The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XLIX. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1848. NO. 2.

The United States' Clothing Store.
Sign of the striped coat, by REUBEN ERBEN, No. 35 North Queen street, corner of Orange, one square from the Court House, East side, Lancaster, Pa.

THIS mammoth establishment, now contains by far the largest and cheapest assortment of men's and boys' well made clothing in the city of Lancaster, and I will positively not be undersold by any other. The stock includes every description of clothing worn at the present day. The most fashionable, as well as the most plain, so that all tastes may be suited. The subscriber being a practical and experienced tailor, gives his entire personal attention to the business, and has every garment made under his immediate inspection by the best workmen in the State, and as he buys all his goods in the Eastern cities for cash, can confidently recommend the inhabitants of Lancaster city and county, one and all, to call at the

SIGN OF THE STRIPED COAT,

and convince themselves that it is the right place to buy cheap and well-made clothing.

A large variety of cloths, cassimeres, vestings, &c. of the very finest as well as common qualities, always on hand, and made up to order in good styles at a very small advance on wholesale prices. The latest London and Paris Fashions always received, and CUSTOMER WORK made according to the latest patterns and in the highest style of the art by the very best workmen.

A fine assortment of shirts, shams, collars, cravats, stocks, and Stiffner's gloves, handkerchiefs, suspenders, hosiery, and all kinds of Flannel and knit under shirts and drawers. Also, umbrellas, cheap.

Thankful for past favors I respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage, and feel confident that all purchasers will find it to their advantage to deal with me as I am determined to avoid all humbug and misrepresentation and sell goods for what they really are. REUBEN ERBEN, Tailor, United States Clothing Store, Sign of the Striped Coat, No. 35 North Queen street, corner of Orange, one square from the Court House, East side, Lancaster, Pa. sep 28-3t

Fall Fashions.

D. SHULTZ, Hatter, No. 19½ North Queen st., would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has just received from New York and Philadelphia the latest Fall and Winter Fashions, and will be pleased to furnish his customers and all others with them at the shortest notice. As all his Hats are manufactured under his immediate superintendence, he feels warranted in saying, that for durability and finish they cannot be surpassed by any establishment in this or any other city in the Union. His stock consists of Beaver, Nutria, Brush, Russia, Cassimere, Moleskin, Silk, &c. &c. which he will dispose of at the lowest prices. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CAPS, CAPS!

His assortment of Caps is one of the most extensive in the city and he is adding to it daily. Customers may rest assured that they will be suited, as he has carefully selected his stock from the largest assortments in New York and Philadelphia. Don't forget the stand, directly opposite Michael's Hotel, North Queen street.

Country Merchants visiting Lancaster, dealing in Hats or Caps, can be supplied at wholesale prices, from one to a dozen, such as they may want.

He also informs his numerous friends and customers that he still continues to conduct the Hatting business in all branches as heretofore, at his

OLD STAND IN NEW HOLLAND,

to which place all orders for the delivery of Hats are requested to be forwarded.

sep 4-14-1y DAVID SHULTZ.

Fashionable Fall and Winter Clothing.

Call at the New Clothing Establishment, West King street, between Cooper & Lichty's and C. Hager's store, opposite to Steinman & Son's Hardware store.

B. LICHTY, Merchant Tailor, has always on hand a stock of ready made clothing, of the cheapest and best to be had in the city. He would call attention to the following articles, and feels assured will be able to give general satisfaction to all who will favor him with their custom. His stock consists in part as follows:

Dress and Frock Coats, Cassimere Pants, Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Vests of all kinds, Drawers, Suspenders, &c. together with every article of clothing for gentlemen's and boys' wear, which he will sell at the very lowest rates. Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings always on hand.

Having just received the New York and Philadelphia Spring and Summer Fashions, he is prepared to attend to customer's work, which will be warranted to be done in the best manner and with punctuality. oct 26—39

Removal of the Cheap Cash CLOTHING STORE.

J. GORMLEY, Merchant Tailor, respectfully informs the citizens of the city and county of Lancaster—his customers and the customers of Simon J. Young, that he has taken the stand so long occupied by S. J. Young, two doors south of Orange Street, and next door to J. Gish & Co.'s Book Store, where he has the largest assortment of ready made clothing ever offered in the city of Lancaster. This stock consists of Cloaks, Bangup, Sack, Dress, Frock, Walking and Riding Coats, Roundabouts for boys of all sizes and descriptions.

J. G. returns thanks for the many favors and hopes that his friends and the customers of S. J. Young and the public in general will continue to favor him with their calls. [nov 16—12

E. M. MAMBRIGHT,

MERCHANT TAILOR, would most respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has received at his room, for a number of years occupied by Gotleib Halbach, deceased, as a shoe store, in North Queen street, next door to the Examiner & Herald office, a large assortment of ready made CLOTHING, of every variety, cut and made in the latest fall and winter styles.

He would also inform his friends and the public that he pays particular attention to customer work, and is prepared to make to order all articles in his line, in the latest and most fashionable style, and on the most reasonable terms.

Scouring and Renovating attended to on the shortest notice. He pledges himself to give satisfaction to all who may wish garments renovated and scoured. He desires to present his acknowledgements for past favors and solicits a continuance of the public favor.

September 21, 1847. E. M. MAMBRIGHT. 35-tf

Removal.

GEO. SPURRIER would respectfully inform his friends, customers, and the public in general, that he has removed his Clothing Store from his old stand next door to the Post Office, to one door south of John Bear's Printing Office, and nearly opposite J. Michael's Hotel, at the sign of the Big Pants, where all would do well to call that want to buy CHEAP AND WELL-MADE CLOTHING.

☞ Customer's work attended to at the shortest notice, and made in a workmanlike manner. Don't forget the place, sign of the Big Pants.

dec 7 '47-45-tf] GEO. SPURRIER.

Great Bargains--The Cheapest Hat Store in the City!

SIGN of the Golden Hat.—Fall Fashions and Removal. Jacob Hess, corner of East King and Duke Streets, opposite the Farmers' Bank, would most respectfully notify his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his shop from North Queen street to the above stand; and very cordially invites all of his old customers, and as many new ones as would wish to *save a dollar* in the purchase of a hat, to give him a call, as he can sell them a handsome and durable article at least one dollar lower than can be purchased at many other shops. He is also prepared to fill all orders for HATS and CAPS, of the best quality and latest styles, promptly and on terms as accommodating as can be obtained at any other stand. He would also say his *Fall and Winter Fashions* are now ready, and invite all to call, examine and judge for themselves.

He keeps constantly on hand, and manufactures to order, all sizes of Cassimere, Brush, Russia, Nutria, Silk and Napped Hats, together with an assortment of plain and cheap hats, which he will sell on moderate terms. Also, a general assortment of Men's and Boy's CAPS, very cheap.

He returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and trusts that those wishing fashionable and durable Hats and Caps will consult their own interest by giving him a call: but don't forget the place—corner of East King and Duke streets, or you'll miss a bargain that you'll not forget in a hurry! Remember, right opposite the Farmers' Bank, sign of the Golden Hat. apr 13 '47-11-tf] JACOB HESS.

"The cry is still they come."

JUST received 60 pieces of those splendid French and English Plaids so much worn for Ladies Fall and Winter Dresses. At the Bee Hive, North Queen street.

oct 19 CHAS. E. WENTZ & BRO 38

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Lancaster, February 1, 1848. Persons calling for letters will please say they are advertised.

A
Armstrong James
B
Bowen Thomas
Brubaker John
Benjamin G W
Barrett Michael
Buchanan Wm
Bostick Felix
Buckwalter Benjamin
Brenneman Henry
Bach Jacob
Backer John
Brenneman Jacob
Beer Charles
Buckwalter Mrs Ann S
C
Cooper J G
Cooper Miss Mary Ann
Clark Edwin
Calvert Jno T
Cockran Robt
Couplin Philip
Clyde J J
Cramer Luke
Colder Saml
Conner Saml
D
Deets Jno
Drallsbauch Sarah
Demaurant Jacob
Delp George
Devane Alexander
Dass George
Derr Jno
Duffield W H
Dubbs Miss Eliza 2
Dutt John
E
Erllenbach Mr
Eshelman George
F
Funk Miss Catharine G
Fleishman Fred
Frank Miss Barbara
Foster & Blymeyer 2
Flint Miss Rosetta
Franciscus George
G
Gartner Jacob
Garber Benj
Goshert Miss Elizabeth
Gamber Geo G 2
Gardener Mr
Garber Joseph
Grosh Benj
Groff Bear & Brubaker
Groff E S
Gwinn Mrs Mary Ann
Graff Jhcob
Gauss John
Groff Bear & Brubaker
Gates Mrs Lydia Ann
Gauch Henry
H
Humes Robt
Houser & Lochman
Horney Daniel 2
Haimer Barton
Harlacher Jacob
Houston J F
Hostetter Jacob
Hens John
Hoover Bernard
Hallacher Miles
K
Kahn Henry
Kifert Jno Wm
Kendig George
Kenne Elizabeth
Kauser S N
Kauffman John
Kauffman Miss Catharine
Keenan James
Kaller Mr H
Kurts Stephen
Killion Zaccheus
Kling Miss Joanna
Kirk Jno
Kauffman Mrs Ann
L
Law Smith 4
Landis Isaac
Long Henry
Linton David
Lamon John
Linville Thomas
M
M'Caffrey Barney
Major Alexander
M'Pherson J
Miller Silas
Miller John Sixtus
Montgomery Joseph
Mills John
Miller Reuben
Mentzer L & Co
Martin Daniel
Manning P & J
Miller Tobias M
Miller A Henry
McClellan John S
McDole Wm
Mylin Abram
McDonald Gilbert
Martin Henry P
Metzgar Geo W
P
Patterson Mr
Paxson E & H
Purdy Miss Mary Ann
Powell & Dickerson
Pennock A W
Placide Henry B
Potter Mrs Mary F
Pennell Miss Sarah J
Prosser Robert
Preis Geo
R
Robert John W
Rock David B
Reese H R
Rosnitz Jonas
S
Snyder Barr & Co
Stutter Peter
Steigerwalt Michael
Steinon Frances Miss
Story J M
Stuber Jacob
Shank Henry H
Showalter B M Miss
Stuart Samuel
Snodgrass Jno
Shirk Christian
Steleens Jesse
Steacy Warren
Swank John
Smith Alexander D
Sands Thomas
Shoaff Martin
Sheaffer Christian
T
Taggert John 2
Taylor Levi
Thomson Hiram L
Tomlinson Mrs Maria
V
Vernon Robert
W
Watson Hiram
Weaver Moses
Wilson Jacob T
Wohr John
Woods John
Williams G W
Wilson Charles
White Miss Amelia
Weaver Michael J
Warner Miss Caroline P
Winchester Stephen
Z
Zeigler John

Feb. 1, '48-1-3t] M. DICKSON, P. M.

Dr. Hoofland's

CELEBRATED German Medicines are without a rival for the cure of the following diseases. If taken according to directions, they will cure any case, no matter who or what else has failed. Vegetable Rheumatic Pills, for the permanent cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Gangrene, Asteria, and severe Nervous affections, and are highly recommended for the cure of Dropsy, Humoral Asthma, and Neuralgia. Patients using them, in most cases experience benefit soon after the first dose, they quiet the nervous system which enables them to rest well during the night. They never fail to effect a cure when taken according to directions. No outward application can permanently remove Rheumatic Pains from the system; Liniments sometimes act as a palliative for a short period, but there is always danger in their use; they may cause the pain to leave one place for perhaps a vital part, or else where the pain will be more acute. GERMAN BITTERS, for the permanent cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Chronic Debility, Chronic Asthma, Nervous Debility, Pulmonary Affections, [arising from the liver or stomach,] Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach in both male and female, such as female weakness, dizziness, fullness of blood to the head. They strengthen the system and remove all acidity of the stomach, and give it tone and action, and assist digestion; they can be taken by the most delicate stomach, and in every case will entirely destroy costiveness, and renovate the whole system, removing all impurities and remnants of previous diseases, and give a healthy action to the whole frame. The symptoms of Liver Complaint, are uneasiness and pain in the right side and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or if at all able, a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms we perceive a coated tongue acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with a great disposition to sleep, and depressing of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth or throat causing mucus to rise in the nostrils. Jpundice frequently accompanies it, and a Dropsey in the face; these symptoms if permitted to continue will eventually produce that most baneful disease Consumption; in fact a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause above mentioned; Cathartic medicines must in every instance be avoided in the treatment for it. The symptoms of Dyspepsia are very various, those affecting the stomach alone are Nausea, Heartburn, loss of appetite, sometimes an excess of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, foted eructations or sour rising from the stomach, &c. The sympathetic affections are very diversified. Dyspepsia devoid of a functional nature is without danger, but if arising from a disease of the stomach it is dangerous. NERVOUS DEBILITY [it generally accompanies Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint] they will also cure; a few doses will remove all the unpleasant effects, such as fluttering at the heart, a choking sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. Outward signs—quick and strong pulse, pale and distressed countenance, &c. Any case of the above diseases can be cured effectually by the use of the Bitters as directed. SUDORIFIC.—An infallible remedy for coughs or colds on the chest, spitting of blood, Influenza, Whooping cough, Bronchitis, Humoral Asthma, or any disease of the Lungs or Throat. This is an invaluable family medicine, it soon relieves any cough or hoarseness, and prevents the croup by being early administered. No cough or cold is too light to pass neglected. Neglected colds send thousands to the grave annually, and cause many to grow up with a delicate frame who would have been strong and robust if at first properly treated. SPIKENARD OINTMENT, for the effectual cure of the Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald head, Ringworms, inflamed Eyes or Eyelids, Barbers' Itch, Frosted feet, old Sores, either arising from fever or impure blood, and will extract Fire from Burns upon application, or remove any cutaneous eruptions from the skin. Persons troubled with tender faces should use it after shaving, it will in a few moments remove all soreness and stop the bleeding; it can always be relied upon, and is invaluable in any family. TAR OINTMENT, for the cure of pains or weakness in the Liver, Back or Chest, it will entirely remove any deep seated pain. These remedies have caused many to enjoy the blessings of reinvigorated health, and in a variety of desperate and abandoned cases a perfect and radical cure. The numerous impositions upon the public, and statements of remarkable cures never made, yet testified to by feigned names, or by persons wholly unacquainted with what they have endorsed, renders it difficult, to do justice to the public, in offering sufficient inducement to make a trial of these invaluable medicines. They are entirely vegetable, and free from all injurious ingredients, and claim your patronage solely upon their merits. Every family should have a pamphlet, they can be had of the agent gratis. Principal Depot at the German Medical Store, No. 278, Race street, [one door above Eighth] Philadelphia. For sale in Lancaster by JOHN F. LONG, and in Harrisburg by Daniel W. Gross. [Jan 11-1y-50.

Lancaster Intelligencer,

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BY E. W. HUTTER.

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TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; two twenty-five, if not paid within six months; and two fifty, if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB PRINTING.—Such as Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Select Poetry.

To my Boy.

BY J. B. LOVELL.

I never gaze upon thy form,
Or mark thy soft blue eye,
Where "floats a dream of loveliness,
Pure, passionate, and high,"
But that my heart must thrill with joy,
And flutter with delight,
To view thy spotless innocence
In childhood's sunny light.

O! could I crave a boon for thee
The earth can never give,
It would not be a worldly crown,
For which so many live;
But it would be a spotless life
Of innocence and peace,
Such as would gain for thee a home
Where bliss shall never cease.

A thorny maze, my lovely boy,
Thy destiny may be,
From which a father's tender care
Can never rescue thee,
But could my wishes be obtained,
Thy pathway should be free
From all corroding griefs and cares
That have surrounded me.

As time shall wing its onward flight,
'Twill change that rosy gleam
Which lingers on thy parian brow,
In childhood's pleading dream.
Thy sparkling eye may yet be dimm'd
With grief's unbidden tear,
Where no fond mother's dear caress,
Or father's smile can cheer.

Though now thou'lt fondly cling to me,
My little smiling boy:
Thou hast a place within my heart,
None else could e'er enjoy.
Then as thy fleeting moments pass,
May love and joy be thine;
Around one altar may we kneel,
And worship at one shrine.

There is still a more pleasing thought—
Entranced upon my heart,
That though on earth we separate,
And from each other part,
There is a place of endless bliss
Where we may meet again,
To join the chorus of the skies
In heaven's sweetest strain!

The Printer's Song.

Print, comrades, Print; a noble task
Is the one we gaily ply,
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
The wonders of earth and sky;
We catch the thought all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain,
And place the stamp of enduring form
On Poets airy strain.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Print, comrades, Print, the fairest thought
Ever limned in Printer's dream,
The fairest form e'er Sculptor wought,
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our own proud art can claim;
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

Print, comrades, Print, God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
Then spurn the charge, that we disdained
The labor that God gave!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.

Then let us sing as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our laboring,
Oh where may its like be found!

The Weeping Maiden.

I saw a fair maid weeping,
Down by yon old oak tree,
One day when I was reaping—
The cause I flew to see;
She turned as I approached her,
Then, blushing, dropped her head,
While, I, in tones of kindness,
Unto the maiden said:

What grievest thee, fairest maiden;
Ah, maiden, tell me true,
Can sorrow rest within the breast
Of one so fair as you?
"Yes, sir," she cried, "kind stranger,
I've drank of sorrow's cup;
Just now, my ma, with ruthless hand,
Cut my new bustle up!"

A Child's Prayer.

Father! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast.
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band:
And throughout the darkling night
Bless me with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again
Free from every thought of pain;
Pressing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day!

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

DOING GOOD.—How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say—"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees.—However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

Miscellaneous.

UNIVERSAL FAME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

It is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe; and a vast portion of the inhabitants of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the east. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the east, and being all great travellers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life—and, above all, in their own individual importance, in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world.—Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "every body knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth,—"Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *tchoufouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the prophet."

"Peste!" cried the Frenchman,—"there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."

"I do," exclaimed the Yankee,—"The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese. "I don't believe there is any such place."

"Nor I," said the Turk.—"There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramuses! exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceed to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and great achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Ben Hammeskend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Moliere, or such a dancer as Vestris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Armenius, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe!" said the German.

"Nor to Julius Cæsar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee,—"all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington!"

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Æchylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

"Who are those blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking of!" cried the rest, with one voice,—"Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, THE HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME!"

"We never heard their names before, and therefore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian,—"What are all these to the great hero Rustand, and the great poet Fordousi, who wrote a poetical history of Irka, in twenty thousand couplets?"

"Did any body ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah!" exclaimed the Chinese.—"Hi Yah! Your elder brother Loo Choo, knocks head and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world, who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe is filled with his verses."

"We never heard of him before," cried they all.

"What a set of foreign barbarians!" said the Chinese.

"And what do you think of our great prophet, Mahomet?" asked the Turk. "Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Korah."

"It may be, but we have never read it," said they all with the exception of the true believers.

"Dogs!" cried he, "may your heads be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understandings!"

As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

"And this is Universal Fame!" exclaimed an old dervis, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking part in the debate, "to be adored as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an impostor in the others;—to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors;—to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other;—to be venerated in one place as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor;—and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one-half of mankind. This, this is UNIVERSAL FAME!"

From the German of Gaussen.

Astonishing Accuracy of the Bible.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is, notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigation of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots, and, whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world; and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety and boldness.—It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judea, in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the centre of the Western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and elements were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual illuvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece and Asia—the Thalesa, and the Pythagoraseses, the Zalucuses, the Xenophons, and the Confuciuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well: search among its 60 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,713 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancient and moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements; search—but you will find none.

The Blessings of Chloroform.

AIR—"*Run Neighbors, Run,*" &c.

Oh! what a host, what an infinite variety,
Rapt imagination, in her transports warm,
Pictures of blessings conferred upon society
By the new discovery of Chloroform!

Applications, amputations, denudations, perforations,
Utterly divested of all disagreeable sensations;
Like your coat-tail in a crowd—some clever cutpurse stealing it—
Arms and legs are now whipp'd off without our ever feeling it.

Take but a sniff at this essence anæsthetical,
Dropp'd upon a handkerchief, or bit of sponge,
And on your eyelids 'twill clap a seal hermetical,
And your senses in a trance that instant plunge.

Then you may be pinch'd and punctured, bump'd and thump'd, and whack'd about,
Scotch'd, and scored, and lacerated, cauterised, and hack'd about;
And though tender as a chick—a Sybarite for queasiness—
Flay'd alive, unconscious of a feeling of uneasiness.

Celsus will witness our debt chirurgeous presently,
Manage operations as he said they should;
Doing them "safely, and speedily, and *pleasantly*"
Just as if the body were a log of wood.

Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeasurable,
Now will be extracted with sensations rather pleasurable;
Chloroform will render quite agreeable the parting with
Any useless member that the patient has been smarting with.

Then, of what vast, of what wonderful utility,
View'd in its relation to domestic bliss,
Since, in a trice, it can calm irritability,
Surely such a substance will be found as this!
Scolding wife and squalling infant—petulance and fretfulness,
Lulling, with its magic power, *instanter*, in forgetfulness:
Peace in private families securing, and in populous Nurseries, wherever their little inmates prove "obstropolous."

When some vile dun with his little bill is vexing you;
When the Tax Collector's knock assails your door;
When aught is troubling, annoying, or perplexing you;
When, in short, you're plagued with any kind of bore,

Do not rage and fume and fret, behaving with stupidity,
Take the matter quietly with coolness and placidity;
Don't indulge in conduct and in language reprehensible—
Snuff a little Chloroform, be prudent, and insensible.

From the Easton Argus.

Emmet vs. Corwin.

"Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor—let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country. Let no man write my epitaph."

Such was the noble and patriotic language of that martyr to Irish Liberty, Robert Emmet. In his last moments, he made a burning and eloquent address before his God and the tyrannical "Lord" who sentenced him, which, to this day, causes the heart of every Irishman to beat with indignation against that country which consigned him to an early grave. Willing and proud to die for his country, and his country only, he wished to leave behind him the only legacy he *could* leave—a reputation for patriotism unstained with suspicion—an untarnished name for love of country and that liberty he sought so ardently to obtain for his brethren. But knowing that no one who knew his motives could dare vindicate them *then*, he asked the silence of the world until after-ages could do him and his character justice. He desired his tomb to be unlettered with anything but his own humble name, until posterity could engrave thereon a tablet worthy of his memory.

Fix your eye and mind for a moment upon Thomas Corwin. Can *he* say, in the language of the immortal Emmett, "let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor?" Can *he*, when his head is white with the age of years, and his limbs tremble with the weight of many winters, claim to have led the life of a true patriot? No! In after years, when the finger of scorn points to him as a Traitor to his country, and singles him out as one who declared to our soldiers in a foreign land, that he would neither clothe nor feed them, he will feel that he is detested by all honorable and patriotic men. When he hears the solemn truth cast into the teeth of his children's children, that he denounced our brave volunteers as "Robbers and Murderers," THEN he will feel that no credit of the true patriot belongs to *him*.

Can Corwin exclaim: "let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country?" No! If he did, one thousand voices would arise from the patriot graves, upon the bloody field of Buena Vista, to reprove him for his treachery. The sand hills of Vera Cruz, the heights of Cerro Gordo, the battlements of Contreras would answer: "Your memory *shall* be attainted. You told the Mexicans to 'welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves;' half the blame of our death rests upon *your* head." Oh, we would not descend to the grave with the sin and treason of Tom Corwin upon our head for one-half the possessions of the entire world. We would not for *all* the world, that *our* ancestors had so disgraced themselves and the land that gave them birth.

Should the tomb of Corwin be unlettered?—Should *his* epitaph remain unwritten? No! Let his infamy be known to the country and the people. It is written already—written on the pages of his country's history—written in the records of the United States Senate—written on the minds of the American army and in the hearts of the American people. Upon the white marble of his tomb should be engraven:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
THOMAS CORWIN,
A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY.

The Frowning Scene in the Court Martial.

The "frowning down" of Gen. Kearney by Col. Benton, in the Fremont Court Martial, was decidedly a rich affair. We say nothing of the success of Col. B. He says he succeeded—Gen. K. says he did not. But we speak of the "attempt and not the deed," when we say, it was "decidedly rich," but was not original. A scene in Pickwick, it has been suggested, furnished the hint. We quote as follows:

'*Sir*,' said Mr. Tupman, 'you are a fellow."
'Sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'you are another.'
Mr. Tupman advanced a step or two, and *glared* at Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick returned the glare, the glare concentrated with a focus, by means of his spectacles, and breathed a bold defiance!
'Sir,' said Mr. Tupman, after a short pause, speaking in a deep, low voice, 'you have called me old.'
'I have,' said Mr. Pickwick.
'And fat.'
'I reiterate the charge.'
'And a fellow.'
'So you are!'
There was a fearful pause.
'My attachment to your person,' said Mr. Tupman, speaking in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'is great, very great, but upon that person I must take summary vengeance.'

But here was "talking" as well as "looking," and the closing threat of Mr. Tupman is a feature which was not in the Court Martial scene.

There is another example of "looking down," and is to be found in Oliver Twist, where Bumble, the Beadle, undertook to try his eye on his refractory spouse:

"Mr. Bumble turned and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the new words she had heard of his complaint, had hazarded a remark as a venture.

'Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!' said Mr. Bumble, with sentimental sternness.

'Well,' cried the lady.

'Have the goodness to look at me,' said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her.

'If she stands such an eye as that,' said Mr. Bumble to himself, 'she can stand everything. It is an eye I never knew to fail with paupers, and if it fails with her, my power is gone.'

Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye is sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition, or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances, are matters of opinion. The matter of fact is that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine."

Dickens invests Sam Tappertit with a similar faculty of vision, as will be seen by the following passage from Barnaby Rudge:

"'He's got his eyes on me!' cried Stag, stopping short on his way back, and affecting to screen his face with the bottle. 'I feel 'em though I can't see 'em. Take 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em for they pierce like gimlets.' Mr. Tappertit smiles grimly at his comrade, and twisting out one more look—a kind of ocular screw—under the influence of which the blind man feigned to undergo great anguish and torture, bade him, in a softened tone, approach and hold his peace."

PAPER MONEY.—"The manufacture of paper money has been attempted in every form; it has been tried by individuals, been transferred to corporations by the State, then to corporations by Congress, engaged in by the States themselves, and has signally failed in all. It has, in general, proved not the handmaid of honest industry and well regulated enterprize, but the pampered menial of speculation, idleness, and fraud. It has corrupted men of the highest standing; almost destroyed the confidence of mankind in each other; and darkened our criminal calendar with names that might otherwise have conferred honor and benefit upon the country. My most sincere and ardent wish is, that its issue by the federal government, may in all future time be prevented."—*M. Van Buren.*

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light