The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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"BE A WOMAN."

There is so much that is appropriately suggested in the following lines that we cannot resist the temptation to insert them. Although some of our fair friends may turn up their dainty noses in derision, there are many, and by far the larger portion, who will thank us for their publication:

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son, on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady!"

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughters no less strongly
To raise up and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty;
There the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, true, whole-souled woman.

☞ A young lady caught her intended kissing a female friend. He thus apologises. His explanation is decidedly cool:

Your coming in last night, my love,
Was somewhat sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolett;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman—very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are)
With which you donned your thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star,
'Twas charming in my mistress, but my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I would not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one or all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again;
And let your fine cut eyebrows' silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rose bud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands that I may say "good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," whose heart and mind and face,
Teach me to love ALL women as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you.

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

I promised William Hepburne to tell him how I came to be married, and, as it was rather an odd way, perhaps it will amuse the public, so here goes! My name is Thomas Petition Stevens. I was born and bred in Connecticut; taught my letters, and the 'three R's, Readin', 'Ritin,' and 'Rithmetic,' in a district school-house; learned Latin, Greek, and Algebra of old Parson Field; and grew tobacco enough on my father's farm, before I was twenty, to help me squeeze through the college course of Old Yale.

There I found myself one Commencement day, having delivered the third oration to a blooming audience in the galleries, and a grim crowd below, the happy possessor of a sheepskin, a blue ribbon, a wooden spoon, two dollars and fifty-six cents, and two suits of clothes, one very shabby and one pie-new. 'The world was all before me where to choose,' as it says in the primer; and I decided to go up into Colebrook, and see if my maternal uncle, Seth Downes, wanted a man to help to get in his rowen. I paid two dollars and fifty cents to get there, and landed on the door step with nothing but my own personal attractions to recommend me. However, Uncle Downes was as glad to see me as if I had six dollars instead of six cents in my left hand waistcoat pocket, and hired me for the late haying on the spot, and I set up a singing school in the red school house the next Saturday night. When the haying was over, I staid a few weeks to see what I could turn my hand to, and Uncle Downes being on the school committee, through his influence I was made principal of Colebrook Academy when the winter term began, and, having a very pretty set of girls to teach, I made myself and my services so acceptable to parents and guardians that I hold the place to this day, three years from then.

One day last spring I sat on the stoop of Uncle Downes' house, thinking of nothing in a very resolute way, with discursive seasons of listening to a brown thrush that was hid in some neighboring tree, thence giving out all manner of comic illustrations of every other bird's musical powers; hitting off, with gay sarcasm, the robin, oriole, and whippoorwill; even giving the faint peep of a dew-wet chicken lost in the grass, the warning cry of a hawk or the love-lorn trill of a song-sparrow, with here and there a pewit, a blackbird, or the liquid frolic of a bobolink's song, mimicked, exaggerated, and interspersed with his own delirious warble, full of spring and its sweet exultation. I was lapsing out of the thrush's concert into nothingness again, when a quick, light patter, like a hailstorm, coming down stairs, woke me up, and at my elbow stood the little shape of Lizzy Downes, my special cousin, and a peculiar little bit of womanhood as one might see in a life-time. 'Get up, Tom!' quoth the green sunbonnet. 'I want you to take a walk with me.' I was rather in a quietish state just then, but who ever thought of resisting that clear voice, with such a decisive tone and flawless ring?

'Where are you going, Lizzy?' said I, after we had traveled silently and swiftly, like people in fairy stories, half through Uncle Downes' farm. 'Oh!' said she, recollecting herself, or rather me, 'I'm going to Asa Burt's lot, after some columbine plants, and you may carry the basket.' 'Gracious princess!' retorted I, 'accept my devoirs, and put your foot upon my neck, if it please you.' 'It doesn't' said the princess, 'I only wan't you to behave like a man, and not wait next time for a lady's request before you offer to help her.' At this I whistled slightly, and rubbed my hands; Lizzy had a way of speaking the truth that was—well—plain! but she knew it and turned her rosy face round to me with the divinest smile of intelligence and sweetness. 'Don't mind it Tom, it is all for your good, and you can't get angry with me, you know.' Of course I couldn't, such a face as that was talismanic; besides she was my cousin; and it is a singular fact in the natural history of man, that, though there are no people on earth one gets so entirely and utterly disgusted and out of temper with as disagreeable and intrusive cousins, it is yet quite out of the nature of things to be disturbed by a young, pretty, smiling cousin, however saucy. It demonstrates most convincingly, the old Scotch proverb, 'Bluid's thicker than water.' All the affinities of ancestry, all the tender associations of childhood, all the nameless sympathies that are only existent between relatives, spring up to harmonize cousins; and our blood beats more warmly toward its several tide in the person of a relation—except, as I said before, the disagreeable ones. So I not only refrained from getting vexed at Lizzy's reproof, but submitted with a sweet humility, and would have kissed the rod, had it been permitted or required.

'Do you hear that thrush, Tom?' broke in the lady upon my meditation. 'Yes ma'am, I have been listening to it this hour from the east stoop.' 'What a lazy creature you are! spending a whole hour in mortal idleness, this lovely day.' 'Not a bit of it, mademoiselle; my meditations on that stoop were of the most useful character; nothing less than a skillful analysis (mental, of course,) of the vibratory power of air, and its probable capabilities in mechanics.' 'Oh! Tom, Tom! can't you let school-mastering alone on Saturdays—and such a celestial Saturday as this? Look there, if you want a better meditation than your analysis.'

I did look up through the dim, gray branches of the wood we were skirting, and there, on the leafless bough of a tall hickory tree, sat two wild pigeons eyeing us with soft, shy glances, stooping their graceful, shining necks, and drawing them up again with a native pride, not unlike that of my companion, though I acquit her of being anything dove-like. A few steps on the dead leaves startled the pretty creatures from their perch, the dull blue plumes shot suddenly into white and black, and gray, and slowly they lit, some few rods off, on a fir tree, while we went on our way.

'Do you know, Tom, said Lizzy, 'I have a theory about birds and people. I think every one is like some bird. Could you guess now who a wood pigeon always makes me think of?' 'I know who has that same way of drawing up her head, Miss Lizzy; no other than your fair self.' 'Nonsense! I am no more like that pigeon than I am like a turkey; nor as much, for I can gobble inimitably, to the intense rage of all the turkeys in our barnyard. No, indeed, I am much more like an oriole; look at that one, how it dashes aslant the elm boughs, and makes a descent into the hollow below, like a flake of fire; that's the way I drop into your stupid sewing societies here, and make the old ladies' hair stand on end with my absurdities.—No! if you do not recognize our Colebrook wood-pigeon, I shall not help you.' 'Then I shall never know,' rejoined I, in a tone of mock lamentation. 'Oh! yes, you'll discover for yourself, some time,' laughed Lizzy quietly climbing a fence between the home farm and Uncle Asa's lot. 'Why Lizzy, you are too quick! I was just offering to help you, and you are over.' 'I will never have any help, sir, over a fence; what is the use of being a country girl, if you cannot cross a fence without help?' 'Not much, indeed, in this New England, where every acre field is fenced; but, Lizzy, look! here are columbines enough for you.'

As I spoke we had reached the centre of the little meadow, through which crept a slow, bright stream, keeping the grass about it greener than the sea, and set thick with blue violets and golden cowslips; while on the drier banks of moss and turf that skirted the marshy borders of the brook, hundreds of sunny adders' tongues flaunted their yellow turbans, all dropped with garnet, in the spring-winds, and still further back, among the budded lupines, and sweet fern, myriads of anemones, fair and frail, bent languidly to the warm breath of the south, seeming just ready, so aërial were their shapes, to take flight from their rest upon earth. On the inner edge of the meadow, a great gray rock abutted from the hill-side on the green sward; about its base clustered a quaint crowd of brown flowered trilliums, and the delicate straw bells of May, while on its ledges, from every crack and shelf where a grain of earth could harbor, sprung innumerable columbines of the brightest scarlet and gold, swaying, and dancing, and tossing their jeweled heads like veritable fairy princesses, so full of laughter and delight that you waited involuntarily to hear the peal of musical mirth from their tiny bells, and fancied, on each new sigh of the fragrant air, a far-off echo from their tinkling in some distant field. Here my task began, and in a few minutes Lizzy's basket was filled to the brim with roots, and her hands with the blossoms—fit representatives of her gay, brilliant, graceful self, as she stood poised on a ledge of the rock—her sun bonnet hanging by one string, her face burning with the warm flush of youth and health, and her soft chestnut hair coiling in lustrous rings about her throat, lifted by the light wind, and melted to living gold whenever a sunbeam kissed it.

I know I stood there with mouth and eyes wide open, like the sun-struck fool I was, 'glowering' at Lizzy, who must have had some idea of my condition, for suddenly she began to descend the rock with free, firm steps, like a chamoise (at least I supposed so, *vide* Buffon,) and I remembered afterward, as one does remember things seen and not perceived, that there was a furtive smile glittering in the corners of her eyes. As for me, I was altogether in a maze, for the idea had suddenly taken possession of me that I was in love, actually, in good earnest, in love with my cousin Lizzy! Everything I had the presence of mind to recollect favored that idea. Did I not obey her like a bond-slave? Was I not always so lonely at Uncle Downes' when she went away? I admired her beauty more than that of any other woman. I admired her mind, in its active, earnest and noble developement.

Her character had faults, to be sure, a need of some small feminine virtues, but love would teach her those. Ah! *did* she love me? 'Tom are you asleep?' pealed from the lips of which I had been dreaming. 'N—o, Lizzy, I was thinking.'—'Come a few steps further, then, and I will find you a better place to think, for if you had eyes to see, there is a hornet's nest visible about a foot from your head, in that maple sappling, and you are in what the newspapers call a precarious situation.' 'So I am!' thought I to myself, adding aloud 'I am bound to follow you, mademoiselle; only lead me.'

A brief walk over the green field brought us to its upper corner, where the brook leaped and chattered over a stony bed, before it sung itself to sleep in the great channel below. Over this little nook stood two silent apple trees, rosy with bloom, filling the air with their delicate and peculiar odor, and all murmurous with honey bees, whose loving labor-song only heightened the cool silence of the shadow and the perfume; while the little brook's laugh toned itself into a bobolink's voice, that echoed its mad mirth back again from the nearest fence post. 'Sit down,' said my lady, 'it is too pleasant here not to be enjoyed.'

I seated myself on the turf, still in a dream, while Lizzy bathed her hands and face in the cool water, and anchored her flowers to a stone in the edge of the stream to keep them from fading. She came back to me looking as fresh and lovely as the spray of the pink apple blossoms she held in her hand, and, seating herself beside me, began to talk about them.—Her entirely unembarrassed air gave me a sort of shiver, but I listened. 'Aren't these blossoms very pretty, Tom? There is something specially fascinating to me about 'apple blows,' as Uncle Asa calls them; they are so refined, so gracious, so home-like; withal softly and warmly tinted, and of such a delicate scent, a little bitterness about it, just enough to make it piquant, not insipid; a sort of common sense, do you understand? And then they are so full of promise for future winter firesides; I have a vision of a whole cider-barrel and ten apple pies in the very cluster I hold! but really I am serious about their beauty and expression. My flowers will do well to mate the wild pigeons, won't they?'

As she spoke an oriole flashed across the meadow, and her own comparison for herself made like a flash across my thoughts; how beautiful, how piquant she was! and oh! Thomas Petition Stevens what a fool you were! dyed in the grain! I lumbered on my knees before her, I don't remember how, and without one word of warning gasped out,—'Oh, Lizzie! I love you to distraction; can't you love me?'

Her face was absolutely pale with surprise, then a wild and flitting fear swept over it; I could see she thought me suddenly crazy, and the hot tears began to fill my eyes, man that I was! I suppose she saw, then, I was in earnest; for she blushed most beautifully, then bent her face down in both her little hands, and began—oh reader! pity me!—actually to laugh—laugh till the red blush spread to the very parting of her hair, colored the slender throat, the small ear, and at length the white fingers. It was too much; I could not bear it; I became a man again, and something very like a thrill of anger brought me to my feet. At this Lizzy looked up, her eyes full of tears from long laughing, and her face radiant with dimpling mirth, and yet a sweet shadow of pity and surprise upon it. She held out her hand to me—how could I help taking it, or sitting quietly down beside her, very much in the state of a water cure patient after his first douche? 'Dear Tom,' said she, in the gentlest, laughter-wearied voice, 'do forgive me, but really I could not help it; what does ail you this morning?' 'Nothing but what I just told you,' said I, in a sulky dignified manner, that was too much for Lizzy's seriousness; a little shock of laughter shook her again, and brought out new tears, which she wiped away soberly, and, clasping her hands over the handkerchief, looked round at me with a grave face, through which the comic air still flickered, and discomposed me. 'Tom, you are very queer; I cannot believe you really; thought you were in earnest!' 'But I was,' said I, having by this time become disposed to high tragedy; 'I love you desperately, devotedly, and if you choose to laugh at the life-long misery of a fellow-being, I can only hope you may never know by experience how to sympathize with such misery?' Poor Lizzy! she had to bite her scarlet lips full a minute before she could speak. 'Really, Tom, I do not think you know either me or yourself, or you would not have fancied—what you seem to have. May I ask how long you have been in this desperate state?' O! the wicked little witch! that question was uttered in the simplest, gravest tone, but I felt the satire to its fullest extent. I grew—all-over-ish—no other phrase expresses it. 'Why,' said I, 'I did not know it certainly, till this morning, but I have felt it, unconsciously, this long time.' 'Tom, Tom, don't be metaphysically absurd! if you must be absurd keep this side of terms. Now I can tell you something that you had been 'feeling unconsciously this long time,'—you not only do not love me, but you do love somebody else!' 'I drew a long breath. 'Be so good as to explain!' 'I mean to,' replied Lizzy; 'only turn round so I can see you, for I must catechise a little; I never can harangue without interludes for ten minutes together. First, I am to prove you don't love me. You admire me, dare say, but that is nothing, not even the first step, for you would admire a prettier picture more. When I first knew you, you did not like me, your instincts rebelled against my character, I saw it before I had known you a month; is it not so?' 'Do you think that is fair, Lizzy? I did not know you then—I could not judge.' 'That is not my answer, Tom!' 'Well, if you will have it, I confess I felt a little—afraid of you, perhaps; not sure that you might not hurt me any moment.'

'That will pass, and you may answer my next question to yourself, whether those very instincts have ever ceased to keep a witness among them against me, or my nature as you see it. If I had loved you, I should have lost all these traits toward you—I should have ceased to rule, to criticise, to condemn.'

An idea struck me at that moment, and I did not look at Lizzy, but I felt her voice was not quite steady when she began again.

'If you had loved me, there are a thousand ways in which I should have seen and put an end to it before now. You would never have been so meek, and so easily obedient. A man who loves never loses his sense of domination; if he obeys, it is for beseeching and caresses, for love's sake, not because he recognizes a stronger nature than his own; and you know that I am stronger than you in several traits.'

'Amen,' said I rather satirically. 'Now don't be disagreeable, Tom—I am striving for your good, as Deacon Mather says when he 'tutors' his boys. You don't love me for still another reason, that you never thought of it till this morning. Is that love? born of a spring day's idleness, the fickle caprices of sunshine and the south wind? Nonsense! it is only an apt illustration of Dr. Watts' truism, that

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

'Don't wince, for it is a fact. Honestly, now, did you ever think of making love to me when you had anything else to do? I see you can't answer, and that is speech enough. Besides, if you had loved me, you never would have asked me as you did; you would have considered me before yourself, and led me carefully and tenderly toward taking the one all decisive step of a woman's life.'

I gave a long sigh, I was becoming convinced, of something Lizzy did not intend to prove.

'Do you acknowledge, Tom?'

'Y-e-s, I suppose I must, but really, Lizzy, I thought I loved you, and I am not sure yet.'

'I hope you do love me after a moderate fashion, but you are not in love with me as I intend to prove to you in the second place, because you are in love with some body else!'

'I am resigned!' said I, inwardly amused at her confident tone, and, be it acknowledged, a little terrified also; for I began, under her minute questioning, to be partly conscious of—no matter what yet.

'Now, I expected you to be as honest as you have hitherto shown yourself, Tom, for I am going to question more closely than before. You have had dreams—all men and women have—of a home and a future; besides I know you went, not six weeks ago, to look at Deacon Mather's new houses upon the hill. Yes, don't disclaim! I know it was with an eye to your architectural sketches, but did not your dreams come back there? Was there not a figure dimly visible at the long window, a face turning to the gate expectantly, and a pair of neat and busy hands in the 'house-wife skep?' Now were they nobody's hands;

I began to feel rather restless; how came she to know what I thought?

'Moreover, is there no lady among your acquaintances with whom you feel an entire sense of quiet, rest, and freedom; whose entrance into ever so stiff and cold a room, gives it a kindly aspect, like the sudden lighting of a wood fire? No one of whom you think when you are tired, or sad, as a comforting and soothing presence; no eyes to which you turn for sympathy in the expression of thought or feeling, and always find it; no hands from which you expect and receive the thousand nameless acts of forethought and consideration that only love prompts?'

I had thought to some purpose, and was half convicted, but not fully enough to say so. 'Go on, Lizzy! I like to hear you,' said I, affecting an incredulous laugh.

'You are not honest,' replied my catechist, 'your laugh was in a false key; it betrayed you; but I will go on. Is there not one person whom you feel a constant wish to shelter from all the hardness of life, to protect, to guard, to strengthen? whose image connects itself in some way with every aspect of the future; without whose ever recurring idea neither present nor future enter into your imaginings; in whom you unconsciously hope? Moreover, is there no one whom your heart tells you, with undeniable instinct, loves you as a man should be loved—with entire devotion and pure tenderness, a patient faith and a sorrowful constancy, that you rely on without acknowledging it? Do you not trust her as you did your mother? Is she not a part of yourself so truly, that, till some sudden light should awaken you, you could not perceive you loved her? Are not her soft, dark eyes ——,'

'They're not dark! they are gray.'—Now Lizzy laughed indeed, and I, too. The sly girl? I was quite in her power.

'My dear Tom do you suppose I have not known this three months that you were very quietly sliding (not falling) in love with Helen Stanton? Of course I saw it, and so did half the village. As for your exploit this morning, I think I have fully accounted for that; and now having shown you to yourself, and brought you to confession, do you forgive my laughter? I own it was all unkind, but how could I help it?'

'I don't need to forgive you, Lizzy,' said I. You have done me a great service. I wonder at myself.'

'Don't wonder, but act, Tom. I had no authority to say what I did about Helen's liking you, but by my own observation, and I am by no means infallible.—I shall not laugh if she rejects you, I assure you.'

This suggestion made me thoroughly unquiet; I could no longer repress an impertinence I had been trying to utter for the last fifteen minutes. 'We shall see,' said I, assuming a miserable caricature of confidence. 'And, by the way, Lizzy, how came you to be so well read in the statistics of the tender passion as you have shown yourself?' I accompanied the question with a malicious stare at Lizzy, whose face was instantly double-dyed with crimson, and her hands working relentless destruction with the bough of apple-blossoms.

'Why—to be honest—I don't—oh! I meant Helen by the wild pigeon, Tom.'

'Yes, I know you did; but I am not to be blinded by that flash of the oriole.—Where did your wisdom come from, Lizzy?'

'Oh!—you see—dear me! how silly I am! Tom, I am going to be married to George Stanton, and that is what I brought you out here to tell you, and then wasted two mortal hours telling you that *you* were in love with his sister! It is too absurd!'

Lizzy's words came like rockets, and her face dropped in her hands, as she finished—no, in one hand, for I had taken the other, and absolutely was kissing it. I was so very glad. George Stanton was the finest fellow in the county, fully worthy of Lizzy, had just finished his theological course, and was to be installed in Colebrook next month. It was exactly the best thing, and, as soon as I found words I told her so, adding somewhat ruefully, 'I hardly expected to be congratulating you on this subject two hours ago, but I am sincerely glad, Lizzy.'

She looked up with a little, sweet laugh, and thanked me; so rising from the turf, we gathered up the basket at the columbines, and threaded our way homeward through the woods, silently enough.

That night I went down to Mr. Stanton's and persuaded Helen to go to singing school with me. I don't know if they had the class without the master or not—I never asked; for, instead of being in the red school house, Helen and I were sitting on a pine log, by the edge of the river, in the moonlight; and after a great many devices of speech, I had at last managed to ask her the same question I put to Lizzy in the morning, only in rather a different way and much more uneasily.

She, too, hid her face, but tears came drooping through the slender fingers, and she did not forbid me to take away the hands or dry the tears; but looked up at me with her clear eyes, so full of unutterable love, that they seemed to have grown blue, instead of gray, and said, softly, 'I wonder what I have ever done to be made so happy!' Well for me that I felt, with no slight heart-ache, what the tender humility of her speech implied, though she did not know it herself. If I could not now efface the past, I would try faithfully to make her future blessed.

We were married last autumn. First old Father Mather married George and Lizzy; then George did the same kind office for Helen and me. My wild pigeon still keeps that name; and Lizzy and I have once in a while a little clash that Helen cannot understand. Only yesterday, when I asked Mrs. Stanton to admire the comfortable arrangements of my new house, (one of Deacon Mather's,) she informed me she 'could not sympathize with a life-long misery of a fellow creature!' I had to laugh, in spite of myself.

That, patient reader, is the way I came to be married.

HOW I BECAME JEALOUS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When we first moved to the house in which we now reside, I noticed one very disagreeable peculiarity in relation to the adjoining block of houses. They had no back-door yards, and consequently the windows closely overlooked our gardens, which were not very large themselves, though they were pretty. When we first took possession of our new residence, the windows directly opposite ours were closed, and the apartments untenanted. I had scarcely got to rights and fairly settled down, however, before I perceived great renovation and improvements were in progress in these empty rooms. Painting and papering, white-washing and gilding, scrubbing and window-washing, were the order of the day for a fortnight. And then, after a short respite, white shades were visible at the windows, and I knew the new tenants had moved in. I did hope they were not inquisitive, disagreeable people.

For sometime I saw no one but a quiet, common-place man, with a very shiny head of hair and an immaculate collar and cravat, who appeared now and then at the window, and vanished instantaneously.—And I began to flatter myself that we should not be annoyed at all.

One morning—it was a bright, still day, and the atmosphere was very oppressive; I remember it well, for I had arisen with such an unaccountable depression of spirits as I had never before experienced, and felt sure something distressing would happen before night.

Well, this morning, as I was running down stairs very early—before any one else was up in the house—I happened to glance out of the window at the stair-head, and there, at that part of the house I have mentioned, sat a young lady. She was very pretty. Her complexion was extraordinary clear, and her hair was magnificent. But I declare I never saw such a cold, saucy glance as that which she fixed directly on the window of our room. I did hope Psalter was't looking out.

After breakfast, Psalter sat down by the door which opened into the garden, to read the paper. And all the time he sat there the impudent thing stared straight at him without moving an inch. I thought it strange that Psalter didn't observe her. All day the shades were down, but (if you'll believe me) no sooner had the sun set than there she sat again in the same position, trying, as I saw plainly, to make Psalter take notice of her. And the style in which she was dressed—it was ridiculous.

Every day the same thing was repeated; but I purposely avoided saying anything to Psalter, as he had not seen her himself, least he should look towards her out of curiosity; and then of course she would think he was overwhelmed with admiration.

Sister-in-law was quite a near neighbor of ours and ran in every day; and one afternoon I casually mentioned the circumstance to her as a good joke. Sister-in-law looked very serious.

'You say Psalter has never mentioned her,' she said.

'Never once,' I replied.

'Well, I must say, Emma,' continued she, 'that is in itself very suspicious—very suspicious indeed!'

'Why Jane?' I exclaimed. 'what can you mean? Suspicious?'

'Reflect one moment, Emma. Would it not have been more natural for Psalter to remark 'That's a pretty girl,' or 'We have a new neighbor,' or something of the sort? Instead of which he preserved total silence on the subject,' said sister-in-law, emphasizing her remarks with her forefinger.

'He has never seen her,' I replied, indignantly. 'I told you so—'

'Now, Emma, nothing could make me believe that,' said Jane; 'and I warn you as a sister to watch the window well, or you'll repent it.'

I knew I was foolish, but I declare I could not help thinking of what she said for hours afterwards, and I caught myself looking at the window fifty times a day.

'Where are you going?' I inquired of Psalter, as he left the house one morning just after breakfast was on the table.

He made me no definite answer, but merely replying that he would return in five minutes, closed the door and departed.

As I awaited his return, I happened to turn my eyes towards that window. There sat the woman but her back was towards me, and on the window-seat beside her lay a hat so like Psalter's. The longer I looked the more convinced I was that I was not mistaken; and yet the idea was so ridiculous, so preposterous, that I felt I should never have husbanded it for one moment had it not been for Jane's suggestions. I drove the thoughts away and went into the house; but when Psalter, returned, I could not help looking at the window—and, oh! dear me! the hat had disappeared.

I cried and scolded myself all day long. In the afternoon I walked around the block for the purpose of inspecting the building which contained that window. It was large and full of stores and offices.—On the ground floor was a confectionary. I stepped in and bought some oranges, and then inquired of the proprietor, who was a German, 'who occupied the first floor?'

'Oh! Mr. Schmit have all de floor,' was the reply. 'I know not vat you say in dis country—make many tings which is not true, in der mouth and der head.'

What cauld he mean? A bright thought struck me; they were actors, that must be it. 'Many tings which is not true—in der mouth, in der head.' I had a clue at last; theatrical people are always running off with other people's wives and husbands, and suing for divorces, and intriguing generally, all over the world. Can any one think of the reason? Is the secret hidden in the foot-lights, or rolled up in the curtain? Or is there something fatal to fidelity in the air of the green-room? Certain it is, that those who personate fictitious heroes, constant to wives and lady-loves through difficulty, and death, and heroines who would sacrifice everything save virtue, draw few practical lessons from their nightly representations of those virtuous characters. This woman, then, I dreaded, was an actress, who had come to the determination of running away with Psalter.

Oh, that hat! why had I seen it? Three days passed away, and again Psalter went out before breakfast. I watched the window—I could'nt help it. Oh, dear! in fifteen minutes there was the hat standing on the sill again! There was a handkerchief in the hat. The wind was strong, and every now and then the edge fluttered out, farther and farther, until at last it fell out of the hat and floated down upon the grass-plot, I ran and picked it up—it was Psalter's handkerchief, marked with his name. I thought I should faint at first, and then my spirit rose, I would put on my things and walk straight into the room where I was sure he was, and had been on the previous morning. I could easily make a pretext of some sort; no one would know my motive, except Psalter. I tied my vail over my face and muffled myself in my duster, keeping my tears for the time to come. The stairs were public, so I easily ascended to the second floor without being remarked. The back room door stood ajar. Oh! how I trembled as I peeped in. There sat Psalter, and there sat the lady, but Psalter was being shampooed, and, the lady, divinely beautiful as ever, was made of wax! I had been jealous of a block—of a hair dresser's sign! I was far more foolish than poor sister-in-law the night we followed Tom to Brooklyn.

Just as I was retreating, one of the establishment emerged rather hastily from the door I was just leaving, and to excuse my presence, I inquired the price of a pair of false moustaches, much to his amazement, and beat a hasty retreat.

To this day I have never mentioned one word of the occurrence to a living soul—not even to Psalter.

CARDS.

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

JESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law.—Office one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa.
☞ All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15, '55 tf-17

ABRAM SHANK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., No. 36 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA. mar 22 1y* 10

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

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

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

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

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

W. T. McPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, mar 31 1y 11 No. 11 N. DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA.

REMOVAL.—H. B. SWARR, Attorney at Law, has removed his office to No. 13 North Duke street, nearly opposite his former location, and a few doors north of the Court House. apr 5 3m 12

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

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

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

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

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce. Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. Long, " A. L. Hayes, " Ferree Brinton, " Thaddeus Stevens. nov 24 1y* 45

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.—Office in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa.
☞ 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. tf-17

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, PHILADELPHIA, will attend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House and Ground Rents, &c. Agencies entrusted to his care will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to.—Satisfactory reference given. Office N. E. corner of SEVENTH and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10. feb 17 1y 5

SCRIVENING & CONVEYANCING, The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has taken the office lately occupied by John A. Hiestand, Esq., where he will be pleased to transact all business connected with the above profession that may be placed in his hands.
☞ Office No. 26 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa.
C. E. HAYES, City Regulator.
feb 15 1y 5

REMOVAL.—We have this day removed to our new Banking House, in EAST KING ST., where the Banking Business in all its varied branches will receive our best attention.
Interest on deposits will be allowed as heretofore.
Drafts on New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore constantly for sale.
Stock, Bonds, and other securities bought and sold in Philadelphia and New York—and information given as to their relative value and prospects.
Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold, and premium allowed on old American coin.
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The members of the firm are individually liable for all its obligations. JOHN GYGER, & CO
ROBT. CLARKSON, Cashier. mar 2 tf 7

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Thirteenth year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It is the first paper of the kind published in the United States, and is distinctive in its character. It has lately passed into the hands of Geo. W. Matsell & Co., by whom it will hereafter be conducted. Mr. Matsell was formerly Chief of Police of New York City, and he will no doubt render it one of the most interesting papers in the country. Its editorials are forcibly written, and of a character that should command for the paper universal support.
☞ Subscriptions, $2 per annum; $1 for Six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly,) to GEO. W. MATSELL & CO.,
Editors and Proprietors of the National Police Gazette,
oct 27 tf 41 New York City.

NEW GROCERY. The undersigned has opened a new Grocery Store in West King street, next door to the Cross Keys' Hotel, where he offers for sale an entire new stock of GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
FISH,
SALT AND FRUIT,
Wholesale and Retail, cheap for cash. All kinds of Country Produce bought or taken in exchange for goods.
JOHN D. BEAHM.
Lancaster, April 19, 1859. tf 14

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER. TATTERSALL'S HORSE POWDER,
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ROSIN,
FENNUGREEK
SULPHUR,
GEUBIAN,
CREAM TARTAR,
COPPERAS, &c.,
For sale at THOMAS ELLMAKER'S Drug & Chemical Store, West King street, Lanc'r. feb 9 tf 4

O'BYRNE TO THE PUBLIC! JOHN O'BYRNE, Southeast Corner of 8th and Race Streets, Philadelphia
He respectfully claims the patronage of the public. O'B. has constantly on hand a large stock of seasonable Goods, comprising HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, RIDING HATS, SOFT TRAVELING HATS, INFANTS' TURBANS, &c., such as are usually found in a first class Hatting Establishment. For the ensuing season O'B has purchased from first hands, an unusually splendid stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC Leghorn and other Straw Hats and Caps suitable for Men and Boys; also Flats for Misses. O'Byrne's widely renowned $3 Hats will be produced for the Spring and Summer of 1859, in most exquisite style, and unsurpassed excellence as to quality and finish, so as to be equal to any in the market.
Remember, JOHN O'BYRNE'S Store is at the southeast corner of 8th and Race streets. The Sign of the Lion, Tiger and Bear surmounts the corner of his store. apr 26 3m 15

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