The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. I. LANCASTER OF CITY, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1849. NO. I.

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE!"

JUST RECEIVED at *J. GISH'S GENERAL AGENCY* for the sale of *Genuine Popular Medicine* Store immediately opposite Mrs. Kauffman's Hotel, and next door to the *Examiner & Herald* Office North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa., a full supply of the following genuine and celebrated Family Medicines. ☞ Merchants and all country dealers (in genuine medicines) supplied at the lowest terms.

Wistar's celebrated Balsam of Wild Cherry.
Bull's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.
Swaim's well known Panacea.
Townsend's Sarsaparilla.
Atwood's Dyspeptic Bitters.
Comfort's composition Powder—spiced Bit. No. 6.
Sherman's All-Healing Balsam.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.
Brandreth's Universal " "
Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic " "
Dr. Dyott's Anti-Bilious " "
Grafenberg Vegetable " "
Dr. Rush's Infallible Health "
Dr. Steeling's Vegetable 12½ cent Pills.
Dr. Wistar's Sarsaparilla and Tar "
Clickner's Sugar Coated "
Worsdell's Restorative "
Dr. Leidy's Sarsaparilla Blood "
Dr. Wistar's Vegetable "
Dr. Soule's Sovereign Balm "
Hibbard's Family "
Stainburn's Vegetable Extract "
M'Allister's All-Healing Ointment and Hair Oil.
Mrs. M. C. Maxwell's Indian Extract for Rheumatism and Pains, a certain cure.
Dr. Jayne's American Hair Dye.
Detterer's Magic Hair Oil.
Indian Cholagogue for Fever and Ague.
Wheeler's Teaberry Tooth Wash.
Allebasi's Celebrated Medicines.
Stainburns Medicated Toilet Soap.
Dr. Davis' Wild Cherry and Tar Syrup.
Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea.
Steven's pure Wine of Tar for coughs, colds and consumptions.
Hyena Tooth Ache Drops.
Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and other preparations.
Dr. Swayne's Syrup of Wild Cherry.
Dr. Steeling's Pulmonary Syrup.
Louden's Indian Expectorant and Hair Tonic.
Dr. Sherman's Poor Man's Strengthening Plasters
Eaton's " " "
Dr. J. H. Longenecker's Black Salve.
Graetenberg Health Bitters.
" Green Mountain Ointment.
Tousey's Master of Pain.
Shenck's Pulmonic Syrup.
Roberts' Vegetable Embrocation.
Thomson's Tar and Wood Naptha.
Beekman's Pulmonic Syrup.
Hibbard's Wild Cherry Bitters.
Ritter's Tar and Wild Cherry Syrup.
Rowand's Tonic Mixture for Ague.
Hohensack's Worm Syrup.
Fahnestock's Vermifuge.
Gay's Extract of Chanchalaqua, a Californian plant of rare virtues.
Dr. Sherman's Orris Tooth Paste.
Dr. Wistar's Cherry Candy for coughs, &c.
Hanck's Vegetable Panacea.
Barnes' Pile Lotion, a certain cure.
Davis' Horse Liniment.
Dillow's Heave Cure.

OPODELDOC, CASTOR OIL, SWEET OIL, &c.

With a number of other popular Medicines, (all of which are warranted fresh and genuine,) and sold at the *Lowest Prices.*

☞ Pamphlets, Hand-Bills, and copies of the Oracle of Health, to be had gratis by applying at J. GISH'S GENERAL AGENCY, opposite Kauffman's Hotel, North Queen Street, Lancaster.
November 14, 1848. tf-42

$50 DR. HUNTER will forfeit $50, if failing to cure any case of *Secret Disense* that may come under his care, no matter how long standing or afflicting. *Either Sex* are invited to his private rooms, *No. 38 North Seventh Street*, without fear of interruption by other patients, as thousands are cured yearly by his practical experience and great remedies. Strangers and others who have been unfortunate in the selection of a Physician, are solicited to call on the Doctor. His RED DROP and his SPECIFIC act like magic in diseases of this class. READ AND REFLECT.—The afflicted would do well to reflect before trusting their health, happiness, and in many cases their lives in the hands of Physicians ignorant of this class of maladies. It is certainly impossible for one man to understand all the ills the human family are subject to. Every respectable Physician has his particular branch, in which he is more successful than his brother professors, and, therefore, to that he devotes more of his time and study. Dr. HUNTER is known to be the most successful practitioner in the United States in diseases of the sexual organs.

YEARS OF PRACTICE exclusively devoted to the study and treatment of gleet, stricture, effects of solitary habits, ulcers upon the body, throat, nose or legs, pains in the head or bones, mercurial rheumatism, gravel, irregularities, climate, or impurities of the blood, whereby the constitution has become enfeebled, enables the Doctor to offer *speedy relief* to all who may place themselves under his care.

Office open during the week from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. On Sundays the office will close at 2 P. M.
Dec 12 '48 1y-46

Hoff's Embrocation for Horses.

THIS most valuable Embrocation will cure Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Galls, Swellings and all other complaints, which require an external remedy. It gives immediate relief in the Scratches and the disease incident to horses of white feet and legs, produced by St. John's Wort. It is also highly useful in relaxing stiffness of the tendons and joints, and produces beneficial effects in cracked heels brought on by high feeding, splints and sprains. This Embrocation is highly recommended to Farmers, Farriers, Keepers of Livery Stables, and private gentlemen owning horses, and should be constantly kept in the stable. The genuine article is prepared only by W. MARSHALL, No. 302 Race Street, below 9th, south side, Philadelphia, and for sale by GISH & BROTHER, Lancaster.
Jan 2, '49 1y-49

To Country Merchants.

COUNTRY DEALERS and others can be supplied at the lowest city prices with fresh and pure

Ground Cinnamon,	Ground Cloves,
" Pepper,	" Allspice,
" Ginger,	" Mustard,
" Mace,	" Cayenne Pepper.

—ALSO—

Sal Æratus,	Pearl Ash,	Potash,
Washing Soda,	Saltpetre,	Alum,
Brimstone,	Annetto,	British Lustre,
Indigo,	Madder,	Copperas,
Blue Vitrol,	Borax,	Camphor,
Cream Tartar,	Saffron,	Starch,
Castor Oil,	Sweet Oil,	Liquorice Ball,
Epsom Salts,	Blue, Black and	Red Inks,
Shaving Soap,	Fric. Matches,	Bottle Corks,
Shoe Blacking,	Spt. Turpentine,	Span. Brown,
	Venetian Red and	Yellow Ochre,

For sale, together with every other article in the line, on the most accommodating terms by
JOHN F. LONG, Druggist,
No, 8, North Queen Street.
Nov 28, '48 tf-44

Satinets.

JUST RECEIVED and now opening an extensive assortment of *Satinets*, comprising every price and color of most desirable styles, at the New York Store.
GRIEL & GILBERT.
Oct 10 37

Holiday Presents.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

GOLD LEVER WATCHES, 18 carat Cases, full jewelled, from $30 to $100. Silver Levers, from $15 to $30. Lepines, Quartiers and all other watches at the lowest prices. Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, Brittania Ware, &c., low for cash. Call and see—no charge for looking. ☞ Repairing of all kinds attended to.
G. M. ZAHM,
Centre Square, Lancaster.
Dec 19 tf-47

Tuition in the German and Hebrew Languages.

JACOB EHRLICH respectfully informs the citizens of Lancaster, that he is prepared to give instruction as Teacher of the German and Hebrew Languages, and will be happy to receive a class. By long and practical experience in this profession, both in Europe and America, he feels competent, in a short time and by the simplest methods, to impart an accurate knowledge and comprehension of these two useful and important languages.

Applicants will please call at the Book Store of J. GISH & Co., (Diller's,) city of Lancaster.
Dec 5, '48 tf-45

Vestings.

FANCY Cachmere, new and beautiful styles.—Plain and Fancy Velvets, Plain and Fancy Satins, together with a great variety at low prices in plain and fancy styles, now opening at the New York Store.
GRIEL & GILBERT.
Oct 10 37

Longenecker & Co.,

HAVE just received a large assortment of GINGHAMS, plain and plaid which they will sell very low. Also, LINEN LUSTRES, Lawns &c. Black BEREGE SHAWLS, rich colored ligh, Fabrics, do. Superior black and Blue Black Summer BOMBAZINES. [May 9, '48.-tf-15.

To Shoe Makers.

THE subscriber has a first-rate workman from Philadelphia, who makes and repairs all kinds of Shoe Makers Tools, which will be done at the lowest prices, and warranted to work well.
H. C. LOCHER.
dec 22-47

Sign Painting.

JOHN L. KEFFER has commenced the above business, in A. N. Brenneman's Building, Centre Square, Lancaster, and will do the best he can, by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to satisfy all who may be pleased to favor him with their custom. [May 1848.—1y

Cloths! Cloths!!

FRENCH, GERMAN, AMERICAN and ENGLISH CLOTHS, embracing every color that can be desired, from $1 50 per yard upwards, now opening at the New York Store.
GRIEL & GILBERT.
Oct 10 37

CLOVE ANODYNE

TOOTHACHE DROPS.

An Immediate and perfect Cure.

THOSE who have felt the painful throbbing and excruciating pangs of this disease shooting through their jaws with most tormenting perseverance, and, as is often the case, have received but little sympathy from friends on such occasions, will no doubt be much pleased to know of a remedy that will never fail to quiet forever the unmerciful offender. This remedy is the CLOVE ANODYNE, an unfailing cure.

The following testimony is from one of our most distinguished practical Dentists:

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands—Gentlemen: In the course of my practice I have extensively used your Clove Anodyne with much success for the relief of the Toothache; and as I constantly recommend it to my patients, I deem it out just to inform you of the high opinion I have of it over other remedies. I am yours, very respectfully,
M. LEVETT, Dentist,
260 Broadway, corner of Warren-st.

PRICE 25 cts. PER VIAL.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-street, cor. of Williams, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas

For Sale by GEORGE A. MILLER, Druggist, West King Street, who is the *sole* agent for Lancaster county.
January 16, '49 9meow-51

Estate of John Berg.

In the Court of Common Pleas for the Co. of Lancr.

WHEREAS, Jacob Heisey, Committee of Jacob Berg, a lunatic, (now deceased,) did on the 28th day of December, 1848, file in the Office of the Prothonotary of the said Court, his Account of the said Estate:

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the said Estate, that the said Court have appointed the 27th day of January, 1849, for confirmation thereof, unless exceptions be filed.

ATTEST: HENRY STOEK, *Prothy.*
Prothonotary's Office, }
Lancaster, Jan. 9, 1848. } 4t-50

JOHN C. BAKER'S COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

THIS article is employed with great success and by the most eminent physicians of this city, for the cure of the following diseases:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Cutaneous Diseases, Syphiletic Affections, Tetter and Ulcers, White Swellings, Scurvy, Neuralgia or Tic Doloreaux, Cancer, Goitre or Bronchocele, (swelled neck,) Spine Disease, Chronic Disease of the Lungs, to counteract the destructive effects of Mercury, Jaundice, Hypertrophy or the Enlargement of the Heart, Palpitation and Trembling in the Region of the Heart and Stomach, Enlargement of the Bones, Joints or Ligaments. Also, all the various diseases Skin, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Biles, Pimples, Carbuncles, etc., Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, Nervous Affections, Dropsical Swellings, Constitutional Disorders, and diseases originating from an impure state of the blood and other fluids of the body, in short all diseases where a change of the system is required.

Price 50 cents per bottle.
Prepared only by the Proprietor,
JOHN C. BAKER & Co.,
Wholesale Druggists and Chemists, No. 100, North Third Street, Philadelphia.
They always keep a good and general supply of *FRESH DRUGS*, also a new article, IMITATION PLATE GLASS, very superior, equal to English or French plates, for about one fifth the price,—any size, according to order, together with *Oils, Paints & Glass* generally.

The Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla for sale by HENRY & CASLOW, Druggists, corner of Market and Third Streets, Harrisburg, Sole Agent for Dauphin county.
Dec. 4, '48. 1y-45

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

CALIFORNIA GOLD

DOES not create an excitement equal to that produced by Cheap Dry Goods that are now opening at the BEE HIVE, North Queen Street.

Splendid Plaid Lustres only 16 cts worth 37½
Striped Changeable Lustres only 37½ cts worth 62½
Rich Maroon, Brown, Modes, Purple, Striped 62½ " 87½
Lupin's French Merinoes—all shades.

The largest variety of Ladies Dress Goods in this city.

Excellent Dark Calicoes only 6¼ cts. worth 10 cts
38 inch heavy unbleach'd Muslins only 6¼ cts.
38 " fine " " " 6¼ "

These articles together with a variety of other choice DRY GOODS have just been received for the HOLIDAYS, and are destined to be sold as the *greatest bargains*, auctions, &c., to the contrary notwithstanding.
CHAS. E. WENTZ & BRO.,
Bee Hive, North Queen Street.
Dec 19 tf-47

JUST RECEIVED and now opening another lot of those superior Fast Color PRINTS at 6¼ cts. together with an elegant assortment of Cocheco, Hamilton, American and Merrimac, in new and beautiful patterns at the New York Store.
GRIEL & GILBERT.
Oct 10 37

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 wan 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.

Ornamental Marble Works.

EAST King street, next door to John N. Lane's store. Charles M. Howell, Marble Mason, respectfully informs the citizens of Lancaster and the public in general, that he carries on the MARBLE BUSINESS, in all its various branches, and invites all to call on him, as he is satisfied that he can sell cheaper than any other establishment in the city or state.

He invites the public to call and examine his stock of finished Mantels, Monuments, Tombs, Grave Stones, and also his collection of designs for Monuments, Tombs, &c., before purchasing elsewhere. jan 16

JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE "LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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 Howett & Krieder, 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 '2-50

DENTISTRY.

DRS. WAYLAN & McCALLA,

GRADUATES of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, beg leave to announce to the citizens of Lancaster, and public generally, that they have entered into partnership in the practice of *DENTAL SURGERY*, and will hereafter occupy conjointly the rooms hitherto occupied by Dr. Waylan, directly over Messrs. Sprecher and Rohrer's Hardware Store, in East King street, 5 doors from the Court House, where they are prepared to practice all the various branches of the Profession on the most approved plan.

For the information of any who may be suffering from Palatine defects, either Congenital or Accidental, we would remark that our art holds out the only means of relief. [sept 19-tf-34

READY-MADE FRENCH BURR MILL STONES.

THE subscriber will receive orders for *French Burr Mill Stones*, of all sizes, composed of the best quality Burr Blocks, and finished in a superior manner at the Quarries in France. All sizes from 3 feet 6 inches to 6 feet, can be furnished in a very short time. A pair of 4feet 6 inches can be examined at any time, at the Warehouse, O'Donnell's Wharf.
WM. G HARRISON.
Baltimore, Dec. 5, '48. 3m-45

The Great Discovery.

DR. WILLIAM STEELING'S PULMONARY SYRUP is the GRAND REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Disease, Whooping Cough, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Shortness of Breath, and in short for all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs. Try it and you will not be disappointed. It is far superior to the host of useless trash that is offered to the public, and on trial you will find it so! The only thing in which it is *deficient* is that the *price* is only *Fifty Cents*, while others are extorting One Dollar a Bottle for articles very far inferior!

For sale by
MR. SMITH, Druggist.
JOHN GISH,
JACOB LONG,
Lancaster City,
and wholesale by the Proprietor, at *Camden City, New Jersey.*
Dec 5, '48. 6m-45

Longenecker & Co.,

HAVE received a large lot of very cheap LINEN GOODS.

Shirting Linens at 25 and 37½ cents.
12-4 Linen Sheetings, very low.
9-4 " " "
Damask Table Linens, 50, 62½ and 75 cts.
Table Napkins, very cheap.
Diaper Toweling, best quality.
Fine Huckaback Toweling.
Bird Eye Diaper, for children's aprons.
Cambric Handkerchiefs from 12½ to $1.
May 9, 1848. tf-15.

Bonnets and Hats.

MISS MAYER will be prepared on Monday, the 3d of April, and throughout the entire season, to attend to all business belonging to MILLINERY, and is prepared to alter, whiten, press, and trim Straw Hats and Bonnets, in a superior manner and short notice, at the residence of her mother, in Prince street.
April 4-tf-10.

Dentistry Improved.

HAVING secured the Patent Right to use Gilbert's "Central Cavity Plate," last summer, we take this opportunity of informing the public that after thoroughly testing this important invention we pronounce it one of the greatest improvements in our profession. By means of which we are enabled to insert partial or entire upper sets of teeth without the use of clasps or springs, better than by any other mode herrtofore in use.

Obturators or artificial plates inserted in the most comfortable manner.

Persons having difficult cases which may have baffled the skill of Dentists are invited to give us a call at No. 36½ East King Street, Lancaster
ELY PARRY, M. D.,
CHARLES H. BRESSLER, M. D.
Nov. 14, 1848. tf-42.

Bookbindery.

THE undersigned hereby returns his sincere thanks to his respected patrons, and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement in his business. BOOK-BINDING; and makes known, at the same time, that he still continues at his old AND WELL KNOWN STAND, in *North Prince Street Lancaster, Pa.*, to carry on his business, in all its various branches. His work, in regard to beauty, durability and cheapness, cannot be exceeded by any other in the State.

At the same time, he deems it not superfluous here to remark, that he likewise continues the business of writing POWERS OF ATTORNEY, LETTERS, DEATH CERTIFICATES, RENUNCIATION DEEDS, &c., for his German countrymen, as desired; and will also send moneys for them to any place in Germany, with perfect safety.
PHILIP C. RANNINGER.
July 4, 1848. 1y-23.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, Attorney at Law, tenders his professional services to the public. Office in West King street, a few doors west of the Lamb Tavern and next door to Col. D. W. Patterson. [nov 2 48

Poetry.

The Days of Childhood.

A SONG—BY C. D. STUART.

The pleasant days of Childhood,
How swiftly have they flown,
Like young flowers in the wildwood,
When Autumn winds have blown:
They're gone, they're gone forever,
They will no more return,
Though Memory holds them in the heart
Like ashes in the urn.

The happy days of Childhood,
When innocence and glee
With gentle fingers, tuned the heart
To music wild and free;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like rivers to the main,
Their dancing waves of joy and mirth
Will ne'er return again.

The holy days of Childhood,
Ere evil thoughts came near,
When in the heart no sin was found,
And on the cheek no tear;
They're gone, they're gone forever,
Like foot-prints on the shore,
Washed out by Time's relentless waves,
They will return no more.

The pleasant, holy, happy days,
Life's only blossom time,
Where are your buds which promise gave
Of flowers in Summer's prime?
Though gone, though gone forever,
Ye haunt the heart and brain,
And Memory keeps to anoint
Life's after years of pain.

Miscellaneous.

Extracts from Macauley's History of England.

CHARACTER OF JEFFREYS.

The great seal was left in Guilford's custody; but a marked indignity was at the same time offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigor and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous violence; for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy, and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated; yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little ededuction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from bowlhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unkown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt.—The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish market or the bear garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable: but these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common sergeant, and then recorder of London. As judge at the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterward, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cool time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet.—"Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had therefore professed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explainnd to Popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death. But, as soon as he had got all that the city could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court. Chiffinch, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent his aid. He had conducted many amorous and many political intrigues, but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys to Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revengeful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. "That man," said the king, "has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who reverenced law, or was sensible of shame; and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind: but he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he had seldom the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be aroused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now, that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful; but, in general, his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low merriment, but social and good humored. He was constantly surrounded, on such occasions, by buffoons, selected for the most part from among the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstacy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes starting like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way, for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity, and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.

The services which the government had expected from him were performed, not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with his beginning. Respectable Tories lamented the disgrace which the barbarity and indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice; but the excesses which filled such men with horror were titles to the esteem of James. Jeffreys, therefore, after the death of Charles, obtained a seat in the cabinet and peerage. This last honor was a signal mark of royal approbation; for, since the judicial system of the realm had been remodeled in the 13th century, no Chief Justice had been a lord of parliament.

Hope and Memory.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised it another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, ever which it clapped and crowed. Hope told of brighter ones which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, "look behind thee and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once when he went to bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee."

But Memory said, "Hope is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as as well as thine—and we shall be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he woke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at length Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

And she answered, I fear so—for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou did'st give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are."

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it thro' the open gate of Heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form, and said:

"Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine—Jesus hath redeemed it."

The Seamstress.

The following lines are from the pen of James R. Lowell, the Boston poet, and possess quite as much undeniable truth as eloquent poetry:

Hark, that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheeks would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in;
And in midnight's chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work;
Bending backwards from her toil
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
Satirising her despair
With the emblems woven there!

A Thrilling Narrative.

The fires on the prairies always run before the wind with an advancing tongue or fork in two receding flanks, and in a high wind so rapidly do the dancing, curling, careering flames leap from point to point of the dry grass, that it is sometimes difficult for the swiftest horsemen to escape. The sight, especially in the night, is always beautiful, and at times beautiful beyond description. But after a while we become familiarized to it, and look upon it without emotion, as all of us do upon the glorious sun the most splendid object in nature.

At the time I refer to, I had been two or three days drive to the town of C——, with my horse and buggy, and was on my return home. All day I had noticed signs indicating fire on the prairie, masses of smoke in the distance, lying like white clouds upon the horizon, and a hazy atmosphere, but these gave me no trouble as long as they were far away, and busy with my own thoughts for hours I would pay no attention to them whatever. At length, after some of these periods of abstraction, I observed with some apprehension that the conflagration was drawing near, and had actually worked around in my rear, until it had crossed the path by which I had travelled, that all behind me was fast becoming a smoking sea of fire; and for the first time the thought of danger that I might be overtaken or possibly surrounded, occurred to me.

My horse was a powerful one, but not very fleet nor yet fresh; but without the loss of a moment, I applied the whip, and quitting my direct route, bore to the left, because that placed me more squarely before my enemy.

Soon the tongue of fire, the advance guard of my terrible foe, became distinctly visible on my right, at about two miles distance, as near as I could judge, stretching on with a speed that was really frightful. I knew the struggle was to be with that, and pushing my horse to the utmost, I kept my eye fixed upon it, like the willy racer intent on measuring the power of his antagonist before the final effort. For a few minutes the result was in doubt, but not long. Sinews of flesh were no match for the wing of the wind which bore on that fleet and terrific column of fire, and I became satisfied that it was outstripping me, and almost with a feeling of indifference, for I thought for a moment that my last hope was gone, and was bracing my heart and nerves for the final event of life.

It was now twilight, and as the day departed, and the shadows of night fell around, the cordon of fire seemed to magnify its splendors and its terrors and like a vast serpent, to extend itself behind and on both sides, and to be closing up its folds to encircle me. I was no stranger on that part of the prairie, its general localities, though one portion is very much alike another, were familiar to me; and in recalling them to mind, I recollected a little rugged mound or hill, some twenty or thirty feet in height, and was satisfied that I was no great distance from it. With my hopes revived a little, I taxed my sight to the utmost on every swell of ground that I passed and at length detected the faint outline of the eminence in advance. But the fire was making for it too, and the subtile leaping tongue on my right, now quite ahead of me, already seemed almost between us, and prepared with a single leap to cross my path and secure its victim.

Still with my almost exhausted horse I pressed on with an energy and despair so mighty as almost to wreck the powers of life; I have not recovered from the effects of that mental struggle to this day—but as you have already, no doubt, concluded, the mound saved me. In the race for life, I was obliged, as it were, to place myself side by side with that giant and awful sword of flame, and for the last half mile the contest was doubtful, hopeless, dreadful. But God nerved my horse with an unnatural strength, as it seemed to me, and guarded his footsteps so that every effort told; and at last I dashed up the bare side of the mound, where there was no fit substance for the devouring element to follow, and was safe.

The flames swept by with a dull, heavy roar, and a hot sweltering suffocating breath, burning with an intensity and grandeur which realized to the imagination my idea of the final catastrophe of nature, encircled and passed the little eminence on which I stood, and stretched off in two long lines as far as the eye could reach. I fell upon my knees; and since that terrible night, I trust I have been a more thoughtful and thankful man.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

Moravian Funeral.

I once attended a funeral in a remote village of Moravians. It was in the depth of summer.—Every little garden put forth beauty, and every tree was heavy with fresh, cool verdure.

It was a Lord's day afternoon, when a dead infant was brought into the church. The children of the small congregation wished to sit near it and fixed their eyes upon its placid brow, as upon a fair piece of sculpture. The sermon of the clergyman was to them. It was a paternal address, humbling itself to their simplicity, yet lofty, through the deep sonorous tones of their native German.—Earnestly and tenderly they listened, as he told them how the baby went from its mother's arms to those of the compassionate Redeemer. When the worship closed, and the procession formed, the children, two and two, followed the mourners, leading each other by the hand, the little girls clothed in white.

The place of slumber for the dead was near the church, where they had heard of Jesus. It was a green, beautiful knoll, on which the sun, drawing toward the West, lingered with a smile of blessing. The turf had the richness of velvet; not a weed or a straw defaced it. Every swelling mound was planted with flowers, and a kind of aromatic thyme, thickly clustering, and almost shutting over the small horizontal tombstones, which recorded only the name and date of the deceased. In such a spot so sweet, so lowly, so secluded, the clay might willingly wait its re-union with the spirit.

Before the corpse walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent to the open grave, the pastor, with solemn intonation, repeated passages from the Book of God. Thrilling, beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumber of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour—"I am the resurrection and the life."

He ceased, and all gathered round the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downwards into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought it was the welcome in heaven, to the innocent spirit, the joy of angels over a new immortal, that had never sinned. Wrapped, as it were, in that glorious melody, the little body was let down into its narrow cell. And all grief—even the parent's grief—was swallowed up in that high triumphant strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved, to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among dowers, and restoring a bud to the Giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, rolling, day by day;