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

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LINES.

- The landscape is a lonely one,
 The granite peaks are dreary,
 The low and narrow meadows wear
 A look so sad and weary.
- Onward the bold, deep river flows,
- To reach the pulsing ocean, And pallid willows, wailing, watch Its steady, pauseless motion. Far to the North one mountain's head
- Lifts high above all others;
 A shining cap of granite gray
 Its earth-brown tresses covers;
- And many a lengthening mile this side A grove of pines is growing, One almost hears from here the sound
- Of wind streams through them flowing O'er all the earth my heart has poured The loneness of November, Though August's full cap must be drained Before we find September.
- Sad home is that beneath those pines-A mother kneels in tears,
 A sister whispers words of hope
 From lips knit close with fears.
- And I—within my hand I hold A letter edged with black, Mailed with a post-mark far away, Near old Potomac's track.
- A cousin writes in sentence brief: "Dear friends, lean hard on God, Our noble-hearted Herbert fell Upon Virginia's sod.
- There was no time for parting words— No time for clasping hands— His glazed eyes followed not a step Our fast retreating bands."
- Oh, God! my mother's heart will break Above that short, sad letter— How can I strike the cruel blow, And snap life's crystal fetter?
- How full of toil the future seems!
- How full of rest the water!
 Father, in mercy hold me fast,
 Thy sorely tempted daughter. My brother for his country died-
- Mine is to light the cottage home He left so sadly dim.
- Then, aid me, God, with steady foot
 To follow on thy leading,
 Wearing like Christ a smile on lips
 Wet with the forehead's bleeding.
 [N. H. Patriot.

THE LOVER'S WARNING.

Away! The moor is dark beneath the moon;
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of

- even; Away! The gathering winds will call the darkness soon, .
 And obscurest midnight shroud the screne lights
- Pause not! The time is past; every voice cries, "Away!"
 Tempt not with one last glance thy friend's ungontle mood;
 Thy lover's eye, all glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay—
 Duty and dereliction call thee back to solitude.
- Away, away, to thy sad and silent home, Pour bitter tears on its desolated beauty
- And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.
- The leaves of wasted Autumn woods shall gleam about thy head, The blooms of dewy Spring shall lie beneath thy feet, But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost
- that binds the dead, Ere morning's smile and midnight's frown, ere peace and thou may meet.
- The cloud-shadows of midnight possess their own repose, For the weary winds are silent or the moon is in
- the deep; respite to its turbulence, unresting ocean
- All things that move, and toil, and breathe, have their appointed sleep.

 E'en thou may'st in the grave find rest, but till the your waking hours?
- shadows flee, Which that house, and beath, and garden, made Which that nouse, and nearth, and address, dear to thee ere while,
 Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep mushy remembrance, and repensance, and ings are not free from the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.

THE YOUNG QUAKERESS.

They sat side by side in the summer twilight—the young Quakeress maiden and her student lover. Rachel Norman said thee and thou,' wore odd looking bonnets, and covered up her beautiful shoulders and snowy throat almost to the ear-tips: but the sombre colors and strait garments could not mar the beauty of a face fair as a pictured Madonna, nor take from the flexible grace of her slender figure. As the twilight deepened and the dusky shadows grew broader, Rachel rose for lights, but her lover laid his hand upon her arm, and said,

in persuasive tones—
Nay, Rachel, the moon will soon be here, and that will be much pleasanter.' The young girl's face took a thoughtful, somewhat troubled look for a moment, and then yielding to his wish, she seated herself

by his side. She was passionately fond of nrusic, though it was forbidden to one of her faith to have a musical instrument in the house; but nature would not be crushed, though it might be subdued, and oc- good night. casionally gushes of song that came to her from a neighbor's window, or the young foreigner that found his way to the village to grind out his 'God save the King, and 'Marseilles Hymn,' kept alive a great natnral genius. And when in her monotonous dove-colored sky there came a gleam of sun-shine in the person of Paul Graham. it was no small recommendation to her favor that he possessed a fine and much

- Shall I sing to you, Rachel ?' he inquired, after she had resumed her seat.
- 'Ah, yes! if thou wilt.' And what shall it be?
- 'Kathleen Mayourneen,' she answered, with a half blush.

Paul smiled at her selection--it was so like her-she always gave her choice to something of this nature in preference to anything else. She was guided by feeling, not fashion, for that she knew nothing about. So Paul sang that tender, touching ballad in his sweet, rich voice. When he finished the moon had risen, and he could see by its light the tears in Rachel's eyes. He said nothing, but bent his lips to the delicate little hand that lay upon the window-sill.

Paul.' she said at length, 'I had a dream, such a strange dream about thee, last night. Shall I tell it thee?'

- He signified his acquiescence, and Ra-
- chel began her relation. I thought we were separated—thou in thy city home, and I here, as I am now, with grandfather and Aunt Deborah. received from thee, at intervals, lettersat first breathing unchanged constancy, but at last there was a tone about them of dissatisfaction and unquiet, and then came s summons from thy friends for Rachel Norman to come to them. I could see it with these she had been content, until this all now, the restless, unsatisfied tones of thy letter, Paul, were made clear to me. Thy little Quaker friend compared but

rooms my heart ached. The spirit of the grace were a great charm; and to Rachel, added, blushingly.

keress throughout it all. Indeed, it only served to show more distinctly than ever the room. the vast difference between us. I did not

fit the garb nor the garb me. 'At last the truth dawned upon me. Thou couldst not make me like them. The contrast of my simple manners with their graces and accomplishments was a daily annoyance to me. There was a girl of great beauty and thine own faith, who detained thee at her side with her winning smiles and pleasant converse. It cut me marvel at it. She was far fairer and more graceful than I, and of a kind, good heart, which was more than all. Still, thou didst gentle words to her, but thy heart was not in it. It was yearning after the sweet to pass away the time,' she thought, but laughter and dark eyes of that young maiden. When the discovery came to me, sa.' I knew that my place was at the old forsaken fireside; and there I determined to return. I had done thy bidding and it was ended. They did not oppose me when I acquainted them with my wish. They felt it was best; and thou too, Paul, when I said to thee, it is better that this parting be forever, we are unsuited to each other. thou to me and I to thee, thou didst not gainsay it; and so, resuming the old familiar garb, home to her old grandfather and aunt Deborah, amid the butterenps and daisies, Rachel went. But the old

The sun of love never dawned for me again. Life went on the same, save that the brightness had gone . that once made the monotony pleasant. Paul had been silent throughout this doubts and fears from her. simple recital, but the tears forced them-

finished, he drew her to his bosom. 'My Rachel, (and his voice was tremu-

lous with emotion,) do you doubt me in

She lifted her head, and looking him full in the face, answered—
'I would not pain thee, Paul, but I have had misgivings before this dream, thatmay be, thou wouldst find Rachel Norman unsuited to thee when amid the influences

of city life.' Rachel, dear Rachel, put away such thoughts, I swear-'Nay, nay, Paul, thou needst not take

a vow like that! It might prove a fetter and a bond to thee.' 'Never, Rachel.' Well, it is not best; grant me this.'

He stroked her bright hair, that would ake an undulating wave to itself, despite the efforts to make it lie in smooth, straight bands, and sent an unspoken vow from the depths of his heart, never to be false to his sweet, trusting girl.

When dost thou leave us, Paul? Rachel inquired, after a few moments'

рацяе. 'In a month, dear Rachel: but be of good cheer; as soon as I am established in my profession, I shall come to claim my

The faint rose hue deepened upon her cheek as she shrank back in the shadow of the window, and soon after Paul bade her

Rachel Norman was an orphan, whose sole guardians in this world were her grandfather and Aunt Deborah. Her mother had been a gay, beautiful girl, the daughter of a Mr. Elliot. She fell in love Mrs. Lorrimer strok with her husband while on a visit to one of | ingly, while Rachel told her misgivings. his father's neighbors. Henry Norman gave little evidence, in speech or manner, parents. He chose his profession from against the object of her love. But now the world, and dwelt in its midst with his charming wife for a companion. But it was for a short time-they both died while

which many might emulate, they bound her

to no society. Rachel strove to be cheerful and contented after Paul's departure; but, as in her dreams, the sunshine had gone. She read the books he left her with a keen relish. It was a new field for the young Quakeress. For the first time the beauties of Shakespeare were opened to her imagination. To Paul's infinite credit be it spoken, well educated in all but what her father false termed the vanities and accomplishments of the world. She was well versed in history, a Latin scholar, and could solve a problem in algebra which might puzzle But her reading had never been extensive. The Bible, a volume of Cowper's poems, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, and

new star broke in upon her life. Directly after her lover went, an mansion, not a stone's throw from Friend

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. bonnet and drab dress looked ugly beside for some time, found an owner and occutheir bower decked hats and bright siks. pant in the person of Richard Lorrimer; Her 'thee and thou' jarred with their and after a little repairing and furnishing, sweeter world language. And they sum- there came a Mrs. Lorrimer and four frolic- less ruse that I require of you-do not moned her to their home to unlearn her some children, with quite a retinue of refuse me.' faith and fashions. It was a sore trouble servants. Rachel soon learned to love 'But, dear Grace, if I put on these garto me for hours and hours, but love for thee this Mrs. Lorrimer like a sister, and hard-ments, and enter into society with the conquered, and so I went with my close ly a day passed that the two were not to-world, for these few months, I cannot for bonnet and drah dress to meet thy kins- gether. To the gay and city bred woman all time. And Paul may not relish the folk. And when I saw thee in those gay this young girl's simplicity and quiet return to old faith and habits again, she

world had breathed upon thee; thou wert Grace Lorrimer, with her ardent affections not the Paul Graham, the student who and brilliant conversation, was an oracle. wandered in the green lanes with Rachel One thing, too, more than any other, Norman, and gathered the wild honey | brought this about. She had come from suckle, and sang for her in their simple the world of Paul Graham, and so redolent parlor. It was Mr. Graham now, and of his atmosphere did she seem to Rachel, at her friend. Not only was this dear friend thou wert dressed gaily in the fashion of with her graceful ways, and sweet, harm- pleading with her for moderation and largethe world. A glittering chain and costly less gossip, that she came to regard her ness of heart, but the love of Paul Graham

mond sparkled on thy breast. There was and him. all about thee an inexplicable change. I One day, when Mrs. Lorrimer was waitcould not make thee seem as in times past ing in the Norman's parlor for Rachel, to again. I strove to be more like the women while away the time, she took up a book about me. I even put off my obnoxious which lay upon the table. She was somebonnet and drab dress, and bared my neck | what surprised to find it a copy of Moore's and arms according to their style. But it Lalla Rookh. She turned to the fly-leaf would not do; I could no more assimilate and read, written in a bold, manly hand, to them than the field daisy with garden 'Paul Graham to Rachel Norman.' An roses. I was still the little grave Qua- exclamation of surprise escaped her lips, coupled with his name, as Rachel entered

Where in the world did you ever know Paul Graham, you sly little puss?' she exclaimed to her.

The color mounted to Rachel's brow, as she explained the circumstances of their

acquaintance.

And so it was here in this little woodland dell that Paul spent his vacations! I knew the doctor had ordered him to to the heart to see this, but I could not I never thought it was in this vicinity.' Grace Lorrimer was a woman of quick terest to her.

and delighful perceptions; she understood the blush, though she did not seem to heed treat the old love kindly, Paul, and spoke it, that suffused her young friend's face. 'I hope he hasn't been flirting with her

> Dost thou know Paul Graham much, friend Grace ?' inquired Rachel, with a low, tremulous voice.

'Much, my sweet girl? Well, I don't think anybody I know can lay claim to that. I know him to be very entertaining, yery intelligent, and a very fine singer. but he does not open his heart to many, so that I imagine few know him much.' Rachel smiled a very little, and a feeling

link, with the distant dullness where a guitar, sing ravishingly and dance divinely, smiled gaily to hersif as she caught student's leisure hours had passed, and a There, have not I made him out an Adonis? Rachel's unconscicus glance at the mirror, played out. And so, with unsteady color before he was aware of her presence.— Quakeress' lone life was wearing out. After a while came tidings to me of a bridal, and the wedded were Paul Graham of it had never entered his head when whim, met them at the table with a quiet sitting or walking beside his demure little smile, and said : and the lovely, dark-eyed girl that stole

his heart away from Rachel Norman .-betrothed. After this conversation with Mrs. Lorrimer, there seemed an immeasurable dis- Lorrimers first saw her. Reading and tance and difference between herself and congenial society had expanded her mind,

Does your grandfather and Aunt Deboselve; out more than once; and when she rah know of your engagement, Rachel?' which had slept around her heart, to blosshe questioned, one evening, after they been conversing about the absent Paul

Rachel looked up with some surprise. 'I don't wonder Paul loves her,' thought Mrs. Lorrimer, as she looked upon her in her sweet dignity. 'Such truth, such singleness of heart and purpose! Happy, happy Paul! I hope I can say years hence, 'happy Rachel!'-but they are so differ-

The Lorrimers had an extensive library, and with their intimate knowledge of it, and fine taste to guide, Rachel soon became conversant with its gems and beauties. Her new friends, too, discovering what a

much of his attention. It was one bright autumn morning, when Mrs. Lorrimer was singing her youngest pet to sleep, that Rachel presented herself to her door with an unusual flush upon her cheek, and a tearful dimness in her

slumbering child upon the couch, and pull-

poor little dove.'

Mrs. Lorrimer stroked ber hair caress-It was what Mrs. Lorrimer had thought many a time before, and what Rachel had that he had been educated by Quaker felt, without uttering a word of complaint

she felt the need of sympathy, for 'The grave of anguish is a human ear.' She told her dream—the dream that Rachel was yet a child, and left their little had left such an impression on her own girl to the care of the good old grandfather mind, and called forth that unspoken yow and Aunt Deborah. They brought her up from Paul Graham's hear. She looked in their own faith, but with a generosity up in her friend's face after she had finished. and instead of the grave, sympathizing countenance that had met her previous glances, was a face full of tenderness and gleeful meaning. Mrs. Corrimer smiled still more brightly, as she took the passive

hands of Rachel within her own, and said : 'My dear little girl; I want to unfold a romantic plan of mine to you. Now mind you say ' yea' to it. We that is, Richard, the children and myself-are going to the his choice was as a father's might have city next month to spend the winter. We been for his daughter. At intervals, there cannot do without you, nor, we flatter came with his welcome letters some new ourselves you without us, so all I want is book, or a choice edition of an old one, for you to accompany us, and you shall see marked by his beloved hand. Rachel was for yourself whether this lover be true or

' Nay, friend Grace, he cannot be false,

It is not his nature.' Well, I did not mean that exactly, but whether you two are fitted for one another. many a brilliantly educated young lady. It will be better to learn the lesson now, if there is one to be learned, than when it is too late-and what I want my Rachel to do is to let me disguise that lovely face a few others, had formed her library. And and figure in unwonted but not unfitting garments. I will arrange it so that Paul will scarcely recognize the little Quakeress with her demure bonnet and gray dress in

lie-do not thou tempt me to this.' Nay, nay, Rachel, 'tis a simple, harm-

'Rachel, did it never strike you that there was as much bigotry in the fashions and cut of a garment as in the much censured Catholic's counting of beads !

Rachel looked up with a startled glance seal hung from thy waistcoat, and a dia- as something like a link between herself was entreating her, with its silent yet strong influence to give way And it proved not in vain. Before she left that morning, Grace Lorrimer had obtained her consent to play the part she had urged in her little drama. To prevent all detection, Mrs. Lorrimer had arranged that the correspondence should go on as usual. Her own mother, who stood behind in her absence, a delicate and refined woman, was the mediator, receiving the letters from Paul to Rachel, and re-mailing them to her, and Rachel's own epistles to her lover, being enclosed to Mrs. Ashton, when they reached Paul, were dated from the old familiar place. This was more easily acomplished as the correspondence was less

frequent than before. Mrs. Lorrimer herself-sweet Grace Lorrimer, as her friends called her-was in ecstacies at the success of her plan. With a heart as brimful of romance as a breathe the country air for his health, but girl of sixteen, yet with a good amount of common sense, the project was full of in- you not?'

Rachel's figure was nearly the same as her friend's, perhaps a little more willowy in its bend, which was not strange, as her life had been passed amid the woods and mountains, instead of the formalities of city life. And so Mrs. Lorrimer, with infinite it's a gay youth to fancy this little Mimotact, had decided that Rachel should use her own newly ordered wardrobe, for she was aware that her purse was not ample enough for the demands a whim like this

would entail upon it. 'You must begin at once, dear,' said Mrs. Lorrimer, playfully, as she entered the pretty little apartment Rachel occupied, after their arrival in town.

So with much pleasant talk and a great deal of light hearted laughter, she preparof pride crept into her heart that she knew ed her young friend for dinner. She was him better than any. Mrs. Lorrimer went a diplomatist, was this same bright-faced little woman. She would not shock her back to the busy world with no connecting most anything. Play upon the piano and some delicate lace and embroideries. She about this dancing. Probably a thought | Lorrimer, who was in his romantic wife's

'Why, Rachel, I hardly knew you.' She had altered wonderfully since the Paul, and gradually her friend drew her and left its impress on her face. New and deep emotions, excitement, and a thousand hopes and fears, had sent the warm blood, som on her cheek-a perpetual bloom of roses, where only the lily had reigned before. Her eye had gained a new lustre,

her voice a deeper melody. 'Tis two years now since Paul Graham has seen her, soliloquized Mrs. Lorrimer, and with the decided change that has taken place in her, to say nothing of dress, there is no danger that he will recognize her; for he will never suspect that the prim little body in her close Quaker bonnet could be this bird of paradise.' Under Mrs. Lorrimer's tutilage she had gradually dropped the 'thee' and 'thou,' which of itself would have betrayed her. .

One evening there was a deal of bustle fine voice and decided genius she had and busy talking, a hurrying to and fro, for music, gave her all the instruction in and exclamations of lovely, exquisite, etc., their power, which was not limited, as both | in Rachel's room. What can the matter Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer were remarkably be? I will whisper the secret to you, pass. proficient. Paul wrote as frequent if not dearest of readers, if you will promise not as lengthy letters as before. His studies, to tell, as the children say. 'Tis the night of genius he was listening to, but it was he pleaded, were pressing, and claimed of Rachel Norman's debut. She is to take with no set phrase of courtesy that he the last touches were put to Rachel's into her face with a something more than and smiled as she saw reflected in the pier- words could not express-and then he glass a lovely figure clad in azure silk, said : with a soft drapery of white lace floating What is the matter, Rachel, dear ?' ex- about it, and a neck and arms that Cleoclaimed Mrs. Lorrimer, laying the now patra might have envied. The hair, that beautiful dark brown hair that had always ing a low chair for her friend at her side. been confined within the smallest compass, Sit down, and open your heart to me, my was now displayed to advantage-twisted Ah, Paul! Rachel had not forgotten the in a Grecian knot at the back of her head, Dear Grace, it may be wrong for me and allowed to fall in its natural way to say so much to thee, but my heart is around her face—a cluster of curls beside each glowing cheek. She looked no more the piano she had begged him for a song. like the Rachel Norman that had first captivated Paul Graham's fancy than a ott, he said, laughingly, 'for my organ of little nun like a young princess. Her tune tells me that you are a genius. heart throbbed wildly beneath her silken bodice, as she entered the brilliantly lighted rooms with her friends, for she had been told that her lover was to be present. It was fortunate for her self-possession she did not see him when she entered; and when at last Mrs. Lorrimer directed her attention to a young man in animated conversation with their hostess, she recognized with tolerable calmness Paul Graham. How changed he looks,' she thought.

> should have known him in Switzerland. Will he recognize his Quaker brotherhood? As the thought glanced through her mind, she caught the reflection of a beauti- but he banished it quickly and with some ful and elegantly dressed young girl in remorse. the mirror. She looked at her wonderingly for a moment, and then the blushes died on her cheek as she recognized her own face and figure. Paul himself had been regarding her for the last few seconds with a strange feeling of dreamy admiration; but with not an idea (though he remarked at once her resemblance to Rachel) that he had ever pressed that burning cheek to his, or kissed those small fingers. And as he saw her blush at her own reflection, he thought, 'No wonder she blushes at her loveliness. I like that. It looks maidenly and modest:'

What new star have you here, Mrs. Cavenna? he inquired of his hostess.

She followed his eye. Ah, that is indeed a new star. Mrs. Lorrimer's young friend, whom she has brought from Baltimore with her. I think. Shall I introduce you?

But, friend Grace, I shall be acting a in his, and calling her in courteous terms much for her, unaccustomed as she was to

'How like her tones are to Rachel's,' like.'

In one thing it bore no resemblance to his betrothed—the characteristic thee her hat and bathed her brow with some and thou were wanting. He soon dis- cologne he found upon the table. The ing them all the time, that she had a more

thought, 'There are a great many in him who knelt beside her,) 'Paul, dear Baltimore. I should not be at all sur- Paul!' For a moment the blood rushed prised. Just emancipated from a numery tumultuously to his face, his heart throbeducation, perhaps. There's an atmosphere about her that breathes of the cloister.'

The eyes fell and the hand was motion-

'I do not dance, Mr. Graham.' 'She's a Roman Catholic, I'll be bound -but you are fond of music, I know, Miss Elliot.

She looked up smilingly, and said: · How did you know ?

'I read it in your eyes, I guess; and you were keeping time, too.' Shortly afterwards, as they were pacing the room, they came upon a little fairy bower, furnished with several instruments

of music. It had but a few occupants, and Paul, with his fair companion on his maculate, the noble hero of her dreams .arm, turned his steps within it. 'You will sing for me, Miss Elliot, will

'Not here,' she murmured anxiously, and then added, innocently, and with rising | few hurried words that sounded strangely color, 'Sometime at Mrs. Lorrimer's. Do not urge me now.' Paul smiled involuntarily at this sim-

young girl fresh from a convent would have said that.' His previous conviction was month. It was April now. With all posconfirmed. 'You must come and see us Paul,' said prepared for their departure for the coun-

Mrs. Lorrimer, pleasantly, as they parted try. In a few days she was again estab-that night; and he waited for no second lished in her old home, the soher dress invitation. A few evenings after, as Rachel was deep in the mysteries of a new opera, thrilling, warbling like a nightingale, the servant

self to win her confidence as if she had been a child. 'I heard some one singing,' he said, smiling, 'and I am going to claim the fulfillment of a promise you made me at Mrs. resembled Miss Elliott. Days passed ou, Cavenna's. Will you come? You see I and Paul would have been happy, but for know the way,' he added, as he preceded her to the music room she had just left. 'I don't like to sing for you,' she said, naively, resting her folded hands on the

an accomplished musician yourself. O, Mrs. Lorrimer flatters me too much. I assure you it is not so, Miss Elliot.' He turned to the pile of sheet-music lying on the music-stand, and taking up that noble poem, married to melody, know that my Redeemer liveth,' laid it before her. Rachel's whole frame changed at sight of this; she had sung it upon the breezy hill tops, and in the beloved rooms at Lorrimer place, till every note was as familiar as household words to her. Paul sat down, at her request, and played the symphony. She had forgotten fear when he struck in upon the accompaniment, and

her voice gushed out freely and effortless, and swelled sweetly up the bird-like com-Her auditor knew that it was the voice her mother's name of Elliot. Mrs. Lorri- thanked her after the last accent of her mer uttered an exclamation of delight as voice had died away. He only looked up dress, and our hercine herself blushed admiration -- a look of delight and pleasure

'Miss Elliot, you should go to Italy.' She smiled brightly for a moment, and it was a smile Graham could not comprehend. There was a great deal of gratified affection in it. It could not be for him .tones of that voice, whose depth and sweetness had first opened to her a new field of delight, and before he rose from 'I don't like to sing for you, Miss Elli-

Another bright smile, and a brighter blush passed over her face. 'Don't say any more; do sing,'

murmured, gently. What a strange, artless little thing she is,' thought Paul, as he began Barry Cornwall's beautiful Hunter's Song. They met very frequently, at first by accident, and then, as the aequaintance progressed, by design. Their music was a bond of companionship, and Graham im-How like the Paul in my dream! But I agined that was all. One evening, when

he had joined her voice with his in an old

English ballad, the thought flashed through

his mind-'O, that Rachel had this gift!

Pleased though she was to be in his beloved society so frequently, yet there was a pang at her heart sometimes, after some gentle meaning attention had been lavished upon her, for was he not untrue to Rachel. or at least bestowing the thought and admiration that should have been hers upon another? 'The simple Quakeress is in peril,' she thought. But it was not long before Paul Graham saw this peril. He had rode with her, sung with her, and talked with her about their favorite authors, week after week, and yet wrote on to Rachel, with the same punctuality, if not interest. And Rachel herself replied

At last there came an awakening. He was teaching her to ride horseback, and in house in the country, and asked : 'who is the excitement of the lesson they had gone the master of this house?' 'I am sir,' reon farther than they intended, and as they turned homewards; he remarked how weary plied the landlord; my wife has been Thy, little Quaker friend compared but mancion, not a stone's throw from Friend the young lady will present to him under the yielded to her guidance, and was turned howevery plied the landlord; my wife has been poorly with the gay city dames. Her plain Norman's, which the day is will present to him under the yielded to her guidance, and was turned howevery plied the landlord; and was turned how weary plied the landlord to her guidance; and was turned how weary plied the landlord to her guidance; and was turned how weary plied the landlord to her guidance; and was turne

dence.

with the same tone of affectionate confi-

much for her, unacoustomed as she was to the exercise; and as he drove up into the court-yard and sprang from his saddle to assist her to alight, the small white hands relaxed, and the head drooped—she was fainting. He took her in his arms, and with his light burden ran up the steps, and pushing the astonished footman aside, hore her into the drawing-room. He removed her into the drawing-room. He removed her bat and bathed her brow with some cologue he found upon the table. The cool, dashing, and strong perfume soon restored her. She forgot Miss Elliott, as conscience slowly returned, and murmured 'Miss Elliot.' And our little Miss Elliot the exercise; and as he drove up into the went through the ordeal with wonderful court-yard and sprang from his saddle to he thought. 'A little more womanly, and fainting. He took her in his arms, and trained by fashion, perhaps, but exceeding with his light burden ran up the steps, and

covered, for he was unconsciously compar- cool, dashing, and strong perfume soon extensive knowledge of books, and laughed | conscience slowly returned, and murmured gayer and more frequently than Raohel. out in low, tender tones, (yet not so low till wonder if she's a Catholic,' he but they reached the sharpened hearing of

bed with irresistible tenderness, and upon the impulse of a moment he pressed his 'Can I claim your hand for the coming lips to hers. And then the thought of Raquadrille ?' he inquired, as he observed her chel rose up before him like an accusing eyes light up and her fan bearing time to angel. He sprang to his feet and folded his arms tightly across his breast as if to still its beatings, while big drops of perspiration started to his brow.

Is it come to this?' he groaned inwardly; 'am I a traitor to the sweet trust that reposed in me ?'

Rachel had felt the pressure of his lips to hers with pain and pleasure. It was meant for other lips than Rachel Norman's. She marked too the sudden start, the severe chilling aspect, and fortunately read aright the remorse and regret. But it could not still the pang that thrilled her heart at the conviction that he had proved false to the vows of his troth-he the im-There was an embarrassed pause when she rose from the sofa; Paul dared not speak lest the emotions he had striven to repress should be made manifest; and so with a cold after such a volcano of feeling he took his leave. The next letter that Rachel received was written in a tone of replicity. 'No one,' he argued, 'but a morseful tenderness, and contained the news that she might expect him next sible haste Mrs. Lorrimer and Rachel

was resumed, and the curls brushed back into plain bands. May came with its tender flowers and fresh foliage-and with it Paul Graham. brought in a card to the music room, bear- It was nearly dark when he again set foot ing that magic name-Paul Graham. For on Nathan Norman's doorstep. The dusk ness like death bowed her slight figure to the earth. She was to meet him alone, and as a stranger, the man to whom she had plighted her faith in the little lane heneath the cedar shade. But there was no time for emotions like these now. She had undertaken this game, and it must be played out. And so, with unsteady color and uncertain footsteps, she went into his presence. Paul noticed the shrinking a moment her heart stood still, and a faint- of a May twilight was brooding over the and daisies, Rachel went. But the old house looked lonelier and drearier, the old walks had a shadow in them which the sunshine could not dissipate. Thou went life of the parties he attends. He can do Poor Rachel! He had never said a word of something very like pleasure. Mr. and uncertain footsteps, she went into his 'Paul!' He turned, and stretched his presence. Paul noticed the shrinking arms out to receive her; but she only timidity, as he termed it, and exerted him- placed her hand in his, and said, yet ear-

nestly 'I am glad to see thee, Paul.' As the candles were brought in, he glanced at her face, and a thrill passed through him as he observed how much she an angel vision of those pale lips murmuring ' Paul, dear Paul !' traitor, for had he not now the love of this fair girl, and been untrue to the old love? piano; 'for Mrs. Lorrimer says you are One afternoon as he was sitting by her side, he took the work from her and clasping them in his own, said, most earnestly:

Rachel, I want you to be mine before I leave-do not refuse me, my love. I know this seems sudden; but I want to take my guardian angel back with me .-Will she go?'

'Paul, thou hast deceived thyself-I hould not satisfy thee in thy city home.should only be a mortification. 'Rachel! Rachel!'

search thine own heart. Have there not been misgivings about the Quaker girl and comparisons that have resulted unfavorably? Rachel do not make us both miserable

'Thou knowest it is as I tell thee;

by those doubts and fears. Believe me. love vou.' ' And none other ?'

He paused a moment, and then replied 'And none other, Rachel.' 'Thou hast spoken an untruth, Paul, said she, looking him searchingly in the

He made no reply, but bowed his face ipon his hands, while Rachel glided noiseessly from the room. It might have been half an hour that he sat thus, without lifting his head, when a hand was laid upon nis shoulder, and a voice, like and yet unlike Rachel's, said! 'Look up, and see thine accuser, Paul Graham! Was he dreaming, or had reason left him?' There stood Miss Elliott in her riding dress, with the iaunty hat and sable plumes, and the

uxuriant brown curls. Paul, do you not know me?' she said at length. 'I am Rachel, only Rachel— Miss Elliott is only a shadow. Can you love her as well now, knowing she is, after all, but a simple Quakeress?

'Tenfold more, my beloved. Forgive me for my faithlessness, though it was but momentary. 'As I hope to be forgiven, Paul.' After she had explained the whole of the

with tearful eyes into his face, and said: 'Am I fitted to your station, Paul?' 'No, dearest, and that can never be; you are above my station." Tears fell from the bright eves of Ra-

chel, but they were happier tears than she

had shed for many a weary month.

little romantic ruse to him, she looked up

Mrs. Lorrimer was delighted at the success of her plan. Rachel, after all, found that there was as much bigotry in the cut of a garment as in counting beads. But though she mingled in the world as Paul Graham's wife, and graced his house, there was always a certain grave simplicity, a saint-like purity, that set her apart from others, which her husband would not have had otherwise for all the brilliancy in the

world. 'And after all, I was not untrue,

love,' he would say. 'It was Rachel in

different phases that I loved.' And Rachel would answer by a look of such trusting happiness, that he would bless God that he had won such an angel to his side. A gentleman rode up to a public

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