

# The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

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## "UNCLE BEN'S RAM."

Uncle Ben was a queer old man, and a queer old man was he; in fact his bawling propensities prompted him to hit everything fittable he could see.

His fat old wife never used a stool, to milk she would never sit down; and though old Ben called her a fool, she would never hearken to his advice; but to reciprocate the favor, and said he was a clown.

But one son, as Ben called him, stood beneath the stable pear, Old Ben's wife in a merry mood, was making her—occupying her usual position, but with little care.

The ram and Ben the fact explained, and loudly Ben did shout; "Squat down—squat down!" he sternly cried; "But she didn't hear him, and before he could interfere the ram had turned his fat old wife all about."

Now Uncle Ben was very wrath, Ah, very wrath was he; He took the griddlestone from his trough, And tried to strike it, hang it on a limb of the old pear tree.

Then like a heavy pendulum, He swung the trough; When he seemed to say "I am up for fun, Mr. Ram, so just come in, will you, and take an affectionate knock!"

Right then would the light begin; The stone would not "give in," And Ben's old ram would yield to none, So he butted all day. And when Uncle Ben went to bed he was still butting like all his.

But when old Ben came next day, And went into the lawn, The ram had butted himself away.

And something under Heaven, but about two inches of his tail, used up—completely gone.

## THE WHITE HORSE.

A TRUE TALE OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

In the year 1812, the western portion of the great State of Pennsylvania, embracing the mountainous region between Chambersburg and Pittsburg, presented little more than an unbroken and unbroken wilderness, through which the great road from Philadelphia to the head waters of the Ohio passed; and at that period it was a lonely and dangerous path-way to all way-farers between the eastern cities and the great western wilderness of Ohio and Kentucky.

To the best of my recollection, this road passed over five distinct and lofty ridges of mountains, with here and there a sparse settlement of hardy mountaineers and hunters, and with occasionally, between these infant settlements, some solitary and remote booths of the wandering hunters deserted, ruinous, and forlorn, except during the hunting season of the year. Of all the solitudes in the universe, those seem the most deserted—chilling and awfully alone, which bear the marks of human habitation; and having been deserted by their former inmates forever. Of the five ridges over which the road just mentioned, passed to the westward, the middle ridge was by far the highest, and was called by the wagoners the "back-bone" by way of pre-eminence, and because the word "Allegheny" in the Indian language means "the parent or father of mountains." From the eastern brow of this lofty middle ridge, where resided, at the period I speak of, an honest, wealthy, Pennsylvania Dutchman, whose name was Stotler, who kept a public inn—in viewing the rugged, precipitous landscape to the eastward, the eye was lost in a bed of inferior ridges, which seemed to extend to the very verge of the horizon like the waves of some vast ocean, beheld from a head-land or towering mountain peak. In fact, to make use of a poetical figure, the whole surface of the eastern horizon, seen from the eastern brow of the main Allegheny ridge, seemed like the billows of a tumultuous ocean in a storm, suddenly arrested by the fiat of omnipotence, and fixed forever in their various positions and attitudes! The whole scene was indeed sublime, beyond any power of language I can command.

The house in which Stotler resided was emphatically a Dutch house, one story high, framed and painted, with a porch along the whole front, and dormer windows in the roof.

During the winter of 1812-13, on a journey between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, I stopped at this orderly and well regulated tavern, to remain all night. There was much company there, in addition to those who arrived at the time I did, but it was of an ordinary travelling character, composed chiefly of western merchants, and we were not much in the way of each other.

Among the guests who surrounded the fire after supper, was a gentleman of apparently superior information, and who seemed to be much of a literary character; and the conversation happening to turn on the dangers encountered by travellers, he voluntarily related to the company the following narrative, with the assurance that it was true, and we all listened with attention:

"About a year ago," said he, "a gentleman well armed, from the direction of Pittsburg, and its adjacent rich stock country, stopped at this house with a large drove of fattened bullocks for the Baltimore and Philadelphia markets; and it was his intention to bring back the proceeds in money, to pay up the contracts; and that he would probably return in such a length of time. His name and dress, and also the place of his residence I have forgotten; but he rode a white horse of very superior power—and I mention the peculiar color of his horse, because it was that which afterwards saved his life. Some weeks after he had been gone, and about the time of his expected return, two Canadian Frenchmen, on foot, well dressed and well armed, one carrying a brace of pistols, and the other a rifle, came from the direction of Pittsburg, and stopped at this house for breakfast. They told Mr. Stotler that they had no money; that they were travelling to Philadelphia and a variety of other matters, and that they had lost their horses. He immediately ordered breakfast for them, and they ate heartily—conversing at the same time in the French language, in an under tone. One of them was a large stout man, and the other was a person of less size; they both had the air of gentlemen."

advancing toward them on a white horse. The wayfarer and his white steed, they imagined, were the objects of their long and anxious pursuit; and no sooner was this fancied discovery made, than they turned their faces to the westward and appeared to be travelling in that direction. The solitary traveller on the white horse, in the most friendly manner. On being questioned, they told him they were on their way to Pittsburg, and were destitute of the means of defraying their expenses, and desired him to assist them onward. His reply was that what might have been expected—it was precisely what always may be expected by any destitute wayfarer, travelling in the great west. He told them he was a poor man himself, and burdened with the heavy charge of a large family of helpless children; that his name was Pollock, a laboring man by profession, and that he lived on rented land, not far from the residence of Gen Arthur St. Clair, in Ligonier Valley, that he had but a very small sum of money with him, but that he would share it with them, in bearing their expenses, to the last cent. Conversation on this and other themes brought the two vagabond Frenchmen, and their generous and noble comrade, Pollock, back to Stotler's house of entertainment. Here poor Pollock ordered refreshments for his stranger companions and himself, and paid for them out of a leather purse, but very poorly and meagerly supplied; and the travellers started on their way westward in company.

During the two visits the strangers had made at Stotler's house, their appearance, conduct and character had been narrowly and closely scrutinized by a brother-in-law of Stotler's, whose name was John Lambert, a blacksmith by trade, and with whom I afterwards took occasion to become acquainted.

After the departure of the two armed footpads, with Mr. Pollock in company, Lambert remarked to his brother-in-law, that he did not like the appearance of these two Frenchmen—that he distrusted their intentions respecting Pollock—that their countenances and character seemed dark and sinister—that he had come to the determination of following them a few miles. Stotler dissuaded him from this resolution, as being futile and not well founded—told him that no harm would result to Pollock from traveling in their company, and desired him to dismiss his suspicions, as he was convinced they were innocent and worthy men. While Lambert and his brother-in-law were discussing these points on the front porch, Pollock's horse suddenly turned the corner of the road, and advanced to them at full speed, without his rider. When the horse came up to the porch, the whole tragedy was fully explained—the horse's neck and shoulders, as well as the saddle and saddlecloth, were stained with blood, and no doubt contained the blood of Pollock's murderer. The servants and young men of the house were immediately mounted on horseback, and sent to summon the neighbors to assist in recovering poor Pollock's body, and assist, if possible, in capturing the offenders. Neighbors, in such a country as this was, at that time, included all who resided within ten or twelve miles of the place designated.

A little after the middle of the day, ten or twelve of the hardy dwellers of the mountains had collected themselves on Stotler's porch.

With Lambert as their chosen leader, who made a solemn vow to capture or destroy the murderers, the company started on foot and well armed, in pursuit of the blood-stained fugitives; horses, however active and powerful, could be of no use to the pursuers among the rocks and precipices of the mountains, covered as they were with snow.

When the company came to the scene of the murder, no doubt could exist as to the facts; the snow was much trampled and greatly discolored with blood, and disclosed the tracks of a deadly struggle of life and death from all appearances the struggle must have been long and dreadful, and evinced the obstinacy with which the poor victim of assassination must have contended hopelessly for life. But what had been the reflections which rushed on the mind of the lonely and deserted victim of perfidy when overcome and sinking under the hands and savage hearts of these monsters of iniquity and blood! His wife, his children, his poverty, the cold charities of a merciless world, must have filled his mind with horror and dismay—the physical agonies of death, with all their excruciating pangs, can be as nothing to such mental sufferings.

It was evident to Lambert and his company, that the body of the deceased would not be far removed from the scene of death, and in a few minutes' search, the corpse was discovered. It was wedged in between two large rotten logs, which had been rolled out of the road and covered with the rubbish of leaves and brushwood, and bore marks of a most sanguinary butchery. Two balls had passed through the body, and in the breast and sides were found the marks of several vital stabs, given apparently with a large hunter's knife.

One of the hands of the deceased was horribly disfigured; it seemed as if in the conflict, Pollock had grasped the blade of a large knife, which had been drawn forcibly through his hand, and nearly severed the joints of his fingers. His clothing was much rent and torn in the combat, and his countenance exhibited the indications of great agony in his last moments. A council was now held by the company, as to what was to be done; and after having sent the dead body back to Stotler's house, Lambert proposed an instant and vigorous pursuit of the murderers, before their foot tracks would be effaced from the soft snow. The proposition was assented to by the whole company, and in a short time, the trail of the murderers was discovered, being a little west of north; the snow was light and unpacked, and exhibited their foot-prints with great clearness and certainty.

When the company started on the trail, it was late in the evening, the sun not being more than two hours from the horizon, and the whole country over which the trail of the fugitives passed, known only to hunters, was a wild and trackless wilderness, tangled with an undergrowth of laurel and brushwood. The pursuers kept the track with industry, perseverance and resolution, until sunset, and the approach of darkness. The mountain now began to assume a more bleak and dreary aspect; the sound of the wind through the leafless boughs and branches of the trees, seemed to be fraught with the loud howl of the wolf and the shrill scream of the panther,

and the distant and sullen roar of the mountain torrents seemed ominous of solitary and unknown dangers. To ignorant and uncultivated minds, the sublime and insurmountable mysteries of nature, are always the cause of superstition and terror, and more particularly so during the hours of night and darkness.

Lambert now discovered, as the night began to set in, that the courage and resolution of his companions were fast ebbing, and that they would soon be brought to a dead stand still, and he called a halt for further consultation. The result of this deliberation was, that each individual found or formed some excuse for returning home, and Lambert was left alone to pursue his dangerous and lonely enterprise.

He was, however, doubly armed, first with the justice of his cause and consciousness of rectitude, and second with a good rifle, tomahawk and hunter's knife, and with these he pursued his precarious journey—not regardless of consequences, but prepared to meet all events that might occur. With the assistance of starlight, reflected from a bright surface of snow, he was enabled to trace the footprints of the murderers, and when the moon arose in full splendor, a little before midnight, he found no further difficulty in pursuing his way.

After traveling in a north-western direction twelve or fourteen miles, he came to an old and nearly dilapidated road, running nearly parallel with the one he had left; this was called the Old Pennsylvania trace, between Philadelphia and Red Stone Old Fort, situated on the waters of the Monongahela river; it was the first road opened between Eastern Pennsylvania and the head waters of the Ohio river, and the ancient landmarks, "three chops and a blaze," were still visible by daylight on the old trees. These ancient roads and landmarks, I have been informed, were adopted by the old surveyors and openers of roads in the West, to propitiate Heaven in favor of the first settlers of the great Western wilderness; and hence the first was for the Father, the second for the Son, and the third for the Holy Ghost, and the blaze was merely designed to attract the attention of the beholder. When Lambert struck the old trace road, he discovered an ancient or ruinous hut or log cabin, nearly opposite to him, on the north side of this dilapidated and solitary road. The moon had now nearly gained her meridian, and beamed with full and unclouded splendor on the snowy peaks of the distant mountains, and in the cold and solitary landscape just before him. There stood, isolated and alone, seeming deserted, the hut which contained, and probably still contains, the bones of a murdered man, the objects of his long and laborious pursuit; and to satisfy the anxiety of his mind respecting the actual presence of the murderers, who would be on the alert and prepared for a defence of a most desperate character, he had to make a silent and cautious circle around the hut, at some little distance from the cabin in any direction. These circumstances put at rest all doubts and uncertainties, and Lambert had nothing now to do, but to act in the last scene of this sanguinary drama—to capture the murderers or to lose his life.

He had just seen through the shattered clap boards, of which the door was made, a feeble light, in the out house, the house could host. The house consisted of but two apartments, which were without any partition between—and only distinguished from each other by a step or two down from the west to the east room. The poor woman who had resided for years on this deserted road, and lived by selling cakes and beer to casual wayfarers, slept in the west room into which the only door in the house opened from the bed, and the east room containing one bed, as it afterwards appeared, was occupied by the two villains of whom Lambert was in pursuit.

After stepping a few paces back from the door, Lambert gave a loud cough, or two, to awaken the woman, and boldly advancing to the step, and stamping the snow from his feet, desired admittance in a feigned voice—and telling her at the same time that he was a stranger who had lost his way—that he was nearly frozen to death in wandering about—and that he wished her to re-light the fire to warm himself.

She immediately obeyed, and soon replenished and re-lighted the fire, whilst he remained outside the door, under the pretence of disrobing his feet of the snow—his real object being to await the light of the fire, that he might fairly encounter the villains, whom he had just heard talking, in an alarmed and startled tone of voice, in the lower room. When he stepped over the door into the bright light of the fire, his first salutation was the loud report of a musket from the lower room, the two balls from which struck the door post an inch or two from his head. No time was now to be lost. Reserving his fire, he sprang down to the lower room, yet reeking with the smoke of burning powder, and using his tomahawk with dexterity and effect, knocked the villain senseless who had just fired upon him, and whom he believed he had killed. In the interim, while these events were passing, the smaller villain of the two, had crept thro' a small unglazed window, immediately above the side of the bed, and was running off, in the bright moonlight, directly towards the north. Lambert soon discovered him, and mounting on the bed, as the fellow was running directly from the window, in a straight line, clothing in hand, brought him down on his face, with two balls from his own rifle, planted precisely between the shoulders of the horrible miscreant. The seizing, with a giant's grasp, the sturdy villain whom he had felled on the floor, and who seemed to be reviving for further combat, Lambert placed his knee on the fellow's breast, and asked the old woman for a rope. This she furnished by cutting a bedcord from one of the bedsteads.

With this Lambert bound the fellow, and dragged him to the fireplace in the upper room. Then absenting himself for a few moments only, he brought in the dead man on his shoulder, and placed the corpse side by side with the living murderer.

When the day dawned, the work of death being finished, Lambert prepared to return home, having accomplished in a few hours, what would have immortalized any hero of the age of chivalry. When deserted by his faint hearted companions, this man of iron resolution, and strong energies, never faltered or betrayed the least hesitation of purpose.

Lambert now accepted a loan of a horse from his aged and venerable friend, the old woman of the mountains. He next placed

his living captive on the animal, after having pinioned his arms behind him and secured his feet below the horse. And then fastening the dead body of the miscreant on his back, he firmly lashed it to his companion in iniquity, he gravely led the horse, with its burden of order and arrange to the house of his brother-in-law. Here he found many persons assembled from all sections of the country, among them the chaffed deserters of his heroic and successful adventure—who met in the contemptuous countenances of the assembly, the disdainful reward of timidity and cowardice.

The captive murderer was soon sent to jail under a strong guard, and in the course of time expiated his crime on the gallows.

This was the last robbery and murder ever committed on this wild and lonely road. Instead of the rich plunder the murderers had expected from the rich drover on the white horse, they found but three or four dollars in the pocket of poor Pollock, whom they had mistaken for the venerable rich drover, who arrived at the place directly after the tragedy, with his money safely deposited in his portmanteau. When he had been informed of the particulars relating to the murder of the deceased, and that he had left a widow and a large family of children steeped in the lips in poverty and destitution—compassion arose proudly in his bosom.—Being wealthy, and having no family of his own, he constituted himself the guardian protector, and faithful friend of Pollock's bereaved and destitute family, and made them his heirs at his decease which happened soon afterwards.

"I regret," said the speaker in conclusion "that I cannot give you the name of this generous and noble spirited individual, but he no doubt received his great reward beyond the grave."

After a short pause, I asked the speaker whether Mr. Lambert, the hero of this interesting narrative was still living?

He replied—"Yes sir; he is sitting on the chair next to your own"—and I took occasion to observe his appearance with much attention, that it might be deeply impressed on my memory.

### National Laws.

We publish below a list of the public acts passed by the late Congress, up to the evening of the 3d. There may have been some more rushed through by midnight legislation—a fact which it will take a few days to discover:

An act to authorize the President of the United States to cause to be procured, by purchase or otherwise, a suitable steamer as a revenue cutter.

An act authorizing the establishment of a Navy Depot on Birth Island, at Brunswick, on the coast of Georgia, and for other purposes.

An act to divide the State of Texas into two judicial districts.

An act to extend the time for selling the lands granted to the Kentucky Asylum for teaching the deaf and dumb.

An act making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy for the year ending June 30, 1858.

An act making appropriations for the consular and diplomatic expenses of the government for the year ending June 30, 1858.

An act for the construction of a wagon road from the south pass of the Rocky Mountains, in Nebraska Territory, via Great Salt Lake Valley, to Honey Lake Valley, in the eastern portion of the State of California, for the establishment of military posts thereupon.

An act more effectually to enforce the attendance of witnesses on the summons of either house of Congress, and to compel them to discover testimony.

An act to increase the pay of the Officers of the Army.

Joint resolution providing for the furnishing of a complete set of weights and measures to the State of Vermont.

An act to amend an act, entitled "An act to provide for the arming of the Navy."

An act for regulating the terms of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, and for other purposes.

An act relating to foreign coins, and to the coinage of cents at the Mint of the United States.

An act providing for the compulsory payment of postage on transient printed matter.

An act supplementary to an act to organize an institution for the insane of the Army and Navy, and of the District of Columbia in the said district, approved March 3d, 1855.

A resolution respecting the distribution of certain public documents.

An act to extend further time to the creditors of Texas to present their claims, and for other purposes.

A resolution for the appointment of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

An act to authorize the people of the Territory of Minnesota, to form a Constitution and State government, preparatory to their admission into the Union, on an equal footing with the original States.

An act making appropriations for the completion of the roads in Oregon Territory.

An act to amend the 28th section of the act of Congress approved the 30th of August, 1842, entitled, "An act to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes," prohibiting the importation of obscene and indecent articles, so as more effectually to accomplish the purposes for which that provision was enacted.

An act to establish August 1, in the State of Georgia, a port of delivery.

### THE 'OLD GAL'S' STORY.

I was once Captain of a packet schooner plying between Boston and Baltimore, and was blessed with a first mate of the "rale old Yankee kind." Going up the Chesapeake one dark and stormy night, the wind blowing a steady gale, my mate being a little nervous, and not being accustomed to the ground, supposed the old girl was going to a few knots too strong. I had turned in, but had not gone to sleep. Tramp—tramp—tramp—on deck—it was my mate.

"Captain, had'n't we better shorten sail? It's blowing like thunder."

"No—keep her going."

A few minutes after, tramp—tramp—tramp—on deck.

"Captain, said my mate again, 'it freshens, and already blows big guns. Had'n't we better shorten sail?"

"Not a shorten," I replied, confident in my craft and knowledge of my whereabouts; "not a shorten, keep her to it."

"Well," said the mate, closing the door of the companion way with an amiable slam, "so be it—let her rip!—we're all bound to go to h—ll before morning, and I've got many friends there as you have."

I took a glass of grog, and concluded to lower the foresail, take a reef in mainsail, and ask the mate if he had a desire to become acquainted with one Bourbon, whose surname is Whiskey.

## Unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise.

Decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott Case.

WASHINGTON, March 6.

The opinion of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case was delivered to-day by Chief Justice Taney. It was a full and elaborate statement of the views of the Court. They have decided the following all important points:—First—That negroes, whether slaves or free, are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution. Second—That the ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship within the Northwest Territory, on negroes, citizens by the Constitution. Third—That the provision of the act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to, negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and "void," and of no legal effect to that end. In deciding these main points, the Supreme Court determined the following incidental points:—

First—The expression "Territory or other property of the United States" in the Constitution, applies, "in terms" only, to such territory as the Union possessed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Second—The rights of citizens of the United States, emigrating to any Federal Territory, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution which define in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress. Third—As Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property of citizens of the United States in Federal Territory, other than such as the Constitution confers, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such power to a territorial government organized by it under the Constitution. Fourth—The condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri. As the plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, the suit could not be brought in the Courts of the United States, the suit must be dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

The delivery of this opinion occupied about three hours, and it was listened to with profound attention by a crowded court, composed of the highest and noblest gentlemen of eminent legal ability, and a due proportion of ladies.

Justice Nelson stated the merits of the case, the question being whether or not the removal of Scott from Missouri to the State of Illinois, with a view of temporary residence, worked his emancipation. He maintained that the question depended solely on the law of Missouri, and for that reason the judgment of the Court below should be affirmed.

Justice Catron delivered the opinion of the Court, which had jurisdiction to decide the merits of the case. He argued that Congress could not directly what it could not do indirectly. If it could exclude one species of property it could exclude another. With regard to the Territories, Congress could govern them only within the restrictions of the States which ceded them, and the Missouri Act of 1820 violated the leading features of the Constitution, and was therefore void. He contended with his brother Judges that Scott was a slave, and his removal to the suit was brought.

Several other of the Judges are to deliver their views to-morrow.

Justices McLean and Curtis dissent from the opinion of the majority of the Court.

### AN AFFECTING STORY.

Thrilling accounts are given in the Marysville papers of the chase of two lovers by an enraged third party, (the parent,) who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba river:

"Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and concluded to surrender."

Maria was frantic. Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking through mud three feet deep, she begged her husband to stop, and to save her from the ground. Then, grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father, who was now in shouting distance:

"You shan't part us. Right here, and on my knees in mud, we will love and die together!"

The old man started back in amazement.

"Yes," muttered the half used up Augustus, "we'll die right here in the mud."

"But, Maria, my child," groaned the old man, "are you my daughter still?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I'm his wife, too."

"And are you married?"

"We are," exclaimed both.

The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinized the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and turning his horse's head toward the city, he started off, saying:

"That's all I wanted to know. You can get out of the mud and come home."

### THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S HEAD-DRESS.

This pretty affair has 20 diamonds in a circle, worth \$7,500 each, two large ones worth \$10,000 each, four diamond crosses in the same, worth \$60,000, four large diamonds on the tops of the crosses, worth \$200,000, twelve others in fleurs de lis, worth \$50,000, eighteen small ones, also worth \$10,000, pearls and diamonds upon the crosses and arches, worth \$15,000, 141 small diamonds, \$2,500, twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross worth \$1,500.

All these stones are set in gold and cost, aside of the precious metal, \$359,500. Within the limited shores of England, whose government supports a woman who wears this bauble on her head on state occasions, there are at least one hundred subjects per day who die of actual starvation.

### IRON CALL AROUND AND PAY.

"What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artisan and mechanic!" "I'll call around and pay," says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen, and all who depend on him for their daily bread. It is an easy matter to work; the only real glory in this life is an independent idea of being able to sustain yourself by the labor of your own hands, and it may be easily imagined what crushing force there is in "I'll call around and pay;" to the laboring man, who depends upon that pay for subsistence. If those who could pay would only pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and would prevent much misery and distress.

### GENUINE FOOLS.

He who wipes his nose with a nutmeg grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.

She who says "no" to the proposals of a gentleman when she has reached the age of thirty years.

He who gets so drunk every night that he puts his clothes to bed and hangs himself on the head of a chair.

She who rubs her cheeks with brooklets in order to give them color.

He who puts on his hat and takes his cane and starts out in pursuit of an honest and disinterested politician.

She who pinches and slaps a child to make it quit bawling.

A colored preacher gave his appointment: "I shall speak in his place a fortnight from to-day, de Lord willing; free weeks whudder or no."

## CHRIST NOT A WRITER.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is, that he left no writings behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything is in the case where "he stooped down and with his finger wrote upon the ground." What he wrote upon and there no one knows; perhaps the most plausible conjecture is that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." Heard, did this strange fact ever recur to you; that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent of God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now command the reverence, respect and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world; and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of a great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writing, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account?

Is there, or has there ever been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hieroglyphics any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take special pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them the most exact and permanent form?

The Brahmins have their Vedas, their Puranas, their Ramayan, and their Laws and Institutes of Menu, and these are all written and preserved with the utmost care. The Chinese have their books of Fohi, their founder, as opened and expounded by their great Confucius. The Persians have their Zendavesta attributed to their leader Zoroaster, containing the doctrine and laws of their religion. The Jews had their sacred books, and Moses and the prophets, and David, and Solomon, put their teachings in writing, that they might be preserved.

Piatao and Pythagoras, and Cicero, and Demosthenes, wrote much. Mahomet wrote the Koran and gave it to the faithful as their guide. The writings of Swedenborg are voluminous; and in our days, even the Mormon impostor wrote his book of Mormon. But here comes one who claims precedence even to Moses and Abraham, and especially claims that a greater dispensation from God, which is to visit Moses and the prophets in the shade, and prevail over all other systems, and subvert our entire race, and yet this great teacher wrote never a word save only the characters in the sand which the next breath of wind might obliterate. Who can account for this strange procedure? Will it comport at all with the idea that he was an impostor? Did ever an impostor pursue a course like this? Never. And it seems to us that in the simple fact to which we have alluded, there is the impress of truth, and proof that his mission is all divine.—He stands out before us as one who knows that his mission is from God, and that it is of his power, that he is content to breathe it out in God's air, and leave it to live by its own inherent and self-perpetuating immortality, or not live at all. And so he goes about doing good, and subduing the synagogue and temple, now talking to his disciples as he sits on Olivet, or by the sea of Galilee, and now dropping a word as he walks by the way. And there is not manifested the slightest apprehension that what he says will be lost. He writes it not on stone or parchment. Nay, he writes it not at all. He seeks only to give it a lodgment in the hearts of the few disciples that followed him—to make them comprehend it and feel its power, and love it; and is willing to leave it there to produce its fruits, and to be written at all.—And on these hearts he did impress himself; and they, for the love they bore him, wrote the meagre sketch we have of his life and teachings.

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By Order of the Board of Trustees,  
A. E. ROBERTS, Secy.

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JOHN K. REED & CO. Interest on deposits at the following rates:—

1/2 per cent. for one year and longer.

50 cts. per cent. for 30 days and longer.

All bills and notes of the United States on commission, negotiable notes, collect claims, &c. &c.

For the purchase and sale of stocks on the exchange of their estates, for all the deposits and other obligations of John K. Reed & Co.

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## CARDS.

Dr. John McCall, DENTIST—Office—No. 4 East King Street, Lancaster, Pa. (April 18 1857)

JUNUS B. KAUFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed to his residence, in Duks Street, first door south of the Farmers Bank, on the Court House corner, No. 11.

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed to his residence, in Duks Street, first door south of the Farmers Bank, on the Court House corner, No. 11.

D. S. WELSH, SURGEON DENTIST, has removed to his residence, in Duks Street, first door south of the Farmers Bank, on the Court House corner, No. 11.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed to his office to North Duks Street, to the room recently occupied by Hon. E. H. Hooper. Lancaster, Pa. 6m-12

REMOVAL.—ISAAC E. HINSTER—Attorney at Law, has removed to an office in North Duks Street, nearly opposite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa. 6m-12

Alexis J. Neff, Attorney at Law—Office—No. 400 East of Lechler's Hotel, E. King St., Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1857.

James Landis, Attorney at Law. Office—No. 400 East of Lechler's Hotel, E. King St., Lancaster, Pa. May 15, 1857.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, SURGEON DENTIST—Office in North Duks Street, first door south of the Farmers Bank, on the Court House corner, No. 11. Lancaster, Pa. 6m-12

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from N. Queen at the building in the South East corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. April 10

Dr. J. T. Baker, Homeopathic Physician, Successor to Dr. McCall, nearly opposite the First German Reformed Church. Lancaster, Pa. April 17 (612)

Railroad House, European Style Hotel, and Restaurant, on Duks Street, between Duks and Centre Streets, SAN FRANCISCO. HALEY & THOMPSON, Proprietors. Jan 24 1856

James Black—Attorney at Law. Office in E. King Street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. 6m-12

All business connected with his profession, and kinds of writing, such as writing wills, deeds, mortgages, &c., will be attended to with correctness and dispatch. May 15, '57 6717

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law, has removed to his office to North Duks Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. 6m-12

Edw. W. F. Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa. William Blyler, Philadelphia, Pa. Alex. Jordan, Danbury, Conn. Geo. W. Wood, Lancaster, Pa. Josiah W. Comp. Esq., Danville, Va. Henry J. Galloway, Baltimore, Md. Henry Brockebush, Philadelphia, Pa.

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