LEWISBURG CHRONICIE

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

Issued on Friday Mornings, at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

THRMS -\$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance; \$1.75, if paid within three months; \$2.50 if paid within a rear; \$2.50 if unit paid before the year expires; 5 ets for a single number. Subscriptions for six meanths or less to be paid in advance. Any old patron precuring one or more new patrons, shall have the Chromele at \$1 each for indship betune the families of the Sulmare new patrons (for one year only,) cash in livans an' the O'Briens; but, by raison of an' Tim, bright an' early the nixt morn,

while Dennis Sullivan wor prouder of his all the b'utyful clothes and market Square, north side, second story, 2d son Maurice nor if he had found all the France an' Jarmany.

Love Me-love my "Pilgrim."

"Grace Greenwood" (Miss Sarah J. Clarke) recently married to Mr. Lippincott of Philad., childher, an' thar Misther O'Brien, bein' has commenced publishing a juvenile paper discinded from the anshint kings of Munher friends and neighbors to show their Love aquil of any princess in Eurip and Aishey, for the young stranger "by taking him into their households." In a P.S. to her reditorial friends," she thinks they will best prove their ers-Rooshins, I mane-an' the Jarmans, con-tancy by copying the following Grace-full an' the Frinch, an' all the other haythens plea, which we most cheerfully do.

Playmates of my childish days, Like a lovely realm of fairy; When, with all its castles airy, Bright the great world o'er as shone, Like gardens of old Babylon-

Do you still remember! In life's whirl, can you forget Spring-day rambles after flowers. rells through summer's mountit bowers, Autumn feasts and harvest mirth. Laughter round the winter hearth-Ah, do you still remember !

All our school-girl joys and sorrows, All our algebraic horrors; All our tiresome moods and tenses; All our little confidences-Terrors of examination-Fun and frolic of vacation-

Gentle friends of later times, Listeners to my early rhymes, Sympathisers in romance, Gay companions in the dance; If my memory still you hold, If you love me as of old-Then love my LITTLE PILEBIM!

By the hopes and flowers we've gathered; By the April showers we've weathered; By our compacts and our break-ups; By our quarrels and our make-ups ; By our tears when called to sever; Love my Larrie Principa

Priends who by my side have stood, In my sobered womanhood; You who yow my simple word You are fond and true, I know,

Countiess times you've told me so— Then love my Litrix Pilonin!

ville, Dec. 13 .- Com. es Ellen Beyan. As- afther all, wid the crooked timper. ing upon Mrs. O'Bryan in the former ca- May be 'tis too saft she is, sez Maurice. of the road. however, appeared, in the eyes of the Court, wor as tould me this sthory. levy on certain unmentionable articles of or a n'aterfigure, barrin' yer own, Maurice them? the costs .- Miners' Journal.

eat in the The Western Home Visitor, pub. manage of it. upon removing to that place forthwith, we, wor contint, an', sendin' his thrunk on afore 'Il I sarch for a barber? as a true and faithful wife, are bound to him by the faymale stage, hesay, in the language of Ruth, "Where Stop! stop! Mulrooney! I was not wan next dure to the corner. bers we shall, if all is well, have settled to collighten me?

ceny preferred against him by Bobert the faymales.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1853.

From Godey's Lady's Book for Jan. 1854.

A GREAT MULROONEY STORY.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, JR.

lettin' alone the Turkeys and the Roosth-

near grown to be a man, his fadher up an'

tould him what he had done. Well an'

Norah O'Brien, sez he.

or no? sez Maurice, dub'ously.

beauty, sez the ould jintleman.

ALL AROUT TIN DELANEY, HOW HE WENT COOR. enthirely, by makin' a dickshunary of my-his beard wor off.

Let me jog your memory, then. Mau-

so long ago, afther all-there wor a grate That's it, said Peter, by the faymale into the fire. fri'ndship betune the familees of the Sul. stage, an' set out on hoseback wid hisself their livin' a long ways apart, they niver for Carrigathroid. Well, they hadn't gone writin' letthers back an' fore, wid the shu- the road to say that the masther had been they use in furriu parts? Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, when all desarre not pair; and Interest on all accounts the Communications substituted on the grounds discount and Interest on all accounts discount and Musha, then, but that's thrue, anyhow, that Misther Maurice must go back an' sez the barber. An' on he wint, frizzlin' or, May the heavenz be veriled, an' old.

The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is bested in the office mane time, the sunshine lived foriver in Oh, musha, thin, but what'll I do? sez How will I look? sez Tim, goin' to a good manners to conthradiet him.) Connected with the Obes are ample materials for most of a daughther that bate wureld for beauty; besides, my thrunk is gone on afore, wid me own face that I see youther? while Dennis Sullivan wor prouder of his all the b'utyful clothes in it I brought from

> of the Aist Injees to the top of 'em. Oh, misthrustin' Andy Shehan, the dhriver, am, clane out an' inthirely! I'll be misfaix, but ye may be sartin that the ould May be 'tis betther I'd thravel on afther takin' myself for a sthranger! min in their letthers gossipped about the him?

Maurice. An' take this kay along wid apparence. called the "Little Pilgrim." She exhorts all sther, belayed his daughther Norah the ye, Tim, sez he, an' sarch if the things isn't spirited away, or smashed up enthire-raveognize meself, I'd like to know? ly. An, Tim, sez he, there's a letther

Well, by coorse, by an' by, young Masther Maurice an' the butiful Miss Norah wor conthrected thegither by the ould peo-Carrigathroid yerself, an' see if Miss No- Joolyus Saizer : ple; though, it's the thruth I'm sayin', nather of the youngsthers wor beknowin' to rah is half so purty an' good as fadher sez Hallo, house! whoon! it at all, until wan day, when Maurice wor she is.

the masther sez so?

Throth an' I dun 'no', sez Maurice;

good! sez Maurice, for he wor a mighty but 'I'd like to larn that aforehand from the respicts of the owner. yer own lips, Tim, aviek. that, he crasses over the salt say into forrin parts, where he larned to ate frogs in thinkin', sez Tim. You folly afther as

France, an' to sleep undber a feather bed quick as ye can, Misther Maurice; an', in in Jarmany, wid his exthremities stickin' the mane time, sez he, I'll pay my reout. By an' by, whin he had finished his spicts to the family. eddicashin at the Jarman University, by So, wid that, they took lave of one andbrillin' a bole wid a small sword through

the aram of wan Count Dondher an' Blixwhere the young masther's thrunk wor left, um, an' by bein' mertially wounded in his a bit of a mile or so from O'Brien's, of Carchanged I am by that frizzlin' barbarian!) sez the squircen. undher garmint hisself, Maurice thravels rigathroid.

back to the ould country. Oh, but Dennis Sullivan wor mighty placed to shake by Andy Shehan? sez he to the woman hands wid his darlin' boy agin! an' he of the stage-house. grown so tall, an' sthrong, an' manly like.

Up stairs, sez she, all safe an' Maurice, avourneen! sez his fadber, tind- sound

herly, seein' 'iis of age ye are, an' may be I 'll see that, sez he. Au' up stairs I'il not be wid ye long, sure it 'u'd be he goes an' opens the thrunk, an' looks over the closes, and the dimont pins, an the goold watch, an' the chains an' rings But how will I tell whether I'll like her galore; an', sure enough, they wor all there, nate an' nice, as Ally Bawn said By raison that she's a hairess and a grate when the six childher fell into the saft of the bog. Oh, murther, but now comes the Thim's good things in their way, sez sthrangest part of the sthory. When Tim COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS-Potts- Maurice; but may be I'll be ruinishin'd, seed the things forenent him, an' how b'utyful they wor, he begins to wondher how sault and Battery, on oath of Michael Make verself parfaitly aisey on that he'd look in them; an' thin he looks at Quinn, Esq. Mr. Quinn, Esq., is a Tax- score, Maurice ma bouchal, sez his fadher. his own coorse clothes, all plasthered and collector, and a Dogberry, to boot. Call- Honey isn't swater, nor butther safter. | besmudthered over wid the dirthy wather

pacity, unluckily on a washing day, (a Tare an' ounties! sez the ould jintle- Then said he, How will I carry the man of the Squire's age and intelligence men, in a grate passion. What 'u'd yees masther's letther to the big house, lookin' ought to have known better,) and deman- like to have. I'd be placed to know? Isn't for all the wureld like a dirthy bogthrotding her family quota of the public funds Murtoch O'Brien my ould fri'nd, an' wan ter? Sure I'd be shamefaced to show to keep the Common Schools going, he I niver had a quarrel wid in my life, batin' myself in ducent company. 'Tis a mighty was not received with that welcome or the bottle he throw'd at my head at ould fine thing to be a jintleman. Oh-h-, but courtesy becoming the dignity of his two- Thrinity, an' the bullet I lodged in his thim's the grand coats an' pantalloons an' fold official character; but on the contra-side on the banks of the Liffey one morn? goolden things-sure, I thinks the likes of ry, his Tax-collector and Justice of the Sure, afther that affecshinate raymonsthem wor niver seed afore. May be Misther Peace-ship was rather roughly seized by rance we wer betther fri'nds nor iver we Maurice wont be enaisy if I loan 'em for the shoulders, "about faced," and ordered to march door-ward in quick time-Mrs. Well, by this an' by that, seein' the I'll be on. Sure, it's no barum to thry if O'B., at the same time, seizing a handy ould jintleman wor bint upon a match, they fits me, sez he. Au', begorra, afore iron bar, shillaleh fashion, and making such Maurice consints to ride over an' coort the he knowed it, he wor dbressed in them violent postures therewith, that the offend- young lady, purvided he might take wid butiful garments, lookin' grander nor iver ed dignitary concluded, no doubt very prop- him his fostherer, wan Tim Delaney. Sure he did in his mortial life. Prisently, he erly, that "discretion was the better part I know'd him well, for he wor own cousin flings back the dure, descinds the stairs of valor," and beat a hasty retreat. It, to myself by the mudher's side, an' he it wid all the goold chains dauglin' about his neck, the fine goold watch fasthened by a that the Squire had excited the lady's Take him by all manes, sez the ould raal dimont pin to the breast of his flowery wrath by unnecessarily bandying words jintleman. I've not the laste objeckshin. silk weskit-for how would they know he with her, and further by pretending to 'Tis a decent lad he is, an' a betther face had such party things, if he didn't show

wearing apparel, about the handling of dear, there's not to be found in all the Och, but it does my heart good to see which by the masculine gender females counthy. He desarves to be put forrid in such a han some jintieman! sez the mistouchy. Mrs. O'B. was accordingly raymus nayther, sez he, for Fadher Doran didn't I know yer honnor wor the ra-al an' I kep' in the dark, like Shaun Dooley, excused, and the 'Squire learned a lest hiried to bate the humanities into him for quality the minnit I seen the shine of yer the blind fiddler. son on Tax collecting at the expense of the matther of two sais as; an', though face at the dure? Indade, it's the thruth he butthers his mattymatticks wid poetical I'm sayin', plaze goodness.

last number of her journal, she says :- kilations, there's a dale of larnin' in that sthronger wid scint nor a flower-garden-"Our husband having purchased an inter- head of his, av he only understhood the don't conthaminate yer centhrifujals by

thou goest I will go;" and so before anoth- aware of any distinction between one stage So wid that out goes Tim, houldin' up daughther disapp'areder number of The Lily reaches its subsci- and another. Will you do me the favor his pantaloons with both hands to keep 'em clane, an' prisently he steps into the bar-Arrah now, said Peter, boldly, don't I ber's shop as bould as a lord.

aisey, my good man, an' cut the sthubble sich a sthrange way? Humph! Admirably defined! Go on. ciano

An' thin-an' thin-och, wirrasthrue!

Barber, frizzle my head, sez Tim. An', widout any ghosther at all, the spry little man pokes a long iron thing fashi'ns, is they?

Oh, murther! says Tim, what's that? Thim's the curlin'-tongs, sez the barber. sot eyes ache other for many's the year, more nor a few miles, afore little Micky nose, thim's the ould time fashion. May- ther Sullivan? sez he. of a though they kep' up the ould good-will by Dunn, the stable boy, comes tearin' down be ye niver seen the frizzlin' insthrument

letters to come port paid, accommanded by the name and solutions of the writer. It receives attention. By Those of the writer. It receives attention, and the solution and any solution of the solution of the writer. It receives attention, and the solution of the writer of the control of the solution of the writer. It receives attention, and the solution of the ould jintleman wanted it to square off by Tim's head wor all over corkscrews, the corner of the upper farm.

The MANNETS of the MANNETS of the MANNETS of the solution of the writer. It is not solve the part of the solution of th

'Deed but it is, sez the barber. Oh, wirrasthrue! sez Tim, wringin' his O. M. WORDEN, Proprietor. goold mines of Californy, wid all the josels Faix, but that's bal! sez Tim; an' I hands: what'll I do? 'Tis ruinashined I pig wid de maisles.

Yez, thin, sez the little man, there's no Sure, thim 's not human.

of interjuckshin in the thrunk which I whin he mounted his horse; but, by the oh, be aff wid ye! don't come a-near me! step-laddber afore. want yees to deliver at wanst, for fear the time he got to Carrigathroid, his spirits I'm frikened to death a'ready!

a sarvant, answerin' the dure.

Yer name, sir, if ye plaze, sez the man, enthirely!

An' wid that he marches on afore, Tim crooked tongue. followin' afther, an' flings open the dure Mostha, but it's the rael stuff, too! sez wid all his clothes on, an', by an' by, falls pinyed me the day. of a grand room all blazin' wid light, an' Tim, takin' a long pull at the noggin, an' into a throubled sleep. sings out, "Misther Sullivan !"

Where 's the thrunk as wor left here en, takin' him by the hand, 'tis placed I man wor br'akin' stones to mind the 'pike an hurries afther Tim. By hard ridin' he a great laugh, 'twere hisself, sure enough, am to see ye the day! Let me present ye wid, an' the ould mither wor knittin' new got to the town late that same night; an', as played the bould thrick, an' his double

to my daughther-Norah, mayourneen, this heels to an ould pair of stockin's. is Misther Maurice Sullivan.

ye plaze. reen, wid a smile-the Delaneys is yer I mane shuperintindin' of thim.

Troth, an' indade they are, sez Tim. sez the squireen.

I beg yer parden, 'tis standin' ve are the

a sate on the ottimin? sez Tim, getting frikened.

fine flahool stool standin' fornenst ye. Aveh! sez Tim, but the ould name 's

no betther manners, but set starin' too at similar cognashus charackther. the bouchal wid her great black eyes.

b'iled lobster; isn't it all right?

How will I know? sez the squireen. colloguing wid the ould man that a way, an' hangers is the iliments.

(include an' in troth 'tis very misthari- expressin' it. Mrs. Bloomer and The Lily have emi- conthribushins, an' peppers an' salts the Arrah, now, be done wid yer blarney. fadher. 'Tisn't the first hap'orth of man- ye say so; an', if it's agreeable to yees, Spake out, will ye? grated to Mount Vernon, Ohio. In the larned languidges wid aljebrayicakal cale said Tim, flourishin' a white han'kercher ners the crayther has. Sure I am I'll not we'll drop the discourse for the prisent. To like him, anyway

That's aisey, sez she, for sure there's the raal stuff to bring out a man's char-kitchen for the night.

offince, as to be axin' ye what makes ye Misther Delaney Sullivan, sez he, that, for spoort! er of Filibuster notority—has been held carries the letthers is the male stages, it self down in the big chair, while the little to bail at New Orleans on a charge of larstands to raison thim as doesn't must be man wor sthrappin' away at the razhier;
some goold watch, an' the dimont pin, in

wor n't ? sez Tim.

Delaney, av ye pl'ase.

will parsist in callin' me Sullivan, 'tisn't young masther murdhers ye enthirely, it would I listen to yer diabolickle invintions

the sourcen.

A suckin' pig in the family? sez

'Deed an' 'deed, I think so too, sez denyin' but yees wendherfully improved in Och, what 'll I be sayin' wid the grate Och, sez Tim, is that my bid? How Murther!

Botherashin! sez Tim, but how will I any pig at all, all. 'Twas the baby, wid the flure? Thim steps, did ye mane? kickin', who should walk in but Misther the shmalipox.

squireen'll be onaisey, as he expected me came back agin, an' he fasthens the baste Millia murcher! says Tim, I'll be beside the day. An', Tim, sez he, lowerin' his to the swingin' bough of a three, an' steps myself prisintly. I don't mane the shmall- What are ye laughin' at, ye ug'y spalpeen? voice, I'll be placed if ye'll take it to up to the dure an' knocks as bould as pox, nor the childer. Where 'u'd they L'ave the light, an' go. Oh, murther! young justleman, Misther Sullivan? come from, I'd like to know? But the sez Tim, whin he was all alone by hisself. docther - no, I don't mane that-the mas- If I wor out of this scrape, a thousand What's the matther, my good man? sez ther-no, not the masther-the weeny- good guineas wouldn't timpt me to do the Maurice! Maurice, achorra, spake to 'em arrah, botherashin to me, I'd be obleeged likes agin. Matther ! sez Tim, plenty's the matther, to ye if ye'd tell me what I mane; for, An', wid that, he sarches the windys, I see Here's a letter for Misther O'Brien, wid 'deed an' 'deed, the beauty of the young manein' to make his escape, but they wor lady has put the comether on my sinses too high; an' thin he opens the dure safely theman, laughm'. Sure 'twould be wastin'

> Oh, sez the man, makin' a low bow- here comes the potheen, says he, au' 'tis for fear they would be afther takin' him Au' they a frikenin' me out of my sexin obleege me by walkin' in ; ye're expicted the sove rust thing in the wureld for a for a robber; so, wil many muttherin's an' sinses all the while. Ayeh! Maurice of

> > smackin' his lins.

Och, the beauty of the wureld! sez Tim, to think that the blood of the Sullivans fine clo'es an' josels, he flies into a tarin' trumped it describy this mornin'. quite flushthrated-call me Delaney, av sh'uld demane thimselves by br'akin' stone passion, and makes bould to ride over at for a road an' patchin' stockin's!

have a taste o' ver l'arnin'.

The natheral modesty that is the predomi- some. Oh no, sez the ould jintleman, 'tis the natio' trait in my charackther, won't let An' now, sez Maurice, what'll I do wid

me. Thim as is my aquils, has acknowl- that regue of a Tim? edged my shupariority; and the masther L'ave him to me, sez the squireen, wid hisself couldn't folly me in the langwidges, a knowin' wink. Myself bein' a justus-o' wor a wild baste. An' sorry I am to tell aquiremints in algebrayical mattymattocks more till the morn', sez he; an', in the

seems to have no sinse in 'em.

rah, an' may goodness purtect ye! an' the anshint frelosophers widout smudherin' ye to his bedside. pl'ased to take pity on a poor boy as is beknownst to a jintleman of your exthraor- it lookin' for me ye are? quite dumbfounder'd at yer b'utyful coun- dinary mintal an' quizzical fackilties, that Troth, but ye're a quick hand at guessin'. tenance, and burnt into ashes by the blaze the consthruction of the words consthitutes sez the biggist man. Where's yer masther, from yer eyes! An' now don't be afther the differ of langwidges, of which pothooks ye thate of the wureld? Tell me that

sez the squireen, barrin' the manner of Bring him along, Tony,

tell ye the blessed thruth, Misther O'Brien, closs ye're wearin' now? (Lave him to me, sez the ould man, may 'tis dead bate wid the long thravel I am, Murther? Och! ochone! sez is 119 feet, the second 164 feet, and the be he's betther nor he seems. Get ye an', wid your permission, I'll be bould to Tim, wringin' his hands. That I iver lived third 147 feet. These shafts are all com-

est, thin-

Oh, sez Tim, mightily relayed an' pokin' show Tim to bed. I'll be wantin', Misther Stand aside, all of yees, an' let me look rival of a parcel of foreigners."

but I've lost the storby completely an' an' afore Tim could say Larry Houglaghan 'tis there ye are! Sure, 'tis raisonable, sez the morrow morn, sez the ould man, into the room. Oh, 'tis there ye are, ye he, a young jintleman should folly the dhrawin' hisself up grand-like, for, on my villin, will yer mattymattox an' yer single Oh, sez the squireen, an' thim's the as does be puzzlin' me exthramely.

> What 'u'd they be good for, if they follyin' afther the sarvint. Sure, I'm in upon the case at wanst. Faix, nothin' at all, I b'lieve, sez the stairs? Musha, thin, but 'tis wide enough on his knees, 'tis innocent I am the day I Oh, sez the cunnin' Tim, turnin' up his squireen. Whin did ye l'ave home, Mis- they are for a drove of fat cattle. Hould I'll tell ye about it. You see, the young on a bit, will ye, or I'll be fallin' over the masther au' Iballisthers. I wonder where thim crass Isn't thim his closs? sez the squireen. Blur an' agars ! sez the ould man, don't passiges lades too beyont? Sure, I'd give Ayeh, but that's thrue. Let me tell ye Musha, then, but that's thrue, anyhow, I know that, Misther Delaney Sullivan? all I'll be likely to have in the wureld to an hear r'ason. The young masther an' (Well, says Tim to hisself, anyway it's quit the place. Och, Tim Delaney, 'tis a I--no matther-I'll be kilt an' thransported bad ind ye're comin' to wid settin' yerself Kape yer sthories to verseif, sea the squiwhin Misther Maurice comes. Sure, if he up for a jintleman; an', begorra, if the reen, puttin' on a black frown. Why

the house of Murtoch O'Brien, in the shape Maurice. 'Tis unlucky to turn back; an', glass. Augh! millia! murther! Tis u't! An' how did ye l'ave the family? sez Will ye be p'lased to inter? sez the Hould him fast, boys, an' off wid him. sarvint, throwin' open the dure of a big May be I won't live to bang him, afther Well, an' hearty, sez Tim; wid no sari- room, where the windys wor all ornaminted all. ous disordher, barrin' the loss of a suckin' wid b'utyful curt'ins, an likewise the grate | Help! help! murther! sez Tim, athrugbed wid goold angels at the corners of the glin' wid all the power that wor in him, I the posts, lettin' alone the fringes an' tassels, didn't do it! It's clane hands I have. I ould man. A suckin' pig, did ye say? an many other b'utyful things too tadious won't be murthered! L'ave me go, I say.

blisther on my tongue? Sure, twor n't will I git in widout tumblin' myself on Arrah, now, have done wid yer nonsince ! Maurice and Miss Norah!

Sure, but he had the throubled look The shmallpox! shricks the squireen- Sure, I niver heard of goin' to bid wid a Thim's the fashi'n, sez the futman.

To the divil wid the fashi'n! sez Tim.

an' looks into the passiges, but they twisted my breath, an' they knowin' it a'roody. Tell him Misther Sullivan sint it, sez Tim. Faix, I b'lieve so, sez the squireen. But all about, so he didn't dare to thry thim mounin's, he lays hisself down on the bid vick, but I forgive ye the bad thrick peer

grass grow undher his feet. So, whin he fine clo'es on yer back. wanst. As it bappened, the squireen an' Ab, I undherstand, sez the ould squi- Thim's figgers of spache, sez Tim, sare, Miss Norah wer still up, for the raal gen-

Maybe so, sez the squireen, puttin' on an' the humanities, an' in single an' double pace, a good frikenin' 'll be of sarvice to Justice holding that the former decisions his specktickles, an' starin' at Tim as if he fluxshins, to say nothing of my extinsive the saucy Omadhaun. But we'll say no were not correct. ye that purty Miss Norah likewise hadn't an' the other parts of prefane histhory of a mane time, we'll thry an' find ye a supper A Contrast.-In Constantinople, the an' a bed.

Spake plainer, sez the squireen, for ye Well, to be sure, bright an airly, while an open book. Who wants it, is perfectly What's the matther? sez Tim, as red as does be puzzlin' me wid the hard words as Tim wor tossin' an' tumblin' about in his free to have it. A large depository for the fine flahool bid, an' dhramin' of witches, Sacred Volume has been established in the I'd be bothered to find it if they did, sez an' spooks, an' leprawhauns, an' even of very heart of the city, accessible alike to Och! och! sez Tim, why did I make a Tim, slily, to hisself. But he sez to the the ould bouchal hisself, there's comes a Frank and Moslem. behay" of myself? Blessin's on yer squireen, sez he, How will I diffinitively t'undherin' whack at his dure; au', pris- In Rome, the Metropolis of Popery, the darlin' face ! sez he, turnin' to Miss No. expurgate the prefound m'anin' of the intly, in walks four sthrappin' fellows right Bible is a sealed book. It is under the

daises grow up undher yer purty feet ! an' wid the classicalities? Is n't it the big What's wantin'? sez Tim, settin' boult book stores, in vain. If a traveler should may all the fairies in Ireland bring good words as makes the l'arnin'? Axin' yer up, wid his curly hair all untwistin' itself be found having some copies of it in his luck to ye, an' a dale of it! But oh, be pardin, Misther O'Brien, but 'tis well an' standin' on end like a porkepine's. Is trunk, he would be marked at once as a

Confisses what? sez Tim, wid his face as

lished at Vernon, Ohio, and determined So, wid that, Misther Maurice sed he me, like the dacent woman ye are, where gone, acushla, an' ordher Michael to bring throuble yer sarvint to fling me a clane to see this day! An' is the young mas pleted. The turnel commences in the up a pitcher of somin' hot potheen; that's lock o' sthraw in one corner of yer honor's ther dead? Why, thin, upon my oath an' valley of Deer creek, passes under Walnut my conscience, I niver had a hand it! hills, and emerges in a ravine on the northacther.) Misther Sullivan, sez he, as the Oh, but may be the ould squireen didn't Sure, 'tis well the darlin' knowed I'd lay crn side. stare at Tim wid all his eyes in mal arn- dhwn my life for him. Oh, jintlemen. take bity on a poor innecent boy that's in I beg yer pardin, Misther Delaney Sul- Sthraw! sez he, do ye take this for a the black throuble, an' all bekase he put The most decided case of Nativeism we livan. May I be so bould, an' m'anin' no boccoch's shealin'? Well, I must say, on the young masther's things for a bit of have recently known, is that of a person

WHOLE NUMBER, 505. Oh, I'll do that same, sez the barber- | the ould man for fun undher the fifth rib, | Sullivan, to spake the sarious word wid ye at the thraiter ! sez the squircen, burstin conscience, there's many things about we double fluxshins. Saize him, men, wid a sthrong grip, an' bring him to the hall. 'Tis no matther, says Tim to bisself, 'Tis well myself's a magisther, an' can sis

VOLUME X --- NO. 37.

for it now, anyhow. Ayeh! is thim the Oh, Misther O'Brien, sez Tim, dhroppin

sarves ye right, anyway, an' that's no lie. | whim thim things is witness agin ye?

What 'u'd ye hang a poor innocent for?

All at wanst, as he wor skreekin' and

Whoop! whoreo! sez Tim. There's the young masther now! Hands off wid ye-don't ye see him wid Miss Norah?

Hould on a minuit, men, sex the squireen -maybe 'tis a mistake, afther all. Is that Oh, to be sure it is, sez I'm, who else 'a'd it he. I'd like to know? Misther

av ye pl'ase, an' tell 'em it's yerself that Why will I do that? sez the young jin-

Oh, murthur ! see that now ! see Tim

Musha, thin, an' thank ye for nothin'. Well, all this time, ye may be sure sez Maurice; for I does be thinkin' that (Oh, murther! sez Tim to hisself, 'tis An' so yo left the ould folk quite well? young Masther Maurice wer not lettin' the 'tis yerself, Tim, as is to blame, seein' the

Ah, my young frind, sez Misther O'Bri- Brave an' hearty, sez Tim. The ould had bought the land, he takes a fresh baste Yea, thin, sez the squireen, burstin' into whin he l'arned that Tim wor gone up to fluxshins; but, bedad, if the thrick wor in I'm t'understhruck! sez Misther O'Brien Carrigathroid all cock-a-hoop in his own his hands lest night, sure he'll confiss I

REMITTING MONEY BY MAIL. -- An important decision has recently been a the U. S. District Court, Richmond, Va., teels do kape mighty late hours; and so it Chief Justice Tassey presiding. In a case Throth an' it's hard to tell what ye mane, worn't long afore he makes hisself beon trial before that court, the question arose Misther Delaney Sullivan, sez the squireen. knownst to the ould jintleman an' his whether money remitted by mail from a Troth, an indade they are, sez Tim.

Thim's good blood, I does be thinkin', A young jintleman as is college-bred daughther, an' up an' tells 'em his sthery debtor to a creditor, such money being lost A young juntieman as is confederated diagrams to the Oh, but thin they all laughed more nor before it reached its destination, was a reshouldn't condestrate to fast age a reby token that the squireen wor glad to have debt. The Chief Justice decided that the Sure, it 'u'd nayther be decent, nor a disilushin of the mysthery, an' Miss No-plaintiff having requested his debtor to rewhile, sez the ould jintleman: will ye take proper, nor expadient, in one of my birth rah bein' aiquilly pl'ased to find the thrue mit the money, without specifying or directproper, nor expanient, in one of my parts upon a Masther Maurice wid the best quality maning how it was to be sent, and the defend-Sure, 'tisn't the grand Turkey ye mane? jintleman of your wondherful sagashity. ners, an', at the same time, so mortial hanremitting through the mail, as was the custon, with others to do, the debtor would not be held liable to make good the loss. The decision is in conflict with other cases involving the same principle, the Chief

Metropolis of Mahometanism, the Bible is

ban. You may look for it, through the suspicious character, and very probably be accused of crime.

The great tunnel at Cincinnati will be Oh, murther! sez Tim. It's all out! finished early in 1855. The length is United States, which is on the Baltimore ous, says Miss Norah, whisperin' to her Arrah thin, sez Tim, I'm plazed to hear white as the bed-bangin's. Confisses what? and Ohio rand, is 4,780 feet long. The width of the Cincinnati tunnel, walled, is

AN INTENSE NATIVE AMERICAN.who was asked to attend the Pilgrim Ball