The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. LX. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1859. NO 23.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET,
BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

UBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

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 splendid battle piece by Schiller, as translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, is invested with new interest, at this time, when war and rumors of war prevail. We find it re-published in a late Boston paper. It was re-published, also, in this country, several years ago; the translation was then erroneously ascribed to John Oxenford. There is probably no poetry of the kind equal to this, by the great German poet, in the entire world of literature.—There have been grand descriptions of battles in prose—some of which are superbly grand. One of these is by an American author. We allude to Hon. Daniel P. Thompson, of Vermont, whose word painting, in the last part of his "Green Mountain Boys," of the Battle of Ticonderoga, is equal to anything in the language. Here is Schiller's poem:

THE BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game!
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front:—
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music,—the trump and the fife,—
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,—
Thrilling they go through marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round!
Ay, shout it forth to life or death!
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close, foes upon foes,
"Ready!"
From square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent;
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van,
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground,
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood:
And the living are blent in the slippery flood;
And the feet as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corses that sleep below.
"What! Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs the thunders swell,—
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
"Ho! comrades!—yon volley! look sharp to the war!
"I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell:
"Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
"The friend thou forsakest, thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly the day glooms into night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Mark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying;—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms, in dying,
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!

Clouds the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song—
Farewell! fallen brothers! though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

From Dickens' New Serial, All the Year Round.

The Crusoe of the Snowy Desert.

Late in the Autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr. Baldwin Mollhausen, a Prussian traveler, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri.—He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule, for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery and the fearful cold of those regions, produced the first disasters of the travelers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they set it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the post from Fort Kearney to the Flat River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travelers, the post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position, until the post could send horses back to him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travelers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Mollhausen.

The post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveler squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Mollhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight—till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste, the Crusoe of the snowy desert. He had three chances—not of life—but of death. Death by cold, death by the murderous treachery of savages, death by the teeth of wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils, and his awful loneliness, with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition, and the first thing he did when the post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all round his little tent.—He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand and piled it before his door. His fireplace was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night in the desert.

After a time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank in its setting behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travelers' last horse had fallen dead some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties while he was still at this melancholy work. He slept till hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary; and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow leaves (the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed,) and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown a little maize.—He was still thus occupied when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe returning from a beaver hunt. Within gunshot they stopped, one and of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter his tent; and, sitting there by his side, they entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

'The wolves,' said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—'the wolves will give you no rest, day or night; and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered, and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses would not live to get to you, and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost.—Come with us.'

But Mr. Mollhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of traveling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, 'No.'

The Indian rose to leave him.

'The word of a white,' said the savage, 'is more to you than the will and deed of a Red Skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself!'

With these words he shook Mr. Mollhausen by the hand and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveler or his tent, but kept on their way rapidly toward the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow storms raged incessantly and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger (the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the leg of an antelope), his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam, his memory failed him, and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling, they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer at the close of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours, and they left him no chance of sleep, till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way and he despaired for the first time of rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution—without well knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught—he remembered taking it and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and in a lesser degree, hunger, were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half-melted snow and the second with raw buffalo meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) had been relighted, he roasted the meat and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better (partly through the rest which the laudanum had give to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded to his body) that the preservation of his life because once more a matter of some interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold and starvation to the very last, and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcase abandoned over night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason in its place.

Thus, the woful time—the dreary, lonely hopeless hours—wore on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warning of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the minds of strangers that a living man was inside of it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for a door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night.—This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backward so as to make his footmarks in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough, besides, for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his leveled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched for what seemed to be an interminable time, and at last the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighboring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day in this world had dawned for him or for them; the men were Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill the savages threw back their buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveler had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps; the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent and communicated with one another by gestures which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited; for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience—by his not miscalculating by an instant the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtained opening, while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string, ready to shoot. In this position the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight, and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was, he saw that it had caught their quick ears, for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late; he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr. Mollhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buckshot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other man, who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self defense, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that if either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day, the brave traveler's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after necessity of hiding what he had done. With a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically reloaded his rifle and approached the place. First turning the dead Indian's face downward, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his good will by preserving his life.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding, with his teeth clenched—with his eyes glaring deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But after a while the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion, Mr. Mollhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment the wretch's right hand flashed out from beneath him, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Mollhausen parried the blows with his left hand and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveler was alone again; alone in the frozen wilderness, with the bodies of the two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came; a night never to be forgotten—never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make, next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians; the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever, and of all that had happened on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveler's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date without any event to break the woeful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas day. A stolid apathy toward the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas trees and the children's festivals, and that blessed season in his native Germany, but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipeful of the dry willow leaves, and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked in bygone days at home.

The old year ended and the new one came. His hold on life was slackening, and the end was not far off. He was resting under his blankets—not asleep and not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded on his ears a moment afterward. He roused himself and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time.

'You are badly off here, friend,' said a cheerful voice.

Had the white men of the post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised an Indian entered and pushed his five-foot rifle in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveler advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable heathens, whom the pitiless Christians at the Mission were established to convert—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected; they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English was a half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilization. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoe Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveler's fire two miles off.

'You are hungry,' said they to him, producing their own food—'eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you.'

These were the words of the redskins, and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the forsaken white man, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods (for the preservation of which he had risked his life) were packed up, the wagon abandoned by his fellow-traveller and himself, at the beginning of their disasters, when their last horse died, was cleared of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was not left behind.—It was too firmly frozen to the ground to be pulled up, so it was cut off just above the show, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the wagon, their wives and their boys harnessed themselves to it and dragged it away cheerfully to their camp.

Mr. Mollhausen and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveler stopped, before he left the place forever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and all his perils. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last-left, touching trace of himself and his hardships, then wandering away away to the little hill from which he used to look out upon his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he had left his home in the desert forever.

In less than five weeks from that time he and his wagon-load of goods were safe—thanks to the Ottoe Indians—at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whiskey-punch in the society of white men.

CARDS.

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

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

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

ABRAM SHANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, Esq., No. 36 NORTH DUKE ST.,
LANCASTER, PA.
mar 22 1y* 10

EDWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrann, Kelly & Co.'s Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa.
apr 6 tf 12

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
mar 31 1y 11 No. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, 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 10

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 69 East King street, next door above King's Grocery. 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

REMOVAL.—H. B. SWARR, Attorney at Law, has removed his office to No. 13 North Duke street, nearly opposite his former location, and a few doors north of the Court House. apr 5 3m 12

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

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

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, " FERRER 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

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

SCRIVENING & CONVEYANCING, The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has taken the office lately occupied by John A. Hiestand, Esq., where he will be pleased to transact all business connected with the above profession that may be placed in his hands.
☞ Office No. 26 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa.
C. E. HAYES,
feb 15 1y 5 City Regulator.

REMOVAL.—We have this day removed to our new Banking House, in EAST KING ST., where the Banking Business in all its varied branches will receive our best attention.
Interest on deposits will be allowed as heretofore.
Drafts on New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore constantly for sale.
Stock, Bonds, and other securities bought and sold in Philadelphia and New York— and information given as to their relative value and prospects.
Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold, and premium allowed on old American coin.
Persons entrusting any business to us, whether money on deposit, or for purchase or sale of Bonds or Stocks, may depend upon prompt and faithful performance of all contracts.
The members of the firm are individually liable for all its obligations. JOHN GYGER, & CO
ROBT. CLARKSON, Cashier. mar 2 tf 7

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