The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. XLIX. CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1848. NO. 16.

Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,

BY E. W. HUTTER.

Office in "Union Court," in the rear of the Market House, adjoining Centre Square.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Lancaster, May 2d, 1848.

Persons calling for letters will please say they are advertised.

Ackerson Charles	Miller Conrad
Alberti Peter	Metzgar Andrew
Arment Elizabeth	Mitchell Wm G
Barned William	McGeneman
Beates John	Mellinger Rebecca
Beard Catharine	Matton A
Burgess Jacob	Martin Eve C
Brenneman John	McDowell James
Burgess William	Manning P & J
Brooks Mr	Manly John
Buchwalter Benjamin	Miller Henry
Bealy Esther	Moller Ann Marie
Campbell Bernard	Martin Jacob
Crowther Joseph	Martin W
Cowden Samuel H	McReady Mr
Crosby Samuel	Meythaler Corolina
Craig & Stevens	M'Laughlin Patrick
Carr Thomas	M'Neill Rhesa
Crosson John	McMichael Peter
Cramer Isaac	Megaire Miss Catharine
Callendine G N	Newton Martha
Dean Mrs Jane	Nasszigerin Widow Jacobina
Daves W.	
Deininger Johan Hartman	Newton F R S
Doster Rosina	Noble Wm
Elvine John H	Patterson James
Evans Rebecca	Rohrer Jacob
Eberly D B	Redsecker Miss Sarah
Flagg John F	Redman Mrs H
Franke Mr	Ridenbaugh Mrs Rebecca
Frye James	Reily Samuel
Fahnestock A K	Reemsnider Samuel
Frank Jacob	Redsecker Abraham
Frankfurt Miss Marie	Ruff Jacob
Furgensmeier Gotliep	Rink Wm
Flicknor Almon	Ralston Harriet
Frick Jno or Benjamin	Rumney Mrs E.
Green A	Row Samuel J
Geist John	Reed & Lightner
Gluck John George	Seits Christian
Gatensohn John	Schmitt Franz
Gantener Wm 2	Sharf Albert
Gossler Jacob	Swent John
Givins Joseph	Sproul James
Gilbert Daniel	Smith Dinah Mrs
Hartman Henry	Stehman Tobias
Hegman G	Schroder James
Handle Levi	Stacy Warren
Hutinstine Henry & Philip	Shaeffer Benjamin
	Swope Joseph
Hoover Jacob	Spangler Jacob
Hays Catharine	Sprout Robert
Harper O B	Slemmons Obediah
Hershy Jacob 2	Stoner David
Hiltian Henry	Siverling George
Hays M L	Shott George
Henry Wm	Sperou John
Himes Thomas	Shay Wm C
Kaufman John	Schwop Joseph
Kaufman Mary M	Smith Samuel
Kirts Mrs Ann Louisa	Umyagne Jacob
Kaufman Tobias M	Ulric Jacob
Kupper Fred	Vandusall Peter
Kob John	White Geo or Miss Mary Sickle
Kauffman Jacob S	Wilkeson Anthony
Lecker Mrs	Wheaton Fred E
Leuber Miss E	Williams E A
Lutz D	Yellets Thomas
Lintner Abraham	Zook Noah
Lawson Charles N	

MARY DIXSON, P. M.

May 2, 1848. 3t-14.

W. O. Hickok,

(Successor to Hickok & Cantine,) BOOK BINDER, and Blank Book Manufacturer, Harrisburg, Pa.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is now carrying on the above business in the old stand, formerly occupied by Hickok & Cantine. As the building has for the last eight years been conducted by him, he flatters himself that, by careful attention to business, he will merit and still receive a continuance of the patronage so liberally enjoyed by the old firm.

Particular attention will be paid to the ruling and binding of every description of BLANK BOOKS, for banks, county offices, merchants, and private individuals, such as Discount Ledgers, General do., Discount Note Books, Check Books, Tellers' Statements, Ticklers, Scratches, Weekly Statements, Letter Books, Cash Books, Copy Books, Judgment Dockets, Appearance do., Quarter Sessions do., Execution do., Election do., Orphans' Court do., Naturalization do., Sheriff's do., Justices' do., Ad Sectum Index do., Deed Books, Pass Books, Ledgers, Day Books, Journals, Invoice Books, Time do., Will do., Bond do., Mortgage do., Commission do., Minute do., Miscellaneous do., and every variety of Full and Half Bound Blanks.

He has made particular arrangements to supply Prothonotaries with the new and approved Judgment Docket and Register, with the new Statement of Administration Acct., Old Books, Periodicals, Law Books, Music, Newspapers, &c., bound to any pattern, and in any style required. He has made full and ample arrangements to bind Harper's Illustrated Edition of the Bible, and Harper's Illuminated Shakspeare, in a style of magnificence not to be excelled in the cities, in either Velvet, Turkey, Morocco, Calf or Sheep, and at very reasonable prices. Copying Presses supplied to order.—Paper Ruled to Pattern. All work warranted.

Harrisburg, jan 4, 1848.] W. O. HICKOK.

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.

Salisbury Handle Manufactory and Turning Mill.

THE subscribers tender their thanks to their friends for the patronage extended to them in the business in which they are engaged, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors.

They now inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue to manufacture at their establishment at Salisbury, (on the Philadelphia and Lancaster turnpike, one mile east of Kinzer's and one mile north of the Gap,) Broom, Brush, Hoe, Shovel and Fork Handles, Plastering Lath turned and sawed, Palling, Bench Screws, &c.

They have also, an excellent Turning Mill connected with their establishment, and are prepared to do all kinds of Turning in wood, such as Porch Columns, Cabinet, Coach and Wagon Turning of all kinds with promptness and despatch.

They have now on hand a lot of seasoned lumber, suitable for Cabinet Makers use, which will be turned to order or disposed of on reasonable terms.

Also, a large lot of prime Ash Plank which will be sold low and sawed if wished to any size.

Any communications directed to Gap Post Office, Lancaster county, will meet with prompt attention.

sept 7 '47-32-1y A. F. & S. C. SLAYMAKER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lancaster city & county Millinery,

In Kramph's Building, first door on the second floor.

THE undersigned, MARY A. RANNINGER, herewith respectfully informs the public, that she intends, on Tuesday, the 18th of April, instant, to open a splendid assortment of

Millinery Ware,

in the large room, lately occupied by Mr. Johnson, (Daguerreotype Painter,) in Mr. F. J. Kramph's building, North East corner of North Queen and Orange streets, Lancaster, Pa., in the immediate neighborhood of Van Kanan's, Schofield's, Good & Johns', Kauffman's, and Michael's Hotels, and opposite the post office; and invites all her respective customers, as well as the public in general, both in the city and county, to give her a call and to examine her stock.

All her articles are of the best quality, of the most fashionable style, and may be had at the most reasonable prices. Her stock consists principally in Straw, Fancy and Casing Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Bonnet and Dress Caps, Collars, Mourning Caps and Collars, &c. &c., as well as in a selected assortment of the handsomest Dress Goods ever offered to the public before.

Old Bonnets will also be altered and made up anew, in the most fashionable style, with the greatest care, and on the most reasonable terms. Ladies' Bonnets and Gentlemen's Hats whitened and pressed.

Notwithstanding that the Ladies, far and near, are fully convinced of her superior work, she nevertheless does not consider it superfluous, here to state, that she has, at the same time, employed the best and most experienced assistants in her business, and no apprentices, who are merely learning the trade: Hence she is fully enabled, in every point of view, to render full and complete satisfaction to those who may favor her with a call.

MARY A. RANNINGER.

Lancaster, April 11, 1848. 3m-11

Carriage Manufactory.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed his extensive

COACHMAKING ESTABLISHMENT

to the town of Schoeneck, in Lancaster county, 10 miles from Womelsdorf, in Berks county, where he formerly conducted the same business, and 15 miles from Reading. He is now prepared, at his new stand, to manufacture every article in his line, and also to execute repairs of coaches and other vehicles at the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable prices. He has constantly on hand a complete assortment of

Coaches, Barouches, Rockaways,

with single or double seats, Buggys, with or without covers, made according to the newest style and of the best materials, which for durability and neatness cannot be excelled. Persons desiring neat, cheap and substantial vehicles, will therefore find it to their advantage to patronise this establishment, as his work is not to be surpassed. Orders, addressed to the Schoeneck P. O., Lancaster county, will be promptly executed, and the work will be delivered wherever customers may require it.

Carriages and buggys somewhat worn, will be taken in exchange for new work—as also country produce.

Old coaches and buggys on hand, selling from $25 to $50. Old vehicles repaired and repainted equal to any new.

He will spare no pains to merit a continuance of public patronage, especially from his old customers in Lancaster and Berks counties.

JESSE REINHOLD.

Schoeneck, May 2, 1848. 6m-14

Sprecher & Rohrer's Cheap Hard-Ware Store.

HARDWARE, Glass, Paints, Oils, and Varnishes at that long established stand, East King st., Lancaster, formerly occupied by Howell & Kreider, a few doors east of the Court House, next door to the Drug Store of James Smith, and opposite Geo. Messenkop's Hotel, which they have recently taken and where they will carry on the business.

They most respectfully beg leave to invite the attention of their friends and acquaintances to their stock of Hardware, which they have just opened and will sell at the most reasonable prices, including every variety of Iron and Steel, Latches, Locks, Bolts, Hinges, Screws, and all kinds of building materials, every description of Files, Blacksmith's Bellows, Saddlery, best warranted Edge Tools, Planes, and Veneers. Also a complete assortment of CEDAR WARE, such as tubs, buckets, butter churns, together with every article in their line. They will keep constantly on hand every variety of Coal and Wood Stoves; also a highly approved COOKING STOVE.

The attention of young beginners is particularly called to their full and complete assortment of household utensils.

Determined to spare no pains to accommodate purchasers, and by steady adherence to business, they expect to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage thus far bestowed upon them.

GEORGE D. SPRECHER,
REUBEN S. ROHRER.

Old Metal and Flaxseed taken in exchange for goods. jan 13-50

REMOVAL—T. C. WILEY.

Fashionable Boot and Ladies Shoe Establishment.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his thanks to the public for the encouragement heretofore extended to him, and to acquaint his former patrons and friends and the public generally, that he has removed his fashionable boot and shoe store from North Queen to East King street, directly opposite Mrs. Messenkop's Hotel, and one door east of James Smith's Apothecary, where he is prepared to do all work in his line of business with neatness and despatch. He has on hand a general assortment of

French & Morocco Skins for Boots,

to which branch of his business he devotes particular attention, and guarantees his Boots to be made in the neatest and most fashionable manner. He has also just received from the city an assortment of lasts of the most fashionable styles for Ladies Shoes. He also keeps constantly on hand an assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Shoes of his own manufacture, which he is confident will give general satisfaction, as they are made in the neatest and most fashionable manner.

T. C. WILEY.

April 25, 1848. tf-13

Public Sale of Real Estate.

ON SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1848, will be sold, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' court of Lancaster county, on the premises of No. 1, in said county, about two miles south from the Limestone Quarries, and about two miles north of Georgetown, the following real estate of Henry Pheneger, late of said township, deceased, to wit:

No. 1. Consisting of 30 Acres of Land, more or less, situate in said township, adjoining lands of Jacob Frantz, Walter Davis, and others. The improvements are a one-story frame dwelling HOUSE, a small Swisser Barn, a tenant House and other buildings.

No. 2. Consisting of 5 Acres of Land, more or less, situate in Paradise township, adjoining lands of Jacob Frantz, Widow Ferree, and others. This is valuable sprout land.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M., when attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by WM. PHENEGER,
Executor of said deceased.

May 2, 1848. td-14

Castings! Castings!

THE Subscribers having rented the shop, together with all the Lathes, Tools, Patterns, &c., belonging to Pennel & Lenher, late in the occupancy of James H. Pennel, they are prepared to do all kinds of

CASTING AND FINISHING,

such as Railroad work, Furnace and Forge Castings, Mill Gearing, Factory work, Horse Power and Agricultural Castings, &c.

Having patterns of every description on hand, they are prepared to execute all orders at the shortest notice. Also, Patterns made to order.

From the known experience of the subscribers in the above business, the assurance is given that all orders will be faithfully executed.

JAMES BOON,
MICHAEL HANVEY.

May 2, 1848. tf-14

New Supply of Boots & Shoes! Gum Shoes, &c.

THE subscriber has just received a new supply of Boots, Shoes, Gum Shoes, &c., at his stand, in North Queen Street, two doors above the Post Office, to which he invites the attention of his patrons and the public in general.

He has a supply of Gum Shoes of every description, consisting of Buskins, Sandals, and plain, with double soles, and also a common article.

nov 9 '47-41] ADAM S. KELLER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Distillers,

AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WHEREAS, I, Jacob Weitzel, of the city of Lancaster, coppersmith, have received by letters Patent, recorded in the Patent office in the city of Washington, certain useful improvements in the construction of Stills, which improvements consist of an additional tub, called a doubling tub, which is placed partly above the still, in which tub the doubler is inclosed, the beer which is pumped into the upper tub passes down by a plug pipe into the doubling tub, where it is brought to a boiling state before it is let into the still, which pipe is opened or stopped when requisite by means of a plug made of wood, copper, or any other material.

What I claim as my improvements are the above described doubling tub and the plug by which the beer passes from one tub to the other, or from the tub into the still.

Having received information, amounting to proof, that my patent for the above described improvements has been violated by several distillers in this county and in various other places, I hereby give notice, that unless those persons who have made use of my invention, or have it now in use, without being authorized by me, come forward and make full reparation for having infringed my patent right, on or before the first day of March next, suit will be instituted against all and every such person or persons. JACOB WEITZEL.

Feb. 22, 1848. tf-4

Warren county, (Virginia,) Land at Private Sale.

THE subscriber is desirous to dispose of his valuable Farm, situated on the Shenandoah River, five miles above Front Royal (the county town) and containing about 400 acres, a large proportion of which is first quality meadow. This Farm is beautifully timbered, well watered, admirably located in point of health, convenience, and society. The greater part of this land is in the highest state of cultivation, well set in clover, and highly productive; upon the Farm are several comfortable Dwelling Houses, and an excellent store house, and the greatest abundance of the finest fruit of all descriptions. If desirable this Farm might be divided into two or more Farms, giving to each a sufficiency of timber and water, and when the projected improvement of the Shenandoah River shall be completed (which it soon will be) this property cannot fail to be immensely valuable. I deem it unnecessary to give a more detailed description as persons desiring to purchase will doubtless examine for themselves.

Any communications addressed to the at Front Royal, Warren county, (Va.) will receive attention.

April 18, 1848-2m*-12] WM. BENNET.

Slate for Sale.

ALL persons wishing to roof either new or old buildings with slate are hereby informed that the subscribers have now on hand at their quarries at Peach Bottom, Lancaster county, a large quantity of *ROOFING SLATE*, of a superior quality; also a proportion of second quality; all of which they will dispose of on very accommodating terms, either by the ton or by the square when put on the roof.

Persons wishing to roof buildings of any description can always be supplied at the shortest notice by calling on the undersigned partner, at his Mills, near Goshen post office, Fulton township, in person, or address him by letter, directed to that office, and they will be promptly attended to. They also further request those who may find it more convenient to call on John Ehler, Esq., of the city of Lancaster, or on Mr. Jeremiah Brown, of Columbia, they being fully authorized to contract for said company.

SLATER BROWN & CO.

Fulton twp., Feb. 29, 1848. 4m-5

REMOVAL.

MICHAEL McGRANN takes occasion to inform his patrons and the public generally, that he has removed from his old Tavern Stand, to a two story brick house nearly opposite, the next north of Wentz & Brother's Bee Hive Store, in North Queen street, where he will be most happy to accommodate his numerous customers. His table and bar will be constantly supplied by the best the market and season can afford, and on the premises there is sufficient stabling to accommodate a large number of horses. The place having undergone a thorough repair, Mr. McGrann feels able to render entire satisfaction to his customers, and he trusts to receive a continuance of the very liberal degree of patronage heretofore extended to him.

He would also inform his old customers, that he still follows the bottling business, and is ready to supply them with bottled PORTER, ALE, CIDER, and BROWN STOUT, at the old prices and the usual distances from the city.

April 11. 11-3m

Lancaster Museum.

AND GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

MR. NOAH SMITH, who has been for some time past in the employ of Mr. Landis, the founder of this popular establishment, takes pleasure in informing the citizens of the city and county of Lancaster, that he has purchased the same from Mr. Landis, and that from this date it will be under his control and direction.

The Museum has been thoroughly refitted of late, with new decorations, scenery, &c., and a great many specimens of natural and artificial curiosities have been added to the *heretofore* large catalogue.

Mr. Smith assures the friends and patrons of this delightful Repository of Art and Science, that no pains on his part will be spared to render it worthy of a visit from the philosopher or antiquarian, as well as from those of an humbler sphere. Admission 25 cents. [Lancaster, April 11, 1848-3m 11

1848 Conestoga Navigation. 1848

Transportation to Philadelphia and Baltimore!

AT REDUCED RATES OF FREIGHT.

THE Farmers, Millers, and Storekeepers of Lancaster county are informed that the "Conestoga Transportation Company" will place a new and superior line of Freight Boats on the water from Lancaster to Philadelphia and Baltimore via Conestoga Navigation and Tide Water Canal, immediately on the opening of the Canals—and will run constantly and regularly through the season. The rates of freight will be as follows:

Flour,	22 cents per barrel.
Grain,	7½ " bushel.
Groceries, Dry goods, &c. delivered in Lancaster,	18 cents per 100 lbs.

For further particulars apply at the office of the Conestoga Navigation Company or to

GEORGE CALDER, Agent.

Lancaster, Feb. 29, 1848. 5-3m

Removal.

THE subscriber repectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the old established and well known shop lately occupied by William Cox, in North Duke street, on the Railroad, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work, such as making and repairing

CARRIAGES, BAROUCHES, BUGGIES, SQUARE CARRIAGES,

and vehicles of every kind belonging to the coach making business.

New work will be sold, and repairing of all kinds done cheaper, than at any other establishment in this city, and all work will be done in the best and most fashionable style, and manufactured from the best materials. All new work warranted.

He returns his thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement heretofore extended to him, and hopes by strict personal attention to business, and moderate charges to merit and receive a continuance of public patronage. GEO. B. MOWERY.

April 18, 1848. 12-6m

Look Here! Clocks and Watches.

THE undersigned has just returned from Philadelphia with a new and splendid assortment of Clocks, Watches, Accordeons, Musical Boxes, Gold Pens, &c., which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms. Among his assortment may be found Gold and Silver Levers, Imitation Levers, Quartiers and English Watches, and a new article of Clocks, and all articles usually kept in his line. He respectfully invites the inspection of his friends both in town and country to his stock of goods with the assurance that from his assortment they cannot fail to make a selection of any article they may want.

Repairing attended to as usual, and all work warranted. JOHN BROWN, Agt.

Feb. 15, 1848. 3

Chair Maker, Paper Hanger and Painter,

Corner of South Queen and Vine streets.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has now on hand, and is constantly manufacturing to order CHAIRS of all kinds and descriptions, from the highest to the lowest price. They have been generally admired—are elegantly finished, and are of the most durable character.

House painting in all its varieties executed by the undersigned. His prices will be found extremely moderate.

All orders for Paper Hanging will be promptly executed. GEORGE F. ROTE.

dec 22 1847 44 1y

Select Poetry.

We are Growing Old.

BY F. BROWNE.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot, that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows;
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow:
For deep o'er many a stately bark,
Have the whelming billows roll'd,
That steered us from that earthly mark—
Oh! friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path, that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winter still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;—
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear—
But where are the living-founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear!
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Miscellaneous.

Pontius Pilate at Vienne.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE "COURIER DES ETATS UNIS."

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There, on the [illegible], is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Passus est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was also in Vienne that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, that the spot that contained the ashes of the Judge of the Righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienne.

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcius was Prætor at Vienne, that an old man, bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters, the name of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accursed be the day which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea. My name is ominous: it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of Imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Caudine Forks* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Arminius. And I—miserable!——"

"You miserable!" asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vitellus, prefect of Syria: your enemy, for having chastised the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Gerizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred against the Jews."

"No!" replied Pilate, "No! by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Cæsar that afflicts me."

"What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you—sensible, just, humane. I see it;—you are the victim of Vitellius."

"Say not so, Albinus—Say not that I am the victim of Vitellius—No: I am the victim of a Higher Power! The Roman's regard me as an object of Cæsar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe Pro-Consul; the Christians as the executioner of their God!

"Of their God did you say, Pilate?—Impious wretches!—Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on a cross!"

"Beware, Albinus, beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple, he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality.

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the high priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterward, the Tetrarch designed to pay me a visit. His deportment was bold and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table with the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time, Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people, that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single Centurion, and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Perfect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire!—to extend our conquest beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors that came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unction, a new law in the name of God who had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day, in passing by the place of Silioa, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed, in the midst of the group, a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawney complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

The Secretary's name was Manilus. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators, who encamped at Etruria, waiting for Cataline. Manilus was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manilus, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Sioloa. Never had I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the philosophers, any thing that could be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not, Jesus replied: *Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have him arrested and exiled to the Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian mandate.

Should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—whilst I, miserable wretch!—I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call providence, and we—Destiny.

But the unlimited freedom granted Jesus, revolted the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter; and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" would he say to them, "you are a race of vipers!—you resemble painted sepulchres!" At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the Publican, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befal him—that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets—and that, if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Cæsar.

This I had prevented, by informing Cæsar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years. It is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble: but *then* I was young—in my veins flowed the Spanish, mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilick, and my feet seemed fastened, with an iron hand, to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene—calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and, by a simple gesture, seemed to say to me: here I am.

For some time, I contemplated, with admiration and with awe, this extraordinary type of a man—a type unknown to our numerous sculptors, who have given form and figure to all the gods and all the heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last—and my tongue faltered—"Jesus of Nazareth. I have granted you for the last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The emperor is informed of it; and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings: against me on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you, for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them. My request—I do not say my orders—is, that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in arousing the pride of your enemies, lest they rise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to use the instruments of justice.

The Nazarene calmly replied,—

"Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain because it will uproot the tress of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you; before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the just will be spilt.

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I, with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Cæsar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pærtorium is open to you as a place of refuge—it is a sacred asylum.

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said, with a graceful and divine smile,

"When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth or under the earth. The asylum of the Just is there, (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care, requires it. Do not infringe my orders: you know them. May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born the same day on which Cæsar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore your wordly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilick.

Herod, the Tetrarch, who then returned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addessed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Cæsar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied, that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers that great nations sometimes produce, that his doctrine was by no means dangerous: and that the intention of Rome was to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching, and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation, which always manifests itself at the solemnities of the passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurian had been insulted

I wrote to the prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers, and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city—too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other [illegible]

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing, on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating—"Crucify him, crucify him."

Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians [illegible] ... whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for entering their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although, in this instance, I committed a fatal error, yet the sacrilege did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scowled at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Saducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a derisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that as Jesus was a Galilean the affair came within Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrach professed humility, and protesting his deference to the lieutenancy of Cæsar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth, the towns of Galilee, and the plains of Esrelon. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she to me, "beware, and touch not that man, for he is holy. Last night, I saw him in a vision. He was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempests, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake—all were obedient to him. Behold! the torrent of Mount Cedron flows in blood—the statues of Cæsar are soiled with the filth of gemoniæ—the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veil[illegible] in mourning like a vestal [illegible] the tomb! O, Pila[illegible] evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curses of a Roman Senate—dread the frowns of Cæsar."

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded? "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. For what crime? "He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the Temple; he calls himself the Son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews." Roman justice, said I, punishes not such offences with death. "Crucify him, crucify him!" shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriate multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the temples of the Euminides. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which, at that moment appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged; then, calling for a ewer, I washed my hands in the presence of a clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our civil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude, but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling like living waves, from the portal of the Pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with howlings, screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degress the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Cæsar. It was likewise towards the Ides of March. I, the contemned governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of a basilick, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom, this theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to the Gemoniæ. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the Centurian, to display a shadow of my power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamours were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and their large ruptures settled over the city and covered it with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have exclaimed, *"Either the author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."*

Toward the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city toward the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consummated. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed, had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman Cohort pass by mournfully, that standard bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend: Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt; and then look back toward Mount Calvary would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium sad and pensive. On ascending the stairs, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him, several woman in tears. He threw himself at my feet, and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I mildly—"who are you, and what is your request?"——"I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and I am come to beg of you [illegible] is granted," said I to him, and, at the same, ordered Manlius to have some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards, the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform. It was to communicate to Cæsar, the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn.

At that instant the sound of clarions playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eyes toward the eastern gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other trumpets sounding Cæsar's March. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. "It has been decreed by the Fates," cried I, wringing my hands, "that the great iniquity should be accomplished——that, for averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writhing on the Cross:—*All is consummated.*

The Queen of England.

In the midst of the confusion of formidable news bursting from all sides, is it not amusing to read under the head of GREAT BRITAIN:—

"Her Majesty, the Queen, is happily delivered of a daughter."

It forms a strange contrast with all these bewildering reports. Nothing is changed in England. There is only one Princess more. The traditions of the crown continue with an admirable regularity. Not the least trouble in the constitution of the English royalties. The Queen does not reform a single article of her conjugal programme. The general conflagration, the universal wreck, do not work the slightest variation in the regular course of this periodic production. Across the revolutionary bulletins, which part from all corners of the political horizon, one will always see, at a fixed date, and rigorous term, the announcement: "The Queen is happily delivered," &c.

Is not this one of the most remarkable facts of our epoch. While the entire gentle sex are complaining of being misunderstood, disdained, wronged, the Queen of England is the only woman in Europe, who never fails in her rights—or her time.

While all the crowned heads are seeing their diadems fall, or feel them tremble, when every Sovereign power is struck down or menaced, Britanic royalty alone knows how to maintain itself—in an interesting state.

There is an article, written on the pages of the human code, which orders the suspension of the execution of every condemned woman, when she is found in this position. At this day, when all Royalties are condemned, the Royality of England is protected by the article in question. It is to prevent the fatal event, doubtless, that it maintains itself in this tutelary state, which continues almost without interruption, and so as to leave no time in its brief intervals for a revolution. The tactics are skilful; but in this world, everything must be exhausted, everything come to an end. The benefits of nature have their limit. The Queen Victoria approaches her thirtieth year; a half-score more of princes or princesses, and then the interesting position ceasing to take place, England will have her turn and bring forth a Revolution. So, then, we may predict that a Republic will be proclaimed at London, in ten or twelve years, at latest,—when the Queen shall have presented to the world her last child.—*Albany Atlas.*