Siw Tomas

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

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISMENTS.—Advertisements. not account.

Jop Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

THE PARSON.

BY G. H. CLARK. Mhen I was young, and fond of noise,
And wore my first gray homespun jacket,
And fought stout battles with the boys,
And filed my father's house with racket,
Our well-beloved pastor died,
And left behind him scores of weepers—
Stout pillars of the church, long tried,
As well as lesser proposed sleaners

As well as lesser props—and sleepers He was a patriarch, wise and gray,
One of the old time Christian scholars,
Who cheered affliction's weary way,
And gave th' oppressed advice—and dollars.
The matrons' love for him, at last,
Sublimed almost to reconstit

Sublimed almost to veneration,
For he'd baptized one-half the past,
And all the present generation. Outside the church the good man held

Outside the church the good man heid
A comprehensive supervision,
And village quidnuncs were compelled
To bow before his calm decision.
Though party strife might rage and swell,
Or skeptics raise some knotty question,
There came no storm he could not quell,
No doubt too grave for his digestion. I do remember well the scene,

When, all the congregation seated, He closed the book with reverent mien, And twice the pregnant text repeated; And then, as influenced from above, And then, as influenced from above,
His heart with holy themes expanding,
Appealed to Faith and Christian Love,
As well as human understanding. His looks, his tones, his earnest ways, Form one of memory's pleasing pictures, As he in strong, but homely phrase Imparted hope or uttered strictures.

The velvet cap be always wore,
Whene'er he thumped the pulpit cushion,
Loomed like a beacon from the shore,
To warn us sinners from perdition. The best of men a cross must bear-

So Providence or fate contrives it;
Of private griefs he had his share,
And some that were not quite so private.
He might conceal the smouldering fire
Of mental or domestic trial,
But troubles with the wrangling choir Were patent as their own bass viol

Of course there was among his charge
One busy, meddling, ancient maiden,
Who, like a fire ship, rouned at large,
With furtive stores of scandal laden.
She scattered brands of discord free,
She slandered and annoyed the parson,
Till all agreed she ought to be
Indicted for constructive arson.

On Wednesday nights he always made on weanessay nights he always made
To us a quiet pastoral visit;
So, when the bell his touch betrayed,
My mother never asked, "Who is it?"
But wheeling out the easy chair,
With its inviting arms of leather,
She laid his pipe, with thoughtful care,
And steel tobacco box together.

Those genial times were mellow ripe, When folks were not inclined to bicker, If ministers enjoyed a pipe,
And sipped a social glass of liquor; So while his cheerful features glowed,
And smoke-wreaths circled to the ceiling, His talk in streams of wisdom flowed

Like waters from a fount of healing.

We loved the man, revered him, too-As who did not that ever knew him?
His piety and kindness drew,
With cords of love, all classes to him.
His praise of men need not be lipped,
To make our sorrowing hearts beat faster, For memory holds a secret crypt, Wherein is shrined our sainted pastor

ROSE ELMER; OR.

A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, A. D., 1800, that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern in the ancient little town of Swinburne, in

the west of England.
By their looks and conversation, it was evident that some event of unusual impor-

tance was expected to come off. They were, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Colonel Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the retainers and neighbors of the noble bride, who almost worshipped her for her goodness of heart, were anxious to see the man who was to be their beloved 'lady's' husband.

They had not long to wait. The coach soon came thundering up to the door; and as soon as the steps were let down by the obsequious landlord, Colonel Hastings issued forth. He was an elderly gentleman, tall, spare, and stooping; was clothed in a suit of clerical black; and his pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by his Secretary-Ferdinand Cassinove-an Italian, of such graceful mien and dignified bearing, that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood attended by an old gentleman in

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention .-His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair. His expression of countenance. in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellant severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom elect. He was followed into the house by his valet, bear-

ing his dressing-case. After a slight repast, Colonel Hastings, attended by Cassinove, drove off to the castle to have a preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, (who was his ward,) and arrange the marriage settlements. On arriving at the lordly castle, Cassinove was shown into a sitting-room, while the colonel proceeded to the library, whither his ward was requested to come to meet

As the young Italian paced up and down the 100m, occasionally pausing before a full length mirror, which reflected the spacious window (reaching from ceiling to floor) and the picturesque landscape beyoud, suddenly, among the roses outside, glided a purple-draped female figure, that immediately riveted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth .-As young Cassinove gazed upon her reflected image, as he never gazed upon her, he felt as though a goddess had suddenly descended among the flowers. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted

dark gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the His task was a hard one; but he finally long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced. Her nose

was straight and well-formed, her lips rounded, and, like all the rest, full of character. In the carriage of her head and neck, and in her stately footsteps, there was a certain natural majesty that, even in a peasant's dress, would have proved her one of Nature's queens.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong-quick as sun-painting, permanent as sculpture .-He saw this goddess of the intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill mony. After which, Rose should return and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as | weeks of his absence in Wales, whither, he the needle turns to the magnet, he felt said, important business forced him. himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that each other for a few hours, and returned knew, my child. But attend! Say to ous, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said-

'You are Colonel Hasting's Secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table.'-And, with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa, at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its con-

After the profound bow with which he had returned her courtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for

royal-looking woman. In the midst of the pleasing pain of his dream the door opened, and a gray-haired servant entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed, said-

'My lady, Colonel Hasting's respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library.' 'Very well, Williams; go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately,' answered the lady, rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne! For ever and for ever unattainable by him !-Oh, despair! His castle in the air tumbled all about him, and buried all his hopes

and aspirations in its fall.

After greeting Colonel Hastings, on her a parchment from a drawer in the centre- Rose, offering her little basket. le, and handed it to her guardian. examining the document, the colonel found little for me.' it to be a deed of gift, absolute, of her entire magnificent estate, to Albert Hastings, her intended husband. The colonel pretended much surprise, and refused to accept the deed, alleging that such an act

might give rise to unpleasant criticism. "Oh Colonel Hastings! there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He the woman in great alarm. shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, for she will come to him as poor as | ing with great difficulty. a cottage girl,' exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her

cheek and lighting her eyes. After protesting somewhat farther against such noble generosity, the colonel allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the deed, and called in Cassinove to witness its execution in due form. The poor secretary could scarcely hold the pen which the colonel handed him, so great was his agitation. His employer could not help remarking upon the unusually passions that were seething in the secretay's soul, or the important results that

they were destined to bring about. We will now return to the bridegroom elect, whom we left at the Swinburne

Arms.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down

the floor, murmuring—
'Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered -not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world, else sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings. Poor girl'? she little dreams that the man who has wooed her, under the name of William Lovel, is really Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom of high-born Lady Etheridge, of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right, or maiden's honor. Here, then, for a a divided life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne-my heart to the lovely cottage girl; only Lady Etheridge must never know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady-bride are to

spend our honeymoon.' And so saying, he took his hat, and

strolled out into the street. Taking a dourse opposite to that which led to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon came to a cross-country road, which he followed for some two miles, and then turning into a by-path, he went on until he came to a secluded and levely cottage. at my crime, when all the people call down Opening the door of this elegant retreat with a latch-key, he passed in. It was a curse one who has nourished you at her lovely abode, fit for the home of a fairy. And for a fairy Albert Hastings had had it said the woman, solemnly. furnished. The fairy's name was Rose Elmer, and she was the daughter of the village laundress. Albert had accidentally met her on one of his visits to the castle, and, as his soliloquy, given above, shows, had fallen desperately in love with her; and, under the assumed name of

He had ha! the cottage furnished, and It is very dreadful! But you are not well! was that morning to meet Rose there, where they had so often met, by appointment. Rose came at last; and as soon as the first joyous greetings were over, the the woman, in the same tone of deep Relaces, the three first families in the With all the eloquence he was master intriguing lover set at work to persuade gravity.

over her broad, expansive forehead, and her to consent to a secret marriage; as he swept around the temples, and wound into | well knew, by a thousand tests of characa rich and massive knot at the back of the ter, that he could never gain his purpose head. Her eyes were large, luminous, unless Rose believed herself to be his wife.

> long as she lived. This was not at all that Mr. Hastings likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a wished, but neither logic nor eloquence perfect stranger, this day of all others, could convince or persuade Rose Elmer to when she sees no one? desert her ailing mother; and upon no

the secret marriage. cottage that same night, where by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to perform the marriage cerewith a strange emotion of blended pain to her mother, to remain during the few

This agreed upon, they took leave of queenly form, and met those large, lumin- to the village by different routes. Mr. Hastings went to his inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence.-And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, mother's cottage.

When Rose entered the house, there you!' was a smouldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old arm chair, sat a female, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must once have been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagerness. Her features were nobly chiselled, and might once have sunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her broad and prominent forehead. Ferdinand Cassinove. He felt, from that and heavy black eye-brows, shone a pair moment, that his fate must take its character of large, dark grey eyes, that burned and go! The about of large Her jet black hair, slightly streaked with silver, was half covered with a red handkerchief, tied beneath her chiu, and partly fallen in elf locks down one side of her Ledger, the great family paper, which is face. A rusty black gown and shawl for sale at all the stores throughout the completed her dress.

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly in her chair fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?' said Rose laying off her bonnet, and coming to the woman's side. Better. Where have you been?

have wanted you.' 'I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you on entering the library, Lady Etheridge took my return. Will you eat them?' said

'Mother, don't say that. You do not

know how much I love you.' 'Hush, girl, you have little cause-oh! And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her heart, dropped her head upon her breast, and seemed convulsed by some great agony. Her features worked frightfully, her frame shuddered.

'Mother! mother! what is the matter?' exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms around

'It is-past,' gasped the woman, breath-What was it, dear?' 'A spasm. It is gone.'

Oh, mother, will it return ?' 'Perhaps.' Let me run for a neighbor, or the doc-

'Nay, you must run somewhere else To-morrow, Laura-Lady Etheridge of Swineburne, weds with Albert Hastings, of Hastings Hall. It is so, is it not?' Surely, dear mother, the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else. poor signature which the Italian affixed, as The village children have been employed witness, to the deed; but little did the all day in bearing flowers to decorate the colonel or the baroness know the terrible castle church, and to strew in the path of the bride as she comes-they love her so

well.' Yes, she is a high and mighty lady; yet, sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl, kneel down before me, so that I may take your face between my hands!' said the woman, grow-

ing more strange in her talk. Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands and gazed upon it

wistfully, critically, murmuring-'Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure as the inside of a conch-shell, white. upon me by the favor of the blind goddess and flushed with red; hair like fine vellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands, small and elegant. I have not let poverty spoil your beauty, have I,

my child? 'No, dear mother, you have let kindness more likely spoil me,' said Rose, in

simple wonder at her words. 'I have not let your person grow with hard work, have I, dear ? 'No, mother; notwithstanding that I

ought to have worked with you, and for you.' 'Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?'

'No, mother: though they ought to have been.' 'Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needle-work ?'

No, good mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame.' 'And I have worked hard to save you from work, and to pay for your schooling, have I not ?'

Dear mother, you have! You have been the best mother in the world, and only too good to me. But I will try to repay you.' Think of all that to-morrow, child: and when all the country around shudders

imprecations upon my name, do not you

bosom, when that bosom is cold in death, 'Oh! she is mad! mad!' exclaimed Rose, in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said. Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I, your poor daughter Rose, that kneels

before you. Do you not know me? 'Ay, I know you well, and I know what William Lovell, had won the beautiful and innocent maiden's heart.

I say, repeated the woman, solemnly.

'Mother! oh, why do you talk so wildly?

-let me go for some one. 'Yes; you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon,' said

'To the castle! I, mother!' exclaimed Rose. in surprise. 'Yes, you must go to the castle : and.

when you get there, ask to see her who calls herself Lady Etheridge. 'The baroness! Dear mother, why succeeded, by promising that she should stay with her mother just the same, as does your thoughts so run upon the baroness ? What is she to us? Besides, is it

" Hush, Rose! and for once obey one other condition than that of being allowed whom you have so long looked upon as to remain with her would she consent to your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand to be And, finally, he obtained a promise from admitted to the presence of the baroness. Rose that she would meet him at the Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly concerns her ladyship; insist, and she will not venture to refuse you. When you stand before Lady Etheridge, say that her old nurse, Magdalene Elmer-

'Her nurse, mother! You Lady Etheridge's nurse! I never knew that before! interrupted Rose in surprise.

'There are many things that you never the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dying!

'Dying! Oh, mother, do not say so! is very cruel! You are not sick in bedturned down the street leading to her you are sitting up! You are not old either, but have many years of life before

'Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, praysnay, demands—to see her this night!— Tell her that I have a confession to make Conjure her by all she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of Heaven! by all her fears of Hell! to come to me tobeen grandly beautiful, but now they were | night! Tell her if she would escape the heaviest curse that could darken a woman's life, to come to me to-night! to come to been a task of real labor. me at once! There, get on your bonnet,

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of May 26, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where | Press ! t leaves off here.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 40 Park Row, New York. It is the bandsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

Written for the New Orleans Crescent. Mr. Trittrot's Literary Effort.

BY MARY ASHLEY

To be a young man with nothing to do s to be placed in a dreadful position. We have ancient authority to prove the fact, for long before Mr. Augustus Trittrot wore long clothes, or had any need of pap-spoons or rattles, it was written that dleness is the mother of vice, and, more-

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

Now to have such a patron as the last mentioned individual seeking employment for one, is certainly no credit to a body and Mr. Trittrot being aware of the quicksand upon which he was standing, while his friend in sable was busying himself in his behalf, concluded to turn the tables and himself patronize the devil: a more modern one, however, the imp of the press. Mr. Trittrot had great faith in his impulses; he trusted implicitly in themacted upon them at once. To think of this d-l was to serve him. He took up his pen, held it over his inkstand awhile, as visions danced before his eyes of the smiles and congratulations and compliments which would be his when it should become known in the village of his adoption that the recent successful article in the columns of the Crisp County Courier tentous expression of countenance, while was really written by him. Puffs of the in his hand he held an advance copy of creamiest odor and most delicious ffavor the Crisp County Courier. lay before his mind's eye, gotten up by

the county editor, and running something like this— 'It gives us extreme pleasure to angenius, so high an order of talent, such a wrote it? legree of wit, embodying so much pathos, displaying such a thorough knowledge of moral, etc., etc., is by our accomplished, gentlemanly, highly-bred and

warmly appreciated fellow-townsman, Augustus Trittrot, Esq., etc., etc., etc." These imaginary notices were very flattering. Augustus laid down his pen, went to the glass and rearranged his necktie with an additional air of importance

in his already very important bearing. 'Strange,' he soliloquised, 'that I never hit upon this before. Shouldn't be at all surprised if the editor should offer to pay for my articles. Should of course appreciate the compliment conveyed in such a tender, but what a handsome rejection of his paltry coin I would write him. Pay! as though brains could be hired by the job, like bricklayers, or fiddlers to country dances! How delighted the Adamses will be, they are of such a literary turn; and there's the Fletcher family, and the Relaces! all diamonds of the first water appreciation of modest merit! I think I

Mr. Trittrot,-we never dreamed what a gem of genius was lying perdu in our crowd. midst before. May its light never be less.' In the most complacent mood, Mr. Augustus T. resumed his pen. He felt capable of doing justice to any theme, but on his arm twitch nervously-felt rather wished to select for his first article some topic of light and general interest-something particularly adapted to the columns knew she had left his side. In an instant of a country newspaper. He anxiously he was isolated; every one had left him. wished to avoid anything which, however twisted and turned, could be personally swelling through the rooms. Only for an applied by any of his friends. He had instant did surprise and disappointment heard of promising authors splitting upon overwhelm Augustus. Then he drew himsuch rocks, and he was anxious, above all self up, walked to the place between the things, to steer clear of them himself. He enjoyed a degree of popularity in the said, in clear, distinct tones, Ladies and village where he lived which he valued too gentlemen.' Conversation ceased, and the highly to afford to lose; and he would as soon have thought of existing without his

country town as my subject—surely nothing could possess more general interest. a pithy description of some petty village found in all country places—a few reflections applicable to any small settlement. Surely, I could not have made a happier

himself was pleased with it. He wondered hoped that his friends would take his word if it was usual for authors to feel pleased aswith their own productions. He tried to tone down his feelings, lest they should Mrs. Adams, who, with a daughter hovertranscend the limits of modest merit. ing on each side of her, stood near the He carefully revised it; polished up his speaker—'you are no gentleman, sir.—knowledge of the rules of punctuation; You know you meant me when you alludsent his gold pen upon another tour through | ed to the old lady who took snuff in private, his Country Town; allowed it to pause for and supposed no one knew it-you know a period here; to curvet at a comma there; you did, you scamp.' pause to bow at a semicolon somewhere with all the flourishes in which he had sure is innocent enough ifbecome so proficient at Professor Dolbear's Writing Academy in New Orleans. His Fletcher, when you alluded to the woman name had never looked so well in his who never allowed her servants to have eyes before. The truth is, a man's name never does look so well as when attached idle recreations, to reckless expenditures or liberal indolence, and be called 'a good fellow,' 'a first rate chap,' 'a whole-souled institution,' and all that; but it is not till he affixes it to some honest occupationreal labor of head or hand—that it gains meant her girls. Oh, don't deny it! don't solid footing in a community, or looms up deny it! You can't mend matters now. solid footing in a community, or looms up in the steady light of worthy respectability to its owner. Mr. Trittrot understood something of this. When he looked upon that she must hear to-night, or never !-- his name at the foot of what he had intended for an innocent, cheerful, sunny picture of general, but real life in a country village-a picture which, with all the preponderance of the bump of self-esteem in

With his own hands he bore it to the

his cranium, he could not but admit had

is not when a man becomes a public character that he inspires his fellow with awe What had become of his dream of fame. \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address ter that he inspires his fellow with awe held by paying the taxes.

a week for somethi

one wanted to see. The evening before publication day the If any one had asked him then that serious question, which had busied so many pens of the surrounding fences could easily be and puzzled so many poets to answer-If taken down in case of emergency. Time himself had stopped in his steady course to say to him 'What is Life?' he would have answered, it is a glory-a triumph-a beaker brimmed with blissa state of elation-it is a satisfaction-it

is all. Supper was over at the Fletchers, and the company were in that unsettled state between music and promenading which usually follows ice cream and cold meats eaten near midnight. Our Augustus had upon his arm Miss Adams, the belle of the town; and suddenly every one's attention was arrested by the sage figure of Deacon Sobersides standing between the folding doors, spectacles mounted and a most por

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'your attention for a little while. I have an article to read you. We have been scandalized, outrageo usly villified, and I wish nounce the fact that the flourishing article you to tell me which is the most worthy written on the subject of ____, and giving of being drummed out of town, the editor evidence of so fine a mind, so rich a who published the stuff or the man who

A pin might have been heard to drop, and the company seemed turned to groups human nature, conveying so touching a of statuary, as in listening and expectant attitudes they bent to catch the first word. Augustus Trittrot shared the general feeling. Who was the vile author of a calumny upon this most excellent com-What could it be? Who could munity? have dared?

With slow, sonorous tones, Deacon Sobersides read, as he raised the paper to his eyes, the title of Mr. Trittrot's first literary effort. He could not believe it ! This the calumny? this the villification his piece? impossible! But, like a parson anxious to impress his text upon his hearers' minds, again the deacon read that self-same title. Augustus choked. seemed to him that the high scaffold had mounted was suddenly knocked from under him and a rope was round his neck. He knew his own name would close that terrible reading, and he knew that Deacon Sobersides, who was a man entertaining strict and peculiar notions of duty, and in society, and so fond of showing their had long striven in vain to bring our hero to join the sheep he was zealously driving see them all crowding round me saying, to the fold—he knew the deacon would consider it a righteous privilege and his We congratulate you, Mr. Trittrot-we bounden duty to read that name with stern are proud of you, Mr. Trittrot-really, and terrible emphasis to that expectant

He stood his ground, however, and when the name of Augustus Trittrot rolled from the deacon's lips, he felt the small hand than saw the quick glance of indignant astonishment Miss Adams gave him, then folding-doors the deacon had vacated and company again became groups of statuary. They represented anger and contempt three meals a day, as without the favor of now, however, as a few minutes before they the Adamses, the Fletchers, and the had represented interest and expectation.

of, Mr. Trittrot disclaimed all thought

ountry town as my subject—surely nothing could possess more general interest—pithy description of some petty village—a few hits at some characters to be cound in all country places—a few reflections applicable to any small settlement.

Of being personal in what he had intended for a harmless picture of country life in general. Of this community he knew only good—he had ever felt proud that he was a member of it. He was shocked at the turn affairs had taken—he called upon any into sapplicable to any small settlement.

J A M E S H. B A-R N E S FANOY AND WINDSOR CHAIR MAKER, No. 59½ East King street, Lancaster, Tooms, and examine his BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF CHAIRS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.

B A-R N E S H. B A-R N E S FANOY AND WINDSOR CHAIR MAKER, No. 59½ East King street, Lancaster, Tooms, and examine his BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF CHAIRS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.

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The statement of the property of the ence they knew not a thousand places where his sketch could better, a thousand The aricle was written. Mr. Trittrot times better, be applied than here. He

'Do not say a gentleman,' interrupted

'Upon my honor, madam, this is my else. Then he attached his signature, first knowledge of your habit, which I am interrupted Mrs. 'You meant me.

any butter to eat.' 'And me,' cried Madame Relace, 'when to honest labor. He may harness it up to you spoke of the mother with marriageable daughters, whom she is so anxious to marry off that when, in fruit time, she nailed up the notice of 'man traps within,' to keep the boys from stealing her cherries, the young men of the place took it that she

> Don't open your mouth to me, sir.' 'And he meant me,' roared the deacon, when he said one member of the church was in the habit of filching enough from the subscription plate on Sunday to pay for the wine used on his own dinner table.-Who carries round the plate but me, I'd like to know; and how the dev -- development to such a plot could be allowed to go on in a young man's brain without scorching it, I can't tell.'

village post-office; and as he slily slipped In vain Augustus remonstrated—in vain it into the box with all its luminous he told them they were revealing facts address to 'Crisp Bricket, Esq., editor of never dreamed of in his philosophy-in the Crisp County Courier, he chuckled to vain he begged them, for their own sakes, think with what awe and curiosity the to hush. His pen had been dipped in the postmaster would regard him through that ink of human nature, and every one recoglittle window, where heretofore they had nized a portrait of him or her individual met face to face in such friendly familiari- self in the pictures it had drawn. He ty, when it should be fully known that he, | felt like an icicle in a winter's sun, stand-Augustus Trittrot, really wrote for the ing there under Mrs. Fletcher's chandeliers, and the company seemed to drip off Alas, Augustus, for thy mistake! It from him, so coldly did they pay him mock

and curiosity. These sentiments are laid and pleasure and congratulation? Gone aside as he lays aside the private individual, was the glory—the triumph—the beakers and, forever after, he is a common property on the brim-the elation which he had a -a sort of government land which every little while before called Life. He rushed one imagines can be bought cheap and home. For days he tried to brave the storm-to breast the battle. Alas! the It would be a week before the sketch bird was down, and everybody now seemed could make its appearance. Augustus eager to pluck a plume from his disabled made up his mind that Eternity meant wings. No one would see the ridiculous selves by applying what he, the author, never dreamed could be applied to them, Fletchers gave a party. Of course Mr. and even the postmaster, now-a-days, flung Trittrot was there—everybody was there. his mail matter through the little window Never had Augustus been so brilliant; as though the person to whom those letnever had he experienced such a flow of ters were addressed was 'nobody, nohow.' spirit. The prospect of looking, so to speak, his brains in the face on the morcialled and insinuated to Mr. Trittrot that row, did not in the least intimidate him. he had better settle in some other place, and reminded him that the top rail of any

A word to the wise was sufficient, and vexed beyond measure at himself, at the community, at everything, Mr. Trittrot disappeared from the village, chewing as he went, for very spite, the only copy he possessed of his first literary effort.

CARDS.

DR. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST -Office I and Residence, one door below the Lamb Hotel, Weing street, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 tf 13 A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.—
A Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner o
centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17

A BRAM SHANK, ATTORNEY AT LAW PPICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., NO. 36 NOR LANCASTER, PA. 1y***** 10 NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House.

REMOVAL.--SIMON P. EBY, Attorney at Law, has removed his Office from North Duke street to No. 3, in Widmyer's Row, South Duke street, Lancaster, Pa. [mar 13 tf 9]

PREDERICK S. PYFER, OFFICE-No. 11 North Duke Street, (West Side,) Lan apr 20 tf 14 DEMOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church.

HALL FOREMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAV
FFICE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., NO. 26 BAS
LANCASTER, PA. 1y 44 nov 15 N DR E W J. STEINMAN,

Office formerly occupied by the late Col. Reah Frazer,
opposite Cooper's Hotel, West King street.

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

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.
Laucaster, april 10 Lancaster, spril 10

THEO. W. HEHR, SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER AND SCRIVENER.
OFFICE—No. 22 North Duke street, opposite the Court
House, Lancaster, Pa.

1y 10 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. W. T. MCPHAIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
mar 31 ly 11 No. 11 N. DUKE St., LANCASTER, PA.

WILBERFORCE NEVIN,
A T T O R N E Y A T L A W,
Office No. 24 North Queen street, nearly opposite Michael
Hotel, Iancaster, Pa. [oct 25 ly* 61 Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. [oct 25 17* 61]

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House. may 6 tf 16

WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. A TIOENEY AT LAW.
Office with N. Lightner & J. K. Alexander, Esqs., Duke
St., nearly opposite Court House. [fab 7 6m*4]

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JOHN F. BRINTON,
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"A L. HATEL.

Hon. H. G. Jong,

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" THADDRUS STAVENS. REMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-GPATHIO PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 50 East King street, next door above King 3 (procery, Edstrance—Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia

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