

# THE LANCASTER

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1855.

VOL. LXI.

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
J. W. BRADLEY  
No. 213 North Second Street

TERMS  
For one year in advance, \$3.00  
For six months, \$1.50  
For three months, \$1.00  
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PRINTED  
By J. W. Bradley, at the office of  
the Lancaster Intelligencer & Journal.

POST OFFICE  
No. 213 North Second Street.

RECEIVED  
At the Post Office at Lancaster, Pa.,  
June 6, 1855.

was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled  
wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely  
upon her, he said—  
"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem  
to make very light of this matter, but it is  
more serious than you imagine, as you  
will find to your cost presently. If you  
do not instantly beg my pardon in a sub-  
missive manner, I shall exert my author-  
ity to bring you to a proper sense of your  
misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of  
my chambers until you are willing to com-  
promise by strict obedience to my wishes."

"At the close of this very eloquent and  
dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself  
up to his full height, and stationed himself  
before Mrs. P. ready to receive expressions  
of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt  
that she would fall down at his feet, and  
say—  
"Dear Philander, would you please for-  
give me this time, and I'll never do so any  
more."

"And he was going to say, 'Betsy Jane,  
you'd better not,' but instead of doing all  
this, what do you think she did? Laughed  
him right in the face!  
"Mr. Pepper was awfully wrathful. He spoke  
up in a voice of thunder, and said:  
"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this  
very minute, and don't you let the grass  
grow under your feet while you are going  
upstairs. You have begun your antics in  
good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have  
you know that it won't pay to continue  
any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper.  
Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really, Mr. P., it is not at all  
necessary for us to speak so loud—I am not  
so deaf as all that comes to; but as for  
walking up stairs I cannot do so, for I  
in the bank of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies dead and still.  
"Thus all I've got to say is this, you'll  
have to carry me, for I won't walk!"

"Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment  
with the greatest astonishment, but as he  
began to laugh at him again, he thought  
to himself—  
"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to  
get off in that way, but it won't do; up  
stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry  
her, so here goes;" and taking the key of  
his lady in his arms, he soon had the  
satisfaction of seeing her lodged in her  
prison, and calmly reflecting, he station-  
ed a little red-headed youth on the front  
door steps to attend to calls and also  
said that Mrs. P. did not escape; and  
then he betook himself to a restaurant for  
his dinner, and after despatching that,  
he hurried off to his office, and was soon en-  
gaged in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our  
young sentinel rushed into the office, and  
said, never stopping to take breath:  
"Mr. Pepper had better run home just  
as fast as he can, for that woman what's  
shut up is making an awful racket, and  
she is tearing around there, and rattling  
things the distressing kind, and if she  
keeps on splitting up something or other, then  
I don't know what splitting up she'll do."  
Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P.  
seized his hat, and hurried off home at a  
most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs  
as carefully as possible, and applying his  
eye to the key-hole, he beheld a sight  
which made him fairly boil with rage.  
Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire-  
place, reading his love letters. That one  
she was engaged in perusing at the par-  
ticular moment, was from a Miss Polly  
Primrose, who it appeared had once looked  
favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a  
Miss Polly who had written a letter of dismis-  
sal, promising her undying friendship, and  
accompanying the same with a lock of her  
hair, and some walnut leaves.

But it was not the love letters alone that  
made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been  
something of a traveler in his day, and  
he collected a great many curiosities in  
his rambles, which he had deposited in a  
cupboard in the very room where he had  
confined Mrs. P. and she had got at them.  
She had split up an elegant writing desk  
with his Indian battle-axe, in order to have  
a fire, as that was rather chilly. In one  
corner of the fire-place Mrs. P.'s best  
beaver, filled up with love letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was  
a beautiful flat China dish filled with  
peppermint candy, which she had taken  
from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how  
-affairs were with regard to the stove.  
Something like a suspicion of the real state  
of affairs began to dawn upon his mind.  
He listened for a few minutes, but all was  
still about the house.

Heatily dressing himself, he proceeded  
to investigate the affair. He soon com-  
prehended the whole of it, and was very  
wrothful at first; but the comforted him-  
self with the reflection that he had the  
power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt  
bound to do it, too. After some search  
he found the remains of the breakfast,  
which he took with one stride, and then  
sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a  
long time in coming, and he had ample  
time to nurse his wrath. While sitting  
there, he thought:  
"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be  
so treated, and by a woman, too, is not to  
be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor  
I won't either. But she shan't escape,  
that's certain; if she should, my reputa-  
tion for dignity would be forever gone;  
for haven't I told Solomon Sipleman all  
along how I was going to make my wife  
stand round, and how I was going to make  
her get up and make the fire every morn-  
ing, and let me lie abed, and how I was  
going to shut her up, and feed her on  
bread and water, if she dared to say she  
wouldn't do it?"

"A cosy little arrangement, Mrs. Pepper,"  
said a soft voice behind him.  
"Mr. P. started up, and there stood  
Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing  
just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put  
on a severe look.  
"Sit down in a chair, madam," he said,  
pointing to the one he had just vacated,  
while he had a little conversation with  
you. Now I should be pleased to know  
why you did not obey my orders this morn-  
ing, and where you have been all the forenoon?"  
"Where I have been this forenoon,  
Mrs. Pepper, I have not the least objection  
to tell you, I have been down town doing  
a little shopping. I have purchased some  
lovely napkins; I just look at them," said  
she, holding them up demurely for his  
inspection. "I only paid a dollar apiece for  
them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she said.

"Mr. Pepper was astonished, how she  
dared to turn the conversation in this way

self a prisoner. There is one more chance,  
he thinks, and hurries to the window; but,  
alas! for Mr. Pepper, his wife has just re-  
covered the ladder, and he cannot escape.  
He sits down on a chair and looks re-  
flectively around him, and presently he arises  
and picks up a few fragments of a letter  
which lay on the carpet, and finds it from  
Polly Primrose. He wonders what she  
has done with the lock of hair.  
At this moment his eye falls upon his  
Daguerotype, which is lying on the table  
before him—mechanically taking it up he  
opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his  
own face—all the rest of him being rubbed  
off, and around his lovely face, the mess-  
ing curl, and the wavy mane carefully  
stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P.  
fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P., "when you  
find your level, I'll let you out, and not  
till then." A little wholesome discipline  
will do you good, and I'm fully prepared  
to administer it.  
How long Mr. Pepper kept his liege  
lord in durance vile, deponent saith not,  
and as to what passed between them when  
he was released from captivity, we are not  
any better informed; but of this we are  
sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen,  
a morning or two afterwards, to put his head  
into the bed-room, and heard say in a weak  
manner—  
"Dear Jane, I've made the kitchen fire,  
and put on the tea kettle; won't you please  
to get up and get breakfast?"

EMILY DUNCAN.  
A PATHETIC STORY.  
Let us give you a story for a spring  
number. Use it in May, the month of  
spring, for it is a story that has no joy in  
it save the hope of the resurrection. It  
occurs to me on this still evening, and I  
have pushed aside all my other papers,  
and have taken a fresh sheet wherewith to  
write it. Just now, while I sat with my  
pen in hand, slowly working out the prob-  
lem of a curious trust-deed—a conveyance  
of property by a husband and wife to a  
friend, to hold in trust for the benefit of  
the said "Himself," and just as I had writ-  
ten her name for the tenth or twentieth  
time, and was looking up again—I paused  
in the middle, and looked up.  
Do you know why I paused? It was  
because I heard the word—the name—  
audibly pronounced, and so I looked  
around to know who spoke. But it was  
not my wife, who sat quietly at the other  
side of my table, with her large gray eyes  
beamed down on the pages of a new book  
which she had just opened, and was con-  
trolled; and there was no one else in the  
room to speak it. It was some one out  
of the room then, and doubtless out of  
the world, and I looked out. The lower  
shutters were closed. The curtains hung  
over the upper half of the window, but  
through the parted folds I saw the young  
moon, and placed in a deep and unobscure  
sky; and with dream and reverie, and  
distinctness I saw—Listen, while I  
tell you what I saw.

It was a mountain scene, or a view  
among the hills. A valley sleeping, and  
houses sleeping on the plain, and trees  
sleeping, and everything still, voiceless,  
and placid, in a deep and unobscure  
noo-p deep over all. And on the plain a  
little church whose spire gleamed in the  
moonshine, and raised itself in silvery  
splendor toward heaven. But oh, my  
friend, you who sit in your large easy  
chair so cozily, so warmly to-night, there  
was something more than valley, trees, and  
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