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.

THE LABORER AND THE WARRIOR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil and the loom!
Oh! not upon our tented fields
Are freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May with a heart as valiant smite
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might;
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let labor, then look up and see
His craft no pith of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's axe;
Let art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward light
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still
When man its sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed;
Though pride may hold our calling low,
For us shall duty make it good;
And we from truth to truth shall go,
'Till life and death are understood.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

In one of the Western States I was once Prosecuting Attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairies away from the woodlands had not heard the scream of the steam whistle. All the branches of society, of trade, of business and professions were in a transient state. Of course the Judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and, lest I appear vain, I may add, that the lawyers were by no means Chief Justice Taneys!

The Judge who traveled the circuit with us in the counties round about the city of ———, had been in early life a horse jockey, and picked up a large amount of tact, knowledge of men, and of human nature that was of much use to him in his legal walk. At the West he had been a member of the first Constitutional Convention in our State, and being a good talker and of quick natural intellect, had shone in the debates. Of course it was natural that as he made the law, he should claim to be able to expound it. And at the election, after the State was admitted, he was chosen Judge.

I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent deference of manner, there was in the composition an under strata of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. When I was chosen people's solicitor, he sought my confidence, but I repelled it, except in Court, we were little together. Many a time on the civil side has he given a charge on facts, or acquiesced in my law when I felt that I was wrong, nor could I fathom why he thus sought the winning side of me.

I suspected him of knavery. When prisoners were convicted his discretion of punishment and sentences were oddly inconsistent. He fined when he should have imprisoned, and confined when a nominal punishment would have answered the justice of the case. But I never could get any clue, and with the populace he was regarded as a man of rare integrity and firmness of mind.

One night at the inn, in the little village of Washington, where a week's court was to be held, I went to my 'boarded off' bed room for an afternoon nap, and was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by a confused murmuring, that, after I was thoroughly aroused, I perceived to come from the adjoining room; one appropriated to Judge C——.

'He is committing his Grand Jury charge,' said I to myself, when I heard a strange voice say, 'the boodle is most used of the old strip.'

Now, 'boodle' is a flash term used by counterfeiters, and it immediately attracted my 'prosecuting' attention. As I sat upon the bedside, a ray of light came through a chink in the boarded partition. As a man, honor would have forbidden a 'peep,' as an officer of the law, prudence commanded it. So drawing myself noiselessly and closely to the wall, or the board separation, I looked through the crack and saw Judge C——— seated at a table with a sinister looking man who wore a pair of remarkable whiskers; and the two were counting quite a pile of new bank bills. I listened, but not a word was spoken for some time. I saw the money divided into three piles, and the Judge placed one in his pocket, and the whiskered man took the other, and then drawing off his boots divided the third pile between each boot inside of it, and then he again placed them on his feet. Next the Judge said: 'Be careful and send it to the proper place.' His sinister companion gave a meaning smile; they shook hands; the stranger left the room cautiously; and then sat down to some papers. I continued to look for several minutes, but he was absorbed in his duties, just as I was about quitting my point (literally a point) of observation, he arose and taking out his roll of bills, placed them up the chimney, and then continued his reading.

I must say my blood ran cold, for a grave suspicion had often crossed my mind that he was a rascal, but I never suspected him of being connected with the drovers, trappers and traders, who occasionally make spurious money their commodity. Nor, as I sat collecting my thoughts, could conceive it possible, when I remembered how severe he had always been upon the passage of counterfeit money, and how earnestly and solemnly he always was in his charges in such cases declaring against the enormity of offenders who substituted spurious currency for good. I therefore concluded that the word 'boodle' and the suspicious 'boot stuffing' must relate to some other kind of offence connected with which I felt assured he must be.

Stealthily going out, I carefully descended the stairs and entered the bar room.—The sinister looking man was seated at a table reading the last Cincinnati paper, as calm and placid as if he were a Methodist minister of the riding. I sat down and pulled out a law paper, pretending to read it, but I was glancing over its top at the stranger. His eye did not wander from a particular point of the paper. Nor did the sheet, after several minutes, turn; I therefore concluded he was not reading, but reflecting. I endeavored to catch his eye, but could not. I next thought of trying the demeanor of the Judge; so making in my mind an excuse relating to my official duties, I again walked up stairs and knocked at the door. His pleasant voice in an unembarrassed tone, cried, "Walk in," and I entered. After getting through with my excuses and business, I said in a careless tone, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, Judge?" He answered just as carelessly, "Going through my charge, and a decision or two I have to make up to-morrow. As yet I have not seen any one since I arrived."

The last lie was an unnecessary one, as I knew its falsity, for he needed not to have asserted the fact—an immaterial one. This, therefore, the more confirmed my suspicions; because I had found these immaterial assertions to be always made by witnesses when they are committing perjury, just as cowards whistle to keep up courage.

We continued chatting until the bell rang for tea, but not a tone or an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meals. The whiskered stranger sat down opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other as if they had not met. One or two civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied with freezing politeness, somewhat unusual in our western way of life. All this satisfied me there was something out of the way, and I resolved while at the table to furnish myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went up stairs into the Judge's room, and grouping to the chimney in the dark felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of paper, took off one or two pieces, and replaced the balance hastily and left the room.

Nothing more occurred that night worth narrating, but next day in Court I found on the calendar the case of a man who had been indicted some months before for counterfeiting and had been out on bail.

'What does this mean?' I asked of the clerk, 'I did not authorize the trial, nor am I prepared with witnesses.'

'Judge C—— ordered it on last term for this day,' answered the clerk, 'producing your request.'

'My request!' stammered I.

'Yes; and here it is,' as he handed me a piece of paper, bearing in my writing the words, 'Give Judge C—— his request!' I remember, now I say it, that I had written the paper, but could not recall the apparently trivial circumstance which had prompted it.

Just then Judge C—— entered the Court and business began. The case in question being called, I arose to postpone it on the ground of not being prepared.

A stranger rose from among the lawyers, and said he was counsel for the prisoner, and came from Cincinnati to try the case, at much trouble, and as he understood, because it had been ordered on for that day. *The counsel was the black whiskered companion of the Judge.*

The latter with a bland smile, and dipping his pen in the ink, ready for a memorandum, asked, 'What is your name, sir?'

I was so astonished at his cool impudence that I did not hear the answer, but proceeded to deny any understanding, and to charge that there was some trick.

My opponent warily rejoined, and moved if the case was not tried that his client be discharged on bail. This was giving him liberty to run if he pleased, and I opposed this motion. My adversary again rejoined and to my utter astonishment Judge C—— granted the request, and ordered the clerk to cancel the trial bond.

At this juncture I sat amid the titter of my brethren, who were ready enough to laugh at W——being caught napping, as they phrased it. While I was meditating my wrath and my revenge the clerk announced the panel of Grand Jurors was now complete, and they were ready for business. Judge C—— arose to address and charge them. He was as cool and placid as the morning itself.

Oh, you hypocrite I muttered between my teeth as the black whiskered counsel—and confederate, as I fully knew him to be—slily sneered at me and drew his chair close to the bench in attitude of deferential listening.

The charge was an elaborate one. It was an essay on crime and its enormities, and seemed dramatically worked up. Its adjurations to the grand jury to fearlessly investigate were very pathetic. Its encomiums on virtue were touchingly true.

Scarcely had the jury retired, than, in my capacity as a prosecuting officer I followed the members to their chamber. To the formal question, 'What was the first business?' I answered; 'To investigate a charge of malfeasance in office against the Judge.'

The foreman and his fellows looked at each other in astonishment. Finally one of them said with a smile, 'Take care, brother W—— that your professional rivalry does not get you into trouble.'

I replied by telling my story and narrating all the suspicious circumstances of the past twenty-four hours, and concluded by requesting that the black whiskered counsel be called and examined. Amid the astonished silence of the grand inquest the constable in attendance went after and returned with the stranger.

He entered easily and unabashed, saying as he took a chair, 'I am told you desire me to be a witness?'

'Perhaps culprit! I exclaimed, in a passion, enteirly losing my control. And then not heeding the hand of the foreman on my shoulder in restraint, I said to the constable who had lingered by the door, 'Take off his boots!'

The stranger made two bounds, and was at the window which led into the garden of the jail. But the grip of the constable was on him securely. In an instant one of the jurors took his arm, another took his leg, and before any one had time to speak, the boots were off, and two rolls of bills fell on the floor.

The firmness and presence of mind of the stranger forsook him; he trembled in every muscle; and as I whispered to him 'Villain, not even your friend, Judge C., can save you,' he turned ghastly pale.

He was seated on a chair.

'Is this good money or bad?' said the foreman, breaking the dull silence that succeeded the struggle.

'Am I a witness or am I accused!' he stammered, looking toward me.

'Witness,' said I, 'if you tell all you know about Judge C——, who is far better game than you.'

'I—know—nothing—about Judge C——,' he stammered, I never saw him until this day.'

'Liar!' I shouted, forgetting my official dignity, in my rage at his falsehood.—'Last night you and he were together, exchanging money, and, in his presence, you concealed your 'boodle' in your boots.'

Immediately he stood up in an attitude of defence—then sat down—half rose again—turned red, and then pale; while huge drops of sweat stood on his face.

He saw he was, by some means, concerned; and in a moment recovering himself, answered, 'I will be witness—the judge is guiltier than I!'

I have not space for his story, but its amount was that long before the judge removed to the West, they had been confederates at the East in circulating counterfeit money while horse-jockeying. They were connected with a well-organized and secret band. The leaders were the manufacturers and bankers of the 'boodle.' Middle-men bought it and dispensed it to the underlings, who purchased it at a discount of fifty cents, to pass it off at par. As fast as the last counterfeit was discovered, a new one was made. Judge C——, while upon the bench was able to be as moral and as severe as he pleased with the underling classes, who never knew the haunts and ways and companionships of those above them. But the man whose trial was for the day, for whom Judge C——, had interceded, was one of the upper class, and hence the necessity of the action.

'It is time now to see the Judge,' said I, turning to the Grand Jurymen, who were petrified at the tale they had just heard.

No one answered.

'I will go and prepare him for your action,' I next said; 'for to indict him in his own court, while he is upon the bench, will be a scandal upon justice.'

As I entered the court room he was announcing the noon recess. There was a little room off, containing a few law books, and a desk, into which he usually retired, and thither I followed him.

'Judge,' said I—and my voice trembled like the voice of a man under severe ague, so terribly was I wrought up by the excitement of the morning's accusations and confession—'Judge, I have very, very bad news for you.'

'For me?' said he with the utmost nonchalance notwithstanding the peculiarity and mystery of my manner.

'Yes, for you; the Cincinnati lawyer has told all,' I shook out rather than spoke.

He still smiled; it was awful to see his hypocrisy and calmness of demeanor, and for a moment I knew not what to say.—Then taking from my vest pocket two of the bills unrolled from his chimney depository, I held them before him and said: he has told about these; and I myself, last night, saw you place the counterfeit money in the fire place, when he placed his in his boots.

His composure was instantly gone. He wilted like a scorched weed on the prairie, and his manhood gave way as if he had been afflicted with sudden paralysis. The room rather swam before my eyes, for the sight of a culprit Judge was not an every day one, and I founn him at my knees groveling on the floor like a dog.

He tore his hair, wrenched his hands, his eyes glared, and his powerful frame quivered in every part. Indeed I was unmanned myself, to behold so sudden and wretched a sight.

'Oh, good W——! dear W! don't betray me! Consider how dreadful! And I a Judge! Oh, the disgrace! What will they say? Don't—don't betray me! I was to be the next Governor—you know that!—Oh—oh—oh—how dreadful!' and he rocked himself on his knees to and fro, almost bursting with agony.

These were some of the heart-harrowing incoherences which I can now remember over all the dreadful scenes that followed.

I raised him from the floor, and placed him in a chair, and said: 'Alas, Judge C——, appeals to me are too late. Your confederate has told all, and the Grand Jury has taken his testimony.' His eyeballs glared at me like those of a maniac. Then, as if wrung by some powerful impulse, he became calm. Indeed, that calmness was more dreadful to behold than had been his excitement, imprecations and agonizing entreaty.

'Well, if it must be so it must. But let me see the foreman only for a moment; bring him up—go for him—leave the room—go—do go—go!'

His excitement was returning; and without reflecting, as I should have done, I turned and left the room, amid the curious looks of the crowd who had now gathered—for, in those Western settlements, secresy was no moment about Grand Jury matters, and half of the village already knew the story—I had just crossed the court room, I repeat, when I heard a dreadful groan and simultaneous pistol report. It was succeeded by an instant of terrible silence and then the crowd burst into the room.

Judge C——, lay upon the floor, with his blood and brains shockingly scattered about the little chamber. When I returned, he had drawn his pistol, and to his other crimes added that of suicide. He was a ghastly sight to see, nor shall I ever forget the memories of that dreadful day, when I was compelled to behold the living agony and the dying woes of a culprit judge, in sight of that bench and bar whereat he had so often presided in convicting and sentencing villians less guilty than he had been all the while.

A GENUINE NEGRO SERMON.—Negro sermons are common, but they are chiefly simulations or imitations. A genuine one is a novelty; and therefore we give the following, which was taken down phonographically, as uttered by a "colored expounder" named "Daddy Jim," before a congregation of whites and blacks, in a cabin near the Seminary Buildings, Limestown Springs, S. C. It is not, perhaps, so racy as a fictitious production, but it has the merit of accuracy and reality, which is something in these degenerate days. It has been forwarded to us by a friend who resides in the vicinity, and commences with a prayer, thus:

'Dou dat dwellest way up mong de bims and de cherubims. Dou has said whar two or tree of dy childers are a gaddered togeder as techers, and a aimin at one ting, dare Dou will come to bress. Be pleased to mount de white gospel steed, an take a gentle ride round de territory, and stop awhile at Hell's gate, shorten Sattan's chains, and sink him one tousand fadoms lower. Bress all de bond and de free-bond; bress our dear massa and our missus; may dey draw togeder like de match horses of de ancient time, and may de springs of de body rise up and call em bressed.'

Then comes the sermon:

'Gentlemen an ladies—My text on dis occasion mought be found, if I mistake not, bout de 9th verse of the 2d Peter, 3d chapter: 'De Lord knoweth how to deliber de ungodly out ob temtation.'

'Kind-hearted and tender bredring, I'm a gwin to speak a few words to you dis ebening, and reskover to you how dat de Lord hab care ob all you ungodly ladies and gentlemen. Hence we receive how dat God Almighty told Noah to build a big ship, and he put into it a he and a she ob ebry kind. Den de big cap. and gen. come along, say, 'whar de old man gwin to get enuff water to float his' big ship?' Bym by, den Noah he go in de ark, an all de ungodly ladies and gentlemen kept on a singin an a dancin, a fiddlin an a cock-fightin, and a marigin and a givin in marriage. Den de doors ob de ark was shut an de doors ob heaven was opened, an de rain gan to ascend and reascend up de earth. Den de waters a come up to de first floor, dey say, 'Nebber mind, fiddle up;' and dey went to de second floor.—Den de water it come dare, and dey put der heads out der winder and say,—'Noah! ain't you gwin to let us into your ark?' 'No, I'se full.' Den dey hold on to de eaves and dormer winders, an de water come up ober them and take 'em down the stream. Hence we receive 'dat de Lord knoweth how,' etc.

'De Lord commanded Jonah to go to prophesy gin Ninevah. Then Jonah went aboard ship, and a big hurricane come, an Jonah, he an de captain, had a big talk, an dey trow Jonah overboard. Den a big whale swallow him. Den Jonah he think it all ober with him, sure, but bym by he gan to pray, an de more he pray de more de whale gan to grow sick. Finally he trow up, and Jonah gits on dry gound. Hence we receive, &c., &c.

'De great king, Nebuchednezzer, gin out word dat whom call on de name ob de Lord for tree day de lion hab him. Den Daniel he go straight home, an open all de winders, an pray to God Almighty.—Den de ungodly men dey take to de king and he put him in de lion's den. Next morning, for de crack ob day, de king go to de den an say, 'He Daniel! lion bite you?'—Den Dan. say, 'No, O king! I feel I lib forever. De Lord he shut de lion's mouf, so he not bite me.' Hence we receive, &c., &c.

'De Lord he said to de angel Gabriel, 'Go get your silver trumpet.' Den he blow to de North, and blow to de South, and blow to de East, and blow to de West, and all the ungodly ladies and gemmen go down to hell; but de righteous dey hab a golden crown on der head, silver slippers on der feet, and white robes comin down to der toes, an golden harps in der moufs,' &c., &c.

The Printer and his Types.

In our July number, we inserted a beautiful extract from the pen of Bayard Taylor, the printer traveler, which pleased us so much, and has been copied so extensively, that we this month insert another by the same author which will at once command itself to the craft, every-where:—

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the 'art preservative'—the achievement of types.

Every day, their life long, they are accustomed to read the newspapers, to find fault with its statements, its arrangement, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some rogueish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some with a waste letter or two in it—but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on of the rags that fluttered upon the backs of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that composes the printer's 'case,'—noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their place in growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there if he only has a little chart to work by, how many facts in small handfuls, how much truth and chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hands a stanza of Gray's Elegy or a monody upon Grimes 'all buttoned up before.' Now he 'sets' a 'puppy missing,' and now 'Paradise Lost;' he arrays a bride in 'SMALL CAPS,' and a sonnet in 'nonpareil;' he announces that the languishing 'live,' in one sentence—transposes the word and deplores the days that are few and 'evil,' in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing of the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday, announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps in the self same letters.

They are elements to make a world of—those types are, a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn flowers that frost cannot wilt, fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the log book of the age; it tells at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our 'reckoning' without it.

True, the green grocer may bundle up a pound of candles in our last expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to the base uses, as its letters have done times innumerable.

We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of living oaks—a bridge for time, that he can fling it over the chasm of the dead years and walk safely back upon the shadowy sea into the far Past. The singer shall not end his song, nor the true soul be eloquent more.

The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that has given utterance to a sentiment that is not lost—a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or hope on a heavy heart.

He may meet with that sentiment many years after it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if, indeed, he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could.

It seems like the voice of his former self calling to its parent, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think—to remember why he wrote it—where were his readers then, and whither they have gone—what he was then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, until he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentence that he could wish unwritten—that it is a better part of him—a shred from a garment of immortality he shall leave behind him when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of death.—*Printers' News Letter.*

CARDS.

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa.
mar 31 ly 11

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 10

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

ALDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaeffer, Esq., south-west corner of Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17

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

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒPATHIC 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

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

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

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,
LANCASTER, PENNA.
may 11 ly 17]

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

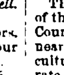
JOHN F. BRINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. LONG, " A. L. HAYES, " FERREE BRINTON, " THADDEUS STEVENS.
nov 24 ly* 45

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 ly 5

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

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

CAROLINA YELLOW PINE FLOORING BOARDS. 50,000 Feet Carolina Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring Boards.
30,000 Feet Do. Undressed.
50,000 CYPRESS SHINGLES, No. 1 and 2.
50,000 BANGOR PLASTERING LATHS.
Just received and for sale at Graeff's Landing, on the Conestoga. Apply to GEO CALDER & Co.,
Office East Orange st., near N. Queen st., Lancaster
o 30 tf 7g

BOOT AND SHOEMAKERS, TAKE NOTICE! J. F. COMBS,
CURRIER AND LEATHER DEALER.
1130 Market street, below 12th, Philadelphia,
has the most extensive assortment of SOLE AND UPPER LEATHER of all descriptions: Red and Oak Sole Skirting, Slaughter, French and City Calf Skins, Kips, Wax-Upper, Morocco, Linings, Lacings, Leather Apron Skins, Shoe Tools, Lasts, Findings, &c., and every article requisite for Boot and Shoemaking, Wholesale and Retail, at the *lowest prices,* to which he invites the attention of the trade.

oct 19 6m 40

MELODEONS! MELODEONS!!
HUGHES & MORRISS, MANUFACTURERS,
No. 728 Market street, below 8th, Philadelphia.
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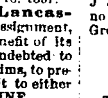
Polite attention given at all times to visitors, whether they may wish to purchase or only examine our stock. HUGHES & MORRISS.
sep 14 ly 35

LANCASTER LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, November 18, 1857.
NOTICE.—The Directors of the Lancaster Locomotive Works, having made an Assignment, to the undersigned, of all its effects for the benefit of its creditors, they, therefore, request all persons indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them properly authenticated for settlement to either of the undersigned.
M. O. KLINE,
JAMES BLACK,
Assignees.
nov 24 tf 45

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!
The subscriber, having taken the well-known establishment of J. Frey, in East King street, directly opposite Sprecher's Hotel, has just received from the city a large, well selected, and general assortment of
FRESH GROCERIES,
such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, SALT, FIGS, RAISINS, &c., &c., all of which he will sell at as low prices as they can be obtained in Lancaster.
He will also keep constantly on hand
BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES, HAMS, DRIED BEEF, TONGUES,
and indeed almost everything in the Provision line, all of which will be sold on the most accommodating terms.
He respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.
apr 13 tf 13 A. Z. RINGWALT.

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HEAVE POWDER,
ROSIN,
FENNUGREEK
SULPHUR,
GEUSIAN,
CREAM TARTAR,
COPPERAS, &c.,
For sale at THOMAS ELLMAKER'S
Drug & Chemical Store, West King street, Lanc'r.
feb 9 tf 4

NEW MAP OF LANCASTER COUNTY.
The undersigned is preparing to publish a new and complete MAP OF LANCASTER COUNTY, on an improved plan, (provided sufficient encouragement is given,) marking the locations of all the principal buildings in the county, all Schools, Churches, Post Offices, Mills, Hotels, &c., with the names and locations of all *subscribers to the MAP,* and locations of farm buildings, so as to make it a complete COUNTY DIRECTORY.
To be ornamented with prospective views of the principal Colleges, Schools and other buildings in the county. Enlarged plans of the principal Boroughs and Towns will be given on the side of the COUNTY MAP, where sufficient subscription is obtained. To be handsomely colored, showing all the new townships, making a most complete and beautiful work, superceding all former MAPS.
JAMES D. SCOTT, Publisher,
july 21 tf 27 Lancaster City.

THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN, AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER, devoted especially to the interests of Pennsylvania. Containing Important Telegraphic News, sixteen hours in advance of the Morning Papers. Original, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence. Editorials on all Subjects, and full Reports of all the news of the day. The Commercial and Financial Departments are full, and are carefully attended to.
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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.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.
A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.
THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in view of the awful destruction of human life caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their names, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in case of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors of the Association, in their Annual Report upon the treatment of Sexual Diseases, express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism or Self Abuse, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, &c., and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important and much despised cause.
An admirable Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation, or Self-Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, will be sent by mail (in a sealed envelope) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage. Other Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Sexual diseases, diet, &c., are constantly being published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent to the afflicted. Some of the new remedies and methods of treatment discovered during the last year, are of great value.
Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.*
ED. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary.* jan 18 ly 1

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Thirteenth year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It is the first paper of the kind published in the United States, and is distinctive in its character. It has lately passed into the hands of Geo. W. Matsell & Co., by whom it will hereafter be conducted. Mr. Matsell was formerly Chief of Police of New York City, and he will no doubt render it one of the most interesting papers in the country. Its editorials are forcibly written, and of a character that should command for the paper universal support.
Subscriptions, $2 per annum; $1 for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly,) to GEO. W. MATSELL & CO.,
Editors and Proprietors of the
National Police Gazette,
oct 27 tf 41 New York City.

NATIONAL HOTEL.
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may 11 tf 17

PATENT AMBROTYPES.—The subscribers having purchased the exclusive right of Lancaster city, are enabled to offer to the public a new style of Pictures, far exceeding, in beauty and durability, any ever before made. These pictures are not reversed, as daguerreotypes are, and may be seen in any light. They also possess the rare property of being IMPERISHABLE; being hermetically sealed between glass plates, which is secured by Letters Patent, in the United States, Great Britain and France, and practised in Lancaster city by *T. & W. CUMMINGS,* only, over Sprecher & Bro.'s New Store, North Queen st., Lancaster.

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THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, published monthly, is a thorough reliable and practical journal, devoted to the different departments of Soil Culture, such as growing Field Crops, Orchard and Garden Fruits, Garden Vegetables and Flowers, Trees, Plants and Flowers for the Lawn or Yard, in-door and out-door Work around the Dwelling, Care of Domestic Animals, &c., &c. Also a Calender of Operations for the seasons is given every month.
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THE CULTIVATOR is published monthly at the office of the Country Gentleman, being the choice matter of the Country Gentleman, and forming an annual volume of nearly 400 pages. It is said to stand among the best Agricultural monthlies. We will take subscriptions at the rate of 50 cents a year.
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JOHN SHEAFFER,
jan 19 tf 1 Successor to Murray, Young, & Co.

CO-PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.—The partnership heretofore existing in the Saw Mill, Lumber and Coal business, between the subscribers, trading under the firm of Peters & Metzger, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st of February, 1859. All accounts will be settled by either, at Peters' Mill, where both reside.
J. G. PETERS,
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The business will be continued at the same place by the subscriber, who solicits a continuance of public patronage.
feb 8 4t* 4 J. G. PETERS.

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The publisher will spare no pains to render these Magazines the best for the family in the land. They will be useful, not only for present reading, but will make handsome volumes, when bound, for the family library. The plates which they contain, are instructive and entertaining, render them appropriate and beautiful volumes, when handsomely bound, for the parlor table.
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As heretofore, its pages will be devoted to the cultivation of Literature, Art, and Humor. Leaving to others the discussion of vexed political and polemical questions, it will yet be the aim of the editors to procure for the body of the Magazine the most brilliant articles upon the topics of the day; and the large resources at their command will enable them to make the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER unsurpassed, in excellence and variety of matter. Mr. CLARK's time being now bestowed mainly upon the "*Editor's Table,*" the inimitable feature of the KNICKERBOCKER, he will labor to make it the most delightful repository of wit, humor, and of literary gems, in the English language.
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All communications connected with the *Business Department* of the KNICKERBOCKER should be addressed to JOHN A. GRAY, 16 and 18 Jacob street. All *Articles* designed for publication—all *Literary Inquiries*—all *New Books* and *Publications* should be addressed to either of the Editors.
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THE "GREAT REPUBLIC" MONTHLY.—To the Public, the Book and Periodical Trade, and the Press.
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It is intended to make this Magazine superior in every respect to anything ever before issued in this country.—The general scope of its character can best be understood by its name. IT WILL BE THOROUGHLY NATIONAL—IN NO WISE SECTIONAL OR SECTARIAN, AND WHOLLY IMPERSONAL.—It will offer to the writers and thinkers of this Union a common field, where they can meet on the highest ground of cotemporary literature. It will aim to gather about it every variety of intellect.
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The Magazine will be profusely illustrated in the highest style of wood engraving.
The Literary department will present greater variety, combined with more thorough excellence, it is believed, than ever before offered to the American public in a single periodical. The following authors and popular writers are included in the list of contributors engaged:

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Of the superior excellence of the Magazine in every respect, and of the certainty of its permanent success, very little more need be said.
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The never-failing MRS. VANHORN is the best; she succeeds when all others have failed. All who are in trouble,—all who have been unfortunate, all whose fond hopes have been disappointed, crushed and blasted by false promises and deceit,—all who have been deceived and trifled with,—all fly to her for advice and satisfaction,—all who are in doubts of the affections of those they love, consult her to relieve and satisfy their minds. *In love affairs she never fails.* She has the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex. It is this fact which induces illiterate pretenders to try to imitate her. She shows you the likeness of your future wife, husband, or absent friend; she warrants and guarantees the single a happy marriage, and makes the married happy. Her aid and advice has been solicited in innumerable instances, and the result has *always* been the means of securing a speedy and happy marriage; she is therefore a sure dependence. She has been the means of bringing many hundred hearts and hands together. Thousands of broken hearts have been healed and made happy by her.
It is well known to the public at large that she was the first, and she is the only person who can show the likeness in reality, and who can give entire satisfaction on all the concerns of life, which can be tested and proved by thousands, both married and single, who daily and eagerly visit her at
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