LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JUURNAL PUBLISHED LIERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS: TERM S:

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable
in advance; two twenty-five, if not paid within aix
monits; and two fifty, if not paid within the year.
No subscription disrontinued until all arrearages are
paid unless at the option of the Editor.
ADVERTISEMENTS——Accompanied by the Cash, and not
exceeding one aquare, will be inserted three times for
one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional
insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Ins. Printing —Such as Hand B.lis, Posting Bills, Pamph.ets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

A maid reclined behind a stream, At fall of summer day, And half awake and half a dream, She watched the ripples play; She marked the waters fall and heave. The deepening shadows throng, And heard, as darkened down the eve-The river's bubbling song. And thus it sang with tickling tongue. That rippling shadowy river-

Forever and forever !' The twilight past, the moon at last Rose broadly o'er the night, Each ripple gleams beneath her beams, As wrought in silver bright: The heaving waters glide along, But mingling with their voice The nightingale now pours his song And makes the shades rejoice.

" Youth's brightest day will fade away

And thus he sang with tuneful voice That bird beside the river-"When youth is gone true love shines on Forever and forever !'

LOVE SONG BY ANSON G. CHESTER. She who sleeps upon my heart Was the first to win it : She who dreams upon my breas

She who kisses oft my line Wakes their warmest blessing She who rests within mine arms Feels their closest pressing. Other hours than these shall come Hours that may be weary; Other days shall greet us yet-

Days that may be dreary; Still that heart shall be thy home Still that breast thy pillow; Still those lips meet thine, as oft Billow meeteth billow-Sleep, then, on my happy heart,

Dream, then, on my loyal breast-None but thou hast done it; And when age our bloom shall change May we in the selfsame grave-Sleep and dream together !

GIRL HUNTING. A HALF LENGTH FROM LIFE. BY MRS. C. KIRKLAND.

"A theme of perilous risk "Can't you let our folks have some eggs ?" said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door and sticking in a little strawcolored head, and a pair of very mild blue eyes, just far enough to reconnoitre: "can't you let our folks have some eggs ' Our pld hen don't lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can't eat pork, and she ain't had no breakfast, and the baby ain't dressed, nor nothin'.'

"What's the matter, Webster? Where's your girl'!" "On, we ain't got no girl but father, and he's had to go 'way to a raisin'-and mother wants to know if you can't tell her

where to get a girl !" Poor Mrs. Larkins! Her husband makes but a very indifferent girl, being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and, having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl of a girl, and I am the sole representative when she can get one. When she cannot, of the family energies. But you've no idea which is unfortunately a larger part of the time, her husband dresses the childrenmixes stir-cake for the eldest blue eyes to bake on the griddle, which is never at rest -milks the cows-feeds the pigs-and then goes to his. business, which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at raisings, wood-bees, huskings, and such like important affairs, and "girl hunting"

profitless of all. Yet is must be owned that Mr. Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts as his neighbors. The main difficulty seems to be that "help" is not often purchasable. The small portion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody's door for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty, and the damsels themselves, subject to a well known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over-courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying to get a girl for a month! are often got for life with less trouble .-

-the most important, and arduous, and

But to return. Having an esteem for Mrs. Larkins, and a sincere experimental pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove successful in ferreting out a "help," though more industry had not succeeded. For this purpose 1 made a list in my mind of those neighbors, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and, secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new light from the other. When the object is of such importance it is well worthy to string one's

bow auite double. In the first category stood Mrs. Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door or window; a blanket supplying the place of one, and ther being represented by a crevice in the logs. Lifting the sooty curtains with some timidity, I tangled yarn, and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. The basket contained a nest of rags and an indescribable baby, and in the ashes on the hearth played several dingy objects, which I supposed had once "Is your daughter at home, Mrs. Lown-

"Well, yes, M'randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her ?" "I came to see if she could not go to ly in want of help."

to know! Is she sick agin, and is her gal some days.

gone? Why, I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon! Is Lo-i-sy gone?"
"I suppose so. You will let Miranda

go to Mrs. Larkins, will you?" "Well, don't know but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commodate them .-M'randy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks of nobody. What wages do they give ?"

"A dollar a week." "Eat at the table ?" "Oh, certainly."

"Have Sundays?"
"Why, no—I believe not the whole of

Sunday; the children you know"—
"Oh, ho!" interrupted Mrs. Lowndes, with a disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle, "if that's how it is, M'randy don't stir a step! She don't live nowhere if she can't come home on Saturday and stay until Monday morning."

I took my leave without further parley, having often found this point sine qua non in such negotiations.

My next effort was at a pretty little cottage, whose over-hanging roof and neater outer arrangements spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect of being more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligibly of the beer barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with | on the deep and intense interest each inan accusation. When I unfolded my errand, her aborb softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she, "but when it comes to the pint you're a sight more uppish and saucy than the ra'al quality at home-and I'll see the

whole Yankee race to"----I made an exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation, and the less reluctantly for having seen on the table the lower part of one of my silver teaspoons, the top of which had been most violently wrenched off. The spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew tha Mrs. Larkins had none to spare. Unsuccessful thus far, among the arbi-

ters of our destiny, I thought I would stopat the house of a friend and make some inquiries which might spare me further rebuffs. On making my way by the garden gate to the library, where I usually saw Mrs. Stayner, I was surprised to see it silent and uninhabited. The windows were and judgment, many a midnight has seen closed, a half-finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. adjunct of a library elsewhere, but quite so at the West-was gone, and the little rocking chair was nowhere to be seen. 1 went on through the parlor and hall, finding no signs of life, save the breakfast table still standing, with the crumbs left undisturbed. Where bells are not known ceremony is out of the question, so I penetrated to the kitchen, where I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and a the same time telling stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy

of four years to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister. "What does this mean ?" "Oh, nothing more than usual. My Pollytook herself off yesterday, without a noment's warning, saying she thought she thought she had lived out long enough, and poor Tom, our factorum, has the ague .-Mr. Stayner has gone to some place sixteen niles off, where he was told he might hear

what capital bread I can make.' This looked rather discouraging for m quest, but knowing that the main point of tuble companionship was the source of most of Mrs. Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs. Larkins who loved the losest intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs. Raniall's, where three daughters had sometimes to lay aside their dignity long enough o obtain some much coveted articles of lress. Here the mop was in full play, and Mrs. Randall, with her gown turned up, was splashing diluted mud on the walis

"A gal! No! who wants a gal?" "Mrs. Larkins." "She! Why don't she get up and do her

and furniture in the received mode of those

regions, where "stained-glass windows" are

made without a patent. I did not venture

n, but asked from the door with my best

"She is too feeble." "Law sakes, too feeble. She'd be as able as anybody to thrash around, if her old man didn't spile her by waitin' on." We think Mrs. Larkins deserves small

own work ?"

blame on this score, "But, Mrs. Randall, the poor woman s really ill and unable to do anything for her children. Could'nt you spare Rachel

for a few days to help her !" This was said in a most guarded and deprecatory tone, and with a manner careundue solicitude.

"My gals has enough to do. They ain't able to do their own work. Carolina hasn't ciously; so I hurried off to bed as quick as if they sought to solace the agonies of been worth the fust red cent for hard work ever since she went to school to A----. "Oh, I did not expect to get Caroline. understand she is going to get married".

him walk where she had walked last year!" Here I saw I had made a mistep. Resolving to be more cautious, I left the service and the head of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient to the fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient to the fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient to the fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gradient fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury fleat fleat of my bed, with her wealth and luxury fleat found the dame with a sort of tangled reel lection to the lady herself, only begging moment I suspected the worst, and hid to speculate or philosophize. Thirst, intolbefore her, trying to wind some dirty, for one of the girls. But my eloquence was all wasted. The Miss Randalls had been a whole quarter at a select school, by a mother's tear! I dared not lift my suffered as much, or even more than ourand will not live out again until their present stock of finery is unwearable. Miss Rachel, whose company I had hoped to se- heart struggled with shame! Death!

"Rachel Amanda!" cried Mrs. Randall, age and agony. "George, George! that at the foot of the ladder which gave ac- I should have lived to witness this hour! cess to the upper region, "bring that thing | Would to God I had followed you to your down here! It's the prettiest thing you grave in your infancy! My child!" she ever seen in your life!" turning to me.— faintly and broken-heartedly screamed, down here! And the educated young ladybrought down "would that in giving you birth, death had have a contract with the British govern-Mrs. Larkins, who is very unwell, and sad- a doleful-looking compound of card-board, in want of help."

Miss Larkins! Why, du tell! I want seems, occupied her mind and fingers and many-colored wafers which had, it lived to witness my son's shame!" I strove amount of one hundred thousand dollars,

I thought the boast likely to be verified senseless on the bed. as a prediction, and went my way crestour most formidable "chores."

CONFESSIONS OF A GAMBLER.

BY CHARLES P. ILLSLY.

I ever played. I was sixteen years old, and my partners, some of them were aged ears and sent me home. But no, they praised my dexterity in handling the cards -flattered my judgment and taught me play for much, we only staked a small sum, just to make the game interesting ; we scorned to cast a thought on the loss and gain : we played for amusement, not for the purpose of making money. This was the language we used to ourselves. But should an uninterested observer have looked over the table at which we were playing, and watched the eagernees with which the stake was seized when won, and the workings of the countenance of the losers, perhaps he would have put a different construction, than mere amusement, dividual manifested. The truth is, profit and loss are the ruling spirits at a game of cards, or a throw of dice. I know not which of the two has the most influence to keep a young man at the gaming table. If we are fortunate, the desire is awakened for more, and the hope encouraged that luck is on our side; perchance we pride ourself on our skill in the game, and so your oath!

"luck was against us;" "may be more for-tunate the next time," and a thousand reasons the devotee of play can make to himself for trying again. I was then a clerk in a store, and as my funds failed me, I had recourse to my master's drawer. Dollar after dollar of his money went that way without his knowledge. In a short time, I could toss my glass of spirits, and whiff my segar with as much grace as the most finished gentleman; and I was a sperfect in an oath. I became an adept in play: and soon played deeper games. Yet, with all my cunning

me hurrying home with a heart terribly

heavy, in consequence of a pocket proportionably light. I was the only s and on me her future earthly hopes rested. Often would my conscience bitterly reproach me for my conduct, when, on enering the house at a late hour in the night. I found my aged and lone mother sitting up, patiently waiting my coming; and when she expressed her fears, that I should injure my health by too close application to my business-for I deceived that fond and trusting parent, by telling her that business of the store kept me away from home—and when she advised me to relax a little, awfully did my heart rise up against me and reprove my wickedness and again and again did I determine to forsake the "evil ways" that I had been treading. But some nights I won, and then an intense thirst for more led me

back to the table; and other nights I lost -and then I would try again to make it Soon, however, was that widowed heart to be shattered and bleeding; soon was it to be overflowed with the gall of bitterness. For a week or more, I was peculiarly unfortunate; losing every night more or less. It may be supposed that this continued ill luck affected me considerably, and that my master's drawer had to suffer for it. This was not all. To the regret experienced on account of my losses, I had recourse to frequent and liberal potations. The more I lost, the more I drank. I had often deceived my mother, who frequently detected the smell of spirit when I entered the room, by telling her that I had been working among liquors in the store. For awhile this excuse answered. But when every night on my entering the room I brought with me the scent of spirituous liquors, her suspicions became awakened. Never-never shall I forget the hourthe terrible hour, when a mother's hopes were blasted, and her fond heart plunged liplomacy, whether Mrs. Randall knew of in wo! I returned from the gaming table at a late hour, long past midnight. That night I had been unusually unfortunate; in consequence of which I drank freely and became excited. To have seen me at the table, shouting, drinking, and singing, one would have thought me the happiest fellow in the universe. My purse was completely drained, and I played on tick. But in my then frame of mind, money was no object to me; so I played and lost, played and lost-occasionally raising the stake, until I became deeply involved in debt. I cared not. I kep on my riotous course of shouting, swearing, and singing, until the company broke up.

My mother was anxiously waiting for me—and "my dear son how glad I am were pressed to her cadaverous breast. fully moulded between indifference and that you have come" went to my heart like a burning arrow. My excitement had their fingers interlaced; while the othhad not worn off, and she eyed me suspi- er two were twined in each other's arms, as possible. From the effects of the liquor | that horrible death by the sweets of conge-I had swallowed, I was soon asleep. How nial affection. And who shall say that long I remained asleep I know not, when they were not happier, dying thus, than youth." I was awakened by something dropping on multitudes have been who have departed "What! to Bill Green? She wouldn't let my face. On looking up I beheld my this life surrounded by all the comforts of mother at the head of my bed, with her wealth and luxury, but with hatred gnawbending over me-and I was awakened face to meet her eye; but I drew the bed clothes closer around me. Oh, how my cure, was even then paying attention to a | Death! how I wished for you when I heard my mother's voice, trembling with faintly and broken-heartedly screamed, taken us both! Wo is mo, that I have ment for machinery for making arms to the

gal that's larnt to make sich baskets as day will they sound. The discovery of her hopes, were to much for her; she sank translated from a German paper:

fallen and weary. Girl-hunting is among and heavely smote my conscience, as I from the town of S-, on the frontier of gazed by the dim light of the lamp, on her Gallicia, received a letter announcing the at last she came too. I could not stand tents, requesting them, however, not to and meet her look, and was turning to mention it. Unfortunately his wishes I remember the first game of cards that requested me to stay by her. I was struck ing in all Warsaw was spoken but the burnwith the altered tone of her voice; she ing of Odessa and taking of Sebastopol. did not speak reproachfully, but so calmly The report was carried to Prince Paskiemen-men who were old enough to be and tenderly, that the tears gushed from my wttch, who immediately sent for the noblemy father, and who should have cuffed my eyes in torrents; it almost broke my heart | man and asked him: to listen to her; and there was something in her tone that thrilled fearfully through news?" The nobleman handed the Prince me, so that everyword she uttered, caused the letter. "There is not a word of truth to glory in my skill. Thus, while they a dead sinking chill at my heart-it was in all this!" said the Prince. "I thought

a dead sinking can as your made rich my vanity; they made wretched so hollow and unearthly. "Stay, my son," so," answered the Count, "and I omy mentioned it to a confiding friend, with a request not to repeat it." "The government of the iceiness of which made me shudder, the iceiness of which made me shudder, and it is a request not to repeat it." "The government of the iceiness of which made me shudder, in your as you "I wish not to chide you. But, oh George him to resist temptation-turn his footsteps from the path that leads to the dark she added in a thicker voice, "If you respect your mother's memory—if you respect

your own character—remember and be guided by her last words—taste—" "Mother! Mother! what pils you?" I screamed, for I saw her countenance change suddenly. The blood began to settle about her eyes, which became glassy, and a pale streak encircled her mouth, while her breath grew shorter. "I swear-mother-I swear never to touch another drop of the accursed stuff!" I uttered in a hurried and trembling voice. A gleam of satisfaction shot across her face for a moment, as she with difficulty articulated-"George, remember These were her last words we resolve to try again, and if we are un- and barely were they uttered ere I was fortunate, we try again to repair our loss, bending over my mother's form, the one

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

Those who have read the wild wastes which California or Utah emigrants are obliged to pass in order to reach their des tination, will readily recognise the scene of the following affecting incident, which we copy from Mrs. Ward's "Female Life among the Mormons: "

nong the mormons. In a few days we entered, a sandy and barren region, where, to our other ills and inconventences, that most intolerable of all, the want of water, was added. The streams were all dried up-the rivers disappeared from their channels-there was neither rain But, though the air seemed intensly hot,

and the sky exhibited not a trace of clouds

here was a softness of atmosphere at night a resplendent glory in the stars, altogether ncomprehensible and most delightful .-And this region, otherwise so sterile, was filled with flowers of the richest perfume and the brightest colors. In many places, where it would seem, from the gravelly sandy nature of the soil, that no plant whatever could take root, cactuses, literally covered with a profusion of large crimson flowers, thrived luxuriantly, thus presenting a remarkable contrast to the surrounding desolution. For one of the remarkable characteristics of this place, was the utter absence of animal life. Not a bird visited these resplendent blossoms not a butterfly or insect enlivened the solitude. Neither hares nor pheasants lurked beneath their coverts. Even the Indians seemed to avoid the country. Once, and once only, we caught the glimpse of a troop of wild horses, skirting the horizon. It was only a glimps; and yet I shall ever remember the graceful agility of their motions, and the sleek sparkle of their glossy sides. But sadder sights than these await ed us. I had descended from the wagon to walk, in order that I might examine the beautiful flowers. I was particularly charmed by two or three huge plants of the cactus species, which had grown so close together that they appeared compact. They were, at least, ninety feet in circumference, and large scarlet blossoms depend ed from the branches. But, while stooping to gather a boquet, my fingers inadvertently touched a relic, the sight of which filled me with horror. It was a human skeleton; but the skin, instead of falling away, still clung to the bones, showing the veins, the muscles, and sinews, in a horr ble state of preservation, yet with strict fidelity to nature. The long, lank, bony fingers, yet held a paper clutched tightly beween them. Curiosity was stronger than fear, and I removed it. There were a few ines written with a pencil, which I had much difficulty in making out. They ran "We can go no further. My wife and five children-all dying for want of water Oh, God! this death is horrible!"

The poor fellow had evidently sought the shelter of the cactus to shield himself from | not caught all the remark. the burning sun; and there died from burning, intolerable thirst. But the wife and children—where were they? A little fur ther on, in the same state of horrible attenuation, without decay. The mother yet clasped her infant in her bony arms, and the thin, tightly drawn lips of the child Two of the children-a boy and a girl-

my face in the bed-clothes. She had been erable thirst, was burning our tongues and scorching our brains. Our poor animals till you need it." selves; and I half forgot my own miseries in witnessing theirs.

> The Phrenological Journal, in an article on temperaments, states, "We have of a sheet of gingerbread ready for the never seen or heard of a red-haired minis- oven .- Boston Post. ter of the gospel, or rather of a minister possessed of a pure sanguine temperament.

A manufacturing firm in Vermont to stop my ears, to shut out her voice, but and another, with individuals, for twentyin vain. The words, sounded in my ears five thousand Minie rifles

"There," said the mother proudly; "a with horrid emphasis, and so to my dying | Some of the Consequences of A Ru-MOR.—The following curious story, in ilthat aim't a going to be nobody's help, I son's vileness, the sudden crushing of her lustration of the Russian military rules, is

At the time the report of the taking of It was a long time before she revived, Sebastopol was current, a rich nobleman pale face and felt the coldness of her fore- fall of Sebastopol and burning of Odessa. head as I bathed it with vinegar. I was He had some friends with him at the same fearful life had entirely forsaken her, but time, to whom he communicated the conleave the room, when in a faint voice, she were disregarded, and in a few hours noth-

"Count, from whence have you this ment has full confidence in you, as you if you value your peace here, and eter- have repeatedly given proofs of your loynal happiness, leave off drinking: taste alty," said the Prince; "we are far from a not, touch not the accursed poison! Oh, wish to punish you for this. But I desire God!" she fervently added, "strengthen that you should convince yourself, by a pleasure trip to Odessa and Sebastopol, that the report is totally false." "As your and dreadful pits of destruction! My son," | Highness orders." "Go to my Secretary, and he will tell you of my further wishes."

The Count left and repaired to the Sec-

retary who handed him a prepared passport. Scarcely had he arrived in his own house, when an aid-de-camp envered and announced to him that the carriage and post-horses were awaiting him.

During the time of the burning of Odessa and the taking of Sebastopol occupied all Europe, our unfortunate Count was on his unwilling journey, behind four fiery steeds, to convince himself of the truth of the report. At Odessa he was taken to the palace of the Governor, who received him very kindly, but immediately ordered him to Sebastopol. Here, also he was po-litely received by Menchikoff, taken everywhere, and then immediately sent back to Warsaw, where, as soon as he was out of the carriage, he was conducted to the Prince, who accosted him with the remark, Well, Count, what do you now believe? Are Odessa and Sebastopol taken!" "Oh, your Highness," answered the Count, who was half dead with the failure of his hurried journey, "both towns are still secure; so secure that they never can be taken .--Go, then, Count, invite your confidential friends to the house; tell them under the seal of secrecy, all that you have just seen, so that on this day all Warsaw may know

Scarcely had the Count reached his house, when the same aid-de-camp entered, and handed him the bill of expenses of the journey. The unfortunate Count had to pay seven thousand and seven bur dred silver roubles for his indiscretion. Since this affair no one in Warsaw tells, seat of war, although it should have ap-

peared officially in the public journals. THE NECESSITY OF DROUGHT, AND ITS BENEFIT .- The State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland, Mr. Higgins, publishes a paper, showing the necessity of droughts to replenish the soil with mineral substances, carried off to the sea by the rains and also taken up by the crops, and not returned by manure. These two causes, always in operation, would, in time, render the earth a barren waste, in which no verdure would quicken, and no solitary plant take root, if there was not a natural counteraction by drought, which operates to supoly this waste in the following manner.-During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by any from the clouds. The evaporation from the surface creates a vacuum, so far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by he water rising up from the subsoil of the land; the water from the subsoil is replaced from the next strata below, and in this manner the circulation of water in the earth is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water alo ascends the minerals held in solution, the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carconate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil of the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained as above stated. The author of this theory appears to have taken considerable pains to verify the fact by a number of interesting experiments. The subject is worthy the attention of men of ieisure and of education, who pursue the rational system of blending chemistry with rational system of blending chemistry with agricultural science.

Mrs. Partington's Latest.-" She has breastworks and knees," said Ike, describing the new United States ship Merrimac to Mrs. Partington, as he looked up at her roguishly.

"What is that Isaac ?" said the old lady, looking up from a profound contemplation of Dudley Leavitt's almanac. She had "She has breastworks and knees," re-

peated Ike, smiling.
"Breastworks and knees!" said Mrs. Partington, impressively, with a face that had a whole moral code written upon it; "and how do you know that?" "I saw 'em," returned he, "and put my hand on 'em." " Well," said she, raising her finger like

a guide-post, " you must not let me hear such a thing from you again. Such shameless conduct is without a parable in one so young, and I am almost ready to believe in all they say of the moral turpentine of She looked anxiously at Ike, who was sitting on his legs and rocking to and fro. "It was the new ship I was talking

she had made.
"Oh," said she, "was that all? Well. the lesson may be laid away in your mind The old lady took a pinch of snuff, with her eyes upon the picture of the stiff corporal upon the wall; but the picture was moveless, and she turned toward Ike, who was making a row of port-holes in the side

about," said he, grinning at the mistake

The water of Lake Ontario has risen eight inches since the first of June, and the lake is still five feet lower than on July first, 1854.

or won't laugh—the man that can't take a

CARDS.

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

Tesse Landis,—Attorney at Law. Office one door cast of Lechler's Hotel, E. King St., Lancaster Pa. 23. All kluds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills. Deeds, Mortages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. Tames Black.—Attorney at Law. Office in E

King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa.

437 All business connected with his profession, and all Rinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds. Mortgages. Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to.
may 15. (f-17) Dr. John Waylan, Surgeon Dentist.

Office No. 56 North Queen street, East side, Lancaste
may 1 tf-15

1 in Duke street, next door to the "INTELLIC filee, and directly opposite the new Court House. Lancaster, april 17

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

Laucaster, april 10

BELLEVUE HOUSE. COLUMBIA, PA. BARDWELL & BRENEMAN, PROPRIETORS.

(Late by Mrs. Haines and John Barr. Refurnished with all Modern Improvements for the counience of the travelling public.

Terms made casy to suit the times—call and see.
GRo. H. Bardwell. |

Wyoming co., Pa. | apr 17 (f-13 | Lancastor co., Pa.

Junius B. Kaufman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Agent for procuring Bounty Land Warrants.
Office in Widnyer's Building, South Duke street, near more 20 6in * 9.

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

O' oilice.—E. Drange st., directly opposite the Sheriff's me 2s t-18

Removal.—ISAAC E. HIESTER—Attorney at Law.
Has rounoved to an office in North Duke street, nearly posite the new Court House, Lancaster, Pa, ap. 6m-19

Dr. John. M'Calla, DENTIST—Office—No 4 East King street, Laucaster, Pa. [apl 18 t4-13] T Gallagher, Dentist, having located in • The city of Laicaster, respectfully offers his professional services to those who may need thom, and choose 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 reference and evidence respecting his professional skill and qualifications.

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 which is acknowledged by gentlemen who were on the Examining Committee on Dentistry in the New York Crystal Raines, by Professors of Dental Colleges, and by Scientific Boutists owners, we work where John Crystal Rainee, by Professors of Dental Colleges, and by Scientific Dentists generally, to surpass every other plan now Known for beauty, strength, deanliness and cheapness. Office and residence on the east side of North Duke st. between Grange and Cheapne, one sparse and a half morth of the Ceurt House, and a short distance south of the Rainead.

JOB PRINTING. HAVING within a few days supplied the office with large assortment of PANCY JO13 TYP1 from the Foundry of L. Joneson Co., Philadelphia, JOB WORK

even to his bosom friend, news from the Handbills, Cards, Bill-Heads, Blanks,

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I pricant in two cherent to trave vortines of oil parce coch. Hinstrated by 284 woodcurs, 30 maps nou two steel Engravines.

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CONRAD ANNE.

June 19 6m-22

june 10 6m-22

Agent.

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P. S.—Purchasers will save 50 per cent. by having an Agent here, acquainted with the value of land.

feb 27 6m-6

Hardware Store. West King at, Lan.

Pemoval.—Dr. S. WELCHENS, Surgeon Dentist, regeneral, that having abandoned his intention of leaving Lancaster, he has removed his office to No. 34. Kramph's Evolutions, North Queen st. directly opposite Pinkerton's Slaymaker's Bardware Stoy.

In returning his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous patrons and friends, for the great, encouragement held out to him to remaind, 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 dold, Platina or Silver, prices varying accordingly, to suit the wants and circumstances of the patient.

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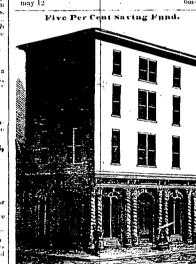
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may 12 6m-18



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As ith nong Steeves, long sleeves and sheat Coats. PANFALOONS that have actually got leas to them, but there'
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