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Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer.

HOPE AND FANCY

BY J. W. DUGAN.

Duchess of Fancy!—how deceiving,
When you paint the future bright,
And, how many, who, believing,
Are chated with delight.
Hope, in the distance gleaming,
Bids invitingly, beneath us,
But like "ignis-fatuus" seeming
When pursued, alas! 'tis gone

Hopes! that promise so much pleasure
Luring on from day to day,
To the miser, golden treasure—
Joy and sunshine to the gay.
Why, oh why, alas! deceive us
With those visions bright and fair,
Is it but the more to grieve us
When in vain we seek them here.

Yet, sweet Hope, oh! still be near us
Tho' thou shouldst deceive the while—
Tarry still, and onward cheer us
Through our weary and exile
What were life of Hope forsaken,
Every charm should fail to please.
What—should Fancy not awaken
In the Soul—her rich ideas.

Oh! there are moments full of sorrow
Tho' light and gay the heart may seem
But the Hope-star of the morrow
May usher in a sunny gleam;
And thus it is, 'twixt care and pleasure,
Life's precious time unheeded fly,
And while he fills our destined measure,
We still look on—look on, and die.

Choice Miscellany.

THE EXILE'S HEIR.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH STAGE.

BY R. C. HANSCOMB

A. D. 1812—THE BEREZINA

The wild Russian winter had come down like an avalanche on the western invaders—overwhelming them with horrors which the most graphic pen can but feebly outline, and the vast hosts of the French Emperor, a body unparalleled in the annals of civilization, and comparable only, to the multitudes marshaled by Xerxes in ancient, and Genghis Khan in modern days, were in full retreat before the storms of heaven and the steel of men. Vainly might the eye seek in that long living panorama of fugitives, ragged, shivering, disorderly, mute, encumbered and mixed with women and children and camp followers, for any trace of the splendid army, the matchless discipline, the eloquent enthusiasm, the heroic pomp and pride that marked the columns, which but a few months before seemed following the banner of the greatest captain of the age to the assured conquest of the north.

Here might be seen a staff officer, struggling along on foot, elbowed by the meanest of his command; there an old grenadier, yet clinging to his musket and haversack, while the bloody bandages upon his head and limbs showed that he had been hardly used by the enemy.

Shivering women were crowded in carts, dragged by miserable hacks, worn out by toil and hunger. Every minute some would reel out of the line and sink down without a murmur to rise no more.

Now and then some wounded creature, by the wayside, would implore the occupant of the cart to take him up, but to appeals so unheeded, for misery had steeled all hearts. In more than one instance, I think, the long straggling column, that wound slowly like a wounded snake, was fired upon by order of the Russian artillery, whose balls ever nearer, while bands of fierce Cossacks were screaming about like birds of prey, ready to pounce forever along the line of march.

Now and then these hordes would make an attempt a swooping charge upon some weak portion of the retreating army. Then you might behold the force of discipline and habit exerting a momentary influence. A hurried formation of infantry—a withering volley of small arms, perhaps a round or two from the light artillery, and the foes would be scattered with the loss of a few men or horses, but only to reappear some moments afterwards, like the wolves of their native desert.

But the artillery, the favorite arm of Napoleon, now caused as much destruction to friend as to foe, for, pressing forward to the head of the column which was attempting the passage of the Berezina, the guns and caissons were driven desperately through the dense masses of fugitives, crushing all those whose wounds and weariness prevented their getting out of the way of the engineers of war.

To increase the horrors of the passage, the breaking down of the bridge, the crushing to death of masses of fugitives on the ice, broke the river by their advancing comrades, the round shot of the enemy began to plunge among them—Death in every horrid shape awaited them—by the merciless blasts of winter, by the hoofs of horses and the wheels of gun carriages, by the lance of the Cossacks, by the artillery of the foe.

Darkest of military tragedies, the passage of the Berezina fills the saddest, weariest page in the history of the Russian campaign. Through the midst of the wretched multitude, the ice became denser and denser as it converged toward the river, the carriage containing the emperor was slowly driven on. It was heaped with furs, in the midst of which sat Napoleon wrapped in a green pelisse trimmed with sable, his pale countenance resembling and showing no more trace of emotion than a piece of sculpture. Whatever passed in his heart and mind, the serene and firm expression of his face was that becoming the leader of men in the midst of a disastrous crisis. Many a dying eye was turned to scan that noble countenance; many a voice soon destined to be mute in death was heard to utter, "*Vive l'empereur jusqu'a la mort!*" No one of that suffering multitude begrudged him the comforts he enjoyed, for each knew that the cares that weighed upon his soul far more than counterbalanced his exemption from personal suffering, and that in his preservation lay the only hope of a general safety. While Napoleon lived all was not lost.

The carriage coming to a halt, from inability to proceed, Napoleon avail[illegible] himself of the momentary pause, to alight and walk for a brief space among his devoted followers. He had not proceeded far, when his [illegible] attracted by a giant figure, striding along with regular steps, his huge bearskin cap and beard white with frost, his weather beaten countenance expressing patience and unfaltering resolution. Though the soldier carried a bundle slung in his left arm, his right hand clutched the stock of the heavy musket that rested on his right shoulder, his haversack and cartouch box were in good order, and he had not parted from his trusty artillery sword.

"My friend," said the emperor, approaching him, "your face is familiar to me."

"It ought to be," answered the soldier bluntly. "You've seen it often enough by the light of the enemy's fire."

"Your name?"

"Stephen Morand—2d artillery of the Guard, my emperor."

"Where is your company?"

"Here, my emperor! I am the only man [illegible]"

"Good God!"

"For the others—you must seek them on the field of Smolensk, where the wolves will [illegible] rarely this winter, and the [illegible] in growing rank [illegible] coming year. Ah! this campaign, sire!—I say nothing, my emperor!"

"At least, you have not been a loser, Morand," said Napoleon, touching the bundle the soldier carried. "You have snatched some booty out of this sterile resin."

"Open it, please, sir, and see how rich I am," replied the soldier, with a grim smile.

Willing to humor the *grognard*, the emperor, complied with his request, and as he did so, the fair face of a young child of four years smiled upon him from the midst of the woolen rags in which it was enveloped.

"Poor boy!" exclaimed the emperor. "Whose is it?"

"Mine, my emperor. It's a poor place for a child—but what was to be done? His mother was a *vivandiere*, my wife, sire—who died cold three days ago."

Tears [illegible] in the poor soldier's eyes, but they gave place to an [illegible] of gratitude and joy when he saw [illegible] the child [illegible] a tear.

"Give me your child, Morand!" [illegible] will take him to Paris and educate him. [illegible] his destination."

"Take him! take him, sire! [illegible] the soldier—and may God [illegible] French! Adieu, Augustus, [illegible] kissing the boy's lips.

"*Adieu, mon enfant!*" [illegible] said.

"I shall never see him again," replied the soldier.

"You have [illegible] him, the happy wife, Morand, and Napoleon [illegible] "We are better days in store for us all—[illegible] fortune!" and he stepped into his carriage.

A shout of "long live the emperor" burst from the lips of all who witnessed the scene.

"And now," said Morand, [illegible] near a word of murmuring against the retreat, and the spirit the grenadier upon his bayonet.—"*Allons!*"

A. D. 1[illegible]—THE WILLOWS

The Willows was the title of a pretty estate in the neighborhood of Strasburg, owned and occupied by Monsieur Lafont, a man of considerable property, who lower and the father of a very attractive daughter named Louise, now just of marriageable age. The other inmates of his household were a Madame Duval, a widow of forty, but still remarkably handsome, who acted as M. Lafont's housekeeper, and her son Gaspar Duval, a hunchbacked unsociable and reckless young man. It was [illegible] to those who knew the regular [illegible] that [illegible] Duval and his [illegible] to the overweening [illegible] of the housekeeper.

But where [illegible] Lafont [illegible] young man, yet more [illegible] of this departure were commanded [illegible] the most severe [illegible] of nature. By the im[illegible] of my father who appears to me nightly [illegible]

[illegible] Louise. I have [illegible] judge what I ought to [illegible] You have heard [illegible] of the old Guard, named Jerome Dubourg, [illegible] was supposed to have perished in the campaign in 1812."

"And who has returned to France after fifteen [illegible]?" "Yes, [illegible] public prints contain[illegible]

"Then, dear, if you remember, that Jerome Dubourg was born at Lan[illegible], a little village of [illegible] leagues from Nancy."

"Yes—well!"

"Well, after reading these accounts in the newspapers, the idea I have so often imparted to you returned to me more emphatically than ever. Twenty leagues from [illegible] I said to myself, [illegible] man who [illegible] the campaign of Russia shared his dangers,—[illegible] sufferings and his glory. Go, and find this man; perhaps it is God [illegible] who brings him to you [illegible] will speak by his [illegible]. I was about to set [illegible], when I learned that this brave soldier had [illegible] he has relatives,—[illegible] chanced to meet, offered [illegible] me to Dubourg. You will readily [illegible] my heart beat on the [illegible] I accepted. How [illegible] in his presence! On [illegible] of a soldier of the [illegible] to congratulate [illegible] his father's [illegible] in arms on his re[illegible] he offered me his hand, and made me sit [illegible] by him.

"Heavens man! how happy he must be!" cried [illegible]

"Rather than you fancy, [illegible] Imagine that this old [illegible] the disasters of the campaign, [illegible] nine hundred leagues [illegible] of exile, who had so much strength [illegible] against his fortune, has none against joy."

"Is it possible!"

"And on the morning after his arrival, his family perceived that his reason was deranged. Judge of my disappointment and my grief, when I had come to speak to him about my father.—Still, he has often lucid intervals, and I availed myself of these to question him. 'My father was named Stephen Morand; he served in the regiment of the Guard, and in the same division with myself. Did you know him? Do you know whether he survived the retreat from Moscow?' At the name of Morand, he started. 'Stephen Morand, sergeant in the 2d of the Guard, born at Thionville? No—he is not dead: I was a prisoner with him.'"

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Louise.

"Ah! dearest, you experience what I felt. Yes, he said that, and my soul was suspended on his lips. 'A prisoner with my father? where? how?' 'It was one morning—the army was far off—far before us—I found him seated with many comrades round a fire kept up with difficulty; and when one of them died, his body served as a seat to his neighbor. I wanted to warm myself like the rest; but at first they repulsed me, and it was Stephen Morand who made room for me beside him.' 'Did he speak to you of a child whose care he had confided to some one?' 'Yes—yes.' 'And what prevented you from rejoining the army?' 'The Cossacks! they suddenly rushed upon us from a neighboring wood, and we were compelled to surrender. Ah! the wretches!' Then his ideas became confused—there was no longer clearness in his answers—memory was gone. Twenty times I renewed the interview—it almost broke off at the same place, when the name of the Cossacks returned to the memory of Dubourg. In the midst of his confused language, I often remarked these words: 'Siberia—hard labor in the mines.' Was he sent thither with the French who survived the retreat like himself? Is my father there? I know nothing. But whatever confidence may be placed in the language of a poor lunatic, I judge the question by my heart. No! whatever may be the general belief, my father did not die during the retreat. Call me mad—a dreamer—I shall nevertheless cling to the conviction that he must rise again like Jerome Dubourg, and issue alive from the deserts of Russia. Do not regard me as an orphan—my father exists—and I feel that I shall see him again."

"Ah!" cried Louise, "you have succeeded in making me a convert to your opinion, Augustus. In fact, you have proofs in your hand, in what Dubourg told you. You must write immediately to Russia."

"Write!" exclaimed the young man. "Ah! Louise, my letters, which I could only support by the intervention of a madman—my letters would be regarded as the work of a visionary—they would not even reach me!"

"But what, anyway, the [illegible] to your father be readily [illegible]?"

"[illegible]"

"Ah! [illegible] ly giving him her hand and promising [illegible] I am prepared to [illegible] you."

"You will [illegible] execution of my [illegible]."

"Perhaps I [illegible] a very long and [illegible] about to mistake [illegible] Besides, Heaven [illegible] you. But when [illegible]"

"Alas! this very day."

"To-day!"

"I have found some travelling companions with whom I shall perform part [illegible] cannot delay their departure [illegible] when I hear their signal."

"Have you any letters of recommendation?"

"I [illegible] When I presented [illegible] to ambassadors at St. Petersburg, he refused to aid me in my researches."

"That is true. But have you money?"

"I have my savings."

"They must be very small."

"We shall travel on foot and [illegible]."

"But how large a sum have you, Augustus?"

"Eighty francs!"

"Only eighty francs!" exclaimed Madame de Lafont. "Excuse me for an instant. Augustus!"

"Where are you going?"

"To speak to my father, who is waiting for us—I want to pledge myself in his presence to be yours alone."

"What will you tell him?"

"That you are the best of sons and the noblest of men, that he may be as proud of his son-in-law as I am of my husband."

She seized the hand of her lover, and hurried him away with her.

Shortly after their departure Madame Duval, the housekeeper, and her son Gaspar, entered the apartment.

"Good news, mother!" cried the young man, as he tossed away his cigar.

"Speak lower," cried Madame Duval. "I have something to tell you."

"What is it? Speak quick!"

"Augustus is here."

"Who sent for him?"

"M. Lafont."

"Nonsense!"

"The truth. Remorse was the motive. It was to offer him his daughter's hand."

"The deuce it was. And Augustus accepts."

"He refuses—he is going——"

"The blockhead!"

"Do you know where he is going?"

"In search of his father," replied the young man with a scornful smile; "to Russia—Siberia—that's what I came to tell you."

"Boy! boy!" cried Madame Duval; "do you know the consequences of Stephen Morand's return?"

"If that troubles you, make yourself perfectly easy. He will never return, I'll guarantee."

"But you must know that Augustus has seen an old soldier named Dubourg, who told him that he was a prisoner with his father."

"I know it," said the young man with a smile.

"Well?"

"Well, mother, you must give me credit for ingenuity and imagination. This Dubourg was only one of the actors you blow me up for going with. He is a great fellow—immense—plays old soldier to perfection, and acted out the old hero like a trump."

"Then, Stephen——"

"Is perfectly dead, I assure you, mother."

"Hush!" said the housekeeper. "Here comes M. Lafont."

M. Lafont made his appearance, in a state of great excitement, followed by his daughter and her lover, exclaiming—

"Leave me, leave me, I tell you."

"For heaven's sake, hear me, father," cried Louise.

"No! no!" cried Lafont, impetuously, "I will not hear a word more of this extravagant project."

"But my dear uncle——" remonstrated Augustus.

"—Once for all!" cried Lafont, "give up this journey, or give up my daughter as a madman. I have another match for her."

"Ah! uncle!" cried Agustus, "your words read my heart. Heaven is my witness that I would have done everything to obtain the hand of Louise—but I cannot at this moment link her destiny to mine, for I must leave her, since, as I told you, I am sure that my father is living."

"You have been deceived—it is false!" cried Lafont.

"Why can't the old fool hold his tongue!" whispered Gaspar to his mother.

"Why don't you speak to him?" exclaimed Lafont, turning to his daughter. "If he loves you, tell him he must remain here."

"No father," answered the young girl, solemnly, "let Augustus go whither Providence calls him. I will not prevent him."

"Madame!" cried Lafont, turning from his daughter to Agustus. "If everything else did not demonstrate that Stephen perished with the rear-guard of our army, are you not yourself the living proof of his death? Would you have returning alone to France, if the unknown hand that brought you back had not taken you up from a corpse? Think you that otherwise your father would have parted with you? that if he had possessed a remnant of life, he would have abandoned his child to the care of strangers? No! not to assert at this late hour that he has survived is only insanity, it is an insult to his memory."

"Enough!" cried Agustus. "Your words begin to shake my convictions."

"Confusion!" thought Gaspar, who watched this scene with intense anxiety. "I had made a good son of him, and now he is going to be spoiled."

Irresolution and anxiety were depicted on the manly countenance of young Morand. Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his hands clasped tightly together, as if his soul were seeking in prayer for counsel and guidance. At this moment, the clear blast of a bugle smote his ear.

"The signal!" he exclaimed, with a sudden start. "My companions are waiting for me. This is no time for doubt or hesitation—I must go."

"Good!" muttered Gaspar, touching his mother's arm.

"Go, then, foolish boy!" said Lafont; "but give up all thoughts of my daughter. Monsieur Duval, render yourself worthy of her hand, and I swear now that she shall be your wife."

"His wife!" exclaimed Louise.

"His wife!" cried young Morand. "Cruel, cruel temptation. But the die is cast—farewell—my father awaits me!"

And he tore himself away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

[illegible] many a [illegible] that the war in Europe has made familiar to our ears, no one perhaps [illegible] more attention than the [illegible] sands at the head of this article. A [illegible] tragic interest pertains to the end of the gallant Frenchman's career. Just from the smoke and [illegible] of the well fought field of Alma, he died with [illegible] and died with [illegible] will deserve [illegible] of his chaplain, [illegible]

W[illegible] excellent paper [illegible] entire to [illegible] precludes [illegible] as follows.

[illegible] At the age of 15 he entered the [illegible] and [illegible] was lieutenant [illegible] Having been [illegible] Charles X, at the Tuileries, having cut off a valuable [illegible] hangings, and [illegible] the charge, his [illegible] proved [illegible] him [illegible] the [illegible] H[illegible] [illegible] Paris, and [illegible] London. Here [illegible] followed him, [illegible] the story of a young [illegible] [illegible] was discovered [illegible] the eyes of the [illegible] Louis [illegible] upon him [illegible] every art. He [illegible] concerts by which [illegible] had [illegible] turned to Paris [illegible] happy [illegible]

Here fortune [illegible] smiling on the face of [illegible] room of the Duke of Orleans gained his ear, told him [illegible] that he was the [illegible] Through the influence of Orleans [illegible] army, provided [illegible] War Department and [illegible] in Algeria.

Once more the [illegible] chance for him. At the siege of Constantine he distinguished himself above all. He [illegible] conduct, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1840, after having displayed great courage in a series of battles, he was raised to the rank of commander of a regiment of Infantry. In 1842 he attained the grade of lieutenant Colonel. His service obtained for him the warm approbation of Marshal Bugeaud, and in 1844 he was made Colonel of the 32nd regiment. He had at first attracted the attention of the people, and their King, by his gallant conduct; now, intellectual force and the qualities of the skillful leader began to exhibit themselves to the Government, in his dispatches, his well formed plans, and their skilful execution. The great knowledge of the people of Algiers, of their wants and the best means of carrying out there the designs of France, were made so evident, in his brilliant, concise and comprehensive reports to his Government, that the colonization of the country was committed to his hands, and he succeeded so well as to gain the approbation of all. In 1847 he was entrusted with a separate command. Having by a brilliant campaign against the Kabyles, raised his reputation deservedly high, he was recalled to France, and appointed by the President of the Republic (Louis Napoleon), to the command of the 2nd Division of the army of Paris, and soon afterwards, made Minister of War.

It is very evident that the President knew his man. When the news was made public in Algeria that a revolution had taken place in France, St. Arnaud joined the moving party. When Louis Phillippe had released him from the prison where a doubtful and petty theft had confined him, when his son had put him in the path to promotion, and the regime of the citizen King had made him all he was, it seems a heartless thing, that he should thus turn and sting the hand of his benefactor. But so goes the great World. A little canvassing made it plain perhaps to St. Arnaud, that his release from prison was merely to compass selfish ends, to give the new dynasty a hold upon the affections of the people. Perhaps, too, (he might have reasoned,) he was sent to Algeria in the hopes that he might find a grave there. However that may be, he turned from the setting to worship the rising sun, and in the readiness with which he espoused the cause of the new government, undoubtedly Louis Napoleon saw pregnant proof that St. Arnaud was the man for his service, and his use.

Accordingly, the coup d'etat of December 2d, 1851, whereby Louis Napoleon became Dictator, was accomplished wholly under his personal instructions to St. Arnaud. Never was any plot more successful. People who had retired to rest at night, the citizens of the French Republic, awoke in the morning to find themselves the subjects of the Empire. The Rublic had been killed by a single blow. St. Arnaud was rewarded with the baton of a Marshal of France, was sent to the East with the French Auxiliary Forces, and there, by virtue of his superior rank, (Lord Raglan being only a General) held supreme command over the Anglo-French army. Fortune, that frowned upon him so sternly at the first, and became so friendly in the middle of his career, did not forsake him in the end.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent says that the disease of the Marshal was an affection of the mucous membrane of the intestines, from which he had suffered more or less for some years. When he was about setting out for the East his physicians told him, that if he could abstain from fatigue, the change might be of service, but that if excessive fatigue should bring an acute attack, his life would be in danger, for the ordinary means of reducing inflammation could not be resorted to with much chance of success, while he was so debilitated. But the brave Marshal would not be restrained. His young and beautiful wife followed him to the seat of War. Many made themselves merry over the seventeen hundred handboxes she is said to have taken to convey her wardrobe, but those who knew her best said, that knowing his critical position, it was not the freak of a woman of fashion, but the promptings of duty and the affection of a wife that led her to exchange the gaieties of Paris for the hardships incident to her husband's career.

The closing scenes of this life so full of romantic interest and various vicissitude is known to all. On the day of his last battle he was so weak that it was necessary to support him to his horse. He saw his troops victorious. The men who had followed him on the arid sands of Africa, were there to give him victory at the last. His narrative of the battle was brief and clear, doing justice to all but himself. The battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th of September, on the 29th, DEATH called the Marshal away. On that day he had to meet the only invincible enemy. His remains have been already deposited in the Invalides at Paris. His devoted wife is now living at Therapia, but will no doubt shortly return to France.

In the advancement of St. Arnaud a conspicuous trait in the character of the Emperor of the French is illustrated. He has always been noted for his lasting attachment to those by whom he has been benefited.

The French press joins in paying to the memory of the Marshal their sad homage. The *Constitutionnel* says:

"Marshal de St. Arnaud had one of those natures, sincere and frank, which fly not from the truth when they see it, and which fear not to follow it. It was during his stay at Hyères he caused the cure of that place to come to him, and without any circumlocution told him, before all who were present, that he wanted to confess. The good priest, surprised, fell on his knees and thanked God for deigning thus to speak to the heart of the powerful of the earth. The Marshal, unwell, quit his room, took the sacrament where he was, in the presence of his officers and all his household, even calling in the sentinel at his door. Such as he had been on that first occasion, such he continued to be. Having recovered contrary to all expectations, he did not neglect his duties as a Christian; he performed his religious duties as a man ought to do in so high a station, and were examples of duty."

THE AMERICAN IDEA.—When an idea prevails strongly above others, it is a key to a whole history. The great idea of Rome, that which coloured its milk with its mother's milk was Dominion. The great idea of France is Glory. In old periods, the idea of the king of the church possessed the hearts of the people, and a superstitious honor or piety becomes the badge of the monarchies. The most interesting view of a country is the grand leading idea which [illegible] in its history, and when it exists in all its institutions. Take away this, and [illegible] distinguishing in the results, in manners, in work of genius, we are [illegible] surprised. From our youth we imagine [illegible] history has no dazzling brilliancy. But one distinction belongs to us. A great idea, [illegible] in the beginning, has been working in the minds of the people, and it broke forth with peculiar energy in the revolution. This is the idea of [illegible]—*Cousin.*

☞ I WILL—[illegible] two words in the language which stand out in bold relief [illegible] upon a [illegible] board—to so great an extent [illegible] as the words "I will." There is strength, unity, and solidity [illegible] power—determination [illegible] and individuality in the round, ringing [illegible] delivery! It talks [illegible] victory in [illegible] of will to promise, and [illegible] to perform. By and during enterprise—of unlimited expectation and of the thousand and [illegible] by which it masters impediments in the way of progression.

☞ The famous Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah, and Great High Priest of the Mormons, came near having an unglorious end put to his career, in August last. He went down into his well to recover a lost bucket, when the kirbing tumbled in, the curb fell with, and Brigham Young became for the minute, a subterranean Saint. But the zeal of his followers would not permit any such finish to the life of this most faithful shepherd. Spades and shovels were brought into requisition; the harem of the buried Governor assembled in force to aid the saving efforts of the male members of the flock, and, in about two hours, they had the gratification of pulling him out, like a forked radish, from the subsoil hell. He preached that night, from the text—"It is *well* with me."

KITCHEN WORK.—"It is curious," remarks a writer in *Putnam*, "that in our country, where so much domestic labor is done one way and another, performed by ladies of the family, there should be so much false pride and mean concealment about it, but so it is. The feeling of equality, that is so anxiously cherished and so prevalent in our community, is yet not deep and sincere enough to aid women of the first, that by performing such labors as princesses of old did not disdain, they may lose *caste*, and be considered as inferiors to the less valuable of their sequaintances."

A DIFFERENCE.—Dumps is sometimes given to moralizing. He remarks that when a rich man gets drunk and makes a complete ninny of himself, breaks panes of glass, and throws out handfuls of money to the lower, he is called an eccentric fellow. But when a poor man gets drunk he is kicked out, hooted at, and called a beastly fool. Strange, isn't it?

AN OLD MAN.—There is now living, says the Annapolis *Republican*, in the lower section of this country, a man by the name of Mr. Richard Crandall, who is *one hundred and six years old*, and is said to be very active and sprightly, and speaks of the improvements he intends to make on his farm like a man of forty or fifty.