The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET,

BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines,) 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, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

How often we think, when reading the news,
An editor could always please if he choose—
But such a paper as this, why, all must agree
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, Sir Critic, reflect ere you make a noise on.
That one man's meat is another man's poison;
And lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

First, a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand skips up to a chair,
And, hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She thrusts it aside with a muttered "Pshaw!"
No marriages here—
I think it quite queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.

Here's poetry,	And battles,
Sketches,	And sieges,
And tales	And lawsuits
Without ending,	A pending;

But no pic-nics or concerts, or parties for me,
Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Next, a grave politician, who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads,

Of breaches,	Of Senate,
And speeches,	Of House,
And Foreign	Of railways,
Reports,	And courts,

And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,
These horrible rhymes and love stories to print,
If 'twould do any good I would give them a hint.

Now a prim old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la!" and "du tell!"
She manages some way to read very well,

The marriages,	The robberies,
Accidents,	Murders,
Suicides,	All in
Deaths,	Breath;

And finishes, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole community must be under,
To support a paper whose print is so small—
She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next an angry contributor, eager for fame,
Rushes into the sanctum to loudly complain—
"I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er,
So many mistakes were ne'er heard of before,
Look here at this Sonnet addressed to my Lady,
You've made it 'A Bonnet and Dress for a Baby.'
Don't talk of my writing,
And say it was that,
You're an editor, sir,
But no gent—that is flat."

The farmer complains that his crop is neglected,
While so much time is spent guessing who'll be elected;
The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted in matters of State;
And thousands of other
Complaints are made known,
Which the editor's back
Has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, that they all join in saying
"Such a paper as this he can print without paying!"

Annette, the Heiress; or, the Foraging Party.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both on the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof; and broad fields interspersed with woodlands surrounded the mansion, while beyond was the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of the widow Ogilvie wound along the sea-beech with a hedge and green fields bordering it on one side, and the white sparkling sand and blue waves on the other.—The distance between the two mansions was little less than a mile, and about half way between was a bridge of stone, spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing the bridge on his visit to Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart, and every evening for the last month he had directed his steps in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm meditative aspect peculiar to students—for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return to Edward; but the Squire, although he had observed, with apparent indifference, this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge where he used to linger a few minutes as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek and gaze upon its expanse of waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge, contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land, but seeing Annette on the piazza, he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank and free from restraint.

'We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant,' said Annette, whom we would stop to describe if our pen could do justice to her beauty.—We will, however, say that the color of her eyes, was a deep sea blue and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sun light, her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable.—Her smiles were sunshine, her form was sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion graceful as a fawn's. She was good-humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

'Yes Annette; the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village, and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground?'

'I should like it of all things. My father, says *our* company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on parade, to-day.'

'He was at the review, then?'

'Yes, and acted as a colonel or major, I believe. At, any rate, he has just came home on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell you, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for a full minute.'

'And the longest time you ever held it Netty,' said the Squire, coming out of the house with his chapeau in his hand, and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. 'Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster.'

'Yes, sir. Are the troops dismissed yet?'

'Not all.'

'We were going up the road to the hill-top, to listen to the music, father,' said Annette.

'No, no! stay at home, child,' said the Squire gravely. 'I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?'

'I did, Mr. Hardwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant.'

'Humph! Look you, young man,' said Squire Hardwood, bluntly; 'military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under! You, I see, like my Annette, and, so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct youug man; that I know, but you see, I haven't but one daughter and don't mean that she shall marry a man, who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade nor pulled a trigger in defence of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows and are serving her with honor. You stay at home to pour over dictionaries in the day time and come to make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you as I said before: but I have made up my mind that Annette shan't marry a man that hasn't had a hand in the war against the English. If you are of a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear of something you have done, I can tell my neighbors with pride that you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for her's, I dare say, she has given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward.—So if you want my daughter, you know how she is to be won.'

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and bowing very kindly but firmly to the astonished lover, dissappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession he had in view was that of a clergyman; although not deficient in courage nor patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck, while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward verysad, andifilled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. He stopped and speaking aloud, said firmly—

'If Annette is only to be won by taking up arms, I will enlist to morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!'

While he was speaking he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor close in with the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly and discovered that she was a merchant ship. He remained for some time watching her and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the town and neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster field. The sound of the drum had died away in the distance beyond the mill, and long dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

'Well, to-morrow, I, too, shall march to the sound of fife and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won!'

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweep came nearer and nearer, and he was soon enabled to see a barge pulling in towards the bridge. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer land, and a person standing up in the stern directed the landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood. When the party embarked he saw that half of them were seamen, and the other half marines, and that all were well armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and the bridge. Edward, as they came near, drew himself up in the limb of a tree, and was concealed by the foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

'How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?' asked the young officer, looking about him, after his party had got on the bridge, all but one to guard the boat.

'The grist mill am about a third of a mile up the creek, and the other one where the most grist be, is about a mile. There is a good path along the shore,' answered a man in the true Yankee intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctuance.

'If you deceive me, darkey, you are a dead man,' said the midshipman, very positively.

'I knows dat well nuff, so I tells you the truth, though I hates to, mighty! I knows all 'bout dis place, cos I used to live here once. Ober dar is where Squire Harwood lives, and ober dat way am widder Ogilvie, an' I wish dis nigger were safe in dar kitchen! I nebber go cook again in Boston ship, nor no oder one arter bein' taked prisoner by the British, as I am dis time! I wish I may nebber see blue water agin, if I gets my liberty dis time.'

'Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country and must be cautious.'

'Yes, guess you better,' said the negro sulkily. 'If de country people knew you were here skulkin arter corn, flour, sheep, and oxen, to keep from starvin to death, as we have been for a week past, deble one of of you get back to your boat: So I advise you massa, to keep a sharp eye to windward! Guy, how mad all em be in de mornin,' when dey find out you land here in a prize ship, wid only two guns aboard and thirty men, and carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mills, and sheep, and turkeys too, for our Lieutenant's dinner! Dey swear, too, and expect de Squire swear enuff for a whole regiment.'

'Forward!' oried the midshipman.—'Silence, all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution.'

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

'These men, then are English,' he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge, the vessel is a prize bound for Halifax, with a midshipman, and two and thirty men—twenty here and ten on board. My course is decided on! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with fife and drum, and if I can find twenty men among them willing to place themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sunrise.'

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and after getting beyond the hearing of the men in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the Cross Road, a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern, where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern as he came near was so quiet, that he feared the men he sought had retired to their respective homes. Seeing a light in the top, however, he hoped to find some persons there. Through the window, as he approached the door, he saw the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit, calm and resolute, beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets, while the guns of the party were stacked in the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn, told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally, at the battle of Plattsburgh.

On Edward's entrance the landlord first noticed him.

'Ah—so you enter a tavern on training day, Mr. Ogilvie. Glad to see you.—Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your brothers' sake, who are all serving their country.—But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade.

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the room, he said:

'I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willling to place yeurselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize-money!'

'Spoken with spirit!' exclaimed several of the men.

'That rings like your brother George,' said the landlord.

'But what is it?' cried all, crowding round him.

'Will you be led by me? There is danger of life and person; but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead.'

'The man has courage, if he is a student!' remarked one to the other, with surprise.

'What have you discovered?' demanded two or three of the men.

'Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who have just landed?'

'Yes; lead on!' was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia there was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse, and armed with his broad-sword. Five of his farm men had followed him. Others came from all quarters.

Edward, with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conducting of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire with thirty men, should cut off the foraging party and take them prisoners.

'And what are you going to do?' asked the Squire. 'You are not going to keep out of danger?'

'No, sir. If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it, and embark to their ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, and we shall be taken as their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands, for most of the prize crew are ashore. Who will volunteer?

This bold proposition at first startled them; but in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered, and in two minutes more he was at their head leading them to the bridge, while the 'Squire, with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the 'Squire had left it. Edward and his brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and after a short conflict were master of the ship. He took her by the aid of the released American crew into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that, within less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood.

☞ Time is ever on the wing.

A GOOD ONE—"HOG IN! HOG OUT!"—A good one is told of a worthy deacon in the city of S., in Northern Ohio. The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment. His duty it was to stand at the head of a scalding trough, watch in hand, to 'time' the length of the scald, "Hog in" when the just slaughtered hog was to be thrown in the trough, and "Hog out" when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to work unusually hard, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed, he was almost sick the next morning, when church time came, but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual service if he could. He went, but soon fell asleep in his pew, and his mind wandered off into the "land of dreams." The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of great beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory:

"Hark! the whisper, angels say"—

"*Hog in!*" came from the deacon's pew, in a stentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved:

"Sister spirit, come away!"

"*Hog out!*" shouted the deacon—"*tally four!*"

This was too much for the preacher and audience. The latter smiled, some snickered audibly, while a few boys broke for the door, to "split their sides" laughing, outside, within full hearing. The preacher was disconcerted entirely—sat down—arose again—pronounced a brief benediction, and dismissed the anything else than solemn minded hearers. The deacon soon came to a realizing sense of his unconscious interlude, for his brethren reprimanded him severely; while "the boys" caught the infection of the joke, and every possible occasion afforded an opportunity for them to say, "*Hog in! Hog out!*"

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—Old Parson B——, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of M——, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

Among the church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practised so long that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length told Brother P. that such a thing must be needless, but P. said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it, nevertheless. On leaving church he always took a roundabout course, which, by same mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity to the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B—— learned from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath Brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B—— exclaimed:

"Brother P."

P., on being addressed, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit.

"Brother P., continued the Parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time, as I passed the tavern this morning and made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot until church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

WESTERN SIMPLICITY.—In a wild neighborhood, where the sound of the church-going bell had never been heard, notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A——, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came in crowds to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that *preachin'* was something to be heard, and all intended to hear it.

After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail-keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thought led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed on the highest point and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly places, he said,

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?"

Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes on our hero of the rifle. He, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and replied.

"If he can't do any better he can take my seat."

It is needless to say that *that* climax was never reached.

HOW TO MAKE MINCE PIES.—Next to a pretty woman is a good mince pie. Both are hard to beat. Any number of recipes are extant for the manufacture of mince-meat. Let our lady readers, however, take note of the following:—Take stoned rasins, currants, sugar and suet, of each 2 lbs.; Sultana raisins, boiled beef (lean and tender,) of each 1 lb.; sour or tart apples, 4 lbs.; the juice of two lemons; the rind of one lemon chopped very fine; mixed spice, ½lb; candied citron and lemon peel, of each 2 oz.; and chop the whole very fine. The preparation may be varied by adding other spice or flavoring, and the addition of eggs, or the substitution of chopped fowl or veal, for beef, according to fancy or convenience.

THE DEVIL.—A Speaker in a meeting, not long since enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, hit off the following pithy words:

"I tell you that the devil is an old liar: for when I was about getting religion he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie or cheat, or any such thing, *but I have found him out to be a great liar.*"

☞ The Annapolis Gazette tells the following story of a citizen of that place: A person, better known for his wealth than for his liberality, was requested to aid in the erection of a church. The subscription book was placed in his hands. He looked at it anxiously and earnestly, and handed it back with the astonishing remark: "No sir, I will not give anything: *not half as many people go to hell now as ought to go.*"

ANOTHER MAN LOST IN THE CLOUDS.—The West Point (Ga.) *Citizen* tells the following of a married man at the commencement exercises of a certain College in Georgia, this summer: "He started up the stairway at a swift pace, not noticing any further until he came nearly to the top of the steps, when he says a strange sensation came over him, and suddenly he found himself enveloped in darkness, as though the lights were extinguished. He was astonished and bewildered. But the mystery was soon explained, for it appeared that a lady wearing a very large hoop, had met him at the top of the stairs, and was just in the act of descending, when our friend, being a small man, had, without noticing, actually gone up under the hoops."

THE NORTH RIVER CATASTROPHE.—The explosion of the propeller Petrel in the vicinity of New York, a few days ago, took place as she was passing up the river, opposite Jay street, and was witnessed by several hundred persons. The body of the engineer, Henry Brink, was blown fully one hundred feet into the air, and in its descent fell upon the promenade deck of the steamer Broadway, crushing in the deck with its weight, and forcing its way through in the saloon below. The body of the unfortunate man was mangled in the most shocking manner; one of his legs was entirely blown off, and he suffered other mutilations. Not a remnant of the propeller was discovered except a few pieces of broken timber, and even these traces of the ill fated boat soon floated off with the tide and were lost to view. The only surviver of the persons on board, James Downey, is said to be fast getting well at the New York Hospital. He says the engineer had sixty pounds of steam on a few moments previous to the explosion, which was twenty pounds more pressure than the boilers were capable of standing with any degree of safety. The missing bodies of the pilot and deck hand have not yet been recovered. It is supposed that they were both blown into fragments.

CARDS.

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House. may 5 tf 16

W. T. McPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, may 31 1y 11 STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Queen street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 9

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST.—Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apl 18 tf 13

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaefer, esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster may 15, '55 1y 17

EDWARD M'GOVERN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 5 NORTH DUKE STREET—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, LANCASTER, PA. apr 6 tf 12

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENTIST.—Office in North Queen street, directly over Long's Drug Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856 1y 16

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to Lime street, between Orange and East King streets, west side. Reference—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia. Calls from the country will be promptly attended to. apr 6 tf 12

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.—Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. ☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch may 15, '55 tf-17

SIMON P. EBY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. *OFFICE:—No 38 North Duke street,* may 11 1y 17 LANCASTER, PENNA.

FREDERICK S. PYFER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE.—No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, WEST SIDE, LANCASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. apr 8 tf 12

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.—Office in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. ☞ All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 15. tf-17

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce.

Refers by permission to	Hon. H. G. LONG,
	" A. L. HAYES,
	" FERRE BRINTON,
	" THADDEUS STEVENS.

nov 24 1y * 45

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to his care will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to.—Satisfactory reference given. Office N. E. corner of SEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10. feb 17 1y 5

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE. The subscriber having removed his store to the new building nearly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotel, has now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the Drug business consisting in part of Oils, Acids, Spices, Seeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Sarsaparillas, &c., &c., to which the attention of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited. THOMAS ELLMAKER. feb 9 tf 4 West King street, Lanc'r.

TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed by Messrs. Allen & Needles agents in Lancaster for the sale of their celebrated SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME, we would call the attention of Farmers to this Fertilizer, it being superior to all others; and from the testimony of those who have used it for some years past, we feel authorized in saying it is *the best* application for Corn, Oats, Wheat, Grass and other crops which require a vigorous and permanent stimulant, that has ever been offered to the public. Apply to GEO. CALDER & CO., East Orange street, 2d door from North Queen st., and at Graeff's Landing on the Conestoga.

BENTZ & BARDWELL, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN *FOREIGN & DOMESTIC WINES & LIQUORS,* No. 13 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia. GEO. Z. BENTZ GEO. H. BARDWELL. july 27 2m 28

WOOD MOULDINGS. UNITED STATES WOOD MOULDING, TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING MILL. *Fifteenth street, between Market and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.* Also, Sash, Blinds, Shutters and Window Frames for sale low—all of which are of the best materials and workmanship. BENJAMIN ESLER, may 11 1y 18 Proprietor.

RIFLES! GUNS! REVOLVERS!—I have opened a large assortment of Rifles, Guns, Revolvers, Pistols and Hunting equipments of all kinds, at low prices. I have engaged the services of Mr. Henry Gibbs, who will attend to repairing of Guns, &c., in all its branches.—All work warranted S. A. DANNER. West King Street, between Cooper's and Leman's Hotels. apr 27 tf 15

KONIGMACHER & BAUMAN, TANners and Curriers Store, back of Robt. Moderwell's Commission Warehouse, fronting on the Railroad and North Prince street. Cheap for Cash or approved credit.—Constantly on hand a full assortment of all kinds Saddle's and Shoemaker's Leather, of superior quality, including "Rouzer's celebrated Sole Leather," also, Leather Bands, well stretched, suitable for all kinds of machinery, of any length and width required, made of a superior quality of Leather, Furnace Bellows, Band and Lacing Leather, Garden Hose, Tanner's Oil, Currier's Tools, Morocco, Shoe Findings, &c. All kinds old Leather bought in the rough; highest prices given for Hides and Skins in cash; orders will be promptly attended to. feb 5 1y 6

SPECTACLES, TO SUIT ALL WHO need them, in Gold, Silver, Steel, or Plated Frames. We keep McAllister's Spectacles and Spectacle Glasses, and sell precisely at his prices. Old Frames refitted with Glasses to suit the eyes. *Satisfaction Warranted.* july 6 6m 25 H. L. & E. J. ZAHM.

PAPER HANGING.—ALLEN GUTHRIE, residing in North Queen st., three doors south of Federick st. [dec8 47 1y

HAGER & BROTHERS, have just received and offer for sale at lowest prices, *CARPETINGS,* VELVET, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, THREE-PLY, INGRAIN, VENETIAN, and RAG, of the best styles and manufacture. Also, superior quality of FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from one to four yards wide, FLOOR and STAIR DRUGGETS. WALL PAPERS, DECORATIONS, BORDERS, of entirely new designs in Velvet, Gilt, Glazed and Common. CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE, SPRING, HAIR AND HUSK MATRASSES, FEATHERS, &c. sep 7 tf 44

PHILADELPHIA, July 10th, 1858. TO THE FARMERS AND GRAIN DEALERS OF LANCASTER COUNTY: In consequence of a prevailing misapprehension on the subject, I am induced, under the advice of Counsel, respectfully to call your attention to the several Acts of Assembly relating to the Measuring of Grain at the Port of Philadelphia. All Grain imported or brought into the Port of Philadelphia, must, by the express words of the law, be measured by the undersigned or one of his Deputies. The enforcement of these provisions is required as well for the protection of the public, as for the interests of the trade, and I rely on your co-operation in the endeavor which I shall make, faithfully to execute the duties of my office. Any practice which dispenses with the official act of the undersigned or his deputies, and at the same time subjects either the consignor or consignee to a charge for measurement, is, I am advised, in contravention of law, and cannot longer continue. Respectfully yours, JAMES ALLISON, Head Grain Measurer for the Port of Philadelphia. OFFICE, Corner of Broad and Race Streets, Philadelphia. aug 24 3m 32

NEW YORK WINE & LIQUOR STORE. ADAM REIGART, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS, No. 6, North Duke Street, next door to the office of the "INTELLIGENCER," and directly opposite the Court House, Lancaster, Pa. The subscriber take this method of informing the public that he has just opened a large assortment of WINES and LIQUORS of the choicest Brands and Qualities. Having made arrangements with some of the first houses in Cognac and Rochelle, enables him to furnish to his customers, upon the most liberal terms, the following brands of Cognac and Rochelle Brandies: OTARD, HENNESSY, PINET CASTILLION, T. HIMES, MARTELL, MARRETT, PELLEVOSIN, J. J. DEPUY & CO., A. SERGNETTE, &c., &c. WINES, CHAMPAGNE, BURGUNDY, SHERRY, LISBON, HOCK, OLD OPORTO, CLARET, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, MUSCAT and MALAGA WINES, of various brands and qualities. Holland Gin, Scheidam Schnapps, Jamaica Spirits, Scotch and Irish Whiskeys; Peach, Apple, Lavender, Blackberry, Cherry, Ginger and Raspberry Brandies; Cordials, Wine Bitters, Amsterdam Bitters, &c., &c. Also, Agents and Sole Proprietors of the OLD WHEAT WHISKEY. Constantly on hand, an extensive stock of Old Monongahela Whiskeys of various grades, some of which he guarantees to be superior to any in the country. All goods from this establishment are guarantied to give satisfaction, with the privilege of being returned. apr 28 1y 15

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the MOUNT JOY SAVINGS INSTITUTION, located in Mount Joy Borough, Lancaster county, with a capital stock of Fifty-Thousand Dollars, will apply at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, for the privilege of increasing its capital stock Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, with the further privilege of increasing the same to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, and for power to change its name to the "MOUNT JOY BANK," and under that name, in its present location, to issue bank notes, and in addition to its present privileges, to exercise and enjoy general banking privileges, under the general laws of the Commonwealth regulating Banks. By order of the Directors. HENRY EBERLE, President. JACOB R. LONG, Treasurer. Mount Joy, Penna., June 22, 1858. [June 22 6m 23

NET CASH DRY GOODS HOUSE. 1858. 1858. *NEW STOCK OF FALL GOODS* FYRE & LANDELL, FOURTH & ARCH Streets, Philadelphia, have in store and daily receiving a fine Stock of Fall Dry Goods suited to the near trade. BLACK SILKS of all grades, FASHIONABLE FANCY SILKS, SHAWLS of all the newest styles, DRESS GOODS, in full variety, STAPLE GOODS in large stock, FANCY CASSIMERE, CLOTHS & VESTINGS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, LINEN DAMASKS, &c. N. B. Good Cottons Daily received from New York and Philadelphia Auction Sales. ☞ TERMS NET CASH, AND PRICES LOW. aug 31 3m 33

JEWELRY IN GREAT VARIETY. *BREAST PINS, EAR-RINGS, FINGER-RINGS, CHAINS, &c.,* ALWAYS FOR SALE BY H. L. & E. J. ZAHM, Corner North Queen street and Centre Square. Hair Jewelry made up in any desired pattern. Persons can rely upon getting back the same hair. july 6 6m 25

FARE REDUCED. *STATES UNION HOTEL,* 606 & 608 MARKET STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA. TERMS:—$1 25 PER DAY. G. W. HINKLE, June 29 4m 24 Proprietor.

AUTUMN DRY GOODS! HAGER & BROTHERS, are now opening BLACK and FANCY DRESS SILKS, PLAIN and FRENCH PRINTED DELAINES, FRENCH MERINOES, all shades POIL DE CHEVERES, CHINTZES, &c. MOURNING GOODS—BOMBAZINES, CHALLIES, CANTON CLOTHS, DELAINES. SHAWLS—Plush Shawls, Cashmere, Shawls, Stella Border, Plain and High Colored Thibet Shawls, Plaid Woolen Shawls. MEN'S WEAR—Cloths Cassimeres, Vestings, French, American, Belgian Cloths of superior manufacture, all shades. Superior Black French Cassimere, Plain and Fancy Cassimere, Sattinetts, Jeans, Velvet Cords, &c. A large lot of goods suitable for BOYS WEAR—Velvet, Plush and Worsted Vestings; all of which will be sold at lowest prices. sep 7 tf 43

GLEASON'S NEW WEEKLY *LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.* The object of this paper is to present, every week, an agreeable *melange* of the notable events and literature of the time. Its ample columns will always contain a goodly store of popular Original Tales, Sketches of Adventure on Sea and Land, and Poetic Gems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS. Also the cream of domestic and foreign news so condensed as to present the largest possible amount of the intelligence of the day; the whole well spiced with WIT AND HUMOR. In politics, and upon all sectarian questions, it will be strictly neutral. Each edition will be BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and the national customs and social peculiarities of every people. It will contain views of every important city, of edifices of note in the eastern and western hemispheres, of all the principal ships and steamers of the Navy and Merchant Service; with fine, accurate portraits of every great public character, male and female. Sketches of picturesque scenery, representation of "life on the wave," and exact illustrations of admirable or curious specimens from the animal kingdom, will also be given. One great feature of *GLEASON'S LINE OF BATTLE SHIP* will consist of a "broadside" of Humorous engravings, executed by the best artists in that line, and aimed good naturedly and in a spirit of cordial fun, at the reigning follies of the age, and such new public projects, fashions and occurrences, as shall seem to be fit subjects for comic illustration. AN UNRIVALLED CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS have been engaged, and every department will be conducted under the most efficient and perfect system that experience can suggest. This popular journal will be printed upon fine satin surface paper, from new and beautiful copper faced type manufactured expressly for us, and will present in its mechanical execution the most acceptable evidence of the progress of American skill. The size of this elegant specimen of art will be about 1500 square inches;—eight super-royal quarto pages. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM. The first number of this new Illustrated Paper will be for sale on the 1ST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, at the principal periodical and news agencies and respectable literary Depots in the United States and the Canadas. *GLEASON'S LINE OF BATTLE SHIP* will be published regularly every Saturday, at GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL, corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston, Mass., by F. GLEASON, A. WINCH, General Wholesale Agent. out 19 4t 40 320 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

DAILY TELEGRAPH FOR THE SESSION. FULL AND ACCURATE LEGISLATIVE REPORTS. The DAILY TELEGRAPH is now in the third year of its existence, and the success attending its publication, has placed it upon a firm and permanent basis. Our circulation has continued steadily to increase, until it now reaches the most distant parts of the State, and is a welcome daily visitor in the counting room, the workshop and the family circle. At a very heavy expense we now furnish all the important Telegraphic News many hours in advance of the City Dailies. During the coming winter the DAILY TELEGRAPH will contain the fullest and most Accurate Reports of the Legislative Proceedings ever published by any paper in the Capital in former years. To enable us to do this we have secured the services of F