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The

TERMS

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For the Intelligencer.

Lines composed on a Beautiful Morning in June, '57.

BY INEZ. How beautiful the balmy morn, The sun shines bright and clear ; How sweetly on the breeze is borne,

The bird-note soft and clear. The perfumed flowers, all bright with dew, Their fragrance shed around ; The budding fruit on bending boughs

Doth everywhere abound. As here in thoughtful mood. I sit, And gaze upon this scene,

I feel that earth is beautiful For here our God has been His glory lights this world of ours.

While every field and grove, And budding fruit. and fragrant flower All murmur "God is Love."

The little birds do carol forth, Their songs of praise sublime To Him who gave their little life. To Him who gave me mine.

Oh! let my heart in thankfulness And gratitude sincere, Be lifted unto Nature's God,

For all his gifts so dear. And when death's loy hand upor My throbbing heart is laid. And closed my eyes, and cold my form,

And in the grave I'm laid, Oh ! may my spirit upward soar, To those bright realms above. Where flowers shall bloom forevermore

And whisper "God is Love." For the Intelligencer.

THE PAST SUMMER.

BY JOSIAH F. PASSMORE The Summer months have passed away ; And with them, many a clear, bright eye,

That beamed with love, Has pass'd from earth, to mingle with The cherished ones, who dwelt with us, In by-gone days.

Our youth like summer months, is pass'd. And we are nearing very fast Our final home;

Whether we reach the land of bliss, Or reach the land of souls distress'd, Will on us rest.

If we are righteous and obey The precepts of KING JESUS' WAY.

We will reach Heaven But if we tollow Satan's friends. We'll reach the place of fire and pain,

Where sinners dwel Oh ! should we not the passing day, Improve while yet we've time to pray slough of despond he is beginning to sink round in the routine, like a squirrel in its What man would not give the cage, and makes no progress." into? "This man thinks higher things than I world to know how the last man, who offered himself to her, got through with think," was Cynthia's thought as he said

"Ever see an owl ?" said Seth, at in his presence; but she rallied her prelength, falling back upon his own resour-

ces. "Often, Mr. Seth," lisped pretty Cyn-

thia. " It's got big eyes-ain't it, now

it ?

" Very big eyes," said she. Seth grew angry. Angry with himself, no doubt; but anger, like Phœbus Apollo at sunset, glows brightest in reflection .-He thought it a "mean shame," she wouldn't "help him out," while she sat there, looking "good enough to est," and laughing at him, as even his blunt perception told him, whilst her attention was apparently bestowed upon the shirt-sleeve. He wished it were his shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred up the ashes on the hearth, and almost made up his mind that "he warn't going to give her another chance at him ;" but Cynthia dropped her cotton-ball, and Seth, not rising from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, as she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him feel "all over-ever so," as he some time

afterwards expressed the sensation to me. "Miss Cynthy, may be you are fond of ant-hill. maple candy ?" "Very," said she.

"Well, now," said Seth, rising, "the next time I come, I'll try and bring you a great gob." But as he rode home, behind his old

farm mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain't going back to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix, and never helps him."- fibres. And sure enough, he never did return. "Mi Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and have a man say he loves you ?" many folks, even to 'this day, believe she wished him back again. It is the way of so. That is, I think it is very embarrasswomen to want the thing that can't be had. \oint ing sometimes." At least, so men sav (if not in practice, in "Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia ?" theory,) and Cynthia's mouth watered. I dare say, for many a week after, for that gob of maple candy. THE MORAL. Let every man, oh ! pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way,

and not in your way, and help him out at harmony with his mode of procedure .----Never disturb ice-cream when it is going to freeze; nor lift the pot as it begins to revers in the deux temps, or the polka .-- | ation." Many a declaration of affection has been

frightened off by some wrong note sung in the treble of the duet, which put it out of harmony.

experienced in the art of saying "no," to belle ? And did you never look beyond, to an offer of marriage, had yet a good deal to sweet ties of home might be ?" Cynthia laughed, but the laugh was aflearn in her own craft; and, indeed, no

experience ever primes a woman for the decisive moment. Each case must be met fected and constrained. "What nonsense, on principle, and not on precedent. It is Mr. Handy!

our business to discover, in this story of Snip-Snan. how far pretty (Jynthia) thoughts are fit for maiden meditation profited by the experience she prided her- they are womanly-and womanly, above everything else, I should wish my wife to be.' self upon in the rejection of her lovers. "I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr. It was a mellow autumn morning, and a | Handy. We will go now, if you please, if russet glow had tinged the woods at the you have finished my garland." "It'is not ready for you yet," said Handy, 'Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth Taggart's wedding day. He was passing it over one arm while he took her to marry, that evening, Susie Chase-a hand. " Cynthia, beloved ! you must listen to me." smiling little rose-bud of a wife, to whom She drew her hand away, but he took it he found plenty of things to say, as sweet again, and resumed. "You must let me to Susie's ears as to her lips his maple feel its pulses beating against my hand, candy. Cynthia, as one of her best friends. was to be bridesmaid; and as she wished while I tell you the secret of my life-of to shine that night, in all her bravery, and my love, for I have always loved you. wantsd some new ribbons for her headloved you when you were a blooming little dress, this want tempted her abroad, a girl, and we both went to school to Ezekias little after noon, when the harvest-fields Reed, dear Cynthia. I have loved you were quiet and the yoked oxen stood reagainst hope-at times against my better lieved from labor, leisurely chewing the eason. I have hesitated to tell you this because encumbrances on my farm made sweet morsel reserved for that soft sunny my position less than that which I thought ment, or the means of procuring any; but hour of rest, as men of business use to do this was not the case with Cynthia, who the thought of the last letter written by the ought to be offered to you. I have watchhad good Yankee sense, and a vein of hand they love, till the burden of the day ed you with your other admirers : and in sprightliness in her composition, which is laid aside, putting it apart (with all its some moments, have not thought that any woman's nonsense, and half unreasonable other had your preference, so that other fancies,) pure from the contact of the pile men have taken their chance before me. of yellow letters lying on their desk, offer-This offer of a professorship, which adds a ings upon the shrine of Jupiter Mammon. thousand dollars to my income, makes it Our pretty Cynthia tripped along her possible for me to address you? Cynthia! path, scattering a cloud of grasshoppers there are denths of tenderness which no her age. American beauty comes forth and crickets, as she stepped ; and in her human eve has ever fathomed, in many a silly little pride of bellehood her heart strong man's heart-depths which, perhaps, held, though she would not have confessed are never, by the shallower nature of your the thought, that her relative value to her sex, entirely reciprocated or understood. crowd of beaux, was in the same propor-It is not alone my heart, it is my very nation as that of one woman to many grassture-heart and soul, mind and strengththat I offer to you. The love of you, like hoppers. At a turn in the path, she came suddenthings which plants absorb and assimilate ly on one of these admirers-Frank Haninto their own growth, has become part of iy. Frank's face flushed. He had been me. This is a tried and true affection, thinking of her when she surprised himthinking of her all that day and through a sleepless night; and in those hours the your acceptance. Cynthia, if you will lay Cynthia of his fancy had smiled on him, this little hand in mine" (and he let it fall, and laid her gentle hand in his, and had but stretched out his hand towards her,) priori-that is, before a reciprocation of been gathered to his heart-it was a shock "I will strengthen you, and elevate you,

as incomparably superior to any other suithis, and, for a mement, she felt humbled

matter "Miss Cynthia," said Frank, "when a tensions, remembered her bellehood and her man loves a woman, as I have long loved to think all the harm he could of her. conquests, and the light in which she alyou, he singles her out from the whole ways had been looked upon by all her lovers, and was almost disposed to revenge world as his representative of womanhood ; upon Frank Handy the passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, twining the hop-wreath for her head. He did not speak. His thoughts were busied with the words that he would say to her when

he broke silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting at his side-waiting for the she looks, and on whom she should lean. hop-wreath, with its pale green bells, that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia strengthens her better in its struggle against her worser nature." grew impatient as she found he did not speak to her. She addressed him several

They were walking towards the homequestions, which he answered with an air stead, and walking fast. Cynthia was anof pre-occupation. She wandered from his gry, disturbed, and mortified. Was this a and presuming. He had spoken only what side a few yards among the rocks, turning time to dwell upon her faults ? She adover with her foot some pebbles covered mitted that she had some. Vague confession! by no means implying that Cynthia with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life, which knew that, at that moment, she was proud, made its home there. The influence of the vain, insincere, and petulant, and that she was crushing down the better feelings of day stole into her heart, and made her her heart, to give the victory within her to her eyes. If she looked as if she had been

the worst. If Handy wanted her, she At last Handy broke silence, calling her to him, as she stood watching the stir which thought, he might woo her with more respect to her pretensions. And he should the point of her foot had produced in an woo her. If he loved her as he said he

"Miss Cynthia." " Is it finished ?" she said, quickly. "Not the garland—but the struggle in my breast is finished. I have been ques-

answers more soft and natural.

tioning myself whether I should say to you what I am about to say." Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly to tear apart its delicate veins and

"Miss Cynthia, is it pleasant to you to at discretion. They reached the steps over the stone "I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose

firmly. "Miss Cynthia," said he. "few He was taking her on a new taok. It was different from anything she had ever before experienced. She did not like this women have the courage to treat rejected suitors thus. It is the true humanity."

way of having his offer. "It is embarrassing when I know that my only answer can be No," she said, that, being sure, however, that you are in looking him in the face for a moment, she took it, crushed some of the green blos-

and then casting her eyes upon the lime leaf she was dissecting. "It would be more embarrassing, I if she had been entirely indifferent to his boil; nor make a false step and get out of think, if you were not so sure," he said, admiration. time, when your partner is meditating a "and if you took the matter into consider-

"It never wants any consideration with me," she answered. "What! did you never place before your

mind the subject of marriage ? Have you been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a Cynthia, though so pretty a girl, and so see what the happy duties of a wife, and the

"It is not nonsense," he replied ; "such

any offer had been made to her which had me," said her heart, now turning to its Frank Handy, quite collected, and self- But, as Cynthia set the last stitch in her not left behind it a self-satisfied feeling of better instincts, as she threw herself upon possessed, offered his to the bridesmaid, dress, she stooped down and kissed her. triumph ; and yet here was Frank Handy, her little, white, dimity-covered bed in her and they followed the bride and bride 'Every sorrow has its lesson,' she said, own chamber, and, shutting out the light groom into the best parlor. Cynthia and 'as every weed has a drop of honey in its tor she had ever had as Well, no from her eyes, thought what life would be

if Frank never said Snip !- Frank, who places for the ceremony. It was only a and store it for good uses.' moment that she leaned upon his arm, but was even then walking in the fields, trying Here sheslay, and cried, and disquieted was a pride, such as no woman need be experience had taught her that her reign herself in vain. And she thought over all ashamed of, in resting upon manly strength. was over, and her career of bellehood run. bows down, doing homage to the woman's Handy, and-strange !-- that though it nerves seemed twittering like wires stretch- good man's heart when she had won it, seized upon the balm she found in such a control-she heard nothing, and saw no haps, see that he had judged her hastily

> forth his pretensions. She had wronged and kissed the bride. Everybody came had rejected him. At least, every imround the pair with salutations. The kissing was rather indiscriminate. Seth claimand, of course, he kissed the bridesmaid. so" transferred itself to her in a different burning forehead.

> > the party.

got to do," said one of the young girls of

will say "Snip !" Can I say "Snap !"-

Uvnthia's beaux could make nothing of

her. She answered their questions wrong

dance, on the plea that she must keep her

that Frank seemed not to remember her

"Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy

"Oh ! that is somebody very wonderful

Everybody else is afraid to speak to her.

be right down flirting with her-doesn't

somebody out of the way. Nobody here

was good enough for Frank. Have you

and is going away? He is going to live

in the same place she does. I shouldn't

heart, "I don't care. Oh ! yes I do. I

care that he should have weighed me in the

balances so calmly this afternoon, and

found me so unworthy, that he takes back

".... If you would snip it."

It was Frank Handy's voice. She caught

"If I knew where to find a needle and

wonder at his courting her-should you ? "I don't care," said Cynthia in her

way. She would as soon have kissed a clam. "Cynthy, you and Frank bring in the cake. You seem to forget all you have

did, she knew her power was great. He

So Cynthia went down stairs towering should bring his homage not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself-to, in pride and wrath. She had half a mind Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full not to go the wedding. No, she could not

to be defrauded of her triumph, and it gart, if she staid away. It was delicate would be a great one, indeed, if she forced ground with her, this matter of Seth Taghim, by her faults themselves, to surrender gart's, because he had never made her any

fence which led on to the highway. In ming up all her wrongs at once, as she sat their path lay a disabled grasshopper.- at the tea-table, priming herself with pride Frank set his foot on it and crushed it against the weakness before which she felt

her courage giving way. "Cynthy, I reckon you'd best go and dress you," said her mother, as she was

She took it with an indifferent air, and, as yourself, and you ought to be there early, f you are going to stand up with Sue." soms. She would have treated him with maid ? " said her father. more courtesy (had Frank but known it),

toss of her head. "Miss Cynthia," said he, now in a grave "Ha! Handy?" said her father,

self, impressed her with a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts when ried to.' brought into conflict with his self-posses-Cynthia escaped to her own room, and courage of Cynthia. Now she thought he

you have dealt by many men, and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks, and know him as well as she knew him. Oh ! take my chance atmong your many other if he only would come back. Why hadn't

Mr. Frank," she said. " Everything about pect an offering even to you. And if you at the moment. It would be very cruel of and reason."

until she was sum-

Oh! no.

Frank were parted, when they took their cup. Blessed are they who suck that drop,

She had gone, and Cynthia was left alone. provement in her would be due to his influence, though unseen; and so, even in ed the privilege of kissing all the girls, her lonely life, he would not be altogether dissociated from her. She sat in the dark, His former sensation of "all over-ever with her hands clasped tightly over her

She heard voices in the passages. The party was breaking up. People were be-ginning to go. Oh! why had she staid ginning to go. alone so long ! Perhaps during that hour Frank might have changed his mind. She had deprived herself of the opportunity.

She started up and hurried out amongst waiting, and I declare, I don't believe you the company. They were all getting their have taken the privilege of the kiss you cloaks and shawls on. Frank, in his great coat, was standing impatiently at the house door.

> 'Please to tell her that my buggy has come up first,' he said to some one, as Cynthia presented herself in the passage. 'I am ready,' said the lady in blue, preenting herself.

Frank raised his hat to the company and took her on his arm.

'Shut up that door,' said somebody and don't let the night air into the house. So the door closed with a jar that went to Cynthia's very heart. She turned aside and tried to help some of the girls to find their shawls and hoods. 'Every lassie had her laddie,' Cynthia only had no one to take her home. She asked Tommy Chase to walk home with her, and he said he would as soon as he had had some more cake and some more supper.

Cynthia went back into the empty parlor, and sat down by an open window "It is a foolish custom," said Frank, looking on the yard. She hid her face in as they arranged the cake. "Foolish, that persons, because they are happy, her hands. Ail sorts of thoughts went singing through her brain; but the one that presented itself oftenest, was an humthe display of newly married happiness, as ble resolution that she would try to be such a woman as Frank Handy wisely Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the might have loved.

There was a stir among the vines that draped the window frame. She did not look up. It was the wind. She heard it sigh. She felt its warm breath near her cheek-warmer, surely, than the night wind. She lifted her head quickly.

Snip !' said Frank's voice at her side. that will be the perfection of good sense It trembled; and he trembled as he stood She had not intended to besarcastic. with a great hope and a great fear conthe speech fell from her lips, i tending in his breast. His self-possession sounded so. It was trifling-unworthy. was all gone. The struggle had unnerved Would She wished she had not said it. Its tone him. fer myself again to you. Cynthia started. it not be confessing too much, if he were was out of harmony with what she felt. 'Oh! Snap!' cried Cynthia suddenly. "Come," said Frank, "let us feed And then, drooping her head, crowned He took one of the handles of with the hop bells, lower and lower-more her father called her, and said, if she came the tray, and the bridesmaid took the other. and more humbly, till it rested on the win-The room was very merry. The cake was dow sill,--she said in a broken voice: "I know I am not worthy, Frank; but you must teach me."

and there is that in her before which he the good she had ever heard of Frank nature within her. But this does not im- seemed to her he had the good word and

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ply unconsciousness of her faults. He good opinion of every man who knew him, may see where she comes short of her own no one had ever quite seemed to appreciate capability. And that marriage is true him to his full value. Perhaps he had union in which the husband, up to whom never shown his inmost heart to other people as he had to her. Her wounded feeling

thought. Frank was not a man to put one. The minister had blessed them both, and not be glad, as he was now, that she him very much in calling him conceited he had a right to think about his own sincerity; and oh ! how she wished he could think a great deal better of her.

During the burst of tears that followed this reflection, the great farm tea-bell rang. Cynthia sprang from her bed and wiped

crying, might not some one say she was fretted to lose Seth Taggart ! Seth Taggart, indeed ! She wasn't going to cry for losing any man. And the evil spirits re-

"Frank! Here! Your bridesmaid's sumed their sway. are entitled to.

Frank was called away from the side of display of all her faults, and even in oppo- do that. People would certainly say things a lady in blue, a stranger from the city, sition to his better reason. She was not she would not like about her and Seth Tagwho had been brought by some of the guests. She had no other acquaintances,

and Frank seemed to be attentive to her. "I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," offer. "I think men treat women shamesaid he, turning from the lady, and taking fully," said Cynthia in her thoughts, sumno notice of the latter part of the speech that was addressed to him, "let us do all

that is expected of us." They went together into the pantry, and were there alone. Cynthia thought, "if he intends to say Snip! now is the moment."

But Frank was intent on arranging the cake clearing away the table after tea; "you on plates, and disposing them on a large He helped her over the steps, and paused. He took the hop-wreath carefully leave the things, and I'll wash up and put waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refuge in silence, and the cake. It from his arm, and gave it into her hands. away. It will take you some time to fix

may have been the sweet, unwholesome smell of wedding cake which made her "Who's the groomsman, Miss Brideshead ache violently.

"Frank Handy, sir," said Cynthia, with

should want to make other folks sick. ight clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a But there is a great deal of selfishness in and measured tone, which, in spite of herucky woman he stands up with to be marthat essay by Elia tells us."

sion and sincerity, "I know very well how she began to cry again. There ! her father spoke well of Frank; but nobody could

She put on a little coquetry. "You will not have any cake at your wedding, patient suitors. It is true, that the wound she known the state of her own heart that that you inflict on me, will leave its scar morning ? But he took her so by surprise, for life : but I cannot make my self-res- and all her evil feelings had got uppermost

have the feelings of true nobleness, which | him-very-not to try her again. Thus she thoug in you,

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that moment gave her a new sensation. It Yes, she had much to learn. This night's His arm did not tremble, though all her She, who was not good enough to keep a ed, and suddenly let loose. He seemed so would set herself to her new task of selfstrong, so calm, so self-collected, and so improvement. She would have her dear dignified, that she began to feel her own old father's love, and live at home, and litunworthiness, and to mistrust her power. | tle children, too, should learn to love her. She cast her eyes down during the ser- And then, perhaps, some day, when they vice, tried to bring her rebel nerves under | both grew old, Frank Handy might, per-

That HE may drive our sins away, And give to us eternai day, With those above

Then let us all improve our time. And fit our souls to meet our friends With God above : Where all is harmony and love, And all obey the holy word Of the most High

NEW PROVIDENCE, 1857.

From Putnam's Monthly

SNIP-SNAP.

Cynthia Susan Simpson, age eighteen, with the pretty talent of pleasing men, was the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow-Squash valley.

This little talent of pleasing men is sometimes given by nature as a compensation for the lack of every other accomplishlatter, as I take it, requires several other talents for its support, otherwise it soon degenerates into silliness-whence it sours into vulgar ill-nature in the country girl -in the lady of society into sarcasm.

Cynthia was pretty, in the freshness of like a flower, and is cut down. The loveliness of girlhood rarely ripens in the matron. And Cynthia was afraid to risk her loveliness, no doubt; for whilest she encouraged the attentions of many "beaux," who, in the language of her society, "went to see her" evening after evening, at the snug farm-house of her father, whenever any of these swains took the opportunity to press upon her notice the nature of his case, and urge the necessity of its speedy cure, she cut the matter short with him.

Truth must be said, that amongst all her admirers there was not one who was a his love took place a very desirable to come thus suddenly upon so different a match for her.

brand new suit of glossy, fine, black broadprepared by previous experience to disbern symptoms of an approaching assault pursed up her pretty little mouth. and sewed, with nimble-glancing fingers, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's shirts, of unbleached cotton; and thought to herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and wondered how he would get out of the fix in which he found himself, and how he could dare to think she had given him ening. Poor Seth sat on the verge of his hair, and gentlemen dislike shopping, chair, and gazed through the window, which was open, into the woods, but his with her.) was a mind like that of Wordsworth's Pe-

ter, "A primrose, on the river's brim, A yellow primrose was to him, And nothing more." He did not find any inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the ashes. "Miss Cynthia," said he, at length, "did you ever see a crow ?"

"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a mouse.

Black-ain't it ?" said Seth. " Very."

Then came a pause. " Darn it-I wish she'd help me out," said Seth in his own thought. "The little minx knows what I want to say, and she might help me to say

What man has not thought this before now, at courting time-and wished to bor-

reality. At the moment he encountered The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid her, he was indulging himself in an imagihis last visit to her one afternoon, in a nary love scene, in which he was calling her, in heart, "My Cynthia, my love," cloth. Pretty Cynthia was alone, and and at the sudden sight of her all such presumptuous fancies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinking like vari-tinted coral upon the Malakoff of her affections. She polypes when danger approaches-each into the recesses of its cell.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," he said, stammering before he gathered selfpossession, and accustomed himself to her presence. "I was on my way to make you a call. If you will allow me, I will turn round and walk with you." "I am not going far, Mr. Frank. only to you." couragement-and looked-very bewitch- into the village, for some ribbon for my

> (knowing perfectly well that he would go " I know where a wild hop-vine grows,

said he, "it would make a much prettier ornament for your hair than any ribbons you could buy in the village,"

"And will you get me some ?" "Turn this way into the woods, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. I am going away from here tomorrow, perhaps. I have been offered a professorship in a school of agriculture." " Indeed, Mr. Handy."

There was a pause, and Cynthia re- Miss Cynthia, nor yet with your own better love can a man give, than that which sumed, a little hurriedly: "I should heart," he said, a little bitterly. "You sees your faults and strengthens you think you would like going away from here. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among us." "I shall like it, in some respects, bet-

ter than my present life," said Handy .----"This farmer's life, when there are no man."

higher interests to accompany it, does not "I don't know why you should say such row feminine tact, and the larger experi-ence of women, to help him out of the

have always fancied 1 discerned you would respect me, esteem me, love me | ciently advanced in her toilet to put her less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never ofwreath on. Should she wear it? Slight and rapid as her movement was, he to see it in her hair? She looked for some

saw it, and repeated, "I shall never offer ribbons in her drawer, but at this moment them." myself again to you; and I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have quick he would drive her over to Susie's subdued this love for you. To-night I before he unharnessed his old mare. So served with plenty of noise, and the winef-shall be at the wedding. I am grooms-man to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up ing it the benefit of her doubt, and its possessed, and attentive to everybody.

with you. I am going home to consider trembling green bells mixed with the light fully what has passed, to convince myself curls of her pretty sunny hair. "Where did you get that from ?" said A rumor ran that she was wearing the (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which my her father. "It's mighty tasty, I declare. willow for Seth Taggart. She declined to Give me a kiss, Cynthy. I hope your judgment is responsible, or only its mis-

fortune; whether the Cynthia l have loved beaux will think you look half as pretty as self disengaged for her duties as a bridesis really capable, as I have dreamed, of I do. And it's better, my child, to be ad- maid, and, indeed, her head ached so she scattering the clouds that dim her beauty, mired by your old father, who loves you, feared the motion. Agonized by her selfand shining forth in her sweet queenliness than by a crowd of foolish fellows, half of consciousness, and with too little spirit left upon the lonely darkness of the man who whom get round a pretty girl just like my to make head against the reports that were can teach her what it is to love. I do not flock of sheep out yonder, one following going about, she could not but perceive know what I shall think. To-day has because another is making up to her." shaken my confidence in you. As I said "Foolish fellows!" they were "foolish fellows." But Frank Handy was not one is so taken up with ?' she said to one o before, I shall make you no further offer; train sufficiently to be accounted one of her 'Frank '' before, but consciousness made but, if I make up my mind to renew the one I have just made you, I shall say Snip! during the evening; and, if you answer Snap! I shall understand it is favorably suitors. It was this very 'foolish' flock her now reject the old familiarity. whose ranks he scorned to enter. All that received by you. Mind." he added. "I her father said, seemed to justify her nasthink it doubtful whether, notwithstanding cent feeling. She kissed the old man's She has written a book. Frank seems to

ruddy cheek, and felt as if the callow love, my love for you, I shall think it right to that fluttered at her heart, had almost he? I declare, now, he always wanted say it. I am going into the fields to 'medbeen made welcome by his approbation. itate till eventide' upon my course, and I may bring back the conviction that for the "What time shall I come for you, Cynpresent rejection of my suit I ought to be thia?" said he, as she alighted at Susie's heard he has been offered a professorship much obliged to you. Nor shall I say door. "Oh! not till late, father," she said, Snip! more than once. In this uncertainhurriedly. "Stay-not at all. Some of the

ty I leave the matter to your consideration.'

"What impertinence !" thought Cyn-Cynthia. It has waited patiently until the thia. "I never heard of such a thing !" moment came when it might be offered to And she began to cry, standing alone upon the highway, holding her hop-wreath in her hand. "I don't know what I had better do.

wish he had taken some other way of speaking to me. Oh! why should he be so and guide you. You shall be a woman of higher rank (as God ranks woman), for very unkind? I don't care. It is his loss your union with a man's stronger, steadier, a great deal more than mine, if he is really and more single-minded nature, and, Cynin love with me."

The evil spirit was coming back, and i thia, your influence for good on me will be incalculablo. Who can estimate what a whispered, "He will certainly say Snip but you had better not say Snap! too read-ily." She walked on thinking, imagining a triman owes to the affection of a woman? All that I have in me that is good will be

you have never attained.

doubled by your influence. You must draw forth-perhaps create-the gentleumph, when suddenly the thought came to her, that she was confessing to herself she ness, delicacies, and the tendernesses that wanted to say Snap !--- and why? It was complete the manly character." He paused, and Cynthia stood with her not possible that the tables of her pride hand hidden in the folds of her mantle. were turned upon her; that she was in "No," she said slowly; "I am sorry Frank Handy's power, to refuse or to take ; Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish that she loved him! "I don't care for him at all," was the suggestion of the bad

There was an embarrassed silence beangel. "I only want to teach him for the tween them for a few moments, and then future to behave. He is a presuming, ex-Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising acting, self-conceited fellow." "Have you ever, in the course of your pride, continued : "I am not good enough to answer your

expectations, Mr. Handy. You must look elsewhere for the kind of woman who will any other man like Frank? Has not the conversation of this very day raised him to satisfy you." Handy started, and his face flushed ea-

gerly. He was about to speak. Cynthia before you in a light in which no other man pushed her to the door. caught the lightning of his eyes; but when has ever stood before?" they rested on her face, he said that her look faded.

"You are not dealing fairly with me, are not convinced of what you said this | against them ? True, he has set his ideal

CARDS.

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST .-- Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apr 18 (f 13 REMOVAL .-- WILLIAM S. AMWEG, K Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his ormer place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Frinity Lutheran Church. apr 8 tf 12

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

R. S. WELCHENS, SURGEON DEN-TIST.-Office, Kramph's Buildings, second floor. North ast corner of North Queen and Orange streets, Lancas r, Pa. jan 20 tf 1

W. T. MCPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STRASBURG, LANCASTOR Co., Pa. NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has removed his Office to North Duke street, o the room recently occupied by Hon. I. E. Hiester. Lancaster, apr 1

LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.--Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of itre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 1y 17 DEMOVAL .-- 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 from Orange, and directly over Spronger & Westhaeffer's Book Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856. 1v 16

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-Ince one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. 23. All kinds of Scrivening--such as writing Wills, Deeds, Morigages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 16, 165 tF17 DR. J. T. BAKER, Homeopathic Phy-sician, successor to Jr. McAllister.

D sician, successor to Dr. McAllister. Office 19 E. Orange st., nearly opposite the First Ger-nan Reformed Church. Laucaster, April 17 (tf13)

(1513) **JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Of-**fico in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. **357** All business connected with his profession, and and il kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 16. **4617** t takes a good deal more sense than Susie of his attachment? Oh! think that this ad to be unhappy in life when one is morning I had it in my power to be happy blessed with a sweet temper and a good all my life, when I refused him! Oh! how ligestion. A super-added power of suffer- | can any one compare any other man with

A LEXANDER HARRIS, Attorney at ing is a proof of an advance in organiza- him! And he loved me only to-day-and skeptic : whether this truth does not imply enough to be his wife ; and he is afraid of

LAW. Office South Queen St., West side, n. REFERENCES: Governor James Pollock, Harrisburg. Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, do.

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, do. Hon. Joseph Casey, do. Hon. Andrew Parker, Miffinitown. Hon. James M. Sellers, do. A. K. McClure, Esq., Chambersburg.

apr 7 1y 12

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT,

Γ REAL ESTATE AGENT, PRILADELPRIA, will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting Houses and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to bis car-will be thankfully received, and carofully attended to.--Satisfactory reference given. Office N. E. corner of SWYENTI and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10.-175

YOACH MAKING .-- The subscriber re-

COACH MÁKING.---The subscriber re-spectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still carries on the COACH MAKING, in all fits various branches, at bits shop, in the siley run-ning east from the Court House, rear of Sprecher's and Lechier's Hotels, Lancaster, where he continues to make to order, and at the lowest possible prices, OARRIAGES of every description, of the best materials and in the most substantial manner. Ap-All new work warranted. Repairing also attended to with dispatch. He respect-fully solicits a share of public patronage. my 51y 16 WILLIAM COX.

voung

my 5 1y 16 WILLIAM COX. TATES' UNION HOTEL.--NO. 200 STATES' UNION HOTEL.--NO. 200 Market street, above 6th street, Philaduphia, Pa.-The undersigned, late of the American House, Columbia, Penna, takes pleasure in informing his above well-known and popular HOUSE, (long known as the Red Lion Hotel), which he has dilled up with entirely New Furniture and Bedding of a superior quality. The house has also been renorated and impro-ved in a manner which will compare favorably with any of the Hotels in the City, and cannot fall to give satisfac-tion to those who may patronize this establishment. The TABLE will always be supplied with the cholest Provisions the market affords; and the Bar with the PU-REST AND BEST LIQUORS. Nothing that be isft undone to make his Guests comfortable, and the fatters himself that by strict attention to business, he will merit and re-ceive a liberal share of public patronsge. May 22 tf-18

may 22 tf.18 Proprietor. **TEREOSCOPES** i--**These** wonderful and universally admired pictures, which appear as ound and solid as sculptured marble, are taken daily at JUHNSTON'S BKY-LIGHT GALLERY, corper of North Queen and Orange sta. **AP** Daguerrootypes of every size and style, taken at the lowest nrices. may 22 tf-18

Lanscater, June 19

than the bride did when the buggy that look at the bridesmaid. "I know. Let me sew it up for you, had been sent for the minister stopped at said Cynthia. Her pride had left her. She felt humbled to the dust. It would be a relief to do something for this woman-better than herself-whom Frank preferred to her. ' Let me do it,' she said earnestly. 'Mr. Handy, I shall depend upon your

girls' had a reputation for good nature. his partner in blue.

bud, blushing in her wedding muslin, and the love he has offered me. Has he judged

going to be very happy, because well, me very cruelly? Or am 1 quite unworthy

tion. and we submit the argument to the now, to-night, his reason says I am not good

the necessity of some power or influence being unhappy with me. Indeed, I am not

Cynthia was waited for to put the finish-ing touches to the bridal toilet, for Cyn-saw her, and stopped embarrassed. He

this had taste, and Cynthia among her was holding up a torn fold in the dress of

wedding wreath, and she trembled more thread," said the authoress, with a half

which shall counterbalance and adjust this good enough-but I would try to be."

"She didn't want to see Seth Taggart,

scarlet before "the girl addressed could turn her head; and she opened the door of the room, where the bridegroom and his You do not think that Cynthia Simpson ities for good, beyond those of other women, and said, "Gentlemen, we are ready," falls short of the reasonable ideal of any though to the height of your capabilities with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing

"Oh! I shall be a worse woman, and an

the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going down to receive the experience," said the good angel, "seen minister. "Cynthia, you go and tell the gentle-

Her fingers failed her as she pinned the

young men will walk with me; or, if they

don't, I'll come with Tommy Chase. He's

And now Cynthia found herself in the

bride's ehamber. The pretty little rose-

sensitiveness to suffering in the highest

natures?

only eleven, but he's tall of his age."

high in your esteem . . . which is . . . which must be That is, he stands

taken a great deal more pains to win me.' grown."

moment. You think in your heart I am a of womanhood so high, that you do not men were caged, with an air in which as-foolish fellow, and that I ask too much.— come up to it; but he sees in you capabil- sumed indifference was strongly marked, one say, she had been the victim of false

Seth. long and lean, and shiny, in his

"I don't believe he loves me," said her I reckon," said one of the girls in a half words were not wholly sincere, and the perverse heart, "or else he would have whisper. Don't you see how pale she has He had told her he should go there .--Cynthia sewed up the hole in the blue Cynthia falsified this speech by looking dress, very sadly and quietly. "Ah!" said the good angel, "what The animation faded from

authoress' face, as she looked down on Cynthia's quivering lip, and saw a big tear

hones raised by Seth Taggart ; and had in

her heart despised her for it; but now she felt as if the sad, heart-broken love bestowed on him, endorsed him as far better

nen they may come in." Cynthia shrank back. But as the brides-

in her head.

maid it was her office, and the others

scort.' Frank Handy bowed, and the girls went together into a bed-room.