for each additional insertion.

longth in proportion.

Jon-Painting—Such as Hand Bills, Posting

Ton-Painting—Such as Hand Bills, Co., exc., exc.

Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., ex buted with accuracy and at the shortest notice

Poetical.

THE SNOW DROP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The snow-drop! 'tis an English flower,'
And grows beneath our garden trees;
For every heart it has a dower
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years when forth they went
Wandering in wearliess content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
Their little plot of garden ground,
Their father's home so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.

The household voices kind and sweet, The household voices kind and sweet, That knew no felguing—hushed and gone! The mother that was sure to greet. Their coming with a welcome tone; The brothers that were children then, Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men; And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth Was like a sunshine on the earth;—These come back to the heart supine, Flower of our youth! at look of thing, And thou among the dimmed and gone, Art an unaltered thing alone!

At an unaftered thing alone!
Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower
That grow in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the pensant's door
Awakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his hoart with joy
Beside his mother's door—a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freshness of these vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and shade,
For deep thought fn thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee!

## Miscellaneous.

[Translated from the French.] THE THREE POPPIES.

BY ANN T. WILBUR.

You remember my friend Dr. T-, who prevented my cutting down the clematis, by relating to me its history? Here is an adventure, which happened to both of us this sumface.

ther.

My country-house is far from the city; I find it even now too near, for like the birds who sing in the green branches, I have a horror of pavements and citizens, and love to live with nature and peasants, between my library and my flower, hols.

## American

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

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VOL 41.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

will go and bestow cares not flowers upon her; if it is not too late!' added he, with an air

BY THE LATE WILLIAM C. TORRY.

afterwards there was another surprise! Instead of joining the regiment, Berard returned proudly to the village. He had purchased a substitute for five hundred crowns! At first people cried out a miracle, then sorecer, then robber. Pere Aubry dropped a word which was so effectual that. Rene saw hunself pointed at, watched by the gendarmes, and shunned by everybody. In short, when he presented himself to ask the hand of Theresa, Aubry drover him away, and threatened to break his bones if he ever reappeared before him.

Things were in this state, when one morning as I was walking m my garden with Dr. T.—I saw my son and daughter, children of ten and four years, gathering roses from my bushes, under the superintendence of a man who had scaled the wall, and who hastily disappeared at our approach. This man was Rene Berard, and this is what we learned:

Theresa had been for several days very sick. In her delirium she exclaimed:

My roses! give me my roses! And Rene, who heard that from the gate where he stationed bimself every evening, had asked of my children roses for his poor betrothed. This simple recital troubled us deeply. I divined what had passed in the house of Aubry.

He had taken from his daughter the two egiantines of Berard, driven away by him like a robber; and Theresa, beliwdered by sulfering, involuntarily reclaimed her treasure.

I recalled Rene, who arrived palse and stage gering, and related to us in defail the malady of Theresa. My friend recognized a nervous fewer, threatening to become a brain fever.

And as Berard begged my son to carry the flowers to Theresa, since the father would drive him away if he presented himself, the doctor, mastering his emotion, said:

Beware how you give them to her: the odor of these roses would be fatall to Theresa. I will go and bestow cares not flowers upon her; it is not too late! added he, with an air which made me tremble.

if it is not too late: added ne, with an air which made me tremble.

Then pointing to those large poppies in the bouquet of my son, he resumed: 'Reserve only these: in her delirum she will mistake them for roses, and I may find in them the means of saving her, if I have not time to go to the saving her, if I have not time to go to the potty.

We all took the road to the house of Aubry, the doctor quickening his pace with anxiety, in my children triumphantly carrying their poppies, and Reue following us at a distance, like a dog who fears being driven from the door.

These poppies are wonderful things, said my friend as we went along: 'their admirable forms and colors, shading from white to black, and from rose to purple, their velvet stems, their alternate fan-like leaves, so delicately fringed, their show and fragile petals. balancing in the air on a long peduncle, are assured by their least riches. This flower was one of the most important and most celebrated of ancient times. It grows spontaneously like grass, in Greece, Egypt, and all Asia Minor. The Romans made a thousand delicacies of poppyseeds, prepared with honey. Even to-day, in the north of Europe, and throughout the East, little sugar-plums are manufactured from them, and they are uningled in certain choice dishes. In Lorraine, under the name of semezen, the people cat this seed with pleasure. But it is especially the ancient and inquence are opining which has replaced the poppy.

DASH DOWN THE CUP!

Dash down the cap!—drink not again—
Its very touch is degredation;
Quick, dash it down! Oil, do not drain
Its liquid draught of deep damation.
Break through its toils while yet you may—
Rush from the warmth of its embracing;
liced not its syron calls—away!
Each little dram a gray is tracing.

Drink not again ! be wise, be free ! Seize on a noble resolution;
Rum's leprous arms encircle, thee
Yield not again to its yellution.
Drown not the still voice of the soul—
Each draft a seed of wee is planting!
Drink not, though beauty pledge the bowl,
There's death beneath its light enchanting

Shake off the curse with manly might—
Court not a death of shame and terror!
Turn not your brightest days to night—
Oh, follow not this fatal error!
Crush not a pure and noble mind,
Make not degraded taste a merit!
Wake from your dream! Oh, be not blind
To God's bright gifts which you inherit.

Dolunteer.

crs." A good shot, a perfect master of fence, and a successful duelist, every one was afraid of him; for his challenge was equivalent to a sentence of death. At this epoch duels were very common; there existed enough professional bullies, who seized upon the most trifting pretext to assassinate any victim on whom they choose to set their mark.

Exactly at seven the following morning Jean Pierre halted in front of the Fort de la Oreche. He laid down upon a lump of rock a parcel which he covered with his overcoat, and walk-dforward to meet a soldier whom he perceived emerging from the valley thre' which flows the brook of Moulin Hubert.

"Good morning!" said the new comer. "I

the brook of Moulin Hubert.

"Good morning!" said the new comer. "I call this punctuality—a thing I insist upon when I am out a-pleasuring. We are going to have a little private anusement," he added, coaxing his moustaches in a most insolent way. "But where are the weapons?"

"There, behind that block of stone. Follow me."

The state of the field of the state of the s

A THRILLING SEA STORY.

DY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day, in the year 1836, when the gallant frigate "Constitution," under the command of Captain Elliott, having on board the late Edward Livingston, then Minister at the Court of France, and family, manned by near five hundred souls, drew near the "chop" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she had made her tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at 8, P. M. The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship 'full and by,' remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam; but he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then turned in, as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch. At a quarter past 9 P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light ho!" was heard from the foretopsail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck. "Three points to the lee bow," replied the lookout man, which the unprofessional readuring the company of the trumpet.

At this moment the captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"Pipe down!" said the captain to the dist \*\*Pipo down!" said the target to the target to the target to the main brace."

\*\*Pipo down!" ochoed the first lichtenant to the boatswain.

\*\*Pipe down!" whistled the boatswain to the

"Pipe down!" whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was cor!" said I; to nee of the master's mater, the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down a chart showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal and the Light House Island, which, must have been a small strait for a fisherman to rain his smack through in good weather by daylight. For what is the noble and dear old frigate reservee. ervee. I went upon deck, the sea was calm, a gentle

I went upon deck, the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mulhaul to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eagtern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken maskes to the northward, like the flying columns or a locaten army. I have been in many a gale or wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger, but never; before nor since, have I experienced the hour so forrible as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hauging on a single tion bolt; the weather Scilly on the night of the 11th of May, 1836.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired, of the captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly—

Scilly—
"You are as safe as you would be in the alale "You are as safe as you would be in the afale of a church."

It is singular that the frigate Boston, Captain McNeal, about the close of the Revolution, exicaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the Captain—a, rough, but gallant old fire eater—if they were not in great danger; to which he replied:

"You had better, madaun, get down upon your kness, and pray God to forgive your numerous sins, for if we do not carry by this point; we shall be down in five minutes."

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