ERIE WEEKLY ORSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. ·

\$1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

"Pippin is a great man He has studied

"Do you hear that, child? Do you hear that?"

metaphysics and can read the Greek alphabet."

"Sentences flow from his lips," continued Mr

ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1855.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

YOL ME 25.

BUSINESS DIRBCTORY

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A. A. CRAIG. Junci of the Lence in Dire emoved to No. 1 Hughes Block, 34 10 million under Pa E CHAPIN

E. CHAPIN Trater of the Voit a formular, rendence on Sixth st. Trater of the Voit a formular, rendence on Sixth st. Trater of P. V. Point Music arranged for busic and the Render Mark of the SHERMAN, L doubte on the SHERMAN, L doubte of the ARTIST Point and the Rend House Thr the state of the SHERMAN, L doubte of the SHE

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17 17 W. V.D.N. D.L. & C. U.Y., [1] Sources in Merchands fourth Ware (S.D. 2000) Creeks Conception from and fourth sources in Science, Proc. Proc. Biol. 2000 (2000) Sciences Sciences, Proceedings, Conception, Sciences, Conception, Aurona La DIR Son Romana Jaharan Son Romana Bu

CARSON GRAHAM, A TEXANDER AND A TEXANT AND A T VINCANA ANDROD & CO.

Select Poetry. JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

BT CRARLES MACKAY.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong, Upright and downright-sourning Wrong; He gave good weight and paid his way. He thought for himself and he said his say. Whenever a rascal strove to pass Instead of silver, money of brass, He took his hammer and said, with a frown. "The coin is spurious-nail it down."

John Littlejohn was firm and true; You could not cheat him in "two-and-two." When foolish arguers, might and main. Darkened and twisted the clear and plain, He saw through the masses of their speech-The simple thought beyond their reach-And, crushing their logic, said with a frown, "The cose se opersons-nail it down."

John Littlejohn maintained the Bight Through storm and shine, in the world's despite. When fools or quacks desired his vote. 'Dorsed with arguments learnt by rote, Or, by coazing, threats or promise, tried To gain his support to the wrong'ul side, "Nay, nay!" said John with an angry frown, "The coin is spurious-nail it down

When told that Kings had a right divine. And that the people were herds of swine-That Nobles alone were fit to rule-That the Poor were unimproved by School-That ceaseless Toil was the proper fate Of all but the wealthy and the great, John shook his head, and swore, with a frown, "The coin is operious-nail it down."

When told that events might justify A false and crooked policy-That a decent hope of future good Might excase departure from rectitude, And a lie, if white, was a small offence, To be forgiven by men of sense, "Nay, nay" said John, with a sigh and a frown,

"The corn seepursons-nail is down." When told from the Pulpit or the Press That Heaven was a place of exclusiveness-That none but those could enter there

Who kuelt with the orthodox at prayer. And held all virtues out of their pale, As idle work, of no avail, John's face grew dark, as he swore, with a frown, "The coin is spurious-nail it down "

Wnenever the world our eves w and blind With faise pretence of suil a stud-With Humbug, Cant, and Bigoury -Or a spurious sham Philosophy-With Wrong dressed up in guise of Right, And darkness passing itself for Light, Let us imitate John, and exclaim with a frown, "The coin is spurious-nail it down

Choice Miscellany.

rased the letter, "what do I care for plays?- grocery and provision store in the village. He emotion, "the prisoner is not unhappier than Dresses are worn longer than usual, are they? -- was a great lover of literature, owning a large your child." Reathers are all the rage! What, is that all, not | and extensive library of ancient romances and ' a syllable of Aim. True, I forbade him from antiquated almanace.

writing himself, but he promised to send me an "O, Peter, I am rejoiced that you have come!" is free. I have not broken the laws, and tooccasional word in sousin Mary's letter. Why exclaimed Miss Spindle, as her brother-in-law | morrow I must be fettered forever." has he not done so? Am I forgotten already? entered the apartment. "You possess wisdom; Does he intend to come here with a letter of re- look at that obstinate girl, and wonder. She are made of flowers "

commendation to my father, as he promised?- | will not hear of her wedding; she jeers at her Yet he does not come, neither does he send me honorable lover." a single word of his intentions, and I shall be ... "Ahem!" coughed Peter, dubiously, "I hope

compelled to marry Pippin after all. Father she has not ----" bothers me, aunt Charlotta bothers me, and now "Uncle Peter," interrupted Rosa, hastily,

he bothers me. It serves me right," she con- you, I know, will not upbraid me. You have a tinued, crampling the letter in her hand spiteful library, and you understand the world." ly, "those city gallants are not to be trusted .---- "Yes, yes, I understand it."

They fall in love with every pretty girl they "And you will say with me, that many noor meet, and as soon as she is gone they forget her girls, who have been forced to marry against for another. O, are you such a man?" said she, their inclinations, have died of a consumption." drawing forth a golden locket, and contemplat- "No, chicken, never I have no sentimental ing the miniature it contained, with an expres- novels in my library. My books all treat of "I am determined that he shall be my son-insion of sorrow. "Has that noble countenance robbers and murderers."

"God protect us!" "xclaimed Mis Spindle, deceived me?" "Rosa, the cakes are baked!" exclaimed Miss elevating her eyes "It is only ten years ago, ed of the arrival of an important personage at Charlotta Spindle, suddenly entering the apart- since Lorens Schmeckbeirn was hung on on our Snoosestadt, and will be entertained with a dement. "O, such delicious cakes-they honor own gollows."

you my child. Come, we must see that they "You are right. I think somewhat of pubare properly frosted You know why. To- lishing his life. Pippin is writing a romance at the hands of the Burgomaster and the good morrow we shall have a magnificent festival. - founded on his adventures. He can do it well. citizens of Snoosestadt upon his entrance into But you look like a sick canary bird. What is He can write a sonnet extempore; he will have that hospitable town the matter with you? What have you there?" the rhyme, if he is obliged to tear it up by the

"Nothing, dear aunt," said Rosa, endeavoring roots." to conceal the minature. "Do you hear that, child? Do you hear that?"

"Ah, yes It was someting Something inquired Miss Spindle triumphantly. bright like my spectacle case. Give it to me! I shall have it!"

"It is nothing but a miniature." "A miniature? The miniature of a man? Oh,

Van Dam, "tike water from a fountain He child, I hope you have not ----?" "And if I have, aunt Charlotta?" can quote from ay author. I should like to

"I will alarm the house! I will scream fire!" see his equal "Now Miss Ross, now " "But, aunt, would screaming help the matter, "In short girl, he shall be your bushand, my

even if the house was on fire." "Child I am petrified. The portrait of a nephew, my heir, and my assistant in the grovery

strange man in your possession. Even on your, and post office, and that ends the matter At this moment the Burgomaster suddenly

"It is only a man in miniature, dear aunt; see entered the apartment. he is safely confined in his glass prison." "Rosa, fetch my wig, I must go to the town

"O, you cannot teach me anything about the 'hall." men! They are like vipers in the grass., Now "Immediately, dear father," said Rosa, and we will see the result. I always protested against hastened to obey his command. "How is your health, brother Peter?" said sending you to the city. When I was youngand a well behaved young lady I was-I knew the Burgomaster. "Ah, this is a busy day! I

nothing about the city, except that it was the must work like a plow horse " residence of the gentry But you-you have "What is to be done to day?" inquired the next morning the American was created, thrown desperation, kissing him with most passioned brought home a miniature The miniature of a "Everything depends on me. Who cars for

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ross, as she hastily po- aside from that was the proprietor of the only "Father," said Ross, in a voice choked with "Why so, Rosa?" "After she has endured her punishment, she

> "Ab, they frequently bind the heart until it bursts with grief

"Mr. Pippin is a man of mark in the town "So I said." exclaimed Miss Spindle "He is not proud," continued the Burgomas-

"So I said." exclaimed Miss Spindle. "He has influence," added the Postmaster "My very words," said Miss Spindle "He can write poetry," said the Burgomaster. "Brother you speak from my heart " "In short," said the Burgomaster decidedly,

law. In our next chapter, the reader will be informscription of the pompous and ceremonious reception, which this illustrous individual received

Norrow Escape.

A curious incident occurred to a young American at Leghorn, two weeks ago. The youu, man, who was traveling, entered a cate in the evening. in that city, to dine; at the table he found himself in company with two soldiers, or non commissioned officers, of the Austrian army, with whom he entered into conversation in the

German language Full of republicanism and of patriotic admiration of his own country, he forgot the presence he was in; and, after exalt. ing the United States and its republican institution to the culminating point of perfection, he dre # a comparison between its political freedom and prosperity, and the despotism and misery of Austria, and terminated in warming counseling the young men to have the Austrian army and g to the land of freedom, where they would re ceive much higher wages, and better treatment, either in the Army of the United States, or inother pursuits

dental and unobserved, proved not to b so -Whether the soldiers themselves turned informers, or whether the conver-ation was overh and

the Austrian prosessions, is not known, but the soubled on his breast, and clong to him with love's

From the Genius of the West, THE TWO PICTURES. 3 BY COATES KINNEY Battle of Inkermann! As the day came up struggling with the gloom

of clouds, the vanguard had given alarm of that ouslaught, which, before the day was done, should "Be at peace, my daughter Cupid's fetters make Intermann second only to Waterloo.-Through the foggy, drissly dark, had burst the blast of bugies, and drums, and fifes, and ratting musketry; and the transition from sleep to battie had been a cransient interval of consternation: not of cowardice, however, but of sudden surprise To arms! To the summoning martial music -drums, whose hurned roll, and fifes, whose thrilling shrick, make the blood beat and surge in the veins-to the glorious martial music, man after man, column after column, company after company, they wheel into array. Swiftly and mightily, as though hurled by the power of thun

der, horse and plumed rider sweep over the fiel i and along the lines, bearing the hourse, loud com-mand; and quick asthought there follow charges, and evolutions, and sublime preparations for blood O! the battle of Inkermann would have been

a splended sight to see in a broadfield and a bright sun But the nature of the ground and the darkness of the day rendered it impossible to take in more than a scene of the grand and ierrible drama at one view. Many a heroic deed was performed that day in obscure and solitary

places, that left no record but death. If you found, in some gloomy gien, a flush harvest of caruage-corpses lying thick as sheaves after the sickles-you knew there had been great achievements there; but they will not illumine the pa-

ges of history; for their memory sleeps in the barial trenshes with those who died ensoting them. Thirst of glory, such as is slacked by blood, had fured young Cecil Gray from his happy home

in old England, to the camp, and the field. He was an officer in the Fifth Dragoous; and as we have an interest in nim now, let us watch the performance of the Fifth, on that day of Inkermann. Is it not they, yonder on the height? Let us

get nearer them; for this dismal day is so like twilight that we cannot distinguish the figure on thei buttons. Yes, it is 5. What noble fellows! How proudly they sit on their horses!-With what an air of impatience they lean forward, as the battle's dia increases! How their nostrils dilate with the delay of opportunity! Winch of them is Cecil Gray? Do you see yonder at the right, that tak, noble young officer who is gazing, with looks of unspeakable tenderuess, upon a rocket miniature, which he has just

This conversation, which seemed to be confidrawn to an his bosom? That is he; and the miniature is of-the name would choke his attersuce, if he attempted to speak it; for heis thinking of the time-not many months ago, but, on,

bearing this inscription: In Mem ry Of Cec and Manue Gray,

Whom Pence Married In L fe. When War Wedded

NUMBER 44.

from the hero's pair, and shut it over the minin ture;-"that shall be her tiding-!--and may--G d-pity and wonfort her!" The big, binning tears streamed down those stern men - cheeks; they filled up the grave,

breathing bard with the rush of home's dear emtions, but speaking not another word

A cottage by the Tham-

Inkermann has been f ught, and the news bas gine through England In the yourage, Min-nie Gray arts subbing and waiting for what she knows possible, and yet h pes impossible. Weepon, Minute:---the hour is at hand, when the blessed realef of tears may be denied thee. "Wille, go to the town, and _and --Gol-

w.a. Willie goes; he runs all the way. He brings ack nothing but the newspaper, filled with "La test from the Crimes " "No letter, Willie?"

"None"

She senses the paper, and gropes, tear-blinded through the long columns But she finds hothing, only that so many were killed and so me y were wounded, and the names of a few great ficers that were slain. The throbbing blood almost bursts from her veins, and her eyes grow dry, as she read- a printed letter from one of the Fifth Dragmons. But it says nothing of Cesil, only that the Fifth Dragoous had been in glori

ous peril! "Ohl my God! how can I bear this agony of

Willie tried to southe her, but she could here othing but the soulistunuing thunder of battle, see nothing through her tears, but the charge of

the Fifth Draground! "Go to the town, "Wilde, and come not back all you have brought some word from him!"

The boy was sorrowfully; Minnie Gray watched the clock, and the road to the town all day, and all night and all the next day till the sun went dewi

Willie was oming! The sight of him made er dizzy auf faiur How did he waik? Were there t dings in his step? Yes! life or death! He came hurrie ly, while he seemed to roel undor the weight of his heart. It must be death! Now, God of merey! thy helping hand! She atagers on the hom, and gaspa: "Any word, Willie"

"No word, bu'--' She holds her breath, and stares wildly at him. be draws for in the indet. He places it quick-Is n her clutching h and, and turns his face sway. he unclaspent shulderingly, and the lock of iair springs out an i curis routal her finger! A smothered, quivering cry. a stifled, chocking wai "agony that crushed the life out, and Minnie

Grav fell into her brother Willie's arms. In the little village churchyard, there is now uew-made grave, and ever it a marble slab.

THOMAS M AUSTIN. CENT WATER IN THE PROPERTY MUSICAL A DAY IN SNOOSESTADT.

H JARECKI, The Pa J B JUNNISON e New Yest Arts to Marz es, Cheap Pub-

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When S LANE well, child, who is the man? Out comprover Jackson all was blead with a doughter, we at the date of with it?

M SAMORD X O Tres Constitution L GLASS SIVART.

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··· LBRATH cection and the new Court LAPIN. e ca jeana Pr Pro over crantet

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man You miserable hussy! Do you know Written for the Eric Observer

heart '

Freely Translated from the German.

BT BINON PERP

CHAPTER I John Van Dam, Burgomaster aud Chuf Mag- the nock, and a nosegay in the button hole. But and eight pence istrate of the celebrated town of Snoosestadt, how is it at the present time. They paint chil-Since Dry Goods | was a man who prided himself (n the dignity of (iren, the bays with frizzled hair, and the girls gomaster Van Dam lived and flourished during hatures, too Ah, that is the mischief. Large comes off to-cay also

the latter part of the last century, and his name portraits hang against the wall fully exposed to and memory are even now used in sacred re- the honorable gaze of the world, but miniatures table descendants. Van Dom hai, in his early chains, around the neck and, God pardon the

"I shall never be married."

"I care nothing for that."

measures?"

our narrative, was his joy and pr to His wife, "Dear aunt," stammered Rosa, while deep sen. . . . ceruit dies of the. Mrs. Van Dam, was a lively dame, who, during blushes suffused her cheeks "You have no print relation to sweeping the streets?" inquired ther life, held a beneficial sway over the actions | cause for this anger "

of her husband, and at her death delivered the "Now, quick, who is he?" Source of the main en sister, Miss Charlotta Spindle. This virtuous

the datase and Curl spinster ruled the Burgomaster's household with an iron hand She was as firm and unbending visiting the city when I was there." in a strain strain for steel itself, yet she had her week point, and "Prince William?"

reaction Steel Name, i that was the love of title Should an unfortu-At A Area sings and a gene. Date individual chance to address her brotherin-law, the Burgomaster, without giving him his belowed by all " proper title, in her presence, she would let loose the springs of her tongue upon him, with such

covered with confusion

of her father's relatives Induced by the en- morrow, is it not?" Miss Charlotta calmly master, stoutly.

long her visit, she had remained in the city seve Rosa with a benign and complacent expression cannot venture outside our door." ral weeks, mingling in those fashionable amuse- of countenance

ments and pleasures which can be found only in a large and populous metropolis At length sie er die than to be married."

was compelled to obey the stern summons of her father, to return to her home immediately.

eyes brightened. The sound of an arriving much unconcern as if it was a plate of ham and town."

for transes, Hardware, was engaged in spreading the linen out on the will respect you the more for it."

grass spot to bleach. "Miss Rosa" screamed Margaret, in return. "The mail has arrived." said Rosa, "hasten to

accur faction of seeing Margaret disapper through the cow, in short he is a fool." bouse-gate "O. I wonder whether I am doom | "What, what, child. What do you say?-

"Five weeks have elapsed since I returned home, dung" d a trade in ware and I have not received a single line. If I am d and the received a single line. If I am disappointed again, I will be angry in correct,

> knows whom I should punish the most. Edgar ment? Is he not the town scaler of weights and Snoosestadt, and I do not object." or myself?"

"There is a letter," exclaimed Margaret, and dealy entering the room.

"At last! at last!" cried B.sa, hastily reading great, great grand father was a Burgomaster " the superscription. "It is from my good cousin "Never mind." Mary."

"I have brought the newspapers, also," said Margaret, placing a package of papers on the lowns a family vault in the new cemetery." and The respect, table. "O! this has been a husy day at the "I wish I was buried there already."

what you have done Now, in my time, no man the welfare of our lown, except me? The case Imperial Majesty's army to torsake their day could have his portrait painted until he had at. of Barsh and the matchman, in relation to the Iu many despotie or whotary Governments ik tained honor and dignicy, or, at least, until af. broken mutern comes up to-day." ter he had been married ten years And then "How will you decide?"

"fue watchman must repair the lantern, and the portrait was painted in a respectable maniner; with a grove countenance, a ruffle around Master Barsh must pay the cost, seven shillings

"Tune is just"

"How will that be decided?"

membrance by his numerous and highly respective gently slipped into pockets, and hang upon serves, and pay the costs."

"That's simple justice. "Then I have a very weighty matter to dis-

the Postmaster."

"Yes, I, the chief magistrate of Successfadt, and Captain Ingraham, with their vessels, in a "Ab, what shall I say to her?" thought Rosa; "will not see the streets in ther present fithy con- | day or two, and he would be glad to have those but after a moment's reflection, she stammered: dition any longer. I am the pillar of society, "It is a miniature of Prince William, who was and I have been planted in the mud of the streets long enough "

"Everybody sweep before their own doors, that "My consin Mary gave it to me. She knew is the old proverb," said Miss Spindle

I would esteem it much, for the young Prince is | "No, sister, no," returned the Burgomaster with some asperity. "I am the Burgomaster and "Indeed! Prince William. I never heard of chief magistrate of the town of Snoosestadt. him; but I suppose he is a good man. How I and I shall not sweep before my door. The peo-

powerful effect that the poor wretch would be should like to see a real Prince. Well, well, ple may appeal; the mud shall remain It they your cousin was very kind Listen, Rosa, you should persecute me for twenty years the mud "Rosa, the Burgomaster's daughter, was a beau- must give me this minature I'll fasten it tomy should not move one inch from its place."

tiful fair haired girl of eighteen summers She hair pin; it will make a beautiful ornament I "A man ought to stand up for his rights," had celebrated her eighteenth birth day by a will wear t in honor of your wedding with Pip. said his sister, with uncommon mildness. "quare, a few visit to a neighboring city, where resided many bin. Let me see, the affair is to be settled to- "Well spoken, brother Juhn," said the Post-

| "No matter. We shall remain at home. | bles of fashionable life. We need not say that "No, no," said Ross, quickly, "I would rath. Then we shall see how the town government

"Good, that is right. Rosa," said her aunt. "I of Babylon. What would have become of our did not commence this to write about household honor you. Weep a couple of tears and village, our institutions, I should like to know, arrangements in general-for, although we have One morning Rosa was standing by an wind- run away to hide yourself. That is true had it not been for me? Who was it that an iye upon such matters wherever we go, we ow, gazing forth upon the cultivated fields of maidenly modesty. I did so once, But now-a- brought the criminal, who is to be punished to have promised us aid in this ling-we now only r & CO. But now a consumption of the state o were pale, and her eyes dim Suddenly her the face, and speak of love and marrige with as through. I have preserved the binor of the cooking rice to our taste. At our request, the

min milding, coach was plainly to be heard. "Margaret! eggs. You must faint away, at least once, dur- Here, Rosa entered the room and presented Margaret." exclaimed Rosa to her maid, who ing the ceremony, Bosa. Take my advice, he the wig to her father, who, after examining it it into cakes or flat balls. Dip these balls into

"But, sunt, it will be no pretence on my part, justed it to a proper position I assure you," said Rosa; half weeping, half "Is is not strange, brother John," said Miss

laughing, "I detest Pippin. He baunts me like Spindle, with uncommon blandness, "that Rosa's the Post Office " And soon she had the satis- my sludow. He is as black and uncouth as a betrothal with Pippin takes place to-morrow al-

"Ah!" said the Burgomaster with a smile of an's Block next to ed to another disappointment," murmured she. O, you will sing a different song after the wed- complacent satisfaction "To-morrow is a day of honor to us all "

"But the girl objects," said Miss Spindle. "How? Can you refuse Pippin? Does he "What!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, "ob-

"Dear father," entreated Rosa, "I -----' "Duty first, and affection afterwards," said her "Is not his family honorable? Why, his father. "I belong to the State. The good of the commonwealth bids me to preside to morrow at a ceremony which will call down upon our "He is wealthy; he has silver plate-he has heads blessings from our ancestors. The cor- caused by troubles which never arrive, in other and went down while we were shutting our eyes

an excellent patch of potatoes this year, and poration of the town of Hunderstadt, and the words, by "unborn afflictions." magistrates of Successfadt struggled for years to

nto prison, and soon after carried before a cou kusses and nicadim. martial, where he was contropted with the grave to go-oh, not to go!

His hp quivers; he brushes his hand across charge of attempting to seducations a ner of us a seres, he closes the most ", and replaces it in his both if we were not againizingly prayed what of Austria, this is a come of the bigs for, with her every breath, of whom he is now magnitude, and Y use Am rule after a store thinking, w. would say, O God! let nim not sink and summary trial, was condemned to be shot in the battie-heid-to-day!

The Fifth had that most of their infantry in The extraordinary event was soon known throughout the city, and come to the curs of the he beginning of the battle, -tor the Turkish American consul. This gentleman repaired at sot, their man support, had fled, at the first on once to the chief civil officer of the city, to 1 -t. -and there remained to them now only a The trial of Koro, the shormaker, and Lum. mand a stay of proceedings; but he was referred maindry.s. in if the hinghlanders, a number bis position, and the fame of his family - Bur f with low necked drasses, and paint them in min- mel, the tailor, for tighting at the are house person who had entire power in the matter quite insufficient to maintain them. Yet as the ann as thundered and the muskets halled the Here he was told that there could be useday. leath around, the brave fellows felt it like a proceedings; that the prisonor was a congerent -name to sit ther idle while their comrades were "They may settle the fight between them- person, who had been attempting to sow discore winning glory; and every moment they grew in the Austrian dominions: that he had been more eager, even without the support of infantry, watched and his movements noted down for some or an occasion to act

Hark! the tramp of cavalry Every rein is time, that they had at least caught him in the open act, and they were determined to make a tighten d, and every horseman's breath is quelled puse of. A matter which concerns every citi- example of him All remonstrances seemed in with expectation. Up they come at a firre galvam, till at last, asking the question "what end op, as though they meant to sweep the height the counsel had in view in desiring a stay of prlicar at a single plass. It is the Muse wites --

The Fifth eut the fie through and through;-

Where is Cecil Grav? Youder as his plume

gle, and die in the overwhelming biliows of bat-

The wounded French Chasseur who reclines on

his elbow here nigh us, watching that plume, for-

gets his pain, and ejaculates, "C'est superbe!"-

rible turinoil of heroic desperation

But now that plume is the dreadful centre of

sickness and faintness, and when we open them

and hurra. But the plume of Cecil Gray? It

sone! The prayers which have kept going up

found him the evening of that day, with a monu-

career.

incir heavy, rushing beliews of horse, dash tuli ceedings," and receiving for reply that "he an ticipated the arrival of Commodore Stringham upon the Holanders, and are subcked back by the to of bigin is. They ratey, and advance cham is slowly and descriming Then the bug sof the F tin sound, and the officers present at the excurtion:" the commandacts h research where a note order the obset ant changed countenance, and dismissed the consul, saying he would think of it Look at Useil Grayl'h has forgetten the min-

The con-ul was astonished the next morning ature, he has forgetten its original, he has forto see the young man step into his office a fro mau! He had been liberated with a reprimand as thinks only of glory His breast heaves and pants, and his has is during the shift, waiting for and a notice to leave the Austrian dominions. given him by the commandant in person, whthe next signal-twang Another blast of the bugies, and the whole was careful to impress upon him at the samtime, that his liberation was not due to any threats which might have been made concerning Fifth, institutive bristling all over with swords, the American fleet, but entirely on account of his extreme youth and consequent indiscretion ake a stugl being, spring into the pasile charge A fundering hurriesh of battle, they swo p

-New York Tribune.

A GOOD RECIPE-RICE BALLS -A few day since we sat at the table of a Connecticut lady who has fortunately been rightly educated it look upon the care of her own household affairs ea of combit surges ver them. and the proper instruction of her own children and the proper instruction of her own children in her pocket, and surveyed "But," added Miss Spindle, "in the ord we as a higher and nobler occupation than nursing and when their bughes sound the fairy, they doegard the signal, dee in mode to fight till they poodles and lap-dogs, or pursuing the gay bau clear the field or due H recagainst horse, will her house was in order, and that under her su uset and repulse, Sax in and Cissack, they deave perintendance, food was prepared and the tab! me another down, swaying t and france a stor prospers without me I am as "rm as the wall arranged to please both eye and taste. But we DV Sea.

Watch it. It to sees above the thick of the fight as if it were alive with glory There, it loses itself in the smoke of pistois. It emerges. We jag lose sight of it again A onder once more it flics dong the field, like some spiculaid bird of prey. that kills its quarry, but stops not to devour lady above referred to, furnished us the follow Swords leap up above and about it; other plumes ing recipe, which is simple and good we know. and and suck around it; inderiess horses while an's heige who was a verie vetous. Pourthaway from it, and roll down, and surge, and strug-

Boil rice until it is soft, and while warm make minutely, gravely placed it on his head, and ad- a beaten egg, and then roll them into Indian meal till thoroughly coated This done, fry with it, cease not for an instaut in their sublime them in lard, which is better than butter for this purpose Sitve them with sauce, or with but

ter or cream and sugar. Try them, ladies, and in return for this recipe, send us one of your best.-Agricultural and it is superb; it is glorious.

American

Dr Francis says the Methodists are more troubled with dyspepsia than any other thick and fast, and chop down into fiery brains, | monutes the pains will cause the aid and retarn people. "The reason is they never laugh."and cross, and thrust, and stat, and mix in a hor- a ter a tim , heat up the set por and do an There is wisdom in this remark. Men who and marry Pippin in spite of him But who not hold a high office under the town govern- jects? I am Burgomaster and chief magistrate of don't laugh are just as sure to break up the tone of their stomach, as they are to run to costive. ness, tariturnity, and selfishness. Fun is a great medicine, and he that has the largest sup- on the scene again, the Russians are in total ply, is the least likely to be troubled with a bad route, and the gallant Fifth in rally, with shout appetite and 'unborn afflictions' People may think we speak improperly, when we say "unborn afflictions." but we do not Nine-tenths of the to Heaven from the cottage by the Thames have troubles that we meet with in this world are not been answered. That plume bewedt douth,

Margaret, placing a package of papers on the owns a lamity value in the new orderery. table. "O! this has been a husy day at the "I wish I was buried there already." (Sophure the thief. We cought her, and to morrow dent of the Stauton Spectator states that the And as his surviving comrades spaded him a grave (Godless child! Thank God, I hear your she is to be displayed in the public stocks in the Rev. M. Brown, of Bath county, Virginia, mar-and wrapped his cloak around him, and laid him on luxuries. Among other tit his adversinged on the middy eity.

In Death.

---REMARKABLE PROPHECY -The following remarkable prediction was made by Frior Bacon, who was born in the year 1214, some 640 years ago. "Here," says a certain writer, "is poetry and philos oby would together, forming a won-

drous chain of prophecy. "Bridges unsupported by arches will be made to span the framing current Man shall descend which ottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and reading with frim step on the golden sands never brightened by the spatial by Call but the sort powers of South Luna into action, and behold a single steersman st ting at the belm guiding the v see weich divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filed with a crew of marin estimated at the cars, and the haded chart to be a sign on unitered by the paraget describer on is course with re-List some set of the Lot the simple elements for the labor sight the internal ciements, 1.1 yoke an internet same pi w - Spiritual

Tiegrey 1 C u ill a plauzianz the cher day, at seanced term in a second to make long rivers who has over persuided a guest, greatly gaust has not been not a synchronik feast. He privid, data any dipert of guine begin to think of eleng way in 'v ant waking ff-but in att spring it be sub a sp the sid min's son, who

We asser of the hair off a son we by a father be through?" whis gotten me lifth carage by the Thames, where he is sighing prayers to Heaven for him now;eres the guest

"Heshe z trees J w?" sked the boy in

"No," said the their

"Wal this he cur hat he uga," whispered the new and complex rooms of good to his nap, whereup is the gas st butter and . 🔶

right down on the advancing to with the speed OUR GEOORADHIN -- 6 r. giv us a descrip it the wind Grant measured what a spectacle tin file ant

With what a sub-indit refic shock the two has "Yes r The art is a war globe, filled tile masses of men and horses crash together!with mode a the Story pressure Shaughais." Sword clauge ou swird, a lise an irider sink, the "Whithe is police -

wWhen a weak statis, and busted

"Have been and a store are there?" tion, and races for many where s American is the paradise that $M_{\rm A} = 0$ is the paradise that

T was to the gout is taken

man I work "11" The person must pick

tinikes het troute na ket of a maid of fifty

years when us ney relief a wish to change her

mi' r's poul The a-He must dry it on a par-

He must send it to a let of a shop who never

k Bee a potteon. F try-lle must mark at with

-Apply to the part affected, and a cure will

CUBE FOR FELONS -B d up in any ron vee

sel of suth a newspice y. (say four of six quarts,)

en ugh y li w diek rich to make a strong liquor as hot as can be torne by the hand, cover the

before It a cure is pertiral is in this way the

When one gen car is not identified

with another gentleman - interest, the other

gentlem in finds is very so the uit to recognize the

aforsaid geutlomne steatur s. Until Jones bor-

rowed ten d llars from P mpeus, Pompeus could

not tell Jones from "that hore of an apple pede dlar,"since that period Polupeus, has regained his

This receip has been able is a verified

udir on Sec us-ile must wish it in an houest

Alam the first fill of the set turn dout on."

"Smarth stage on to the lead

e. But that plume, and the sword which goes a lawyer's tak when percentuated a client. Sixth

a vortex of focs, which dashes upon it, as upon a kettle with a flannel clotu so keep in the heat

one sail on the foam-capped woirlood in the sea. | and steam, and hold the hand or huger effected

Other plumes fly to the rescue Sibres flash up | under the certh and in the Timm and in five

We close our eyes tightly, with a shuddering joints of the targers with a act to preserved -

How gloriously he died. On the field they vision, and can now distinguish Jones, even when

speedity t il w

