name of heaven did representative of British policy, may boast that you are upon the point of seventy-five dollars for one night's accomseventy-five dollars for one night's accommodation, not worth more than five or six dollars at the outside?'

Certainly, gentlemen, I'll tell yer and welkim. Yer see I keep a hotel; and she has this moment done—pay damages tion which had been addressed to you, to believe that all the 'friends of America,' I hasn't. When I hasn't, I has to charge Ping Ring, &c.

mers I've had well nigh on to a year, yer bill was a little bigger than it mout have been otherwise. The hotel has to be kep' up gentlemen, and when customers is scarce,

has to charge accordin'.' Good morning, landlord,' said both the travellers, and they rode off satisfied. They didn't go to the Springs, however. They took the back track for the river, and returned to the city for more money, the big hotel keeper having pretty well cleaned

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TO Orders encloseing the hair to be plaited may be sent by mail. Gives drawing as near as you can on paper, and enclose such amount as you may choose to pay.
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Centre Square.

Figure 18 to 14

TSTRAY BULLL.—Came to the premises
Lof the subscriber, residing in Carraryon towaship,
Lancaster county, a STRAY BULL. He is of a
bright red color, and is supposed to be 2 years old
this Spring. The owner is requested to come forward, pay charges, and take him away, otherwise he will
be disposed of seconding to law.

DAYID EVANS,
apr 16 3t* 14]

Near Beartown.

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A. L. HAYES,
Ww. B. Willer, Sec'y. S.
Ww. B. Willer, Sec'y. S.
White following are the names of the Directors whose tarms expire: Sev. G. F. Krotel, Sev. L. S. Demund, John W. Jackson, Wm. Garpenter, Wm. Whiteside, D. W. Patterson, Wm. R. Willson, A. Herr Smith, Henry M. White, Wm. Aug. Athe, Horace Rathvon, and Dr. J. Levergood.

[Examiner, Union, Volkarierund and Daily Evening Express, copy once a week for three weeks.]

3t 14

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by returned to the city for more money, the big hotel keeper-having pretty well cleaned them out. Be-supplied with funds, they are now off to the Virginia Springs, being unwilling to trust themselves again among the hotels of the Arkanasa interior.

They declare, though, that the big landlord with the big landlord with fleeced them is a capital fellow—all sorts of a fellow—and knows how to keep a hotel into the bargain.—N. O. Orescent.

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Rev. F. Hagen, Pastor Moravian Church.
Rev. F. Hagen, Pastor Moravian Church.
Rev. Syl. Eagle, St. Mary's do.
Hon. Thomas B. Cochran, Aud. Gen., Penn'a.
Henry Welsh, President York Bank.
David Small, Post Master York, Pa.
And many others.

And many others.

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or inserting it until that time appointed for the color inserting it until that time appointed for the color in a weeks, will receive the engraving framed with a fine gold gilt frame to suit the engraving framed with a fine gold gilt frame to suit the engraving framed with a fine gold gilt frame to suit to size, and a ticket.

AUSTIN & WEHRLY.

3m 14

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