The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

THE LOST BRIDE—A LEGEND.

BY MRS. WELLINGTON BOATE.

It is young Brian's wedding-day,
The bridesmaids scatter flowers of May;
With floral gifts the walls are hung,
A harper there, with harp full strung,
To cheer the rural guests, and chime
The joyous lays of olden time;
But anguish clouds the bridegroom's brow,
No Norah there to pledge her vow.

One maiden, bolder than the rest,
Betrayed the secret of her breast,
And sighed: "Alas! in sportive glee,
Poor Norah hied to yonder tree,
And from that aged, mystic thorn
Stole buds for this her bridal morn,
And well we know that none may dare
The flowers of haunted tree to wear."

And then the bard, by blazing fire,
Drew forth his harp, and touched the wire;
And, while its witching echoes rang,
His faltering voice with pathos sang:
"No more her lovely form will glide
Around this place, an earthly bride,
None have profan'd that haunted plain,
That o'er to us returned again.

"Last night a band of elfin men
Lured me along the haunted glen,
Beyond the healthy primrose dell,
Within the caves where fairies dwell,
To sing the praise of fairest bride
That e'er was wooed by mountain side.

"We paused where stands the old white thorn,
Our leader wound his elfin horn;
The echoes pierced the dark hill-side,
And golden portals opened wide;
And lo! beneath a glittering dome,
We stood within the fairies' home.

"The walls with costly jewels shone,
Yet brighter jewels gleamed upon
The queenly form and tranquil brow
Of her who pledged the bridal vow;
Full well I knew our village pride—
'Twas graceful Norah was the bride.

"I screamed, and broke the mystic spell;
At morn, beside the fairy well,
Beneath the sun's first roseate beam,
I woke, as from a troubled dream,
And 'mid that foxglove, wild parterre,
Myself and harp alone were there."

The old ones sighed, the maidens wept;
But dark resolve o'er Brian crept,
He mounts his steed, and torch in hand,
He hied him to the fairy land,
And fired the tree, while thus he cried:
"Enchanter! yield me back my bride!"

The steed stood still, the rider fell;
And, now, beside that crystal well
His grave is made, and Brian's bride
Is said by moonlight there to glide,
Wearing the wreath of snowy flowers
She slyly stole, in joyous hours,
From off the fairies' fatal thorn,
To grace her brow on bridal morn.

RUTH FRANKLIN.

BY VARA MONTROSE.

It was a warm afternoon in the month of June, and arrayed in her loveliest garb, fair nature smiled from every hill and vale. A group of children had assembled upon a sloping green, and the clear air re-echoed their shouts of glee.

The largest of them was seated in the friendly shade of a wide-spreading elm, and the others had strewn her lap with flowers. Her bonnet was lying beside her, and the breeze played lightly among her chesnut curls.

'What are you going to do with all these flowers?' she asked, as she inhaled the fragrance of a half blown crimson rose.

'We are going to make wreaths for our heads; you know it is Lida's birthday.'

'I am to have the biggest wreath; and I am going to give Miss Alice a pretty little bunch, and put that rose in it that you have in your hand,' said Lida Grey, in whose honor the flowers had been gathered. 'We will have nice fun, Rath.

'Is this rose white?' asked Ruth, still holding it in her hand.

'Can't you see that it ain't white?' asked a boy, a stranger in the village.

Ruth turned her dull, roving black eyes in the direction of the voice, and in a tone of mournful sweetness, said.

'I cannot see—I am blind!'

There was a quiet hush over the gay group, and sympathy beamed from every eye. They all knew that Ruth was blind, excepting the stranger boy, but the reality seemed now to strike them with deeper force. It was a gala day; Lida Grey was nine years old, and all the village children were rejoicing. Miss Alice Hay, the friend of them all, was to give her a party—she was to be seated upon an elevated throne in the grove, crowned with spring flowers, and her companions, with wreaths and garlands, were to sing and sport around her. They were all so happy, it would be such a beautiful sight; but now a dark spot in their pleasure was a thought that Ruth Franklin could not see it; however gay and beautiful the scenes around her, all was darkness to her. She felt the warm sun's rays as they fell upon her head; she heard the spring birds warble their sweetest lays; she inhaled the balmy fragrance of the blossoming flowers. They told her that the sky was blue, that the little birds were of varied forms, and the flowers gay and bright, but she was blind, and that one word told of the void in her life.

Ruth Franklin was twelve years old, but to look at her, you would have thought her older; she was very slender, and there was a careworn look upon her face, yet she was beautiful, and an angel could scarce have borne a holier countenance. She was born blind and there was nothing visible in her large black eyes to tell of the darkness that veiled them. The beauties of earth were shut out from her gaze, but Ruth had an inner eye that saw holier things than the sparkling orbs of her little companions, and she often startled Alice Hays, who was her cousin and protector, for Ruth was an orphan, by telling her of the visions that had come to her during the dark watches of the night, or when she had been sitting for some time alone.

The children all idolized Ruth, and although she was debarred from joining in their sports, they could not play if she was not sitting near them—her presence made them happier; her gentle voice settled their disputes, and their united devotion for her seemed to make their love for each other stronger. They all knelt around her to make their wreaths, and Lida whispered:

'Dear Ruth, you cannot see when I put on my white dress and pretty wreath.'

'But I know you will look lovely, cousin Alice says you will, and I am very happy for you.

'Ruth must have a lovely wreath on these sweet curls,' said one who was twining a ringlet around her finger.

'I will have a white wreath on them soon, Bessie,' answered Ruth.

'What do you mean, Ruth?' exclaimed half dozen voices; but Miss Alice came up and said:

'Run, children, and get ready, it is time we were in the grove.'

'Don't go and leave me covered with flowers—I won't be a basket any longer,' said Ruth, laughing.

The flowers were gathered up, and the children ran away. They soon returned where Miss Alice and Ruth had waited for them, and the bright party of innocence and youth sought the grove where Lida was crowned on her ninth birthday. They danced and sang the merriest songs, while Ruth sat, with a smile upon her lip, listening to them.

'They are very happy, cousin Alice, I am so glad,' she said.

'Indeed they are, and they look beautiful.

'I know they must, but, cousin Alice, I do not want to see them; the kind God who made me blind, knew that it was best, and he gives me a great deal of pleasure.'

'My precious Ruth!' said Miss Alice, as she kissed her pure brow.

The children now gathered around Ruth, and asked her to sing for them; she had a fine voice, and Miss Alice had taught her the words of a great many songs. At the earnest request of her little companions, she sang the last one she had learned—"The Blind Girl.' Sweeter than usual sounded her voice as it lingered upon the last line of each verse, and how truly could she sing it,

"I am blind, oh! I am blind."

More than one pair of eyes filled with tears as she sang, and they all kissed her for a reward. After this, they all walked several times around the grove, partook of the repast which the careful Miss Alice had prepared for them, and then each one returned to their homes, long to remember that happy day. No one enjoyed it more than Ruth, and she could describe each one and every amusement as minutely as if she had seen all.

The bright summer passed, the grove was decked in autumn's gaudy hues, and the evening breeze blew cold from the mountain. Yes,

The melancholy days had come—
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollow of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.

It was evening, and the sun was calmly sinking to his night's repose; over the autumn sky were floating clouds of purple and gold, and a single sunbeam penetrated through a casement and fell directly across the marble brow of a dying child, and threw a shade of glorious light over the heavenly countenance and dark brown curls. The sunbeam was not shut out, for its brilliancy, however dazzling, fell powerless upon those dark eyes, for it was Ruth Franklin that lay thus, watched over so tenderly by Miss Alice.

'What time is it, cousin Alice?' she asked.

'The sun is just setting, darling, there is a bright beam upon your brow,' said Miss Alice.

Ruth raised her hand to her forehead as if to touch the stray sunbeam, then she said:

'It is a lovely sunset; I just know how the sky looks. Oh! I have dreamed such a sweet dream. I was groping about in darkness, when all at once I saw a bright light; it shone all around me, and I think it must have looked like the sun. I saw the grove looking just like you told me it did, in the colored leaves that autumn makes, and oh! the lovely music that I heard coming from there; there were so many different sounds, like your harp, and all of us children singing, like we did on Lida's birthday; and just when I thought I could see you and all of them, the music grew louder, and I saw a strange place with clear, shining water in it, and trees and flowers, and so many bright beings all dressed in white, and wreaths on their heads, and it was them that were singing. An angel with wings took me to that beautiful valley. I was no more a blind girl, but with a wreath of white flowers on my curls, I saw all the beauty, and sang with the angel forms. Then I thought of that poetry that you taught me:

"There is a beauteous river
In the city of our God,
With margins of perpetual green,
By angel footsteps trod.'
It beareth faint resemblance
To the rivers of the earth;
For the lovely things around it
Alike have heavenly birth."

Then I knew that it was heaven I had seen, cousin Alice. I hear the sweet music again, and the angel is waiting until the sun has set, to take me to the Saviour for my white wreath.

'Oh hush! Ruth, my darling, you are not dying; you will get well,' said Miss Alice.

'Don't say dying, cousin Alice. I always thought that was a cold, dreadful word; I am going home. You have read to me from the Bible that Christ when he was on earth said, "Suffer little children to come unto me.' Now I am going, and I will not be blind; I shall see my parents there, and when the angel comes for you, dear Alice, there I shall see your loved face. The children did not think when they all saw me this afternoon that it would be the last time I should talk to them; I did not myself then, but now I know; tell them all to be good, that they may come where I can see them. Alice listen! the angels are singing,

"Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?"

'Alice, good-bye, until we meet again! I do not delay—I am ready, I am waiting, oh? angels, take me home."

The sightless eyes were raised to heaven, the hands were clasped, and the spirit fled from the tenement of clay. The waiting angel bore it to heaven, and there the blind girl tasted the realities of all that she had dreamed.

They robed her in white, and placed a snowy wreath of autumn flowers upon her brow. A sad band of her fellow-playmates followed all that remained of her to the tomb, and as the damp sods of the valley fell upon her coffin lid, they remembered the day when she told them of the white wreath she would soon wear, and sang of the time to come when she would never more murmur,

"I am blind, oh! I am blind."

That time had come, and, now before the throne of the Lamb, Ruth was singing glad hosannas, while her friends sadly wept to think that she was no longer among them.

There was not one of their little band that would have been missed like her, for she was dependent upon them all, and was yet the main spring of their joy—the one to whom each went with her petty trials, and found sweet sympathy, or her joys to be rejoiced with. Autumn and winter passed away, and spring flowers blossomed around the grave of Ruth, and the band of children of whom she had been so loved a member, hung garlands of flowers, wreathed as she had been wont to wear them upon her brow, on her tomb-stone, which was marked with the appropriate inscription,

"Our Ruth,"
"Whereas I was blind, now I see."

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.

It chaned that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him exclaiming:

'Father I want you to buy me some more candy.'

'Father!' was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

'Who were you speaking to, my dear?' he inquired of the little girl.

'I spoke to you, father,' said the little one, surprised.

'Really,' thought Mr. Brown, 'this is embarrassing.'

'I am not your father, my dear,' he said, what is your name?'

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.

'What a funny father you are,' she said, 'but you are going to buy me some candy.

'Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound, if you won't call me father any more,' said Brown, nervously.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the little child's mother.

'Oh, mother,' said the little girl, 'just see how much candy father has bought for me.

'You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones,' said the lady, I am afraid she will make herself sick.—But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night.'

'Jones—I—madam,' said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, 'it's a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown, of W——, and this is the first time I ever came into this city.'

'Good heavens! Mr. Jones what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? perhaps it is your intention to change your wife.'

Mrs. Jones' tone was now defiant; and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

'I haven't any wife, madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married.'

'And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me,' said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. 'If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?'

'I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady,' and Mr. Brown, and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam and always was.'

'Melinda,' said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, 'Melinda, who is this gentleman?'

'Why, that's father!' was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his.

'You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you?—You hear what the innocent child says, and yet have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? But I presume you never saw her before in your life.'

'I never did. On my honor, I never did, I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more.'

'You did, did you? Bribe your child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?'

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

'Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?' asked the first comer of Brown.—'She isn't my wife. I don't know any thing about her.'

'Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?'

'Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones.'

'Sir,' said the first speaker, sternly, 'this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly.'

Poor Brown was dumbfounded.

I wonder, thought he, whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm Mr. Jones, and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I am Jones. In spite of all I insist that my name is Brown.

'Well, sir, what are you waiting for?—It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?'

Brown saw that there was no use to prolong the discussion by a denial. He, therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

'What, are you not going yourself?'

'Why, no, why should I?'

'Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered.'

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

'Where shall I drive?' said the whip.

'I—I—I—don't know,' said Mr. Brown. 'Where would you like to be carried?'

'Home of course,' murmured Mrs. Jones.

'I don't know,' said Brown.

'No. 19, H—— street,' said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Mr. Brown.

'Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?' said the lady; 'I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove me?'

'Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones!' asked Brown, with some anxiety.

'Of course,' said Mrs. Jones.

'Then,' said he resignedly, 'I suppose I am. But if you believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth I haven't any recollection of this house.'

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Brown in form, feature, and in every other respect!

'Gracious!' exclaimed the lady, which—which is my husband?'

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that, after all, he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and a child to boot.

Mr. Brown has not since visited that place where this 'Comedy of Errors,' happened. He is afraid of his indentity.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

On the question "which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the married man or the bachelor?"

'Mr. President and gentlemen:—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not know something about the institution? I do. Will any gentleman presume to say I do not? Let him come with me to my home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide. High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character and condition of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his afterself than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara! [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet.

"Confusion was the monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a play-bill, and there a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and in the bar-room? I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

'Mr. Spicer," says she, 'I've washed for you six months, and have'nt seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?' I felt in my pocket-book.—There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

'Miss Simpkins,' said I, 'it's no use denying it. I have'nt got the first pewter, I wish for your sake I had.'

'Then,' said she, promptly, 'I don't wash another rag for you."

'Stop,' said I, 'Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service.'

'Are you in earnest?' says, she looking a little suspicious.

'Never more so,' says I.

'Then,' says she, 'as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay in any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer.'

Enough said. We were married in one week; and what's more, we have'nt repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen; I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel.—Now I am as plump as a porker. In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a ragged devil, without a coat on your back or a shoe on your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally as a hedge-hog, rolled up the wrong way, I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently, get married. I have got ten daughters, gentlemen—[overpowering applause]—and you may have your pick.'

Science Answering Questions.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earth and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft?

1st. Becausa the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; 2d, wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble and throw them down as a sediment by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters washed from the roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why is there always a draft through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of the warm air up the chimney.

Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? No, it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face by transferring its heat to the air.

If you open the lower sash of a window there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room and cause a great draught inward; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room rushes out, and, of course, there will be less draught inward.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by the lower sash, because the cool air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does the wind dry damp linen?—Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

By which means is a room better ventilated—by opening the upper sash? Because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of buildings? Because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? Either because the wind blew the seeds there with the dust; or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there, which it had formerly eaten.

Shall Robins be Killed?

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, early in 1858, a resolution was introduced authorizing the President of that Society to petition the Legislature for a repeal of the laws prohibiting the killing and destroying of the robin.—This motion was laid on the table, but a committee was appointed to investigate and learn the habits of the robin, and report. The committee reported the present spring. We give in brief the results of the committee's investigations as reported by its chairman, Prof. J. W. P. Jenks:

1st. Early in March numbers of this bird made their appearance in this vicinity; but until the second week in April only the male birds.

2d. The gizzards of those killed in the morning were, as a rule, either entirely empty or but partially distended with food, well macerated; while those killed in the latter part of the day were as uniformly filled with food freshly taken.

3d. From the almost daily examination of their gizzards, from the early part of March to the first of May, not a particle of vegetable matter was found in the gizzard of a single bird. On the contrary, insects in great variety, both as to number and kind, as well as in every variety of condition as to growth and development, were the sole food. But nine-tenths of the aggregate mass of food thus collected, during this period, consisted of one kind of larva which, through the aid of Baron Ostensacken, Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, I was enabled to identify as the Bibio albipennis, Say, and whose history and habits, by the aid of Dr. Asa Fitch, entomologist of the New York State Agricultural Society, I was enabled to make out quite satisfactorily. From one to two hundred of this larva were frequently taken from a single gizzard, all in fresh, unmacerated condition; and usually, when this larva was found, it was the only food in the stomach.

4th. During the month of May, the Bibio larva entirely disappeared from the gizzards, but, up to the 21st of June, was replaced by a variety of insects or worms only, including spiders, caterpillars and beetles of the family Elateridæ, the parents of the well-known wire worms, so destructive to corn and various other seeds when committed to the ground. The earth worm I found to be a favorite food for the young bird, but sparingly employed by the adult for its own use.

5th. From the date of June 21st I began to find strawberries, cherries and pulpy fruit generally, but in a majority of the examinations intermingled with insects, which led me to conclude that they were not fond of an exclusively vegetable diet, but they adopted it as a dessert, and from the ease of procuring it, particularly during the enervating season of moulting. At this seaton of the year I discovered a marked difference in the food of the birds killed near or in the village and those killed in the country, at a distance from gardens and fruit trees, the latter having less of stone fruit and more of insects in their gizzards, which led me to conclude that the robin is not an extensive forager.

6th. The mixed diet of the robin seems to continue from the ripening of the strawberries and cherries to October, the vegetable portion consisting, during August and September, in great part of elderberries (Sambucus canadensis) and pokeberries (Phytolacca decandra).

7th. During the month of October the vegetable diet is wholly discarded, and its place supplied by grasshoppers and orthopterous insects generally.

8th. Early in November the robin migrates southward—the few remaining eking out a miserable existence during the winter months on bay berries (Myrica cerifera), privet berries (Ligustrum vulgare), and juniper berries (Juniperus communis).

CARDS.

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.—Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa.
☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15, '55 tf17

ABRAM SHANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., No. 38 NORTH DUKE ST.,
LANCASTER, PA.
mar 22 1y* 10

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

W. T. McPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
mar 31 1y 11 STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa.

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House.
Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North Queen street to the building in the south-east corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel.
Lancaster, april 10

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

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

REMOVAL.—DR. J. T. BAKER, HOMŒPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 69 East King street, next door above King's Grocery.
Reference—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia.
Calls from the country will be promptly attended to.
apr 6 tf 12

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

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

SIMON P. EBY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—No. 38 North Duke street,
may 11 1y 17] LANCASTER, PENNA.

FREDERICK S. PYFER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—No. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST SIDE,) LANCASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

REMOVAL.—WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. apr 8 tf 12

JOHN F. BRINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. LONG,
" A. L. HAYES,
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may 15. tf-17

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