THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS. Subscription.—Two bollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearazes are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISENTS.—Advertisements. not exceeding one square, (12 lines.) will be inserted three times for outdollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

THE OLD PRINTER. A Fan'y Sketch, but too near the Truth to make Fun of.

BY B. P. SHILLABER. I see him at his case, With his anxious, cheerless face Worn and brown : And the types' unceasing click, As they drop within his stick, Seems of life's old clock the tick

Running down.

I've known him many a year, That old typo, bent and queer-Boy and man; Time was when step elate Distinguished his gait, And his form was tall and straight

I've marked him, day by day. As he passed along the way To his toil He's labored might and main, A living scaut to gain, And some interest small attain

We now sean.

In the soil. And hope was brigh; at first, And the golden cheat he nursed. Till he found That hope was but a glare In a cold and frosty air, And the promise pictured fair Barren ground.

He ne'er was reckoned bad, But I've seen him smile right glad
At "leaded" wees, While a dark and lowering frown Would spread his features round Where virtue's praise did sound

Long years he's labored on, And the rosy hues are gone From his sky; For others are his hours, For others are his powers-His days, uncheered by flowers, Flitting by. You may see him, night by night,

By the lamp's dull, dreamy light Standing there; With cobweb curtains spread In festoons o'er his head. That sooty showers shed In his hair And when the waning moon

Proclaims of night the noon If you roam, You may see him, weak and frail, In motion like the snail. Wending home

His form by years is bent, To his bair a tinge is lent Sadly gray; And his teeth have long decayed, Great havoc time has made With his clay!

But soon will come the day When his "form" will pass away From our view; And the spot shall know no more The sorrows that he bore. Or the disappointments sore That he knew.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A TALE OF BUTTONS.

Breakfast was just over at the parsonchairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton, in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder, looking at the morning paper. And as fine looking a pair they were as you will be likely to see on a summer's indeed said to be the handsomest man in time.' the parish, and that with good reason: whether he had any ideas of his own on the subject, was entirely his own affair.

not very fair; but her eyes, so bright and your housekeeping.' clear, her figure so elastic and trim, her abundant hair, and above all, her frank thought Chrissey; but the thought was re- a woman her pastor,' said Christiana, layand easy manners, and the expression of pressed in a moment. She picked up and ing her head on his shoulder; 'and if sunny good temper and perfect openness replaced the scattered apparel, folded the had not been left here alone all day, which lighted up her face, made most peo- snowy cravats, and warmed her husband's think I should hardly have got up my cour-Rush, who was by far the grandest lady its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her tonless.'

about three years, during which time they, step and pleasant face. had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other; for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our larger cities, and could sel- own reflections. dom be spared; and Chrissey was a teachherself, and helped, by her labors, to edu-

labor as many of the young men do, and he known to harbor resentment. needs my help. I know he has talents But with all these good qualities, Mr. yourself to board awhile longer with your difficulties, it is probable that he would good friend, Mrs. Bicketts, Clement.'

adhered, despite Clement's persuasions, book removed from its place would produce ed himself in. Chrissey waited for a long and those of George himself, who was very a lamentation half indignant and half pamuch distressed at the thought that his thetic which rung in Chrissey's ears, and door. It was opened with a fervent emsister's marriage should be put off on his made her heart ache long after Clement brace and a warm kiss, and though there climbing up the trees, remains below and account. Under these circumstances, the had forgotten the circumstance altogether. were not many words spoken on either side, picks up those which have fallen off from lovers did not see much of each other; Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton had and they were finally married, without never thought of this habit, of which, in- band and wife, which showed that the un-Chrissey's having suspected her husband deed, he was but imperfectly conscious, as derstanding was now perfect between them. of any infirmity of temper. She had suf- a fault. He thought indeed, that it was a But I think, nevertheless, that men's fered much on discoverin that gsuch was pity he should be so sensitive, and some- wives ought to sew on the buttons. the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish that she had never been disenchanted. a love for order and symmetry, and then But she was a wise woman; she knew her he should not be so often annoyed by the husband's intrinsic excellencies and disorderly habits of other people. He said

'What do you set about to day?' she asked, as Mr. Ashton, having exhausted the paper, arose from the sofa.

'Visiting!' replied his reverence. must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's, and see the Jones', and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to Sunday School once more. Then, I have to see poor Maggy Carpenter, who is much worse the shortest notice. School once more. Then, I have to see the omnibus and ride out to the mills to the change. see that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me vesterday.

'What a round!' exclaimed Chrissey. You never will get home in time for dinner at two o'clock. I think I will put it off till six, and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lilly.' 'What do you mean?'

Why, you know they always dine at One day Lily called about some society and ended by sayingmatter, on a lady who lives not a hundred miles from her street, and was about entering, when she thought she thought she misfortune.' perceived the smell of roast meat in "the hall, and said very politely: 'But perhaps it is at your dinner hour?'

'No indeed!' replied madam, with indignation. 'We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!' 'Poor Lily!' exclaimed Mr. Ashton, his ear.

laughing, 'what did she say?' 'Oh! she did her errand and retired, Chrissey?' of course. There was nothing to be said. Mr. Ashton turned to go into his study, carpet, and he was nearly thrown down .--

himself, and exclaimed pettishly-

'I thought Amy had fastened it," returned his wife, with perfect mildness, 'I down the room in some agitation. am sure I saw her to work there. The door must pull it out of its place, I think.'

He turned into his study, shutting the with ---door after him with rather unnecessary face. She was not left long undisturbed, room, where she found her husband stand- | a day this week in which you have not ing before his bureau, partly dressed, and | made my heart ache by some such outburst with shirts, cravats, and handk rchiefs of fretfulness." slightly ludicrous.

What is the matter ?' she asked. it should be! not a shirt ready to wear! after all, were found in his own pocket .do not mean to be unreasonable.' he con sure of the clean linen, but really Chris- and covered his face with his hands, sey I think you might see that my clothes I think a little of the time you spend in power of respecting my husband; and when writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed upon me.'

This address was delivered in a tone and wishing I had never known you' manner of mournful distress, which might

to church. 'What is the matter with this shirt?' asked Chrissey, quietly examining one of day. The Reverend Clement Ashton was many shirts do you generally wear at a I can bear, Chrissey.

love, but I do assure you I found several but I am frightened that the idea should Mrs. Ashton, as she was called by the bands. We had breakfast late, and now cease to love you, Clement, I should die parish-Christiana, as her god-fathers and I shall be detained half an hour, when I I would rather die this moment.' god-mothers named her-Chrissey, as her ought to be away. I know you mean well, brothers and husband called her-was not but if you had served a year's apprentice- clasping her in his arms. 'But why, my usually regarded as handsome. Her fea- ship with my mother before you were mar- dearest love, have you not told me of this tures were not very regular, and she was ried, it might have been all the better for before?"

'It might have prevented it altogether, for her trouble, proposed that she should Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married send for Lily to spend the day with her, love,' said Clement penitently. 'I will about six months, after an engagement of and strode away with his usual elastic

This fretfulness and tendency to be er in another city, where she supported greatly disturbed and finally to destroy the cate one of her brothers for the ministry. only fault. He was self-sacrificing to the studies, and was placed on independent an apostle almost, in his professional labors, footing, that she consented to be married. liberal to a fault, and in his administration George cannot support himself entire- of parish matters, wise and conciliating to ly,' she said, in answer to the remonstrance all. He could bear injuries, real injuries, her lover: 'he is not strong enough to with the greatest patience, and was never

which will make him eminently useful in Ashton had one fault-a fault, which the calling he has chosen. I know too, threatened to disturb and finally to destroy that if he attempts any more than he is the comfort of his married life. If his wife doing, his health will fail, and he will be- by extryagance or bad management had come discouraged. You must content wasted his income, and involved him in never have spoken an unkind word to her; And to this resolution she steadfastly but the fact of a button being missing, or a from the table entered the study and locktimes said that he wished he had not such

poses, she resolved to endure and to try | was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect, but that his peculiar trials, as he was pleased to call them, ever became

trials to other people, he did not imagine. He had indeed remarked, in spite of him-'I self, that Christiana's face was not half as cheerful nor her spirits as light as when they were first married; and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh so heavily upon her; but nothing was farther from his thoughts than that again, and if I have time I shall get into anything in himself could, have produced

Mr. Ashton exhausted with his day's work, turned towards home with his mind and heart full of all he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table cloth was removed, and he sat down in his dressing gown and slippers before the fire, he related the events of the day to his wife, describing with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature, the six to suit the the Doctor's arrangements. patience and holy resignation he witnessed,

'Certainly religion has power to sustain and console, under all trials and every 'Except the loss of a button,' replied

Chrissey seriously. 'That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain. The Reverend Mr. Ashton sarted as

though a pistol had been discharged at 'Why? what do you mean, my dear

'Just what I say,' returned Chrissey, with the same soberness. 'Yourself for and as he did so, his foot caught in the instance, you can endure the loss of friends with the greatest resignation; I never saw Chrissey started in alarm, but he recovered | you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, or show any impatience under severe 'I do wish you would have that carpet pain; but the loss of a button from your nailed down. I have stumbled over it shirts, or a nail from the carpet, give you twen y times in the course of a week, I do | a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and I must say-unchristian.'

Mr. Ashton arose, and walked up and

'I did not think my love,' he said last, in a trembling tone, 'that you would 'Oh, of course, there is some excellent attach so much importance to a single reason for its being out of order; it seems hasty word. Perhaps I spoke too quickly to me that with all your ingenuity, you | -but even if it were so, did we not prom might find some way of making it more ise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am sure I am very glad to hear

Mr. Ashton paused: he was a very noise, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the truthful man, and upon consideration, he fire, and arranged her work-basket for the really could not remember that he had day, with something of a cloud on her fair ever had anything to bear from his wife. 'If it was only once, my dear husband, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard I would say nothing about it; but you do calling her in an impatient tone. She not seem in the least aware how the habit sighed, but arose and entered the next has grown upon you. There has not been

scattered about him like a new kind of Mr. Ashton was astonished; but as he snow, while his face bore an expression of began to reflect, he was still more surprismelancholy reproach, at once painful and ed to find his wife's accusation was quite true. One day, it had been about a front door mat, the next about a mislaid review, 'Oh, the old story! not a button where | and then about a lost pair of gloves, which

tinued in an agitated voice, as he tumbled conscience brought one instance after anover the things, to the manifest discompo- other of unkindness-he sat down again, 'But that is not the worst,' continued are in order. I am sure I would do more Chrissey, becoming agitated in her turn, than that for you, but here I am delayed 'I fear-I cannot help fearing-that I and put to the greatest inconvenience, be- shall be led to feel as I ought not towards cause you cannot sew on these buttons! you. I fear lest in time I shall lose the

respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very moment I found myself Chrissey burst into tears, a very unusual age; the table was cleared away, the have been justified perhaps, if Mrs. Ash-demonstration for her; and Clement springton had picked his pocket as he was going ing up, once more traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down by his wife's

> 'Christiana,' he said mournfully, 'is it the discarded garments. 'It seems to come to this?' I have deserved it-I feel have all the buttons in their places; and that I have but to lose your respect, here is another. My dear husband, how your love-my punishment is greater than

> 'It was but the thought of a moment, Oh! it is very well for you to smile, my replied Christiana' checking her sobs ;with no means at all of fastening the wrist- ever have entered my mind. If I should

'God forbid!' ejaculated her husband,

'It is neither a grateful nor a gracious office for a wife to reprove her husband, or ple think her a very attractive woman. - overshoes, and saw that the beautiful little age enough now. But if you are not angry Every one in her parish liked her, from Communion service, presented by a lady I am glad that I have told you all that was the two old people who sat in the warm of the parish, and consecrated to such suf- in my heart; for, indeed, my dear, it has corner near the stove in church, and al- ferers as Maggy Carpenter, were in readi- been a sad aching heart this long, long ways came round to get their dinner at ness. Before he left the house, Mr. Ash- time. And now then, I must tell you how the parsonage on Sundays, to Mrs. Dr. ton had forgotten both his fretfulness and those two unlucky shirts came to be but-

'No, don't say a word about them, my never complain again if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons.'

Chrissey watched him from the door 'But I must tell you, because I really till he turned into the next street, and mean to have my housekeeping affairs in then went back to the fireside and to her as good order as any one. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and had put them all right but these two, when Mrs. Lennox came in, in great distress, to comfort of the household was her husband's say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all, It was not till this brother had finished his last degree, faithful and indefatigable as and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were indeed frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics, and Mrs. Lennox worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and meantime, Amy had put the room in order and restored the shirts to their places.'

Army now put her head into the room. 'If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see missus a minute.'

kitchen, and Mr. Ashton taking a candle asked: time, and at last went and tapped at the will bring home most?" there was a light in the eyes of both hus-

Sioux Chiefs, recently, at Washington. When strength as well as his weakness; and al- to himself, that it was one of his peculiar she reached his princely wigwam, she found tering an old maxim to suit her own pur- trials—that even Chrissey, perfect as she it a mud hovel occupied by two other wives. known to many?"

For the Intelligencer ASONG.

BY VIOLA. Through the dancing leaflets Comes the summer breeze, Playing o'er the waters.

Fondling with the trees, O'er the distant mountain, Through the lonely vale, Where the Pine trees ever Raise their mournful wail. Hark! to the distant music,

'Tis the workman's evening song Merrily-merrily ever, It shouts on the breeze along; They shout with glee in the village, For the Harvest work is done. The golden grain is gathered,

List! to the joyous laughter, List! to the words of glee-They dance on the village play-ground, With footstep light and free. Then away-away with sorrow, The Harvest work is done-

Let us drink for each to-morrow. For the golden coin is won. On-on go the village dancers, The joyous fair and young, Whose hearts grim care has never With untold anguish rung.

On! on! they chase the fairest

Now merrily on they go-They banish all but pleasure, All thoughts of long ago. Three cheers for the honest farmer Three times three for those Whose words are words of pleasure,

Who banish all our woes. Then away, away with sorrow, For the Harvest work is done-We'll dance on the green together. For a village maid I've won.

The Left Eye.--A Calmuck Tale.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN. A RICH old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much

distinguished for her beauty as for extraordinary wisdom. One morning, as he was driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring to them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets; but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make which t would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish,

though it were at the price of his life. "If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg ou do as follows: sell all your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no she might become a regular pensioner if other price for it except the Chan's left

The old man was startled; however, cmembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and this singular and daring request soon reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. such an offensive speech against the ing. sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked: demand my left eye ?",

"Because I expected, my Prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me." "And wherefore dost thou desire to see

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it!" "Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on thy right hand, whilst the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and the rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy Left Eye: it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unpro-

The Chan incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her.

The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that of her expressive features, and shuddered, they should try whether her strange pro- as I thought of the dangers to which she ceeding was the effect of malice or of

wisdom. Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which was the top-Kookju threw it into the water, and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking whilst the top rose

up to the surface. Ater this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was the male and | dwelling, if such it could be called. which was the female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton, and on seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she judged that the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan: his vanity was hurt, and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. 'Missus' arose and went out into the He therefore ordered her before him, and

"On sending a number of maidens into the woods to gather apples, which of them

"She," replied Kookju, "who instead o maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way and the aged medicant were one and the mother, and I bless the hour that led my to get over it, and Kookju said, "to cross same. A look of eagerness overspread steps to the old rookery in Pitt Street. it would be the farthest, going around the her features, and she attempted to speak, nearest." The Chan felt vexed at the but the exertion produced a fit of coughing. readiness and propriety of her replies; and | When the paroxysm subsided, she called A foolish girl of 20 married one of the after having reflected for some time, he her little grandchild to her, and kissing

again inquired: "Which is the safest means of becoming

"Which is the surest means of always

"Who is truly wise?"

leading a virtuous life ?" . "To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with a good

"He who does not believe himself so." "Which are the requisites of a good come.

"She should be beautiful as a pea-hen, of N——; my parents were servants on gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just the farm of the wealthy Mr. Gray, a kind going, a male voice cried out dollar fifty, as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of hearted man when not opposed, but stern, a fish; she must mourn for her deceased and implacable to the highest degree to husband like a she camel, and live in her those who would not yield submissively to ling her way through the dense mass of fewidowhood like a bird which has lost its his slighest wishes. He had but one child,

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her have deprived her of life, had she not been from malice in questioning his justness, rescued by a noble youth, who, at the risk woman merely to warn him.

condition that the Chan would promise her its fair burden could be lifted off; then implicit obedience to her commands for taking her light form in his arms, he bade four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last the rearing and plunging animal, while he day, she placed a dish of meat before him,

sures are not worth as much as this joint of meat !? The Chan was so struck with the force

of her remark that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his Left Eye.

MY ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY M. MARCELLINA. It was a bitter day in January. I sat by the basement window, with a piece of needle-work in my hand, but my fingers were idle, my attention being attracted to an old woman descending the area steps. With much difficulty she accomplished what appeared a most painful exertion, then slowly advancing to where I sat, ex-

tended her withered hand. I have little charity for street beggars, but there was something in the face before me that dissolved the icy crust of prejudice, and my woman's nature asserted its right. Motioning for her to enter, I patiently listened to her tale of woe. It was one I had often heard before, yet I felt it was true; and handing her a small coin, I bade the domestic fill her basket, adding, she felt disposed. Thanking me, with an unmistakable expression of real gratitude, she passed out in the snow-covered street, and was soon lost to sight; and I, becomand her story.

The following day proved the memory see her, but the domestics had their orders, At first they admonished him not to use and she was not allowed to depart sorrow-

> vants as either the milkman, butcher or baker; and many little savory messes that had before been thrown away, or left to spoil, were now set aside for her. One day, some six weeks after her inmake her customary appearance. Biddy, a warm-hearted Irish girl, whose sympa-

thies had been awakened, mentioned this circumstance in my presence; I know not why it was, but all throughout that day the form of the old woman seemed before me, "Why didst thou instruct thy father to and her mournful voice sounding in my ears. She came no more, and believing death had released her from the chains of trouble, I dismissed the gloomy memory. One morning as I stood in the vestibule,

preparatory to entering my carriage, my attention was attracted to a little girl, who face pressed against the cold marble -Perceiving she was weeping violently, I stepped hastily forward, and before she her grief.

At first she appeared too much embarpublic streets. Here she faltered, and the rich blood mantled both neck and brow. I marked the exquisite loveliness had been exposed.

My shopping, and the rich silk I was so anxious to purchase, were alike forgotten; and signifying my intention to accompany her home, that I might ascertain in what manner I could best relieve her distressed relative, bade her direct the way.

She led me through many dirty streets. where poverty and filth walk hand in hand, and finally halted before a low, dilapidated an instinctive feeling of fear and distrust, I shrank back, and half determined to retrace my steps; but one glance from those pleading eyes decided me, and I entered. It was no easy matter to follow the child,

as she sprang nimbly up the yielding stairs. Twice my feet became wedged in the broken boards, and I was compelled to we arrived at the landing, my little guide opened a door, and ushered me into her home. The first object that my eyes corner of the room, on which a woman, with sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, lay. after gazing earnestly at me for a few moments, pronounced my name. It is needless to say I was much aston- revolutions, and many changes have been

a perplexing mystery. A light broke upon me as I advanced closer to the bed; she the shild's grieving lips bade her listen to what she was going say.

"By assisting many that are unknown." had it been in my power, for I feared the exertion would terminate her frail existence; but she would not listen to any objections. She had but a short time longer to live, she said, and she must not

die without performing her duty. She I think how deeply interested I should be-

'I was born,' she began, 'in the village a lovely daughter, the favorite of the village; her gentle and yielding disposition won the love of all around her. I was her constant attendant, and well did I love my young mistress; to shield her from her father's displeasure, I would have periled

found the means for attaining his object. my very life.'
He sent for her and asked her to deteryear she met with an accident that would and to admit that she intended as a wise of his own life threw himself before her frightened steed, and seizing the bridle, The maiden consented, yet under the held the almost unmanageable horse until the servant that was in attendance secure bore the fainting girl to the house.'

'From that day I may date the love of "Confess, O Chan! that all thy trea- Edith Gray and Ernest Lee; he became a daily visitor. Mr. Gray seemed blind, however, to the growing attachment of the young folks; and when Ernest presented himself before him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, he stormed and raved like a madman, and issued peremptory orders, that on no account, or under any pretence, should Edith see the presumptuous youth, as he termed him, again.'

'My mistress, gentle and yielding though she was, inherited too much of her father's spirit to submit to tyranny. In all other matters she had been submissive to her father's will; on this subject she felt he might counsel but not command; and when Ernest Lee poured out his deep love in her ear, and besought her to fly Bengal, within the reach of sea breeze, is with him from a father who valued so little 126. In Calcutta, in a house hermetically They were married, and on the follow-

ing day they received a letter from Mr. Gray; he forbade them his presence: Edith was no longer a daughter of his, and lest they should forget to husband the means they possessed, he would inform them of the disposal of his vast wealth .-Not one cent should they ever receive from him; his whole property, the day midst of this there are regiments in which the

ing interested in a book, forgot both her ble of supporting you? he shall see that I can place you, perhaps, in even greater losing men at the of 14 per cent. per an affluence than that you have left. Am I num, exclusive of fighting casualities. Again, of the aged is not so treacherous as some not young? have I not talents? and suresaid that he would sell it for nothing else assert; for the old woman, trusting in the ly, youth, talents and energy combined but the Chan's left eye. The report of good faith of my parting remark, presented cannot fail.' Alas for earthly hopes; one herself at my door. This time I did not year from that date, cholera visited this city, and my youthful master was the first to fall.

'From the hour of his death my mis-As the days glided on, the face of the tress sank into a gloomy melancholy, and old woman became as familiar to the ser- two months after he had been placed in the silent grave she rested beside him. On her death-bed she placed her infant daughter in my charge, and made me fevers."

promise never to leave her.' 'I have kept that promise; the weeping troduction to the kitchen, she failed to girl beside me is Edith's child. Alone and penniless I begged my way to the village of N----, in hopes of awakening some feeling of pity in the stern man's heart for his infant grand-daughter. I found the house inhabited by strangers, and was informed that Mr. Gray had died nearly a year ago. He had then put his

threat in execution.' Sick at heart, I returned to the city felt that Edith was doomed to a life want. I resolved to exert myself to find the residence of the fortunate possessor of the wealth that should have been hers, but was seated on the lower step, with her my search has been fruitless. For five years I was enabled to support myself and orphan charge by taking in washing; but one extremely cold day I was compelled was aware of my proximity, addressed to expose myself to the weather. From her, with an enquiry as to the cause of that time my constitution, that seemed so strong, was broken, and at times I was compelled to abstain from work, and finally rassed to reply; but after a while, she, gave up washing altogether. I procured with a child's confidence, poured out all some shirts to make, and for the last four her troubles. Her grandmother, she years I have just been able to earn a missaid, had been sick nearly a month, and erable pittance; but even this has failed they had not tasted a morsel of food for me, and I am now stretched on the bed the last two days, and this was the first of death. Oh, who will care for Edith time she had ever sought charity in the when I am gone!' and the poor woman public streets. Here she faltered, and burst into a flood of tears.

I was in tears, too; every word she had spoken seemed engraved on my very sonl. How I shrank from those eyes! their very glance seemed searching me. I thought of my stately mansion, and of the retinue of servants that surrounded me there. I thought of the money that had been expended in pleasure by me, while she who should have possessed it died in poverty, and was buried in an unknown grave. thought of her child as she sat on my steps weeping, while I stood there arrayed in my costly robes, purchased with the very money that should have been hers; but God knows I did not intentionally wrong her. I knew not of her existence, even.

I took the hand of the weeping girl and drew her towards me. I covered her brow with kisses; then turning to the astonished woman. I told her that I was the one who possessed the wealth that should have been her young mistress', but that wealth should be mine no longer. The dying woman took cling to the banister for support. When my hand and bathed it in tears; then repleasing it, she turned to Edith who was sobbing as if her young heart would break. In a moment she was beside her, and flinging herself on the bed, wound her arms around the sufferer's neck. I felt my presence was not needed, and leaving the alighted upon was a wretched pallet, in one ing herself on the bed, wound her arms Hearing my step, she turned her head, and apartment, I sought a doctor; but alas it was too late, the weary spirit was at rest. Seven times has the earth performed its

ished; when or where I had met her, was wrought. I still reside in my splendid mansion, but no longer alone; a lovely girl shares its splendor with me. She calls me A GREAT WOOL GROWING COUNTRY .- Harrison county, Ohio, is one of greatest wool-growing counties in the Union. The Cadiz

Sentinal estimates the crop in that county at four hundred thousand pounds, which will sell for one hundred and seventy two thousand dollars! This is pretty extensive for a county I would have prevented her conversing, of but four hundred square miles.

PULLING DIFFERENT WAYS .- A few lays since there was an auction sale of damaged dry goods, where the bids were spirited, and the large crowd of males and females were vying with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put then commenced her narrative. Little did | up, and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have

from the opposite side of the room. 'Two dollars,' echoed the women elbowmales, who were separated from the males by a long counter, upon which the glibtongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotype vocabulary of choice figures of speech, till he touched the finale.

'Two fifty,' nodded the man. 'Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty.'

'Three,' screamed the woman. 'Four,' replied the man. 'Go the fifty?' said the auctioneer. turning to the woman, with a half-suppressed smile on his small sober visage.

A nod from the woman. 'Four fifty I'm offered; go me five? Come don't be afraid, the're worth double

the money.' 'Yes, and that's all.'

'Sold,' cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, ' to Captain Smith for five dollars.'

'Smith,' exclaimed the woman, "what! my husband!' rising herself on tiptoe to catch a glance. 'Why you good-for-nothing man, you've been bidding against your wife? On, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!'

THE SUN IN INDIA—SUFFERING OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS, -The Times' Bombay cor-

respondent says: "I do not often write about the weather, but it is at this moment the most important no such season has been known. The little rains fell a fortnight before their time, and then ceased; and the land is one huge steam bath. At Calpee the thermometer in Lower her happiness, she consented. I was a sealed against the light, and with a punkah companion of their flight. Siekness is all but universal. The small pox is bursting out here and there, half the European community have fevers, and a moiety of the other half only escape the curse by an infliction, which, though not unhealthy, is even more unbearable-inumerable boils. In Allahabad, out of 1,600 Europeans, not 900 are at for duty, and the number of deaths from "apoplexy"—that is, sun stroke—exceeds the mortality from all other sources. In the after Edith's departure, had been willed to a distant relative.'

'Never shall I forget the expression of my young master's face as he read those lines. 'Does he think that I am not capacommanding officers to leave the punkahs alone. The royal artillery, for instance, are cotton cloth, capital stuff to resist the climate; but their heads are still unprotected. They receive, it is true, a white cover for their caps, but it is no protection, except so far as its color is concerned. Routine and the sun egether are beating us, and I was told this morning that with all the reinforcements and recruits sent out, we cannot muster even now 26 000 effective Europeans By October a third of them will be off duty, for though the soldiers do not get apoplexy in barracks, they do get the liver complaint and low debilitating

CARDS.

REMOVAL .-- WILLIAM S. AMWEG, R Attorney at Law, has removed his office from h former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church.

____ W. T. McPHAIL,

W. ATTORNEY AT LAW,
mar 31 ly 11 STRASBURG, Lancaster Co., Pa. A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-Office with B. A. Shieffer, Esq., south-west corner of
centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17 R. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST .--Office No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apr 18 tf 13

NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke str posite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 EMOVAL .-- WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from North n street to the building in the south-east corner of

OFFICE:—No. 38 North Duke street,
may 11 1y 17]

LANCASTER, PENNA. PREDERICK S. PYFER,
A T T O R N E Y A T LAW.
OFFICE.—NO. 11 NOATH DUKE STREET, WEST SIDE, LAN
CASTER, Pa. apr 20 tf 14

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice one door east of Lechier's Hotel, East King street, the Lancaster, Pa. the Lancaster, Pa. the Lancaster, Pa. the Lancaster, Pa. the Law. Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel. Lancaster, Pa. 23-All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills. Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. may 15.

JOHN F. BRINTON,
A TTORNEY 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. Loxo,

FERBRE BRINTON, THADDEUS STEVENS

EDWARD M'GOVERN,
A T TO R N E Y A T L A W,
No. 5 North Durs hreext-wear the Court House,
LANCASTER, PA. WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON DENTIST.—Office in North Qu ver Long's Drug Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856.

EMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-GPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to lime ctreet, between Orange and East King streets, west

The subscriber having removed his store to the new building nearly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite his old stand, and directly opposite the Cross Keys Hotol, has now on hand a well selected stock of articles belonging to the Drug business, consisting in part of Olis, Acids, Spices, Seeds, Alcohol, Powdered Articles, Sarsaparillas, &c., &c., to which the attention of country merchants, physicians and consumers in general is invited.

THOMAS ELIMAKER.

West King street, Lano'r.

TO FARMERS.—Having been appointed by Messrs. Allen & Needles agents in Lancaster for the sale of their celebrated SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

we would call the attention of Farmers to this Fertilizer; it being superior to all others; and from the iteatimony of those who have used it for some years past, we feel author, ized in saying it is the best application for Corn, Oats: Wheat, Grass and other crops which require a vigorous and permanent atimulant, that has ever been offered to the public. Apply to GEO. CALDER & OO. East Orange street, 2d door from North Queen st., and at Graeff's Landing on the Conestoga.