The Weekly Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:

Saturday Evening, June 5, 1852

THE OVERLAND EMIGRATION.—We find a letter in the Cleveland Herald from an intelligent correspondent, who is on his way to California, dated St. Joseph, May 15, a part of which we transfer to our columns as a matter of considerable interest. "There is not," says the writer, "a more diversified and varied body of people in the universe, than those en route for California. I have met in my travels so far, all ages of both sexes, from the babe of four weeks old in its mother's arms, to the hoary headed veteran who has exceeded by more than ten years the allotted age of man. I have observed all classes and conditions in life—the business man, the dandy, lawyer, preacher, doctor, mechanic, farmer, common laborer, loafer and gambler. All of these personages commingle and help to make up the grand panorama of emigration across the plains. Of the number who have gone the overland route and who are about ready to leave from the various points of starting, it is impossible to form any very definite opinion. It is estimated, however, by those whose opinions are deserving of consideration, that twenty thousand would not cover the number, and that were they in a continuous line as close together as the teams could stand, they would form a train more than three hundred and fifty miles long;—that would be sufficient to establish two lines, one from Cleveland to Cincinnati and the other from Cleveland to Wellsville, being the entire length of two of the great Rail Roads leading to and from your city.

The method of travelling is various, with pack mules and horses, with wagons drawn by oxen, cows, horses, mules and asses, the oxen and cows by far out numbering all others, and some on foot with their hand-carts drawn by themselves. The last seems to be the hardest and most meritorious service of all. Men who will engage to draw a hand cart two thousand miles by hand, certainly deserve success. The outfit generally consists of about three hundred pounds of provisions to the man, cooking utensils, two blankets, a gun or two to each company, and the wagon and necessary team, which is from two to eight yoke of oxen, from two to six horses or mules, with one or two extra horses or mules for riding. Each company also has a tent in size to correspond with the size of the company. The above with some etceteras constitute an out for a trip across the plains."

Of the Cholera, he says that disease "made its appearance here a week or two ago, and is carrying off some, and frightning many more. I imagine that twenty, and perhaps less, would cover the entire number who have died, but its appearance has created quite a panic, and emigrants are leaving as fast as possible. There was a company of eighteen persons from Greene and Clinton counties, Ohio, who came up the Missouri on the same boat with myself, and camped about four miles out of town, who have lost two men, one by cholera and one by some other disease. The misfortunes of the company have placed them in a deplorable situation. They have broken up and some of them already gone home, and most of the remainder will follow suit as soon as they can get away. Indeed I am informed by one of their number that there is no prospect of more than four out of the eighteen going any further. They are a fine set of fellows and all of their acquaintances sympathise deeply with their afflictions.

"It is said that the cholera is on the plains, and that many are dying, but from all that I can learn I think there is much more alarm than there is any cause for."

DEATH OF MR. STACEY.—The railroad accident which resulted in the death of Mr. Stacey of Zanesville, was caused by a defect in the "frog" and happened just as the train was about to stop at the station house in Mount Vernon. The locomotive, tender, two baggage and three passenger cars were thrown off. The engineer, Mr. Derrick, was thrown off and rendered insensible, but will recover. In regard to the death of Mr. Stacey, it is said that he was thrown against the corner of a small house, at the side of the western track, from whence he rebounded and fell on the cross ties, between the rails, where he was passed over by the wheels of the tender, or baggage car, severing one ear, and otherwise badly maiming his head and face, tearing out his bowles and mangling his body in a most shocking manner.—His death was instantaneous: indeed, it is supposed that the blow he received from the timbers of the engine box, had caused his death, before his body encountered the wheels of the car.

None of the other passengers were injured, they remaining quiet in the cars. No blame is attached to the conductor.

Mr. Stacey was buried on Thursday under the direction of the Odd Fellows, and his remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of his fellow-citizens. We condense the above particulars from the *Courier*.

TELLING FAULTS.—Did anybody ever hear the story of two bachelor brothers, down in Tennessee, who had lived a cat-and-dog sort of life, to their own and their neighborhood's discomfort, for a good many years, but who, having been at a camp-meeting, were slightly "convicted," and determined to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their homes, "let us set down now, and I tell you what we'll do. You tell me of all my faults, and I'll tell yours, and so we'll know how to go about mendin' 'em."

"Good," says brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"No you begin, brother Joe."

"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you *will lie*."

Crack! goes brother Tom's "paw" between brother Joe's "blinkers," and considerable of a "scrimmage ensues," until, in the course of ten minutes, neither are able to "come to time," and the reformation is postponed *sine die*.

NEW BISHOPS.—The General Conference, at Boston, elected the following persons as Bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church: Rev. Levi Scott, M. Simpson, O. C. Baker, and E. R. Ames.

☞There is a chap in Maine who goes into New Hampshire and gets high, and, when he goes back, charges his neighbors 12½ cents for smelling his breath.

BALTIMORE CONVENTION.—If the nomination of James K. Polk, in 1844, was a matter of surprise and astonishment, that of General Pearce will not be less so. He however has one advantage—Polk was nominated without having been thought of in connection with that office; Gen. Pearce was nominated at some county meeting in New Hampshire.

Of his life but little is known beyond the limits of his own State. He was one of the manufactured generals of the Mexican War, but did not distinguish himself in that capacity, or had no opportunity to do so.

We do not think the game of 1844 will win again. The people had enough of that.

The Riders.—Our citizens have not, for the past few days, had the pleasure of witnessing the fair ladies of our city upon horseback as frequently as usual. The present spring, the practice has become a custom, and it is certainly a good and a healthy one, and the cool weather would only add beautiful colors to the complexion. It is certainly a custom worthy of continuance, and decidedly the most healthy and beautiful manner in which ladies can take a ride. The morning and the evening breezes are the best of all artists, their only color carnation, and it is the most beautiful of all.

Democratic Primary Election.—The election, to-day, passed off very harmoniously, each candidate working busily for himself and each one confident of the nomination.—We may be able to obtain the result in this township before we go to press. It is not probable that we will receive any other returns, but by Monday, we will be able to announce the lucky candidates. The whole number of votes polled here reached over 700.

The City, to-day, presented a very lively appearance. It being the day of the Democratic primary election, a large number of persons were in town and our business men had a very busy time of it.

RICHARD ROBINSON.—A correspondent of the Albany Express, writing from Lavacca, Texas, under date of April 23, gives the following respecting a person who engrossed no little share of public attention in New York some years ago:

A character from our *alma mater* State, whose name you will remember—Richard P. Robinson, of Ellen Jewet notoriety, acquitted from capital punishment by a doubtful flaw in the pleading—flourishes in the eastern part of the State. He has adopted the prefix Richard Parmlee for his cognomen—has filled many importn't stations in this country, some of a judicial nature—and has good standing. He is married and has progeny. When I last saw him I could not but moralize on the changes of life. The patron of the *beau monde* in '35—the exquisite and fop now changed into an awkward backwoodsman. Is not "truth stranger than fiction?"

WOOL.—The prospect of the Wool market for the coming season does not appear very promising as to prices, owing to various causes. There is considerable depression in the market, and from present indications there appears to be no likelihood of an improvement.

The clip of 1852 will, it is estimated, exceed that of 1851 from ten to fifteen per cent, since, owing to the high prices obtained for wool last season, the number of sheep slaughtered has been less than usual. In the State of Ohio, the clip is now estimated at from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 lbs.

In 1851 there was considerable speculation among Eastern buyers, and a great part of the clip was contracted for on the sheep's back. The many agents sent West to buy wool occasioned much competition, and caused a great advance in prices.

The manufacturers, in consequence of these forced prices, found themselves involved in difficulties, and either had to carry on their operations at a loss, in the hope of an advance in the price of manufactured goods, or to stop their machinery.

A quantity of wool being thus thrown upon the market, prices fell, and the stock was sold at a loss of from seven to ten per cent. At the close of the year there was a temporary advance of two or three cents per pound, which, however, speedily fell off. Prices are now lower than at any time during last fall.

By the last advices from England we learn that wool has slightly declined there. Since the difficulties have been settled in Buenos Ayres prices there have declined 33⅓ per cent. This circumstance will have a tendency to increase the importation of South American wool this year over that of 1851.

The New York Journal of Commerce, in a review of the market for the week ending the 22d inst., says:

"The market is exceedingly dull, and without very considerable concessions, even from present rates, manufacturers will not purchase. The stock of domestic is light, and the sales during the week have been confined to small parcels, amounting in the aggregate to about 20,000 lbs. fleeces, and 10,000 lbs. pulled."—*Buffalo Com.*

A PREDICAMENT.—We have been requested to put this again afloat:—

Mr. John Damphute was a very modest man, and Miss Emily was a very pretty girl. Several times had Jack determined to pay her a visit, but never could raise steam enough. Having at length screwed his courage to a sticking point, he arrayed himself in a pair of tight fitting pants, and blue brass-buttoned coat, and sailed forth determined to conquer or die. The bell was rung, and Jack was ushered into a darkened room while the servant departed to find his lady-love. In searching for a chair, Jack's toe came in contact with a footstool, causing, by process of a somerset, his head to come in contact with the floor. The concussion was not very severe; but, alas! this breach of etiquette occasioned a *breach* of his *breeches*. In other words, Jack's cassimers suffered some, but fortunately, in the exact locality which his coat tails would conceal. So, taking heart, Jack seated himself, carefully arranged the skirts of his coat, and putting on the best face he could, prepared to encounter the fair Miss Emily, who smilingly enters, and encouragingly chatters about the weather, &c., &c., until at length she misses her handkerchief. "Where can it have got to!—have you seen anything of it, Mr. Damphute." No, Jack hadn't; but in his eagerness to recover the missing article, Jack, like many a gallant officer, neglected his rear, thereby discovering (as she supposed) to the anxious eyes of Miss Emily her missing property. She seized it with both hands, at the same time remarking, "Here it is Sir; you need not trouble yourself. Get up, sir; your are sitting on it. Alas! poor Jack! He felt the contested article giving way inch by inch, until at length he seized his collar with both hands and exclaimed:

"For God sake, Miss Emily, leave me my shirt collar!"

IDIOTS IN OHIO.—There are in this State 769 male and 611 female idiots. With an institution which might be erected at small cost and a moderate annual outlay, this helpless class might be made comfortable, to a certain degree, intelligent, and thereby happy.

JONATHAN BERKS.

—OR—

A Scene in the Kentucky Legislature.

The following incident took place many years ago, on the morning of the second day of the session. Old Jonathan Berks had been elected from Cumberland county sorely against his will. He told the people he was not "smart" enough; but they persuaded him that they knew better than him. At that session there were a great many new members who were unused to the forms of legislation, and who committed some mistakes which were a source of amusement for many years after.

The prayer over, the names of the members were called, to ascertain whether a quorum was present to do the business. The clerk began the roll alphabetically, as usual. A profound silence reigned throughout the hall.

"Arthur Atchison." He paused a while and then repeated, "Arthur Atchison." He looked around the House. Not a word in reply. At length a tall, bony figure unrolled himself from his seat, and with a slow, steady step approached the clerk. All eyes were turned to the gaunt and grim being who majestically moved towards the clerk's desk.

"Do you want me?" said Mr. Atchison, in a low and modest tone of voice.

A titter of ill suppressed laughter ran round the hall at the expense of poor Atchison, who shrunk back abashed to his seat, now conscious of having made himself ridiculous.

Berks chuckled with delight. He pitied Atchison from his very soul, and was sorry that the poor fellow had been sent there to be made a laughing stock of. The clerk proceeded—

"Francis Baker."

"Hay!" said Mr. Baker, with a real backwoods drawl as though he wasn't afraid. But to his surprise and mortification, the laugh went round, greatly to the discomfiture of the honest woodsman.

Our Berks—not "Tom Burk of ours," but *our* Berks—laughed as heartily as the rest.

"Why," said he to himself, "what a fool Baker is. He must feel awful bad to be laughed at so. I wonder how a man feels, when the whole House laughs at him!—Ah! Baker, *you* have no business here, that's certain. You thought you were smart; but the opinion of the House is against you," and he shook his sides with inward joy.

"Richard Ballingall."

"Aye!" said Mr. Ballingall, with a loud voice.

Again the laugh burst forth louder than ever, and Mr. Ballingall turned various colors, like Hudibras' lobster.

"Now," said Berks with delight, "Now, he won't do, at all. He imagines we are voting on a bill—Lord, what a goose! The people knew more than I thought they did. They told me that I would find a sight bigger fools than myself, and sure enough here are three at the start. I wish they would call old Berks—the laugh would stop then, I'll warrant ye."

"James Beatty."

"Nah!" Mr. Beatty exclaimed, with a broad Scotch-Irish accent.

Away went the laugh again, in gleeful mirth that bid defiance to description. Rap, rap, rap, went the Speaker's hammer; and with a frown he gracefully leaned forward, and lectured the House upon its increasing disorder, checking for a time its boisterous hilarity. This brought up Mr. Beatty, who said:

"Mr. *Speaker:* I dinna care how much they laugh. They may all go to the de'il for me."

This was too much for the Speaker and House. Berks laughed till the tears trickled down his face.

"Ah," said he "my people are smart. They knew more than I did. They knew there would be bigger fools than old Berks here; and sure enough there are. Oh, ho! I shall be a great man one of these—"

But his self-glorification was stopped by the clear tones of the clerk's voice.

"Solomon Beene."

Mr. Beene arose and asked—

"Vat ish te question!"

His face was so composed with the grave cares of government, and the awful responsibility of making laws, that sooner than unbend with mirth, its muscles would have broken like iron of a frosty morning.

In spite of the repeated calls to order, the House broke forth in the most uproarious laugeter.

"Misther Speaker; you may all laugh as much as you tam pleases. I have serve mine country—I'm gettin' old—I never vas te man vat I has been." And down he sat, amidst the undisguised laughter on all sides.

"Silence! silence!" said the Speaker—"Will you never have done, gentlemen! For God's sake, preserve order."

Old Berks, like the rest, was convulsed—"Well well!" said he, "this is too much! My people knew me better than I knew myself. *Smart, smart!* Yes you may let them alone for *that*. They knew a thing or two. They knew I would throw a heap of these fellows in the shade." His gratulations were disturbed by the voice of the clerk, who had just composed his face to call out—

"Ichabod Bennet."

"I'm on which ever side the *query's* on," said Mr. Bennet.

"Huzza! Go it, my boys," cried big Bill Smith from the lobby.

Rap, rap, rap, again went the Speaker's hammer—

"I will positively have the lobbies cleared if there is any more disorder. Mr. Sergeant-at-arms, do your duty, Sir, order must and *shall* be preserved."

Poor Bennet was the most disconcerted of all that had gone before. He had belonged to debating societies, had been a crack speaker, and had anticipated that he would reap a large field of glory in the Legislature. Like a terrapin, he crept into his shell, and never opened his mouth again during the session.

"Oh," said Berks, "I know what the clerk wants. Why it's the plainest thing in the world—he wants to know the county the members are from. Let him call me. Here the clerk cried—

"Jonathan Berks."

Berks rose and bowed to the Speaker; then, with a smile of expected triumph upon his countenance, he raised himself aloft, struck his breast violently with his right hand, and exclaimed as loud as he could yell.

"Cumberland!"

This was more than the members could bear. Restrained hitherto by the Speaker, in at least a partial degree, all order was now overthrown. There was clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and huzzas intermingled with irresistible laughter. In the midst of the confusion, some one in the lobby proposed an adjournment. It was a minute before the clerk could proceed.

"John P. Curtis."

"Here," said Mr. Curtis, in a short business tone of voice, and the laughter ceased. The call continued in the same way, to the chagrin of Berks. "Here," said he, muttering half audibly, "here: why there's nothing smart in that. Did not the clerk see me in my seat! and where was the use of answering 'here,' when he saw me! I didn't suppose that I was at a muster, that I must answer 'here' to my name. It was natural that I should think he wanted to know the county I was from. Pox take it all—I'm the biggest fool in the House. They laughed more at me than any one else. One thing is certain; and that is if I can't find a bigger fool than old Jonathan Berks I'll resign my seat, and tell my constituents they were mistaken once in their lives. I will look over the House and see.

With this laudable intention he cast his eyes over the members, and scanned their features well.

"Oh," said he, my old dolt; I have found you. *Nat'ral* is painted in his face! Old Berks don't knock under yet," and rubbed his hands with joy. Berks was looking at a gentleman by the name of Montjoy, an old member, who shortly arose to address the Speaker. To his astonishment Montjoy spoke like one familiar with his subject. He argued with great clearness and great force, and commanded the attention of the House to the last.

"Well," said Berks, I must try again. That man has deceived me, and I must look further. If deceived this trial, Berks resigns; for Berks will not be the biggest fool in the crowd. Oh, my poor father, he used to say, Jonathan, says he, 'stick near shore. Don't venture in deep water.' Oh, that I had taken his advice, and staid at home. But I was over persuaded; and here I am in deep water—yes, and hot water too. Good—I see a man—that gosling-looking fellow with long flaxen hair—he's the biggest fool in this house, no doubt. It's a wonder I hadn't seen him before. Berks stays. Berks will be a legislator at last."

Just as Berks had finished his remarks, that tall and gangling young man rose to address the House. In tones deep and mellifluous he poured his words along, like some beautiful river. Warming with his subject as he progressed, his voice became as clear as the clarion's call. His eyes of ethereal blue emitted sparks of fire as it glanced from member to member. His very words seemed to burn as they came leaping forth like a lava stream. His form enlarged and his strength multiplied, like that of a giant roused from his slumber of a thousand years.

Berks sat with mouth and eyes open, as though taking the last glimpse of a visitant from the spirit world. Silence reigned over the Hall in its deepest profundity; and when the young orator took his seat, a gush of applause burst from every heart. Poor Berks could stand it no longer. He seized his hat and made a dash at the door, like one possessed of the furies, saying as he went—

"I'm off. I go back to my people and tell them to send somebody else in my place. 'Tis too much to be the biggest fool in the House."

And sure enough he did resign and go home to his constituents. The first word he said was, "I told you I wouldn't do and you didn't believe me, and here I am."

It is needless to say that the young orator was the great Harry Clay, a name that has started the blood in the veins of his friends at its mention, for the last forty years, and one of the few that is not born to die. Heaven bless and prolong his days!

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SPARE MOMENTS.—A LEAN, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked like a beggar more than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen.—The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr.——," said he.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr.——, if he can see me."

"Some old cloths, may he, what you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr.——!" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes, said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill looking fellow into her master's presence; however she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. Every question which the principla asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles, "Why, my boy, where *did* you pick up so much!"

"*In my spare moments*," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time!" How precious they should be! What account can you show for them! Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, *many* other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the gambling house, who, if you should ask them where they began their sinful courses, might answer; "In my *spare moments*." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

A Good Story.—A lady communicates to an English paper a remarkable fact respecting two bantam hens in her possession. She declares, that for eighteen months, each hen has laid an egg every day in the week except on Sunday. On no occasion has either of them failed to do its duty on week days, or forgotten to intermit its exertions on Sunday during all that period. What an example to reprobate man.

STATE BONDS.—The Pacific Railroad Co., yesterday, made sale of $50,000 of the Missouri State six per cent bonds, to a firm in this city, at $105, (five per cent above par.) This is a most gratifying evidence of the credit of the State.—*St. Louis Republican, 26th.*

RAPID WORK.—Two compositors, employed in the Cleveland True Democrat office set 32,000 ems, the other day, in 10 hours;—and two others, in the State Journal establishment, set the surprising quantity of 34,000, in the same time. Both papers are correctly and handsomely printed. A good average day's work in type setting is about 7,000 ems.—*Scio. Gaz.*

☞Upwards of fifty ships have sailed from China for California, taking, it is estimated, about 15,000 emigrants.

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKING.

Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned has taken into partnership in the Saddle, Harness and Trunk manufacturing business, JOHN H. MATLACK, and the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm-name of *LITTLE & MATLACK.* The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞All those indebted to the subscriber, are earnestly requested to call and settle as the old business must be closed up. JOHN N. LITTLE.

March 30, 1852. 3m48

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Telegraph Building, opposite Court House.

A GENERAL Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES, BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and STATIONERY, of superior quality, for sale at very low prices.

May 3. JOHN L. TUTHILL.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received, Clovernook, by Alice Carey; the Lorgnette, Dream O Life, Fresh Gleanings by Ike Marvel; First Impressions in England, Old Red Sandstone, Foot Prints of the Creator, by Hugh Miller; Glance at Europe, by H. Greely; a Buckeye Abroad, or the wanderings in Europe and the Orient, by S. S. Cox, and many other new and choice Books, together with a fine and general assortment of *Bibles, School Books*, &c., which will be sold very low at the Book Store of JOHN L. TUTHILL,

May 3. Telegraph Building, opposite court-house.

JOHN LYONS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Every Variety of Family Groceries, Provision, Fruit, Glass and Stoneware,

INVITES the attention of the citizens of Fairfield and adjoining counties to his extensive stock which can't be surpassed.

He would say to the farmer, in due season he will be supplied with all kinds of Lake Fish, to supply as many as may feel disposed to favor him with a call.

Lancaster, February 26, 1852. 43

Ætna Insurance Company.

THE undersigned is local agent for the above company for Lancaster and vicinity. This is the oldest company of Hartford, Connecticut, and is as solvent and responsible as any company in the United States. JOHN D. MARTIN.

Lancaster November 13, 1851. 3m26

To House-keepers

PERSONS wishing to purchase Goods of this description, will find it to their interest to call at EFFINGER, WHITE & LATTA'S and examine their large and splendid assortment of

OIL CARPETS, from 3-4 to 7-4 wide,
Floor Mats, Brass curtain Bands,
Brass and Glass curtain Pins, Table Knives & Forks
Coffee Mills, Sad Irons, Shovel and Tongs,
Candle Sticks, Lamps, Stair Rods,
Tubs, churns, Wash Boards, &c. &c. &c.

Lancaster, October 30, 1851. 26

PAINTS! PAINTS!

PURE White Lead in Oil	Vermilion
do do do Dry	Patent Black
Red Lead	Lamp Black
Venetian Red	Umber
Litharage	Rose Pink
Chrome Green	Chrome Yellow

Just received and for sale by

Lancaster, July 31 G. KAUFFMAN & CO.

PAINTS, OILS, &C.

200 Kegs Pure White Lead 5 kills Venetian Red,
10 do Red Lead, 1 do Yellow Ochre,
5 Kegs Dry White Lead, 40 do Linseed Oil,
10 do Litharage 5 do spi Turpentine
100 lbs Chrome Green. 2 do Japan Varnish
150 do do Yellow 4 do Copal do
200 do American Vermillion 1 do sup coach doke

just received and for sale at the city Drug Store late G. G. Beck EDWARD L. SLOCUM.

Lancaster, June 26, 1851 3

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of ROPE & BECK, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, the books and accounts are in the hands of P. ROPE, who will make all settlements, and by whom all claims against said firm will be paid. P. ROPE.

March 26, 1852. J. F. BECK.

New Arrangement.

THE undersigned having bought the entire interest of JACOB F. BECK, he will continue the Hardware business at his old stand opposite the Tallmadge House, where he will constantly keep on hand a general assortment of Hardware, which he will positively *sell cheaper* than any house in the city can sell.—He invites his old friends and the public generally to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to give general satisfaction.

☞All persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned or the late firm of Rope & Beck, are earnestly requested to call and settle, as the business of the firm must be settled up at as early a day as possible. P. ROPE.

Lancaster, March 29, 1852.

Fresh Arrival of Books.

THE undersigned has just opened at his Book Store, *opposite Shaffer's Hotel*, an EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT, consisting of every variety of *Stationery and School Books*, and a very large and excellent lot of Miscellaneous and standard works.

Blank Books, of every description, and at the very lowest rates.

Bibles, a large and splendid assortment and at extremely low prices.

The public may rest assured that they can obtain at the above stand, every thing usually kept in a store of this kind and at prices as low as at any other establishment in this region.

Thankful for past favors, the undersigned hopes to merit a continuance of the public patronage, by faithful attention to business and a disposition to please all who may favor him with a call.

JOHN SEARLES.

Lancaster, November 20, 1851 22

CABINET AND CHAIR SHOP.

REMOVAL.—T. G. Dodson has removed his Cabinet and Chair Shop from Connelli's Row, to *the Room on Broad Street, South of John Lyons' Grocery, and formerly occupied by D. K. Fickel*, where he will continue to manufacture all articles in his line as heretofore.

Coffins on hand at all times, with a good hearse to attend funerals in any part of the county, at reduced rates. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage. He will labor to give general satisfaction, both as regards price and quality of his work.

Lancaster, April 8, 1852 6m 19

SHOEMAKER'S FINDINGS.—The best *Madras and Turquoise Morocco Skins*, Red, Blue and Yellow Linings; *Bindings*, Boot Webs and Laces.

Shoemaker's Kit.—Embracing all the latest patterns now in use, can be found at the Hardware Store of EFFINGER WHITE & LATTA.

Lancaster, October 30, 1851 26

LANCASTER MACHINE FOUNDRY.

G. DEVOL & CO. are prepared to furnish all kinds of **Steam Engines**, upon short notice and at Cincinnati and Pittsburgh prices.

Also, all kinds of Mill Gearing, Hoisting Screws, Regulating Screws, Jack Screws; Fuller's Screws and Cyder Screws.

Mill Spindles of cast iron or wrought.

Rales and Drivers, &c. &c.

They will also furnish the **Parker Wheel** to suit any head of water, and with either iron or wood shaft. Also, the **Atkinson Wheel** fit up as above. The patent on the Parker Wheel has expired and consequently they can be had much cheaper.

They also continue to make **Devol's Threshing Machines**, and keep a lot constantly on hand; warranted the best in Ohio.

All the above articles will be made with especial care and by the best workmen, and will be warranted.

All kinds of repairing done upon the shortest notice. They also keep constantly on hand, ALL KINDS OF CASTINGS, usually kept in a Foundry. Thy have completed their front shop, so that those who call, can examine their work.

They are also at this time manufacturing the **Lofell Cook Stove**, which received the first Premium at the Ohio State Fair at Cincinnati last Fall, and will keep them constantly on hand.

The known quality of the work done at this establishment for many years past is the best guarantee that in future, the subscribers will labor to deserve the patronage of the public. They invite examination.

Lancaster, May 22, 1851 G. DEVOL & CO.

Fancy Articles,

JUST opening a fresh lot of Brushes of every description; Combs, Ivory, Dressing, Tuck and Side Note Paper Cards, Envelopes, Drawing Paper, Bristle Boards, Perfumery, &c., &c.

July 31 G. KAUFFMAN & CO.

NEW, CHEAP, CITY TIN SHOP.

THE subscriber having located himself in the city, would most respectfully inform the citizens of the same and surrounding country, that he is now *opening a Shop on Columbus street, West side, three Doors North of Main*, for the manufacture and sale of all kinds of

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware,

Where he intends keeping, at all times, a full and general assortment, which will be sold on the most liberal terms. Persons wanting articles in his line would do well and save money by calling on him before making their purchase, as he is determined to sell cheap.

All work warranted.

JOBBING, &c.—**House Spouting and Roofing**, prepared and put up on the shortest notice, in the best manner, and at the very lowest rates. A. W.

Lancaster, Ohio, september 4, 1851. 18

LIQUORS.

4 Casks Brandy, 2 do London Brown Stout, Wines of all kinds, Old Rye Whiskey, &c., just received at

July 31 G. KAUFFMAN & CO's

DYE WOODS.

325 lbs Ext Log Wood 10 barrels Chip Log Wood
6 bls Cam Wood, Fustic, Copperas and blue Vitriol &c., just received. G. KAUFFMAN & CO.

Lancaster, July 31 13

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, Eighty Acres of Land, being the Southwest part of the Farm on which she now resides, and adjoining the lands of Isaac Rees, one and a quarter miles west of Lancaster, on the Royalton Road, affording one of the best sites for a country mansion within the vicinity of the city; one-third part wood land, and the remainder in four fields under fence. The improvements are two small Frame Dwellings, Shed Barn, and Stabling, two wells, one with a Pump, the other a draw well.—Possession given to the purchaser in time to seed wheat this Fall HANNAH LEVERING

March 29, 1852 5w48

Just Received at the Old Drug Store,

550 Gallons Linseed OIL of superior quality.

G. KAUFFMAN & CO.

Lancaster, July 31, 1851. 13

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder!

GREAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S

THE TRUE

DIGESTIVE FLUID,

OR, GASTRIC JUICE.

Prepared from RENNET, or the fourth STOMACH or THE OX, after directions of BARON LIEBIG, the great Physiological chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON M. D. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This is a truly wonderful remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, liver complaint, constipation, and Debility, curing after Nature's own method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice.

☞Half a teaspoonful of PEPSIN, infused in water, will digest or dissolve, *Five Pounds of Roast Beef in about two hours*, out of the stomach.

PEPSIN is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *solvent of the Food*, the *Purifying, Preserving*, and *stimulating* Agent of the stomach and Intestines. It is extracted from the digestive stomach of the Ox, thus forming an Artificial Digestive Fluid, precisel like the natural Gastric Juice in its chemical powers, and furnishing a complete and perfect substitute for it. By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of indigestion and dyspepsia are removed just as they would be by a healthy stomach. It is doing wonders for Dyspeptics, curing cases of Debility, emaciation, nervous decline and dyspeptic consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The Scientific evidence upon which it is based, is in the highest degree curious and remarkable.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE!

BARON LIEBIG in his celebrated work on Animal chemistry, says: "An Artificial Digestive Fluid, analogous to the Gastric Juice, may be readily prepared from the mucous membrane of the stomach of the Calf, in which various articles of food as meat and eggs, will be *softened, charged and digested* just in the same manner as they would be in the human stomach."

Dr COMBE, in his valuable writings on the "Physiology of Digestion," observes that "a diminution of the due quantity of the Gastric Juice is a prominent and all prevailing cause of Dyspepsia;" and he states that "a distinguished professor of medicine in London, who was severely afflicted with this complaint, finding everything else to fail, had recourse to the Gastric Juice, obtained from the stomachs of living animals, which *proved completely successful.*"

Dr. GRAHAM, author of the famous works on "Vegetable Diet," says: "It is a remarkable fact in physiology, that the stomachs of animals, macerated in water, impart to the fluid the property of dissolving various articles of food, and of effecting a kind of *artificial digestion* of them in no wise different from the natural digestive process."

☞Call on the Agent, and get a Descriptive circular, gratis giving a large amount of scientific evidence, similar to the above, together with reports of remarkable cures, from all parts of the United States.

As a Dyspepsia Cure,

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN has produced the most marvellous effects, in curing cases of *Debility, Emaciation, Nervous Decline* and *Dyspeptic consumption.* It is impossible to give the details of cases in the limits of this advertisement; but authenticated certificates have been given of more than *Two Hundred remarkable cures*, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston alone. These were nearly all desperate cases, and the cures were not only rapid and wonderful, but permanent.

It is a great *Nervous Antidote*, and particularly useful for tendency to bilious disorder, liver complaint, fever and ague, or badly treated fever and ague, and the evil effects of Quinine, Mercury, and other drugs upon the Digestive Organs, after a long sickness. Also, for excess in eating, and the too free use of ardent spirits. It almost reconciles *Health* with *Intemperance.*

Old Stomach Complaints.

There is no force of *Old Stomach complaints* which it does not seem to reach and remove at once. No matter how bad they may be, *it gives instant relief!* A single dose removes all the unpleasant symptoms; and it only needs to be repeated for a short time to make these good effects permanent. *Purity of Blood and vigor of Body* follow at once. It is particularly excellent in cases of Nausea, Vomiting, cramps, soreness of the pit of the stomach, distress after eating, low, cold state of the Blood, Heaviness, lowness of spirits, despondency, emaciation, weakness, tendency to Insanity, suicide, &c.

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN, is sold by nearly all the dealers in fine drugs & Popular Medicines, throughout the United States. It is prepared in Powder and in fluid form—and Prescription vials for the use of Physicians.

Private Circulars for the use of Physicians, may be obtained of Dr. Houghton or his Agents, describing the whole process of preparation, and giving the authorities upon which the claims of this new remedy are based. As it is not a secret remedy, no objection can be raised against its use by Physicians, in respectable standing and regular practice. Price $1 per bottle.

☞Observe price!—Every bottle of the genuine PEPSIN bears the written signature of J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., sole proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Copyright and Trade Mark secured.

☞Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Agents—EDWARD L. SLOCUM, Lancaster; Dr. J. M. WILSON, Newark; TROUP & RICHARDS, Circleville;

March 25. G. ROSSETER, Columbus 47

CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

IN offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

Dear Sir:—I delayed answering the receipt of your propagation, until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of my friends.

This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children.

I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.

PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.

Brunswick, Maine, February 5, 1847.

From an Overseer in the Hamilton Mills, in this city.

LOWELL August 10, 1849

Dr. J. C. Ayer.—I have been cured of the worst cough I ever had in my life, by your "CHERRY PECTORAL," and never fail when I have opportunity, of recommending it to others. Yours, respectfully,

S. D. EMERSON

☞Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakeably distinct:—

UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 5, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer.—Sir:—I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption, for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case, until I commenced the use of your "CHERRY PEC