\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

### VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 39.1

### COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1857.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,373.

#### PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Northern Central Railroad Com

prany's Building, north-west corner Front and Halnut streets Terms of Subscription. COne Copy per annum, if paid in advance, so if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 200

No subscripton received for a less time than six traonthe; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

[D] Money may be remitted by mail at the publishers.

Rates of Advertising.

three weeks, 40 39
three weeks, 75
three weeks, 75
three weeks, 60
three weeks, 75
three weeks, 75
three weeks, 100
three wee

Ers. John & Rohrer, HAVE associated in the Practice of Medi-Columbia, April 1st, 1856-1f

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, near the Post Office. Columbia, Pa. slumbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Collections, Frompile mad-

Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850. J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, September 6, 1856-if

GEORGE J. SMITH, HOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake V Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Bisouit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c.

LOUIST STREET, Feb. 2, 785.

Between the Bank and Franklin House.

# B. F. APPOLD & CO.,

GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMIS

RECEIVERS OF

COA LAND PRODUCE,

And Delinerer on gard spint on the Columbia and

COALAND PRODUCE,

And Deliverers on any point on the Columbia and
Philadelphia Railroad, to York and
Baltimore and to Pittsburg;

DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN,
WHISKY AND BACON, have just received a
large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, from
Pittsburg, of which they will keep n supply constantly
on hand, at low prices. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin.

Columbia, January 27, 1854.

OATS FOR SALE BY THE BUSHEL, or in: larger quantities, at Nos. 1,2 & 6 Canal Basin.

Columbia, January 26, 1856.

ROPES, ROPES, ROPES. 50 COLLS, superior qualities, various sizes,

Columbia, March 22, 1856. Just Received, 50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F.

SMITH'S Wholesule and Retail Confectionery establishment. Front street, two doors below the Washington House, Columbia. [October 25, 1856.]

Just Received.
20 HHDS. SHOULDERS, 15 TIERCES HAMS.—
B F. APPOLD & CO.
Nos. 1, 2 and 6, Canal Basin.
Columbia, October 18, 1856. Rapp's Gold Pens.

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of

ood article are invited to dail and examine them.
Columbia, June 30, 1855.

JOHN FELIX. Excellent Dried Beef,

WELSH & RICH Just Received. LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages,

GAR Cured and

Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Property, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE, J. SMITH.

April 19, 1856. CHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous mention, for sale by G. J. SMITH, Locust stree between the Bank and Franklin House. Columbia, April 10, 1856.

THE undersigned have been appointed agents for the sale of Cook & Co's GUTTA PER-CHA PENS, warranted not to corrode; in elasticity they almost equal the quilt. SAYLOR & McDONALD. Columbia Jan. 17, 1857.

Just Received. BRAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz: Vic 11. torine, Volcano, Drum, Butter Fly, Red Roses, and the new French Fruit Shade, which can be seen in the window of the Golden Mortar Drug Store.

November 29,1286.

A LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, Asum Shaker settlement is New York, just received it. SUYDAM & SON'S Columbia, Dec. 20, 1850. LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the

HAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Exyptian hair dyes, warranted to color the has exired shade, without injury to the skin. For sale B. WILLIAMS.

y 10, Front st., Columbia, Pa.

TARE & THOMPSON'S justly eclebrated Commercial and other Gold Per market—just received. Columbia, April 28, 1855. P. SHREINER.

PATRA PAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for B. F. APPOLD & CO, Nos. 1, 2 and 5 Canal Basin. DRIME HAMS, 12 1-2 cts. per pound;

Bhoulders, 10 do do
Dried Beef, 14 do do
Trida Water Ganal Money received for goods...
WELSH & EICH. Columbia, May 17, 1856.

Columbia, April 23, 1855. CAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for ma-

APPNETION, OF COMMUNICATION OF BORD AND A STATE OF Son Son Or Dr. for 9'bs. Hard Son Full directions will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Hard and Pancy Soaps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS. Columbia, March 21, 1855. COLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, OF PUR

pative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine hich is highly recommended as a substitute for poom Salus, Sciditz Powders, Sci., can be obtained she very day at SAM'L. FILBERT'S Drug Store,

20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. Fo mile cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO. Colombia, October 25, 1856.

A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1858. Front Street, Columbia, Pa

TUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brashes, consisting in part of Shoe, Heir, Cloth, Crumb, Nail, Hat and Tould Brushes, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, March 22, '56. Front street Columbia, Pa.

# Poetry.

A WISH FOR AUGUSTA.

Pil ask not for the purest gems, To wreathe in thy dark hair, Nor seek for robes of countiess w To make thee seem more fair: I will not wish thee lands nor wealth, Nor jewels from the mine,-A rarer, richer gift, I ween, I would that it were thine.

I'd give thee Friendship, pure and true, To bless thy peaceful life; A home of Love and Happiness Afar from sin and strife; I'd wish thy heart could ever be

Her seal apon thy brow. And thus thy pathway e'er should be Strewn with Life's sweetest flowers While music-tones of Hope and Faith Would wreathe the fleeting hours; Then, as a star, when morning dawns

As guileless as 'tis now, And Innocence forever set

Fades from our earth-dimmed eyes, fri glory thou shouldst pass away, To beam in fairer skies.

Korner's "Prayer-in-Battle." The following beautiful translation of Korner's "Prayer in Bottle," is from "Leisure Hours with the German Poets," by A. C. Hendrick.

Father, I call to thee! Roaring enshrouds me in the din of battle; Round me like lightning the leaping shots rattle; Leader of battles, I call to thee! Father, thou lead me!

Father, thou lead me! Lead me to victory, lead me to death: Lord, at thy pleasure I offer my breath:

Lord, as thou wilt lead, so lead me! God, I acknowledge thee! God, I acknowledge thee:
As when the leaves of autumn are shaking,
So when the thunders of battle are breaking,

Father of grace, I acknowledge thee! Father, thou bless me! Father, thou bless me! Into thine hand I my being resign; Thou didst bestow it—to take it be thine.

Living and dying, O bless me! Father, I honor thee! Father, I honor thee! Not for earth's riches unsheath we the sword Tis our hearths we protect; his thy temples, O Lord So, falling or conquering, I honor thee!

To thee, God, I vield me To thee. God, I yield me! Round me when death's flory tempost is rushing. When from my veins the red currents are gui To thee, O my Cod, do I yield me!

### NEVER DESPAIR.

Father, I call thee !

The opal-hued and many perfumed morn From Gloom is born; From out the sullen depth of ebon Night

The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth; From wondrous alchemy of winter hours Come summer flowers;

The bitter waters of the restless main Give gentle can;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing Tones afford
The full accord,
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reselves Truth;

Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need

Begets the deed: Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope

Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadlest lair-

## Select Story

#### THE CONSCRIPT. A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

In a narrow street of a poor suburb of Paris there stood, two or three years ago, a small and obscure fruiterer's shop, where a

"Mathieu Giraud, Fruitier" was written door of this humble abode. There was no one in the shop; but in a small back-room beyond it, two women were seated. They spoke but little, and busily plied their needles, though one of them occasionally glanced towards the shop, as if expecting some ustomer to enter; but the precaution was needless; it remained vacant; and at every glance the woman sighed and once more resumed her work. The back-room was small, and almost bare. A dingy bed, half hidden in a recess, a table, and a few chairs of painted deal, were all the furniture it ontained. It was dark moreover, as all back-rooms have been from time immemo rial, and the dull glimmering light which streamed from the high narrow window appeared to increase rather than diminish the natural gloom of the place. The two women were seated near the light, which fell full WIY should any person do without a Clock, upon them. They were both somewhat advanced in years; and their pale and wrinkled vanced in years; and their pale and wrinkled features bespoke a life of poverty and care. They were sisters, but notwithstanding their relationship, very different in temper and personal appearance. Antoinette Girand, the fruiterer's wife, was tall and thin, a simple, meek-looking woman, long accustomed to misfortune, to which she had at length submitted with a kind of indifference, proceeding more from a broken spirit than from resignation. Ms tante Anne, or Aunt in from the shop: "just look; here is an ace Anne, the name under which her sister was of diamonds, which signifies good news; then

of her life; and notwithstanding her repeated of despair: failures, held her faith in them unchanged. It might, indeed, have been supposed that Anne lived for the mere purpose of dreaming. As she had never been married—her come in the way just as she was on the prise at her unexpected appearance. point of contracting a matrimonial engagement—she had for many years resided with my poor Jean will not get a good number. old woman shook her head despondingly.

"Ha! Antoinette," replied Anne, with a

sadly than her sister.

Antoinette, going up to the couch of her paralyzed husband.

Jean has no chance."

his wife, resuming her seat. Mathieu and Antoinette Giraud had been matters were concerned, they had to endure had they removed to their new lodgings, whem Mathieu became paralyzed. This unhappy event cast upon his wife the sole have proved wholly inefficient, but for the youth of fifteen. Jean Giraud was scarcely ly repeated, "Has anything happened to out of his apprenticeship, though he had the heart and courage of a man; he was a locksmith by trade, but on account of his youth, did not earn, with all his industry, more day." than a few francs a week. On this scanty their exertions in the shape of needle work, or dream of a rat, for nothing." the whole family continued to live; no easy task, considering that old Mathieu's illness | relieved; "he has still a chance, I hope." Still, they did live, "without owing a single sous to anybody."

The French working-classes have, generally speaking, a deep and wholesome horror

of debt. placed at the door made a melancholy show; to the savings' bank; but this was only a rically arranged baskets, which, though Jean would probably be snatched from his complaisantly supposed by customers to parents to enter the army, according to the contain something, were, in reality, quite laws of the French conscription. The fatal epoch had now arrived; Jean was twentyone; and on the next day he was, with the in large and half-effaced letters above the other youths of the neighborhood, to proceed to the mairie; and there in the presence a sigh, "Ay, he has no chance."

A melanchely silence had followed these last words, and Antoinette was in the shop attending on a customer, when Ma tante Anne, mysteriously drew a pack of cards from her pocket, and mutterring to herself. began dealing them out, and spreading them on the table before her. For a time she eyed the cards with apparent satisfaction.

"All goes on well Antoinette," she eagerly said, addressing her sister, who now came generally known, was, on the contrary, a here are plenty of clubs, which mean money; with many mysterious winks, and nods, and prophetic hints, which it was not given to everybody to understand. She was a firm believer in dreams, sidd held cards, as a means of divination, in great reverences indeed she trusted to them and the structure of the s

visions in almost every important occurrence | rocked herself in her chair with every token | reproachful tone-"even you must needs put | herself, "I shall try the cards by and by, the front door, whilst Mathieu prayed fer

"What! has anything happened to Jean?" unlucky dreams having, she said, always greet the newcomer than to testify their sur-She who thus anxiously inquired after

Jean was a pretty brunette, about eighteen, the shop to the back room opened, and Jean her sister Antoinette: thus, however, escap- with glossy black hair smoothed under her entered. ing only a few of the cares of matrimony. little white cap, and very brilliant dark eyes. The two females had been for sometime Her dress, though remarkably plain and had averred, not so fortunate as to be afflic- rades who were to accompany him to the sewing in silence, when Antoinette, pausing simple, had that indescribable air of nent- ted by any personal deformity. Far from in her work, suddenly observed in a melan ness which charactarizes the better class of it. He was tall, well-made, and good-look. Jean entered the back room, and sat down choly tone, "No, no, I have no hope, Anne; Parisian grisettes, and added even a new ing; and his curly chestnut hair, dark-blue by his father's bedside. The old man was ion. charm to her attractive little person. Ma- eyes, and fresh color, proclaimed him to be- asleep, but he soon awake; and taking his His father and I have always been unlucky, rie, for such was the name of the pretty long to the real Frank race of his country. son's hand between his own, gazed upon this way; but I can see nothing of his and we shall be so to the end." And the grisette, was a giletiere, or waistcoat maker, But on this evening a cloud sat on his usu- him with melancholy tenderness. and being an an excllent work-woman, some- ally open brow, and notwithstanding his times earned no contemptible sum by her efforts to conceal his feelings, the restless lous voice, "think of your poor father mysterious solemnity, "if Jean had only industry. She resided in the same house glance of his eye, and the occasional nervous whilst you are away, and of your mother. listened to me he could have consulted Ma- with the Girauds, and, if the truth must be demoiscile Lepormand before she died, and told, had for the last six months been be- anxiety. Jean Giraud was as much of a Ah! this will be a sore blow to Antoinette," then we should have known what number trothed to Jean, whose parents loved her he was to get, and whether he was to be a almost as tenderly as the young man himsoldier or not. But no; he always said it self. Marie, of course, took great interest was throwing away money. Young people in the question of Jean's coming fate, as the don't believe in anything now-a-days."- two lovers had agreed to postpone their mar-And Anne shook her grey head even more riage until all was over. If he was so fortunate as to draw a good number, the wed-"If I were only dead they could not take ding was to take place in less than a twelve-Jean from you," said a low, broken voice, month; if, on the contrary, he became a sol- little, and what the shop brought was barely when Aune entered the room. She was which proceeded from the bed in the recess. dier, Jean and Marie would have to wait sufficient to pay the rent and taxes. Jean's more than usually grave, and shook her whilst Jean rushed into the shop waving his

happiness. a direct reply, "Heaven help us; our poor been early taught self reliance and trust in "Ay, he has no chance," sadly repeated habitual to her, that she would have in- eight years and yet be happy. But his padulged in it even under desperate circumstances. In this disposition she was upheld married for many years, and had begun not only by the buoyancy of youth, but also their wedded life with every prospect of by her natural good sense, which led her to happiness. In one sense they had indeed contemplate even misfortune under its most together, Jean, however, endeavored to asbeen perfectly happy; but so far as worldly advantageous aspect. Besides, as she sometimes philosophically observed, "God was led a tune with more than usual glee, bade all the trials of poverty and misfortune for all-for both rich and poor." It must, combined. After struggling for some time however he confessed that notwithstanding against the difficulties which surrounded her pholosophy, Marie felt no little anxiety them, they had at last been obliged to give to know the result of Jean's trial on the next in, and leave their neat and comfortable day. Eight years was a long period to pass fruiterer's shop in the Rue St. Honor for without perhaps seeing him more than once one in the suburbs of the city. Scarcely or twice! And even less selfish considerations led her to fear the result when she refiected on the unhappy condition to which his absence would reduce his parents. As burden of attending to the shop and support- she entered the back room on this evening, ing the family. To this task, notwithstand- and heard Aunt Anne mention the name of ing her strenuous efforts, Antoinette would her betrothed in a tone of despair, Marie, therefore felt some uneasiness; and receiving aid she received from her only son, then a no roply to her first question, she anxious-

Jean?" "No, Marie," sadly replied Antoinette;"

"Ay, to-morrow is the day." Sorrowfully sum, and the little that Antoinette and echoed Anne; "and depend upon it poor Jean Anne made by their sales in the shop, and will go. I did not turn up an ace of spades

"Oh! is that all?" said Marie, somewhat "A chance!" doubtfully answered Antoir

No. no. we have no chance. If even Jean was lame, or wanted a few teeth, or---"

my part, that he is not exactly as you would raud could take care of my money for me, and some comfort began to reign in the little wish him to be. But" added she more grave- and I am sure that would be a great relief; few withered cabbages and some stale fruit family. A few hundred france even went ly, "you must not get into low spirits, Madame Giraud; though you have not been very times I don't know what to do with it, little er, precipitately left the house, not daring sometimes as happy as the rich, if not we whilst on the shelves within were symmet-provision for the approaching time when happy as yet, it is true, still a day comes at as it is." last for the poor as well as for the rich." Here Mathieu sighed audibly, and Marie approached the old man's bed.

"How are you this evening, Monsieur

Giraud?" said she gently. no reply. He had known and loved Marie as may make us laugh heartily." Mathicu gazed on her tenderly, but made of the mayor, to draw forth from an urn a for years; for when he first fell ill, his wife roll of paper on which a number was in- and sister-in-law being sometimes compelled scribed. If the number was a low one, such to leave him alone, the young waistcoatas 12, 25, or even 40 or 50, Jean Giraud maker would then come and sit by his bedmust bid his parents farewell, and become side with her work, cheering him with her a soldier; but if it was a high one, as, for pleasant laugh and merry song. It is, ininstance, 80, 90, or 100, there was little or deed, quite characteristic of the grisette that no chance of his ever being called upon to she always sings, and she has even prettily fight for his country, and he might quietly and poetically been called "the lark of Paris." remain at home. Had he moreover, been a Never, surely was there a merrier lark than widow's son, or afflicted with any awkward Marie. From staying occasionally near the deformity, this would have sufficed, what old man, she at last came to spend with ever number he drew, to exclude him from him a few hours every day; this was mostly the service. This was why Mathieu, re- inthe evening time, when Jean came home gretting his own useless life, observed, with from work. The young man would then sit groan, that his poor Jean had no chance; at the head of his father's bed, whilst Marie whilst Antoinette, thinking of her son's was working at the foot. It was thus their muscular and well-knit frame, echoed with courtship began, to the great delight of old Mathieu, who was never happier than when he could thus see them together, and who now dwelt with bitter grief on their approaching separation.

"If I were dead," said he, mournfully gazing upon her, "you could be his wife." Marie's eyes filled with tears; but striving to hide her feelings, she observed with apparent chenrfulness, "And why not whilst you are alive, Monsieur Giraud?"

"Because Jean will have a bad number." replied the old man in the same desponding

"Well really," exclaimed Marie with some

in that, if you were dead, I should be his and then we shall know all about it." wife! Really this is too bad. I came here inquired a low and tremulous voice behind. to seek for a little comfort, and not only Anne and Antoinnette both turned round find none for myself, but cannot even afford somewhat hastily; but more, however, to any. I suppose," she pettishly continued,

> he comes home." As she spoke thus, the door leading from

Jean Giraud was, indeed, as his mother twitching of his lips, betrayed his secret too; perhaps you will never see them again. hero as any of his countrymen; he certainly he added, in a mournful tone. was not of a timid disposition, and personal apprehensions had nothing to do with his all this was truly hard to bear. present feelings. His only thoughts were for his parents. What were they to do to breakfast between his mother and Marie, 27; I knew it was a bad one." when he was gone? Who was to support whose red eyes and pale cheeks testified that them in their present helpless condition? she had spent a sleepless night. The meal "Did you speak, Mathieu?" inquired eight years before the fulfilment of their mind brooded on these thoughts until he was head in a most prophetic and Sybil-like hat in triumph. well nigh distracted. Though he loved Ma- manner. Marie's spirits were not cast down by this rie most tenderly, still it was not the pros-"Ay, ay," he muttered, without making alternative. She was an orphan, and had pect of parting from her that now saddened him: she was eighteen, and he twenty-one; Providence. Hope had indeed become so they were both young, and might wait even in my room."

rents! He strove to think no more of this er, "what about Jean?" subject, but in vain. As he entered the back room, where the little family and his betrothed were seated | Giraud. sume something like cheerfulness. He whist- | solemnly. Marie good evening with a merry joke, and sitting down at the head of his father's bed. declared he had never been so hungry for supper. Antoinette rose silently, and assistwine. They all sat down to it in silence, Jean in vain endeavoring to appear cheerful, number 27!" in order to induce his mother and aunt to over, when Antoinette, overcome by her he dropped the subject. feelings, burst into tears.

"Why, maman, what is the matter?" ex claimed her son in astonishment. "Ah. Jean! what were you whistling?"

she sorrowfully replied. Jean started, for he had been humming t'is only the old story: to-morrow is the the tune of the Parisienne, a favorite mili-

> her head, 'tis only another token. I did not turn up the ace of spades for nothing. "Well, and let us suppose, after all, that

he should get a bad number," resolutely observed Marie, "he will not die for it-nor shall we, I hope. I know what you are and, as Antoinette often proudly observed, ette; "have we not always been unlucky? going to say, Jean," she quickly added, noticing her betrothed's sorrowful look as it "Well," interrupted Marie, laughing in in my room up stairs; what if, when you poor and the rich. Be of good cheer; should spite of her real grief. "I am not sorry, for are gone, I should lodge here? Madame Gi-

" Marie!" exclaimed Jean in an agitated tone: "I won't be interrupted," perempto- of anxious expectation that followed-hours replied Antoinette, who was now quite rily said his betrothed; "besides, Monsieur that actually seemed days, so slowly and to merry. Jean, this does not concern you, for it is all diously did they drag along. Antoinette, to be whilst you are away; your only busi- under pretence of seeing to the shop, was Marie; "for you know God watches over ness will be to write us such amusing letters constantly looking in the street for Jean; both rich and poor." "And if he goes to Algeria?" observed

his mother in a faltering tone.

"Well," replied Marie with a faint at-But, unable to control her emotion any longer, she buried her face in her hands, and fairly burst into tears. " Marie !" cried Jean, reproachfully-but

his brow upon his hand, he looked very fixedly at the table.

God is for the poor as well as for the rich, and perhaps he will leave us Jean." The next morning was as bright and fair

sun shone quite merrily into Madame Giraud's shop, where, with Ma tante Anne, Antoinette was engaged in arranging everything, though the thoughts of both were certainly but little engrossed by their mutual occupation.

"No," replied her sister, slightly starting; the street. what was it about Anne?" "I dreamed that Jean had a black spot

on his forehead." "Well, and what does that mean ?" "That means that he will have a bad

namber."

means of divination, in great reverences in this! But 'tis all of a piece. I dreamt of chance for him; and even you, Father Gi- you know, Antoinette, I was never mistaken nearly overcome by emotion, and followed range of kissing for one woman deed she trusted to them, and her nightly a rat last night. Ah! poor Jean, and she raud," she added in her most caressing yet yet in a dream; "besides," she multired to by her sister, the poor mother proceeded to the sex of your neighbors."

"Hush!" said Antoinette, "here is Jean : it is of no use to sadden the poor fellow."

"Jean will be as bad as the rest of you when faint attempt to smile, quite spruce. Though good or bad, was fixed in his hat band, and posed; for if he felt acutely, still his pride in the crowd. would not allow him to betray any unbecoming emotion in the presence of his commairie. After greeting his mother and aunt,

"Jean, my boy," said he in a low, tremu-

Jean rose, and walked about the room:

He found it harder still when he sat down

"What is the matter, Anne?" tremulously inquired antoinette.

"I have just been dealing out the cards "Well," anxiously inquired the poor moth-

"I have seen the number he is to get." "Ahl which is it?" eagerly asked Madam

"Jean will get number 27," replied Anne "A bad number!" faintly echoed Antoin

"Maman," almost angrily exclaimed Jean. can anything so foolish affect you thus?"

"Foolish!" cried Anne indignantly; "ha! ed by Marie, began laying the things on the young people don't believe in anything nowtable. The supper was a frugal one, con- a-days. I only grieve for you, Jean, that I sisting merely of some bread, cheese, and am in the right; would indeed I were wrong -and that you were not to get that ugly

Jean knew his aunt's obstinacy on this imitate his example. Scarcely was the meal head, and unwilling to irritate her uselessly,

When the breakfast was over-and a cheerless one it was-all arose, for it was time for Jean to depart. He first went to his father's bedside. Old Mathieu caused

"Be of good cheer, Jenn," said she, giving pering to him-"Well, Father Giraud, do rested on his mother; "but I feel very dull him her hand; "God is for us all, for the you wish to die now?" even the worst happen we will strive to bear fectionately; "no, not yet." it patiently."

to trust himself with a look behind.

We will not endeavor to describe the hours up stairs to her room with a mysterious look, than a year Jean and Marie were married. and came down again with a clouded brow and old Mathieu, though still paralyzed, deand ominous glance. The infection seemed clared himself so happy at the event, that tempt to smile, "he will perhaps catch Abd- to have caught Marie herself; for though he expressed his readiness to die: which has el-Kader, and become Marshal of France." shesat with her work near Mathieu's bed, the not, however prevented him from living ever

old man sadly remarked that her needle of since, and repeating the same wish on the ten flagged, and for the first time since many birth of his son's first child, which, being a him. Then there were two or three old the subject of the conscription. Jean and he also could get no further; and leaning neighbors who occasionally peeped in and Marie have not grown very rich, but the out with woe-begone features, holding mys-shop has been newly painted, and, someterious conferences with Aunt Anne, and how or other, is oftener filled with custo-"Well, well," said Marie, after a brief startling her poor sister by dismal tales of mers than it used to be: it no longer contains though sad pause, "all is not desperate yet. many a young and handsome conscript any withered cabbages, and is so frequently whom they had known, and who had fallen, visited by the children of the neighborhood poor fellow, in his first battle. In short, that no fruit grows stale in it. Antoinette they were all as comfortably miserable as superintends the general concerns of the a one as was ever seen in spring, and the they could be, when Marie, unable to bear house, Anne has taken charge of the little her impatience any longer, left her work, Marie, whose horoscope she persists in forand going to the shop door, looked out into mally drawing on every anniversary of her the street. It was vacant, and no token of birthday. Jean attends to his work; and Jean was to be seen. With a sigh she Maric, though she still continues to carn a once more entered the back room; she had few francs with her waistcoats, stiends to scarcely, however, reached the threshold, her shop, and as old Mathieu declares, "Antoinette!" suddenly said Anne, "do when she suddenly paused, and turned pale: gladdens the whole place with her merry you know what I dreamed of last night?" a loud shout echoed at the farthest end of song. "And yet," as she often observes

"The conscripts!" said Antoinette in a low

"So soon!" answered Marie with seeming indifference: "don't you think it may be something else?'

"No, no," replied Antoinelte in a feverish voice; "it is the conscripts; I hear their mu-

vently in his bed.

When they looked out, the conscripts still stood somewhat far down the street. Their Jean, indeed, entered the shop dressed, hats were ornamented with tri-colored favors and, as his poor mother declared, with a and the number each had drawn, whether not looking particularly merry, he did not visible even at a distance. But Antoinette seem to be very sad; he was calm and com- and Marie vainly strove to distinguish Jean

> "I see him!" at length cried Marie, turning pale.

"Ha! where is he? what is his number?" simultaneously exclaimed the two sisters, less clear-sighted than their young compan-

"There-there beyond: he looks round number."

"Ay, ay, I see him now," eagerly remarked Aunt Anne; "and alas! poor boy, I can see his number too. Ah! I knew it-

"It is not 27," hastily observed Marie; for see, Aunt Anne, Jean holds up his hat for us to see it; the number begins with a one,

and then there is a nought." "Ay, ten," said Anne; worse still than

"No it is not ten," continued Marie in a tone tremulous with emotion; "there is For Antoinette and her sister earned very was a silent one, but it was nearly concluded another nought-it is a hundred;" and falling down on a chair, she burst into tears.

We will not endeavor to describe the scene that followed-old Mathieu's joy, Antoinette's silent rapture, and Marie's bright smiles. Aunt Anne, though greatly delighted, was very much surprised; both her dreams and cards had for once signally failed. As for the dream, it was, she averred, quite her own mistake, for evidently the spot on Jean's forehead meant nothing; it should have been on his hat, to prove at all significant! Then she had most probably misdealt the cards; such an error could never otherwise have happened-nny, she even recollected something about a hundred! Further than this Aunt Anne would never vield when remonstrated with on this subject. It is, however, worthy of remark, that her faith in dreams and cards seemed rather shaken, as she henceforth indulged in much less speculation concerning them than she had formerly been in the habit of doing .-As for the old neighbors, they were very much pleased, but not so much surprised; they were almost certain all would turn out well, but had not said so, lest they should excite expectations that might be deceived.

But to return to the conscript and his family. The day was spent by them in much happiness; indeed, there was almost too much of this quality in it. The event was so dehimself to be raised on his couch, and in 2 lightful, so unexpected, so everything that low, broken tone muttered a heartfelt bene was pleasant, that Antoinette, Anne, Marie, diction over his son, whilst the weeping An- and Jean were quite bewildered. Mathieu toinette stood near him. From his parents seemed alone a little sensible. Towards "Ay, ay," said Anne mystically, shaking Jean turned to Aunt Anne, who very affectered in the second at the second tionately embraced him, but muttered some- and after supper, set up to make plans for at the same time about his unfortunate in- the future—the only apparent consequence credulity, and number 27. Marie alone of which was, their separating very late .seemed collected and calm, and though she When Marie at length rose to depart, and was sud, a smile of hope played round her bent over Mathieu to bid him good night, she could not resist the temptation of whis

"No, Marie," said he, gazing on her af-

"And you, Madame Giraud." playfully Jean gazed affectionately on his betrothed, said the young girl, turning towards Anand once more embracing his weeping moth- toinette; "don't you think we poor folks are great deal more so?" "Ay, and ten times as happy," warmly

"No, not ten times," smilingly observed

whilst Anne every quarter of an hour went | The sequel need scarcely be told. In less dags, that she had no merry song to cheer girl, will give it's parents no uneasiness on "how strange that all this happiness should have depended on one insignificant little

It is true Marie generally closes this philosophical remark by quoting her favorite saying; but it is we hope, too well impressed on the reader's mind to require repetition.

The Boston Post says: Alice Carey, in