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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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Jos Paintino—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and or the shortest notice.

ROSE IN THE GARDEN. Thirty years have come and gone, Melting away like Southern snows, Since in the light of a summer's night I went to the garden to seek my Rose.

Mins! Do you hear it, silver moon, Flooding my heart with your mellow shine? Mins! Be witness, ye distant stars, Looking on me with eyes divine!

Tell me, tell me, wandering winds,
Whisper it, if you may not speak——
Did you ever, in all your round,
Fan a lovelier brow or cheek?

Long I nursed in my heart the love, Love which I felt, but dared not tell, Till—I scarcely know how or when— It found wild words—and all was well! I can hear her sweet voice even now— lt makes my pulses leap and thrill—

It makes my pulses leap and thrill— I owe you more than I well can pay; You may take me, Robert, if you will!" So in the pleasant summer night
I trod the garden walks alone,
Looking about with restless eyes,
Wondering whither my Rose had flown.

Till, from a leafy arbor near,
There came to my ears the sound of speech;
Who can be with my Rose to night?
Let me hide me under the beach. It must be one of her female friends,

Talking with her in the gleaming grey;
Perchance—I thought—they may speak of me;
Let me listen to what they say. This I said with a careless smile,
And a joyous heart that was free from fears;
Little I dreamed that the words I'd hear
Would weigh on my heavy heart for years.

"Rose, my Rose! for your heart is mine,"
I heard in a low voice, passion-fraught,
"In the sight of Heaven we are truly one;
Why will you cast me away for nought?

"Will you give your hand where your heart goe not, not, To a man who is grave, and stern, and old; and whose love, compared with my passion-heat, As the snow of the frozen North is cold?" And Rose-I could feel her cheek grow pale-

Her voice was tremulous—then grew strong— Richard," she said, "your words are wild, And you do my guardian bitter wrong. "Did you never hear how, years gone by "— She spoke in a tremulous undertone— "Bereft of friends, o'er the world's highways, I wandered forth as a child alone.

"He opened to me his home and heart— He whom you call so stern and cold— And my grateful heart I may well bestow On him, for his kindness manifold."

"Rose," he said, in a saddened tone,
"I thank him for all he has done for thee;
He has acted nobly—I did him wrong—
But is there is no voice in your heart for me?"

And Rose—she trembled—I felt it all; I heard her quick breath come and go; Her voice was broken; she only said, "Have pity, Richard, and let me go!" And then—Heaven gave me strength, I think— I stood before them, calm and still; You might have thought my tranquil breast Had never known one passion-thrill.

And they alternate flushed and paled; Rose tottered, and I feared would fall; caught her in my supporting arms, And whispered, "Rose, I heard it all.

"I had a dream, but it is pass'd, That we might journey, hand-in-hand, Along the rugged steeps of life, Until we reached God's promised land.

"This was my dream-'tis over now-Thank Heaven, it is not yet too late!

I pray no selfish act of mind
May keep two young hearts separate!"

I placed her passive hand in his—
With how much pain God only knows—
And blessing him for her sweet sake,
I left him standing with my Rose.

MY NOSE.

Far away back in the days of early childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark in a suppressed tone, 'Poor child! she has Whether it was expected of me couldn't exactly understand; especially as in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years, and the first ering this, for he said very little more durmortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years, and at a child's party a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to help me out of 'the well,' imprinted a kiss upon the end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me, and from that time forward the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed 'a nose' never left

practical operation I was at a loss to conceive, and that it should one of these days be attempted I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's 'Home,' it was the disappointed overthrow of a long-cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the reducing the size of her nose, and went off despair.

full of life and spirits. I was very fond of survey. them, and I believe they were of me; but they never would restrain their jokes at after regarding me with considerable astonmy expense. Poor things! They were motherless; and if they something lacked the refinement and sensitiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a barrister, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls-Celestine, the eldest, was a perfect type of Southern beauty. Slender, symmetrical, with beautiful dark eyes and moonlight face-a picture to be studied. Then came Anna, who always played Rowena, in all the tableaux; a tall, graceful blonde with an air and manner so distinguished, that on entering a room at any assembly there was always a murmur of 'Who is she?' Emma was a piquant little thing, with the look of a ripe peach; her checks were so downy, with round, and surveying me from head to foot. the rich color growing through the olive remarked, Stature average height; figure

Matilda was my especial favorite; and 1 who have always been an admirer of beauty, would often gaze upon her in a kind of prohibited subject; mouth, just what a lovely, she was seldom still for two consectors to see a pretty chin; complexion delicate, utive moments. I have watched her dip yet healthy; expression modest, but sensiher head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of auburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of and he vanished to read his paper, and was

proach to a ripe cherry of any that I have

ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently retrousse to give an expression of auburn hair-pale, except when emotion on her face gave it the appearance of a but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw any half so beau- alliance. tiful.

she always came off as the injured party. Hildegarde.

tractions for half-a-dozen ordinary belles; they followed tenaciously in all the ways then what was poor I, with my unfortunate of their ancestors. wonder what was ever to be done with my

Uncle Althorpe lived at some distance considered myself a young lady, I received the following characteristic letter from Matilda:

name of Rebecca added to my nose) do the least idea where we had located for the summer; but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is! I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in this old mansion. It is said to be haunted, too! A queer old woman, Miss Eleanor Pvott, who outlived all her family, owned this place and died lately. A nephew used the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connections went to law about it. Of course none of them could live in it until it was settled on whom it belonged; so papa has taken it for the summer, and here we all are! It's the queerest place you ever saw; do come at

the funniest nose! This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I had finished the epistle I was pretty well mystified. But uncle Althorpe soon to escort me to Pinehurst, and Hilly sent me a saucy message to 'pack up my nose without delay.'

I was not long in making preparations;

'I suppose,' said my uncle, when we were comfortably settled in the railway carriage, 'that the girls have been frightening you with all sorts of stories about the 'No, sir; I am not easily frightened.'

'No?' said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect; well, I have always heard that a long nose indicated a clear head.'

My poor nose again! Why couldn't he let it alone?

'The girls are half beside themselves with fear, he continued; 'there is a story that the house is haunted; there's a walled up room; a gentleman once shut up his to have been born without this appendage I daughter there for loving a young officer: and she walks about at night and all that Have I frightened you?'

'Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts?

'That's a sensible girl,' said my uncle, emphatically; and he seemed to be considing the journey. I kept an eager look out for a glimpse of

the house; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage conveyed us to Pinehurst, a distance of two or three miles. The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway, and the first sight of the place filled

me with ecstacy. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees, and we approached it through a noble avenue. I Why a machine for the compression of extensive noses should not be put into Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world; and the broad walks, the the perplexing noise. sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence, were all exactly to my taste. I had a passion for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house, and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. Oh, that grand old hall! It did failure of her admirably arranged plan for my heart good to see it. Everything was lofty and spacious, and as the old fashioned and cried myself to sleep in a paroxysm of furniture had been left undisturbed, the room presented a perfect picture of a cen-My nose was a never-ending source of tury ago, and claw feet, lion's heads, and amusement to a family of cousins, who all sorts of queer designs stared upon me gave me no peace of my life. There were from all directions. But my five cousins five of them-all girls, all handsome, and would not allow me much time for a quiet

> 'Why, Becky!' exclaimed Matilda, ishment, 'you've really grown pretty!' 'So you have!' chimed in Hilly; 'I declare your nose hardly shows at all!

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seen, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

I like to look at your mouth, Becky, said Celestine, graciously. I had a rather decent mouth, What have you been doing to make

your eyes so bright ?' asked Anna, by way of adding her contribution. 'Well!' exclaimed Emma, 'you've left

me nothing to say, but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out vet." I was begining to feel extremely foolish.

when Uncle Althorpe turned me gravely good, neither fat nor lean; hair very passable; eyes very fine, a straightforward. honest look in them; nose-but that is a wistful rapture. Bright, laughing and mouth should be; chin very pretty—I love ble. You'll do.'

'Do what?' I inquired. 'That remains to be seen,' said Althorpe, LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1862.

quainted with the history of Pinehurst. But the family had all died out, with the fresh rose leaf-and you have a lengthy adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister who had made what the world calls a mis-

lady 'Hildegarde.' Hilly was the baby, old dowager duchess. Every fibre of her a perfect imp of mischief, with such a way heart seemed to be twined about the old red lips, and the brightest of complexions, dining-room, slept in those chambers, and and very brown hair, had my little cousin | held courtly receptions in those drawingrooms; and as one generation of Pyotts mysterious chamber. Any one of those girls had sufficient at- went out and another generation came in,

fashioned puffs. I was rather struck, myfrom as, and one day after I left school and portrait; but I would not acknowledge this to my cousins.

Miss Pyott never walked beyond the precincts of her ancestral mansion; when For goodness sake, Becky (I had the aristocratically along in an old-fashioned come and see us! I suppose you hadn't carriage driven by an ancient coachman, plebeian. The old lady always looked like that met my eyes.

a portrait of one of her ancestors descend. The room into which I entered led to a which she attired herself, and she supany ordinary woman.

But the story of Pyott Denmore, her nephew, interested me most. From early young. to live with her, and people supposed that | childhood he had played in those broad avenues, roamed through the wooded paths, and made those empty chambers resound with gleeful notes; he had listened with deferential attention to Miss Eleanor's long stories of this and that ancestor, and once. There is a portrait of Miss Eleanor | should be gathered to her fathers; and | Heaven, that nose !? here, and it looks just like you-she has now, in his matured manhood, when he arguments, I persisted in denouncing the room. injustice of the law.

'You can't think what a charming person he is,' said Anna, confidentially. have never seen him, but we hear he has lovely dark eyes, and such a sweet smile! set our caps at him.'

session of a lovely wife; for that any one what would come of it. of my beautiful cousins should not succeed in winning any man upon earth, never entered into my head. My unfortunate nose looked larger than ever, as I gazed | upon my reflection while undressing for the

Matilda and I occupied the same room, and she amused herself with relating to me all the various alarms they had experienced with the benevolent intention of unconcerned, while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and behaved like the veritable little coward that she was.

Several times during the night was I compelled to rise from the couch and extremors. Now it was the huge fireplace, in which something was certainly moving -then the moon sent an unusual light into the room-and next a mysterious tapping on the window-pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first, but I soon discovered that the branches of the tree, which were very near gloried in the dense retirement around us. the window were driven continually by the

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in the midst of theze alarms, I could have explored the whole house with perfect serenity.

I enjoyed life at Pinchurst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so enraptured was I with the place; that in consequence of this and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pvott. Now this was not agreeable. I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to him. don some old bonnet that had been discov-

ered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification, for which they tessed me daily.

The walled-up chamber, which was regarded with a mixture of horror and enriosity, was soon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the mansion, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Besteps led up from the outside to a low door that opened directly into the room. This was never unfastened, and the one window was tightly boarded up. I regarded this spot with longing eyes, and often proposed an exploration of the haunted apartment; but this Uncle Althorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was only a temporary tenant, he had no right to penetrate into these carefully guarded recesses.

One day my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired to rest at night in no very pleasant frame of mind. Matilda was soon asleep, but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wonposition.

conscious beauty. Those large, laughing heard no more that evening.

I did look like it; and the desire came brown eyes were always sparkling with the will!

We girls sat and talked until twelve, and over me to attire myself in that ancient stricken voices. I looked the more I became convinced that | what do you think it proved to be?' I did look like it; and the desire came The will! whispered several awe-

morriment; her mouth was the nearest ap- by that time I had become pretty well ac- dress and compare notes. Hilly had uainted with the history of Pinehurst. caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned which says beyond all doubt, I give and It had belonged to the Pyott family from things in the back part of a deep closet, bequeath to my nephew, Pyott Denmore, time immemorial, and a proud and aristo- and thither I accordingly repaired. A the old family mansion with all its appurarchness to the face. Add to this the ex- cratic family they were, who had always faded dress of stiff brocade, that had evi- tenances; and after a few legacies to ser- he, than I can ever repay. I only desire affairs; nor those who talk largely about quisitely fair complexion that accompanies been considered the very cream of society. dently seen long service, soon replaced my vants and dependents, the whole of her to have this mystery explained. How could things of which they are ignorant. called color to her face, or a kiss pressed exception of an elderly maiden lady, who into puffs, a la Miss Eleanor, I donned a lived there alone in her grandeur until she | green galeche and almost trembled at my reflection in the glass.
I looked at the portrait again, to be reflection in the glass.

sure that it was really I, and not the old party. This Miss Eleanor Pyott was the talk of lady stepped from the frame; and then Last of all, there was Hilly; who having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that which they pronounced exactly that of an it were possible to effect an entrance there.

Insulus Eleanor Fyott was the talk of lady scepped from the frame; and then they are not all the country around, and every one had unhesitatingly directing my steps towards the walled up room, I determined to see if the walled up room, I d heart seemed to be twined about the old | walked gravely on through the silent pas- opinion that some old family servant has of throwing herself on one's protection that | place, and she refused to have the slightest | sage until I came to a narrow little entry alteration or improvement made in it. The that opened into a closet. Carefully with this little air of mystery. I shall he fully believed me to be Heaven sent,

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rattling in the capacious pocket of my then what was poor I, with my untortunate of their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of what I did: feel like the Beast, to which Miss Eleanor; a very grand old lady inshould before have discovered a sort of I programme to their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of My candle was not brilliant enough or I age? dress, and drawing forth a roll of paper, I deed, with a long, sharp nose, delicate should before have discovered a sort of complexion, and hair done up in old-This was secured by hooks that were noiseself, with the likeness which I bore to the lessly unfastened, and then I found myself spectacles. in a small room, from the further end of

which seemed to proceed a light. I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire she had occasion to go farther, she rolled into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but who considered a quick pace decidedly I certainly was not prepared for the sight

ed from its frame; rich coffee-colored large one, and in this, seated by a table, lace ornamented the heavy brocades in was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. ported a muff that would have extinguished His face were an expression of sadness, as he sat there; but I could see that he was a beau in their lives.

very distinguished looking and quite Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely

> was extremely embarrassing-alone there at midnight; but instead of retracing my steps, I stood spell-bound, starting at the occupant of the mysterious room. Presently he turned and saw me. His

faithfully promised her to keep up the old mansion in its original style when she husky voice, 'Am I dreaming! Merciful husky voice, 'Am I dreaming! Merciful to Miss Eleanor when dressed in her

This unprovoked attack upon my much could fully appreciate the value of the be- injured features quite exasperated me, and reply. quest, he was turned away as one who had without stopping to consider what I did, Ino right there, merely because she, whose threw the paper in my hand at the speaker ing their supposition? heart was set on installing him as master and glided back to the closet. I thought of the house, had neglected to commit her that I heard a heavy fall; but now thor- cernedly as possible. made his appearance, on purpose, he said, wishes to writing. It was very hard, I oughly alarmed at my own imprudence, I Uncle Althorpe gave me another penethought, and in spite of Uncle Althorpe's hastened, breathless and panting, to my trating look, and then departed for the

and with much curiosity to behold the old mansion, I set forth with uncle Althorpe.

I was not tong in making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the depend upon his own resources.

I making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the down and pondered over my singular addown and ponder he came there, and for what reason, I could just the style I like-and if he succeeds not tell. I had evidently impressed him could hardly stand. in getting his property, we are all going to with the conviction that he had been visited by his Aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of Hence it was agreed that if he regained mischievous glee and a little inward Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a the old house, he would come into the pos- trembling, I retired to bed, wondering faltering tone of tenderness that I knew

I half feared to go to the breakfasttable. But nothing was said of the performance of the night before. Uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My cousins teased me during the day for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy looking gentleman, and I wondered what frightening me. But I remained perfectly had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immeplore the apartment, in order to allay her diately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined | very rarely met with ; I had rather a conthe whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to town every morning and returned at night; but always on his appearance, he was besieged with a on me with that tender yet melancholy exhost of questions respecting Pyott Denmore's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still, as everything in law always is; but on the evening preceding my promenade he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect series of notes of exclamation.

What is it, papa? was demanded in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me, and I remained silent. 'The strangest story I ever listened to !' said my uncle, at length, in a solemn man-

ner. 'I cannot possibly account for it.'
'Why,' exclaimed the volatile Emma, has old Miss Pyott appeared to her nephew, and told him, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will?

'Something very like it,' was the reply, in a tone that drew five eager faces around

'Denmore's story,' continued,' my uncle, began with an apology. It seems that the walled up room is not walled up at all, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would not interfere with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, ing in the second story, a narrow flight of and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house. Last night, he discovered in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attentention, and the figure of his aunt Eleanor stood in the doorway. She seemed to avoided him as much as possible. But one gaze upon him inquiringly, and her hand evening, just at sunset, as I stood beneath grasped a roll of paper. But at the sound of the exclamation, which he could not of staying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly suppress, she immediately started, and appeared beside me. throwing the paper towards him, vanished found himself lying upon the floor, where | gaze. dering if Pyott Denmore would ever be he must have fallen. Although a man of restored to what I considered his rightful great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see his I was restless, and finally rose from the bed; lighting the candle, I proceeded to it is, that when he came to himself, the Aunt Eleanor; and the strangest part of view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more roll of paper was there before him! and

'Actually the will,' said my uncle, Mr. Denmore took my hand with re-which says beyond all doubt, 'I give and spectful tenderness and led me to a rustic the top of his voice; nor those who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those seat that stood near. white wrapper, and having rolled my hair property, personal and real estate, goes to you contrive to make your self so exact a said Pyott. So you may prepare to change our quarters as soon as possible.'

The girls looked anything but unwilling, in thus exciting me? and a sort of subdued horror pervaded the

'Now don't be such fools,' said Uncle was quite provoked at this absurdity. It was a ridiculous expedition, but I no reason why I should; and it's my Very deep violet eyes, with the reddest of Pyotts for generations had dined in that guarding my candle, I peered around in make diligent inquiries in the village, and search of some outlet, for I knew that this I have no doubt that it will turn out so- pleased to call it, the will would most closet was at the end of the house near the do you not agree with me, Becky ?'

'No, sir,' I replied abruptly, without a moment's reflection. 'What!' exclaimed my uncle, 'have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous grasped it tightly for future investigation. fears? Where is all your boasted cour-

> I pretended to be absorbed in a book ; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observing me closely through his

Well, papa,' said my cousin Celestine are we to obtain a sight of this hero and ghost-seer before we vacate his establishment?

'If nothing happens to prevent it,' replied my uncle, we shall be favored with Hilly his company to-morrow, evening.'

excitement! All the next day my five conversations with her, of which you were cousins were discussing the respective the subject.' merits of various head dresses, and one might have supposed from their conversa- | ment. tion that, instead of spoiled beauties, they

The situation in which I found myself simplicity in white muslin, with a sash tied than a mother, and through your little behind; to which she replied that I ought cousin I have become better acquainted dressed as Miss Eleanor Pyott. This took | told me confirmed my first impression'; the place at the breakfast table.

'Why?' asked my uncle, sharply .--Does Becky bear so close a resemblance clothes ?

'So they choose to imagine,' was my Then they have had no means of prov-

'Not the slightest,' said I, as uncon-

day. My cousin still slept; and divesting | In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and Fortunately, however, for her nephew, myself of my masquerading attire, I sat one glance satisfied me. I had seen that dear to me, he passed the ordeal with

whom I encountered had given full evi- rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his dence of being a living man, I fully be- eyes turned from one lovely face to anlieved it to be Pyott Denmore, though how other; and when they fell upon me he started visibly, and I trembled so that I Uncle Althorpe was watching us, and as

he said, 'My niece, Miss Entwick,' Mr. was called forth by thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly uncomfortable. this looking so much like somebody else; and as soon as I could politely do so, I left Mr. Denmore's presence, and watched him from a distance.

He was a fine looking man; not handsome enough to be distinguished for his beauty, as far as features were concerned, but he had a good look, and his face wore an expreision of mingled resolution and sweetness, which I had always admired and seldom seen. He interested me, and at the end of the evening I was fully convinced that he deserved the term 'gentlemen' in the widest sense. A thoroughly polished gentleman, unobtrusive, vet attentive, one who has acquired an entire forgetfulnes of self, was a character I had tempt for men in general, and I studied Mr. Denmore as a pleasant discovery.

When he left us his eyes again rested pression; and rather piqued that I was made a sort of escape-valve for thoughts that were busy with another, I hastened un-stairs.

My little cousin Hilly was laughingly boasting of Mr. Denmore's attentions. 'Talk of words, indeed!' exclaimed Emma, as I entered, ' words are nothing-I believe in looks, and here comes the magnet for Mr. Denmore's eyes. I'll tell you what it is, Becky,' she continued, 'I don't like it at all-for when he bade me good night he looked at you. It is not

'What a pity it is,' I said rather bitterly, 'that you don't all look like Miss Eleanor Pyott!

At this outbreak Hilly tenderly embraced me, and they all declared their unbounded affection; but I felt provoked at the world in general, and went moodily to bed.

Mr. Denmore kindly insisted that my uncle should occupy the mansion during the full time for which he had engaged it; we were therefore just as comfortable as before, with the addition of a very agreeable visitor.

He had a habit of staring at me that was by no means pleasant; but as his conversation was most frequently addressed to my little cousin Hilly, I could not construe this into anything flattering. He often asked questions, too, that struck me afterwards as being very peculiar. One night, after gazing at me for a time, he inquired if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr. Denmore a little out of his mind, and

'Have you ever visited the haunted from his sight. He had lost his conscious- room?' he asked, abruptly, fixing upon me ness for a time, and when he recovered he what I imagined to be a most penetrating

'No,' I replied, without thinking; 'that is-yes,' I stammered-' let me go, Mr. Denmore!' for he stood directly in my path. Where did you find the will ?' he continued, without heeding my request.

'In the pocket,' I replied mechanically.

wrinkles? You did not mean to be cruel

Why, how could I know you were 'True,' he replied, with a smile at his own unreasonableness; but I am most heart will lose neither its flowers nor its

I told him the whole foolish affair, from beginning to end; but interrupting me as I managed to discover the will and invest it dwelt upon my own folly, he declared that and that but for 'my folly,' as I was probably never have been discovered. There was an embarrassing pause, and I

rose to go to the house; but Mr. Denmore detained me. 'You have already done me an estimable favor he began; 'but I have still another to ask.'

I now thought myself conceited, and tried to remember my nose, but I could not help imagining what he meant from his 'Rebecca,' he whispered, 'will you

promise to brighten with your presence the old mansion you have been the means of restoring? 'I thought,' I replied, in conclusion that

'Miss Hildegarde is a very pretty child, 'To-morrow evening!' Such a state of said he, 'and I have had most delightful

'I?' I exclaimed in unfeigned astonish-

'Yes, you,' he replied, pressing the hand were unattractive girls who had never had of which he had somehow contrived to possess himself. 'I loved you,' he continued. the first time I saw you, for your resemadvised by her elder sisters to be sweet blance to one who has been to me more to present myself before Mr. Denmore with you than you imagine. All that she first discovery of your 'masquerading folly,' to use your own words, has filled me with the deepest gratitude. But you have not answered my question?

What followed is of no consequence to anybody but myself; suffice it to say that in proper time my uncle and cousin were duly informed; but they perversely refused to be astonished. They all declared that they had a presentiment of this from the beginning; and Uncle Althorpe mischievously asked if he had not prophesied

that I would 'do.' When Mr. Denmore followed me home to be inspected by those more near and credit; and no very long time elapsed ere was installed mistress of the old mansion Strange to relate, none of my five beautiful cousins have ever married, while I have gained a prize which I believe any one of them would willingly have appropriated. I do not regret my masquerade, and I have become reconciled to my nose for I believe that had it been different I

never would have found my husband. The Art of Not-Hearing.

The art of Not-Hearing should taught in every well-regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear. many which we ought not to hear, very many which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure. If a man falls into a violent passion,

word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find my-self caught in one of those domestic whirl-winds of scolding, I shut my ears as a sailor furls his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and rest-less man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get on any farther .-Does the collector of neighborhood scandal task my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching the matter and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or illnatured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of musquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring in upon me all the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, or your dress.

This art of Not-Hearing, though not

taught in the schools, is by no means un-known, or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation. There are two doors inside my ears,

right-hand door leading to the heart, and a left-hand door, with a broad and steep passage, leading out into the open air. -This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which saddenly find themselves outside of me. Judicious teachers and indulgent pa-

rents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers I felt that I was behaving like a fool, and and brokers are often extremely hard of I made a strange effort to recover my dig-nity; but it failed, and I burst into tears, tunate. I never hear a man who runs af-

'I owe you more, Miss Entwick, said who give me unacked advice about my own

If there are sounds of kindness, of personification of my aunt-all save the mirth, of love, open fly my ears! But temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery shute them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and there? I replied, with some spirit; for I fruit will be safe. If you keep your doors closed, no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut, your

> treasures. The following is ingenious, as a specimen of wo meanings in the same words, after the manner of the old Revolutionary quibble in which King George was at once denounced and applanded: The one sense is found in reading in two columns, the other in reading across as if there was but one : I always did intend
> I always did intend
> Single my life to spend,
> It much delighteth me
> To think upon a bride,
> It's sure a happy life
> To live without a wife,
> A female to my mind
> I ne'er expect to find,
> A bachelor to live
> My mind I freely give
>
> To take to me a wife,
> Would grieve my very life,
> To think upon a bride,
> The was but one:
>
> To take to me a wife,
> To think upon a bride,
> Tis woman is the thing
> The was but one:
>
> To take to me a wife,
> To think upon a bride,
> Tis woman is the thing
> The joy I can't express
> I pever could agree
> My mind I freely give A married man to be.

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