To celebrate 225 years of Lancaster newspapers, we present this weekly series of 52 front pages from throughout our history. Many feature events that would shape the course of world history. Some feature events of great local importance. Still others simply provide windows into the long-ago lives of Lancaster County residents. Make sure to check in every week, and enjoy this trip through time with LNP.

1855

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

VOL. LVI. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1855. NO. 26

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THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.
BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

I met a child; his feet were bare;
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit by care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not where to lay my head;
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a friend on high
For you his precious blood has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—
"There are no tears in heaven."
I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier:
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not;"
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten! No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven.
I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she prest
An infant seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's shelt'ring breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more;"
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up;
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven."
Poor trav'ler o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud;
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud;
Then trust in thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven."

READ THE FOLLOWING.

Below we give an extract from a letter of Professor AUGUSTUS B. LONGSTREET, of Mississippi, which we hope will be carefully perused by all. Mr. Longstreet is the President of a University in Mississippi, and a Methodist divine of great talent and piety. He speaks the language of a Christian and a patriot—of one who understands the charity and forbearance of the Christian system, and the privileges guaranteed to all by the Constitution and laws of the country. He is opposed to the dangerous and corrupting order of Know-Nothings, and for honestly rebuking an organization whose very existence depends upon the deceit and falsehood of its members, Mr. Longstreet is threatened with the loss of his place. But such threats cannot intimidate him in the discharge of his duty. He says:

"In July last, I had just heard of a new organization in the country—secret in its movements, and going under the name of Know-Nothings. Its principles I understood to be opposition to Catholics and foreigners, to be planned in the dark, to be strengthened by oaths, and manifested at the ballot-box. It filled me with alarm.

I saw in it the elements of rapid expansion and awful explosion. I exhibited them to the class that graduated that month, and fore-warned them to have nothing to do with it. Had I been inspired, I could hardly have shadowed its history more accurately than I did. Of my prediction nothing remains to be fulfilled but the outpouring of more blood. My forecast in relation to it ought to insure respect for my judgment in and about Oxford at least; but it is this very forecast which is raising a buzz of discontent against me in this vicinity now. This is the sin which brought out against me the recondite phrases which I have named above. It is called "*dabbling in politics*;" but its true name is "*unpalatable truth*." This is the sin for which preference I am soon to be sacrificed. They that stoned the prophets of old are still alive, and why should I expect a better fate than theirs! Well, I do not know that a better use could be made of my old carcass than the offering of it on the altar of this *American Baal*. An incense might arise from it that would do more to purify the Church and the State from this modern abomination than anything which can emanate from my poor, frost covered brain. The public has now the sum total of my political sins, public and private. I shall speak at large of the new order in an appeal to my church at some future day, if I may be allowed so to do. I am committed against it, and I shall oppose it forever—not in the class-room, but everywhere else; not as a partizan, but as a christian. This the patrons of the University should know. For all the honors and emoluments of earth I could not be induced to assume a position of *neutrality* in regard to it. If all experience be not a falsehood, and all history a fable, it will throw this country into ceaseless convulsions if it be not crushed, and that speedily.

In my view, every man who has a scruple's influence should rise against it—now immediately, ere it be forever too late.—Indeed, it allows no neutrality. With its professed Americanism it assumes an absolute Dictatorship. It will allow no man to question its purity or its policy. It gathers within its pale, men of dignity, talent and piety, preachers and teachers, and with them the most depraved, abandoned, desperate, God defying sinners upon earth; binds them by oaths in bonds of fellowship, and sets them all to work in *politics*, and nothing but *politics*. I find a christian brother among them. I read to him 11 Cor. vi, 14, and so on, and I implore him to come out from such connections; and it addresses me in tones of despotic authority in this wise: "Sir, my name is *Politics*; you are a clergyman, and clergymen should have nothing to do with *politics*." "Right," cries my brother, "old man, you'll ruin yourself if you meddle in politics!" I say to him, "your oaths are against the laws of God and your Church." Sir," it respond "do you thus denounce the pious of my order? Have you no respect for the church or your place?" I denounce the sinners of the band and the saints reprove me. I reprove the saints and the sinners denounce me! The saint shields the sinner, and the sinner the saint. If such a combination is not enough to make the Church and State both shudder, I know not what would.

On me the new order bears with intolerable pressure. It rises before me like the ghost of Banquo at my every step in the pathway of duty.

I am a preacher. If I preach upon the sanctity of oaths, it regards itself insulted, and attacks me accordingly. If I preach to Christians to come out from the wicked, it insults me for assaulting know nothings. If I preach that the love of Christ is not bounded by State, it charges me with attacking the article of its creed against foreigners.

I am a teacher. If I teach that unlawful promises are not binding, I shall be charged with justifying the exposure of know nothing secrets. If I set the lesson to my pupils wherein J. B. Say says that every accession of a man to a country is an accession of treasure, I am to be published to the world as indoctrinating my pupils in anti-know nothing politics. As I am ever to be gored by this young mad bull, I had as well take it by the horn at once. Let the order keep its hands off me, the church, and the constitution, and I will never disturb it; but when it creeps from its den, under the name of politics, with one arm around a Methodist preacher, and the other round the desperate demagogue, and introduces them to me as united by triple oaths in indissoluble bands of wedlock, I shall not stop to inquire whether its name suits its character, or what the delicacies of my calling demand of me; but under my Christian impulses of horror, I will pronounce the union adulterous by the prior espousal of the one, and the strict prohibition of the other. I will warn the first by the shade of Wesley, to return to his first love ere his candle-stick be removed out of its place; and I will warn the other, by the shade of Washington, to repent and return to the principles of that great man, ere he make republicanism a stench in the nostrils of all true patriots. And if they heed me not, I will, with God's help, drive them out of the land, though it costs me my life to do it. When it throws its lasso into my lecture room and drags from it to its cave one of my foster-children, and there indoctrinate him in random swearing, disorganizing plots, religious persecution, and shocking ethics, I shall not stop to consult the dignities of phrase or place, or to segregate its holy from its vile: but from the instincts of my nature, I will cry aloud "Thou double-faced monster, spare the young! I have taught them frankness, openness, independence of thought and action, modesty, prudence, reverence for age, and courtesy to all. Do not, I implore you, substitute for this teaching your cavern tactics, your bandit like oaths, and signs, and grips, and passwords and nonsensical forms. Teach them not to render other ties from those of know nothings. Throw not the sacred element into your combustable combination that shall prevent it from setting fire to our schools and colleges." Mississippians—fathers—Whig fathers—Know Nothing fathers—picture to yourselves your son, not yet out of his teens, standing amidst a motley group, gathered from every grade of society, with one hand on the left breast and the other up-bearing the flag of our country, while some wretch, perchance from the sinks of society, fetters him with oaths which are to seal his independence, freedom of speech, freedom of action, and freedom of suffrage forever! If this does not drive Christians out of the order, well come be they to their religion! If this does not unite every father in solid phalanx against it, let no man covet a place in a school or college in Mississippi. Yea, verily, I am in my "dotage," I am a raving madman, or the Church and State are on the high road to ruin. Such is the order of which I may not speak at all, or only in court phrase!

Now, gentlemen Editors, and Know Nothings, you have something sensible to harp upon without resorting to rumor. am against you for life. You peck at me as though you supposed it would distress me sorely to lose my place. You are mistaken, sirs; I was twice on the point of resigning it, but by earnest entreaty was induced to retain it. Be assured, gentlemen, after filling five chairs for five years, and performing duties enough to wear out most men in that time, it will not cost me a sigh to relinquish it. Never will I hold it upon condition that I must treat Know Nothingism with respect.

Notions, like men, run mad at times, and nothing but time and blood-letting can cure them. Still, while there is hope, all good men should strive to relieve them. My course is taken—carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully taken. I am no Catholic. Put Methodism and Romanism on the field of fair argument, and I will stake my all upon the issue; but I am not such a coward as to flee the field of honorable warfare for savage ambush fighting, or such a fool as to believe that a man's religion is to be reformed by harassing his person. Nor am I quite so blind as not to see that, when the work of crushing churches is begun in the country, it is not going to stop with the overthrow of one. All Protestantism almost will be against me—two-thirds of my own church, I judge, will be against me—the trustees will be alarmed for the interest of the college, my colleagues of the faculty will be uneasy, my best friends will be pained, but I have an abiding confidence that nothing will be lost by my course in the end. It will be madness in men to withdraw their sons from the able teaching of my colleagues for my fault—to attack the college to injure me: but these are days of madness, and this is the way in which obnoxious professors are commonly attacked. Be it so. I have done my duty, and I leave the consequences with God. And here I sign my name to what I deem the best legacy that I could leave to my children—a record proof that neither place nor policy, nor temporal interest, nor friendships, nor church, nor threatening storms from every quarter, could move their father for an instant from principle, nor awe him into silence when the cause of God and his country required him to speak.

AUGUSTUS B. LONGSTREET.

ASTRONOMICAL.—The planet Venus is now the evening star, and will continue so until October first. For two or three months it will be increasing in brilliancy.

A CLERGYMAN TURNED SOLDIER.

Some twenty years ago, a young man, whom I shall name "Jamie," was pastor of a large congregation of the Established Church of Scotland. At school and college he was distinguished for his love and learning, and as a minister was unrivalled for his eloquence and mental attainments. He had been settled about a year and was upon the eve of being married to a fine young woman, whom he had loved from childhood, when the heritors and several other English gentlemen, who were then on a visit to the North, attended Kirk to hear the famous preacher. He more than verified his fame; he enraptured his audience. His story was the theme of his church. Its many years of disastrous wars, its martyrs, its heroes, its undying hope, even when despair seemed to shroud it in endless night; its unwearied toils and its final triumphs were each in turn presented to the minds of the hearers, with a power and feeling that defy description. He stood the genius of eloquence personified. But there was one among his hearers who was not bewildered by its glowing pictures.

The gentle-hearted Bella, his betrothed, when the congregation dispersed followed him to the manse. He received her in his study, but while conducting her to a chair, she sank upon the floor and burst into tears. "O Jamie! Jamie!" she exclaimed, as he raised her tenderly in his arms, and seated her on a sofa, "ye hae broken my puir heart!" "How so, my Bella! explain!" "Ye were drunk, raving drunk, Jamie, and I wonder the elders did nae tak ye out o' the pulpit! Ye whined and ranted, and sometimes, God forgie me for saying so, I thought I saw the Evil One standing beside you, laughing and clapping you on the shoulder. My puir brain reeled—I was mad and knew it—I am mad now—I canna live out this day—I feel my blood freeze—O, God, be merciful to me a sinner, and save my soul, my Jamie!" Her head reclined upon his bosom, she gazed upon him a moment, and expired in his arms.

He had preached his last sermon. No entreaties of a congregation who loved him—no flattering offers of future preferment, tendered by the gentry, could induce him to resume his labors as minister.

Five or six years passed, when the writer of this, who was his schoolfellow, accidentally met him in London. Jamie was then one of the principal teachers in a large educational establishment and was highly esteemed for the moral excellence of his character, as well as his varied learning and skill as a successful teacher. He was dressed in deep mourning, shunned society, and when the labors of the day closed he either wandered alone through the streets, or retired to his lodgings. The scene of Bella's death was ever present to his memory.

Her pure soul, he said, saw him as he was, a poor, vain, self-conceited sinner,—For the purpose of concentrating his thoughts and infusing life into his sermons, he was in the habit of taking a glass of whiskey before entering the pulpit. The morning before he preached the final sermon, he felt rather nervous, for he knew there would be strangers to hear him, and he took nearly two glasses. What he said, or how he conducted himself, no effort of memory could recall—the death of Bella alone had merged into itself the dongs of that dreadful day. The compliments which he received sounded in his ears like satire and mockery, and the very name of liquor impressed him with horror!

He left home and came to London, where he obtained a situation as a teacher; but everything appeared so black to him that he expressed fear he should, in some unguarded moment, destroy himself.

His friend, he was a sailor, suggested some active employment, that would call into play his physical faculties, and thus give his mind a spell, and ended by offering to procure him a place before the mast in a ship. "I like your suggestion," he said, "but dislike the sea." "Then turn soldier and seek employment in India, where there is always plenty of fighting." "I will," he said, springing from his chair, "when my engagement expires I will purchase an Ensign commission. I wonder the thought never suggested itself to me, for my ancestors, as far back as I can trace them, were soldiers. Better, far better, die on the field of battle than fall by one's own hand!" We separated.

A few weeks since, in running my eye along the list of those who distinguished themselves at the battle of Inkerman, I saw the name of Lieut. Col. ——. A letter from my friends has since informed me that he had served in India under Lord Gough, and was promoted for his gallant conduct in three campaigns. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, and accounts state, was in good health, engaged in the siege of Sebastopol. He was still single; his "heart was dead to love!"—*Boston Atlas.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing room alone, when the only inmate of the house, a brother who had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occured to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front, but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie in that way. So, putting on a smiling countenance she said with the greatest apparent cordiality. "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I will just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave alarm, and went returned when the madman was secured.

☞ The shape of a kiss is said (by the editor of the Louisville Journal) to be elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a-lip-tickle.

☞ The imports into New York since January last, amount to $64,569,702; but in 1854, up to the same time, they were $90,496,908. In the exports of cotton and breadstuffs this year, there has been a falling off of no less than $8,328,762.

HOW THEY MAKE GUNPOWDER.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in a letter from Wilmington, Delaware, gives the following interesting sketch of the process by which powder is made at the celebrated mills of Dupont, in that city:

"Of course of the details of the business of Messrs. Dupont, if even known to me, I could not make mention, unless by their consent; but the process of manufacture is in reality no secret, every book of chemistry treating of it to some extent. All know that gunpowder is composed of brimstone and charcoal, though but few have any idea of the trouble and labor gone through to have these materials of a proper quality. The saltpetre, as received at the yards, has the appearance of dirty coarse salt, filled with a short fibrous matter; by a process of refining two or three times repeated, it assumes an appearance somewhat of fine salt, in which state it is fit for the powder mill. Great care is also taken to have the sulphur pure. But the most labor and forethought seems to be necessary in procuring the charcoal, which is all made of the willow and poplar, the former used for best kinds of powder. For the supplies of their woods the proprietors set out yearly, in every nook and corner, trees which are hewn down every three years, and the branches are converted into charcoal. This method of procuring the wood, gives a singular appearance in the country, for in many places adjacent to the roads or by the streams, may be seen old trunks, standing but little higher than a man's head and topped only with a bunch of branches. I saw some trunks that appeared to be forty years old, without a limb bigger than my wrist.

The mill buildings in which the materials are ground or mixed are scattered along the banks of the stream, each containing a mill. They are built of stone on three sides, with heavy walls strengthened with piers: the other side facing the stream.—The plan of construction is to lessen the damage from explosions, for should an explosion take place the force would be diverted towards the stream. The mill consists of two heavy iron rollers on wheels moving in a trough. I saw one pair, each of which weighed 15,000 lbs., about seven tons. The material being well mixed and pulverised in these mills is slightly moistened, when it is pressed into cakes till it becomes almost as hard as plaster of Paris. These cakes are then broken up into small pieces, and taken to the granulation mill, an operation which, on account of its danger, I was not permitted to see. After granulation, the powder is taken to the glazing mill. Here 600 or 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, revolving moderately fast for twenty-four hours, there being six or eight of these casks, and close by each were 700 pounds more, ready for another charge. From the glazing mill the powder is taken to the dry-house. Here at the time of my visit were nearly four tons of powder spread out on the trays, while near by were two furnaces roaring away at the rate of a ton of coal each in twenty-four hours. Danger there was not, yet I could not but think of Sebastopol and the story of its mines. From the drying houses the powder is taken to the packing house, where it is put in barrels or canisters, thence taken to a magazine, of which there are several, built with the same regard to non-damage in case of explosion as the grinding mills.

While standing in one of the packing houses, and just as I had given a kick to a hundred pound keg of powder, intended for his excellency Santa Anna, Mr. Dupont called to a man to bring him some powder in a scoop shovel, and therein inspected about a half peck of powder, destined to knock out of this world some enemy of his said excellency. The unconcern with which this was handed me as though it were but so much wheat, struck me as somewhat odd. I would not convey this idea, that carelessness is customary or allowed, nor was the incident above mentioned a careless act, its noticeable feature arising rather from the bent of my own mind. On the contrary, the greatest care is exercised, the yards and the various buildings being under the direct supervision of some of the firm, and to such an extent is this supervision carried that one of them visits the yards every night at one o'clock; while the discipline of the hands is more efficient, I have heard said by those who ought to know, than is in the army or navy. The system of liberal rewards for long and faithful service, and for acts of bravery, in case of danger, has so lessened the liability to accidents of a dangerous nature, that the proprietors feel perfectly safe, and a stranger visiting these yards feels comparatively so."

FAT MAN.—There is something cordial about a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bareboned race: a lank tribe they are, skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies on him; he swells nobly out; and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, minister of gratitude to the earth, and the fullness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is, per se, a popular man, and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle, the fattest man will ever be most ready to make room. Indeed he seems to be half sorry for his size, less it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is, for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes on his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. A fat man feels his position in the world; knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extra pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. It does really take a deal of wrong to make one really hate a fat man; as we should be, christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds a relation to the material universe in every direction; a thin man is nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.—*Lecture of Henry Giles.*

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE—A MONSTER WEDDING PARTY.—We yesterday copied an item from the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* of the 29th ult., giving what was supposed to be a fabulous account of a monster wedding which was to come off during the coming month at the St. Nicholas Hotel. But notwithstanding the general incredulity with which the report was received, we learn that it is substantially correct, and that the party will arrive in this city on or about the 12th inst.

This will certainly be the most magnificent affair ever gotten up in this country, and will no doubt create an immense excitement, especially in fashionable circles, during the stay of the party in the city.

The bridegroom, who is a Louisiana sugar planter, named Mitchell, and reported to be very wealthy, is now *en route* for New York, accompanied by two hundred pairs of young ladies and gentlemen, who are to take part in the wedding exercises. On their arrival they are to put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel, the exclusive use of which has been hired for the occasion, for the sum of two thousand dollars per day, the festivities to continue four days. The bride is understood to be the daughter of Judge Conoklin, formerly Judge of the Northern district of the State of New York, but more recently appointed Minister to Mexico, and whose successor to the first named post is Judge Hall, formerly Postmaster General.

The marriage ceremonies are to take place at the St. Nicholas, and we understand that two thousand invitations have already been issued. The religious rites are to be most imposing, and the attending festivities are to be on a scale of the most profuse magnificence, and will include balls, fancy dress and masquerade, private concerts, and dinners and suppers the most *recherche*. Young New York, male and female, are destined to be in a state of tremendous excitement shortly. The happy couple will find that the number of their friends will multiply with fearful rapidity, and such time as the wedding festivities are over, when things will relapse into their former state. Such of our fashionable friends as will not receive an invitation to the wedding, must endeavor to possess their souls with patience, and keep as cool as the weather will permit.—*N. Y. Herald.*

AN ABOLITIONIST CORNERED.—An odd Quaker gentleman from Pennsylvania recently visited a relation in one of our lower counties who had a hundred slaves on his farm, in which the Quaker had been raised in the family. The Pennsylvanian took several occasions to lecture the Marylander on the impropriety and sinfulness of holding slaves, and urged him to manumit them.—The Marylander finally proposed to his relative to give him every slave he had, provided he would give him security that he would take as good care of them as *he* did. Of the hundred slaves, he remarked, there are thirty too old to take care of themselves, and of course he could not free them; then there are thirty more too young to be given their freedom; the other forty he kept to care sufficient to support these that are too young and too old to work. The Pennsylvanian declined this liberal offer, and his relative closed the conversation by remarking—"Now, my friend, if you and your Northern sympathisers with our slaves would only follow Henry Clay's advice to 'mind your own business,' and leave us alone with our slaves, you would do them more service than their masters, for the fact is, *my hogs eat up my corn, and my slaves eat up all my hogs.*" The subject was after that dropped by mutual consent, and the abolitionist returned home a wiser man than he was when he started on his way to a slave State.—*Baltimore American.*

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.—Potatoes at this season are very poor eating, unless rightly cooked, and not even in a hundred knows how to do that. Treated as in the fall and winter, they come upon the table watery, solid, and every way disagreeable. A Vermont woman, who has surprised us by making old potatoes as good as new, dry, mealy and fresh, has disclosed to us the process she puts them through to obtain so desirable a result. The potatoes are pared and put to soak in cold water from four to six hours, then dropped into water which is already boiling—an essential point, and a little salt added to the water improves them. Take them from the fire the moment they are done; pour off all the water and let them stand uncovered in the kettle over the fire till the water evaporates from the surface, and they are ready for the table. The result will astonish those who try it for the first time, and they will never return to the old method of boiling them with the skins on.—*Springfield Republican.*

TOO ANXIOUS BY HALF.—An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and a purchaser. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him; so he (the purchaser) inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his full allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to "shave." However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware, at the time, that the purchaser was particular about his full weight of coal. The purchaser, noticing the laughing of the driver, asked him, when he received his coal, what it was all about; so the driver told him: "Why," said he, "when your coal was weighing you were standing on the scales, and was weighed with it." "Is it possible! Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!" "Well sir, said the driver, "you are sold." "Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."

CARDS.

Aldus J. Neff, Attorney at Law.—Office with B. A. Shaffer, Esq., south west corner of Centre Square, next door to Wager's Wine Store, Lancaster, Pa. may 15, 1855 1y-17

Jesse Landis,—Attorney at Law. Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, E. King st., 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 1f-17

James Black—Attorney at Law. Office in E. King street, two doors east of Lichler'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. 1f-17

Dr. John Waylan, Surgeon Dentist.—Office No. 50 North Queen street, last side, Lancaster, Pa. 6m-13

Stephens' Wine and Liquor Store, in Duke street, next door to the "INTELLIGENCER" office, and directly opposite the new COURT HOUSE. Lancaster, april 17 6m-13

Pamphlet Laws for 1855.—The laws passed at the last session of the legislature have been received and are ready for distribution to those entitled to receive them. J. BOWMAN, June 26 3t-23 Prothy.

Dr. J. T. Baker, Homeopathic Physician, successor to Dr. M'Allister. Office in E. Orange St., nearly opposite the First German Reformed Church. Lancaster, April 17 (1613)

Removal.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law has removed his office from N. Queen st. to the building in the South East corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10

BELLEVUE HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, PA.
BARDWELL & BRENEMAN,
PROPRIETORS,
(Late by Mrs. Haines and John Barr.
Refurnished with all Modern Improvements for the convenience of the travelling public.
☞ Terms made easy to suit the times—call and see.
GEO. H. BARDWELL, } H. M. BRENEMAN,
Wyoming co., Pa.} apr 17 1613 {Lancaster co., Pa.

Junius B. Kaufman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Agent for procuring Bounty Land Warrants. Office in Widmyer's Building, South Duke street, near the Court House. mar 20 6m*9

G. Moore, Surgeon Dentist, continues to practice his profession in its various branches on the most approved principles. Office S. E. Corner of North Queen and Orange streets. N. B.—Entrance 2d door on Orange st. nov 1 1f-41

W. T. McPhail—ATTORNEY AT LAW, Strasburg Borough, Lancaster co., Pa. June 14 1f-21

George W. M'Elroy, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office—E. Orange st., directly opposite the Sheriff's Office, Lancaster. mx 23 1f-18

Removal.—ISAAC E. HIESTER—Attorney at Law. Has removed to an Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa. ap1 6m-12

Dr. John. M'Calla, DENTIST—Office—No 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. [ap1 15 1f-13

J. Gallagher, Dentist, having located in the City of Lancaster, respectfully offers his professional services to those who may need them, and chooses to give him a call. He has been engaged in the profession over ten years—has had an extensive practice for the last six or seven in Chester county—and can give the best of references and evidence respecting his professional skill and qualifications.
He would also announce that he has obtained the exclusive right to use CLAYTON'S PATENT PLAN of making and setting Artificial Teeth in Lancaster City and County—an improvement of recent date which is acknowledged by gentlemen who were on the Examining Committee on Dental Science, at the Crystal Palace, by Professors of Dental Colleges, and by Scientific Dentists generally, to surpass every other plan now known for beauty, durability, comfort and cheapness.
Office and residence on the east side of North Duke st., between Orange and Chestnut, one square and a half north of the Court House, and a short distance south of the Railroad. may 29 1y-19

JOB PRINTING.
HAVING within a few days supplied the office with a large assortment of FANCY JOB TYPE, from the foundry of L. Johnson & Co., Philadelphia, we flatter ourself in being able to do almost every kind of

JOB WORK
in a style which cannot be excelled by any other establishment in this City. Those, therefore, of our readers, who may desire to have

Handbills, Cards, Bill-Heads, Blanks,
and every other species of

Job Printing
done, would do well to give us a trial, and then judge for themselves.
☞ OFFICE No. 2, North Duke street, directly opposite the new Court House. jan 30 1f-2

Spring and Summer Clothing.—Short Coats with long sacks, long sleeves and Cloth Vests, PANTALOONS that have actually gut legs to them, but there appears to be no allowance for any other contentions—we say that actually we have heard some of the true men rest at ease, but no danger of chafing the goods, as the machine has been made sufficiently fine to fit, and to supply the deficiency of material. Gentlemen who are in want of clothing had better inquire before they buy of those who are not moderate. Some men follow a trade they never learned. They cannot feel like Mechanics honest pride and high ambition to excel in his particular trade or business. Every man to his own trade is the old adage. The Clothing business in particular, is held with individuals who were formerly Mechanics, shoemakers, Tinkers and tailors, who now following a trade they never learned. We always feel happy when we see the Mechanic raise himself superior to those Vandals in business. The extensive business done at the Cornerstone.
Lancaster Clothing Bazaar
this season is particularly gratifying, because the Proprietor (Gentleman) is not only a fashionable tailor, but a Mechanic, who has risen to the highest point of fame, always maintaining his position for the manufacture of superior clothing, on the principle of large sales and small profits. We recommend all in want of good and cheap clothing, to call at Fashion Hall, or DEGROOT'S, MARKET Square freely. No. 25 opposite the Franklin House, Lancaster Market. LANCASTER CLOTHING BAZAAR. april 17 3m-13

Super-Phosphate of Lime.—Just received and for sale by the subscribers a lot of the above valuable fertilizer, in Barrels. GEO. ALLDER & CO., Office 345, N. Queen street and at Gerdt's Landing, on the Conestoga. June 12 1f-21

Copperware Manufactory.—SAMUEL DILL, finds returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he still continues at the old stand, in West King street, nearly opposite Fulton Hall, and is prepared to manufacture to order

Copper Ware,
in all its various branches, on the most reasonable terms. He invites his country friends especially to give him a call, as he is confident of being able to please.

Livery Stable.
He also keeps constantly on hand, for hire, HORSES, CARRIAGES, BAROUCHES, &c., &c., all in excellent order, and furnished at the lowest rates.
Give him a call when you need anything of the kind, and he will satisfy you to a nicety. Lancaster, may 8 1f-16

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.—A large assortment of the above, in every variety, including many new ones, recently introduced, for sale by wholesale or retail; also Osage Orange Seed, a prime article, fresh from Texas. For sale by PASCHALL MORRIS & Co., Agricultural Warehouse and Seed store, corner of 7th & Market sts., Philada. april 24 1f-17

Notice.—CAMEOT MAKING BUSINESS. The undersigned hereby gives notice that she will carry on the CARNET MAKING and Undertaking business at the old stand, No. 1, West Orange street, formerly kept by her husband, Henry M. Miller, and at the same time returns her sincere thanks for the liberal patronage formerly bestowed on the establishment. A continuance of the same patronage is respectfully solicited. may 15 1y-8 MARY MILLER.

Railroad House, European style Hotel and Restaurant, No. 48 Commercial and No. 87 Clay Streets, SAN FRANCISCO.
HALEY & THOMPSON, Proprietors.
Jan 2 1f-50

Spanish Sole Leather.—1000 pound of Schoolmaster Spanish Leather.
1000 pounds of Big Core best Spanish Leather.
1000 pounds of Hemlock Red Sole Leather.
1000 pounds of Country Tanned Slaughter.
Together with a large assortment of every kind of Leather suitable for Shoe Makers and Saddlers, for which the trade is respectfully invited to examine.
At the Sign of the Last, No. 17½ West King street. M. H. LOCHER.

PATENT & FRENCH CALF SKINS.—A superior article of French and Patent Calf Skins, just received and for sale at the sign of the Last, No. 17½ West King st. M. H. LOCHER.

MOROCCO & PINK LININGS.—50 doz. of Pink and Dark colored Sheep Skins on hand.
50 dozen of Morocco Linings, of superior quality, for sale at the Leather, Morocco and Shoe Binding Store, sign of the Last, No. 17½ West King st. M. H. LOCHER.

LASTS & ROOT TREES.—A large and well selected stock of Lasts and Boot Trees, for sale, at reduced prices, lower than can be bought in the city. At the Last Store, No. 17½ West King street, below Stutzman's Hardware Store. M. H. LOCHER. april 24 1f-14

Agricultural and Horticultural Tools.—Superior Unlanding Hay Forks; a new and improved Hoe, Rake and Fork; Manure Forks; Garden Rollers, Cabriolet Rollers, Tubular Iron Scythe Snaths, Rockaway Rakes, Patent Grass Hooks, Improved Grass Hooks, Hedge Shears, Ladies' Garden Shears, Weeding Forks, Transplanting Trowels, and other fine Horticultural Tools, for sale or retail from Europe.
PASCHALL MORRIS & Co.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
may 29 1f-19 Corner 7th and Market sts., Phila.

Reaping and Mowing Machines.—The subscribers are now executing orders for the following Reaping and Mowing Machines, believed to be the largest assortment to be found at any one establishment in the United States:
Atkins' Reaper and Self Raker, freight added. $255
McCormick's Combined Reaper and Mower, 225
Burrell's Reaper and Mower, 225
Ketchum's Reaper and Mower, 225
Ketchum's Mower, 2 Knives, 125
Allen's Mower, 2 Knives, 125
Hussey's Reaper and Mower, with front carriage and side delivery. 225
Manny's Combined Reaper and Mower, depending on Territory. 225
Samples of the above, in store for examination.
Circulars sent by mail, if desired.
PASCHALL MORRIS & Co.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
may 29 1f-19 Corner 7th and Market sts., Phila.

A Chance Seldom Offered!—To any person out of employment desiring lucrative and handsome business, by enclosing me ONE DOLLAR, I will send, by return of mail, a Receipt or instruction Book, for carrying on a very profitable, and which cannot be dispensed with, business, which I have been engaged in for the over five years, and which I have successfully carried on, and have distributed within the last three months over 500 Receipts. Ladies, as well as gentlemen are engaged in the sale of it.
Address, post paid, J. THOMKINS WHITE,
June 5 6m*20 Milestown, Phila. City, Pa.

Leather.—FRITZ, HENDRY & CO., No. 29 North Third street, Philadelphia. Morocco Manufacturers, Carriers and Importers of French Calf Skins and dealers in Red and Oak Sole Leather and Kip. feb 27 1y-6

Slate Roofing.—The undersigned, agent for the above celebrated Caldwell Slate, the superiority of which is generally known, is prepared to contract for Roofing or for furnishing Slates. The safety and superiority of Slate Roofing needs no comment. All work done in the best manner, and all orders promptly attended to.
GEO. M. STEINMAN,
feb 27 6m-6 Hardware Store, West King st., Lan.

Removal.—DR. S. WELCHINS, Surgeon Dentist, respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that having abandoned his intention of leaving Lancaster, he has removed his office to No. 3, Krumph's building, North Queen st., directly opposite Hukerton & Shaynicker's Hardware Store.
In returning his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous patrons and friends, for the great encouragement held out to him to remain, and also for the very flattering testimonials offered in regard to the integrity and beauty of his work, he takes pleasure, in stating to the public, that he has taken into his practice a new and improved method of mounting Teeth upon Atmospheric Plates either of Gold, Platina or Silver, prices varying accordingly, to suit the wants and circumstances of the patient.
This mode of operating surmounts many embarrassing difficulties and disadvantages with which Dentists have heretofore been obliged to contend, in order to render their work comfortable, serviceable and pleasant, to those who are obliged to wear artificial teeth. Please call at the office of Dr. S. Welchens, No. 3, Krumph's Building, and examine specimens of his plate work, to which he directs his best efforts. apr 10 6m*12

Vulcanized Indian Rubber.—SUSPENSORIES, STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE CAPS, &c., for Varicose or Enlarged Veins, Weakness at Knee and Ankle Joints, Swollen Limbs, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., &c. This Elastic Compounding Fabric is formed of India Rubber Threads, prepared by the process of Vulcanizing, so as to retain permanently its elasticity. These threads are afterwards covered with silk and cotton, and woven into net work, stockings, &c. It is light in texture, and porous, so as to parry the condation