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WHOLE NO 1527

## The Lancaster Gazette.

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Thursday Morning Jan. 4, 1855

### A SCOTCH LOVE SONG.

They told me when I was a child,  
And I did not care for it,  
I should not love a Scotch girl,  
I thought it was a pity,  
So loving words she said,  
So wise was her smile,  
I did not think that I  
Could love one thought of guilt.

But then I recall the thoughtless  
Where we sat side by side,  
When, on a summer night, Jamie,  
Thou saidst to me for thy bride,  
My heart was pale as lead,  
As the pale moonshine,  
I promised to be thine, Jamie,  
Till I was forty-nine.

Together then we knelt, Jamie,  
The best and truest love,  
And joyed our Heavenly Father's love  
Might rest on thee and me,  
So radiant seemed thy path, Jamie,  
My cup so full of bliss,  
How could I ever dream, Jamie,  
That it would come to this?

I never see thee now, Jamie,  
Thou comest not to me,  
Thou saidst thou seek'd another's love,  
Ah, Jamie, can it be?  
They tell me she is rich, Jamie,  
And of a lovely line,  
Not three her wealth and rank, Jamie,  
Could buy a love like mine.

My cheek that erst was red, Jamie,  
Is now as pale as death,  
I feel that I am old, Jamie,  
I feel that I am old,  
I feel that I am old, Jamie,  
I feel that I am old,  
I feel that I am old, Jamie,  
I feel that I am old.

### THE PRETTY APPLE GIRL.

A CINCINNATI STORY.

Some years ago, when I was a rambling through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I found a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues. She was not handsome, in the common acceptance of this much abused word, but there was an attractiveness, and yet a winning grace in her manners, which convinced me that her station in life should be better than she then occupied. She wore invariably a close-fitting calico dress. I felt that her parents must be very poor; and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicion that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared scrupulously neat and tidy, it was a great mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was never any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was even clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length, known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve for me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was some time before she answered freely, but, by dint of persistent questioning, I learned that she lived with her mother in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot—its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the history of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to seek permission to call on her mother, and make her acquaintance, under the plea for birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might be some day gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become, in any respect, familiar, but I knew that she would not treat me rudely, and, watching my opportunity, one Sunday morning I addressed her, as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and as I admired some flowers which grew in a bed near the house she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidently I saw the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage; of course I accepted with pleasure, and finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks, although both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly. There were upon the wall several pictures, and upon the mantle number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl, who lived in such a cottage, with such evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies on the street, was to me a perplexing mys-

tery. There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple-girl which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was such modesty in the girl's bearing at the apple-stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any one converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases, that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went, without an invitation, and boldly made myself upon their acquaintance. The daughter laughed heartily, and said gaily—

"We have been as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you have to reconcile our circumstances with my employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed, "I have been very frank with you and I hope you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she replied archly. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, you are for ours."

"How so, I cried.

"It was forced upon us."

"Indeed; and was not forced upon me, in such a manner too, as left me no choice but to seek out the mystery? A trace to this bandying of words, you will not take advantage of frankness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations."

She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said pleasantly—

"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple-stand, and have taken much pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I accept any conditions that I can fulfill," I answered eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked—

"Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris?"

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields. We loved each other and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met and was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he should stay at his home. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other; and Emilia declared that he would not neglect me. His father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away but not from you—from father and you shall come to me, and then the shall never be parted again.' It was hard for me to consent, but Emilia insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard of him—then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emilia's absence, and mother was afraid I would die; I coaxed her to take me to America; Emilia told us in the letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived at Boston we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived, expecting to meet Emilia."

"Have you ever heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long!"

"Have you ever written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his last letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes indeed, I do. I dream about every night. I know he is not dead; and I shall soon meet him."

"What makes you so confident that you shall find him?"

"I made this inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple-selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly—

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emilia and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If she should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might see him and not know him, but he would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I, with a look of admiration for her devotion, which she could not mistake. "There is certainly no necessity, that you should be so occupied."

"Yes there is," she answered naively. "I must be where Emilia could see me, if he were to visit this city. I dare not be on the street all the time, unless I was occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, "but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes, that your devotion to the lover of your youth, may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my lover now, as he was when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I'll show him to you before winter, I know I will. Mother says I am foolish; but something tells me to hope, and I hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said, involuntarily.

A few days after this interview, I missed the apple-girl in the pink dress, from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to the boarding-house at supper time a note was handed to me. It contained these words:—"DEAR SIR—Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance, (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation:—"THE APPLE GIRL."

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and, taking both of my hands in almost a delirium of joy, she cried—

"He's come—he's come."

In her pink dress at the apple-stand she had met Emilia the day previous.

I stood that night as a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple-hearted girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her lonely taleman proved a true one.

Who Make the best Wives?

"By all means, marry a woman with money, say careful fathers to their sons; 'you'll find it as easy as not to get a suitable wife who has a first fortune.' 'Give me beauty, grace and accomplishments,' is the mental answer of enthusiastic youth, and leave mercenary considerations to baser souls."

We submit that neither is right. It is infinitely more important that a young man should choose a healthy, amiable and intelligent partner, than that he should select either a beauty or an heiress. The latter has usually expensive habits, and by the time she has been married twenty years has cost her husband the amount of her fortune in superfluities. Besides, heiresses are generally brought up in idleness, spending their time in reading novels, lounging about on the sofa, or acquiring a taste for fashionable dissipation; so that they are either absurdly romantic, or out of health from want of exercise or from late hours, and therefore entirely unfit to make good wives. Beauties, on the other hand, mostly are vain and giddy, if not both. If purposes are designed for playthings, or had no purpose beyond being parlor ornaments, a beauty might be desirable, just as pictures are of fine furniture. The man who marries an heiress sacrifices his independence, and ends by finding he is out of pocket also. The lover who weds merely for beauty, ties himself to a doll, which has not even the merit of being sure to keep its painted cheeks.

The woman make the best wives who combine common sense with good temper; who have been brought up to help themselves, and who bring sound constitutions, equal spirits, and a sincere affection, as dowry to their lovers. A wife should be her husband's best friend—she should be competent to counsel him in difficulties, to cheer him in sorrow, to render his everyday hearth the pleasantest spot to him to be found anywhere. If she has confirmed habits of idleness, or is deficient in practical sense. The woman whose whole heart is devoted to show to company, or to idle accomplishments, may possibly make an interesting belle, but she is sure to prove a very indifferent wife. We would not have young girls neglect the beautiful entirely, but that which adorns should be made subservient to some more solid superstructure. To know how to play the last new air, yet be ignorant how to compound the last new pudding, is surely unpardonable. An man might as well neglect to learn a business, as a woman refuse to acquire a knowledge of housekeeping.

It is useless to disguise the fact that girls are too often directed to attract lovers rather than to retain the affection of husbands. This is especially true of the daughters of families above the necessity of daily labor. Mrs. F., the successful mechanic's wife, makes a virtual slave of herself, by drudging late and early, in order that Anna Maria may be brought up, as she phrases it, like a lady. The young miss, accordingly, is crammed with music, dancing, French, and other fiddle-faddies, is told always to carry her shoulders back, and never to romp, and is taught to consider work as degrading. What sort of a wife can such a creature make. If she marries anybody but a rich man, her idle and expensive habits keep him always poor. One catches a prize, which, perhaps, one in a thousand may do, ten to one she soon disposes her husband. In another case she is always out of health, the consequence of want of exercise in girlhood, and if she has offspring, entails her weakness naturally on her progeny. Physicians do not hesitate to say that a large proportion of female invalids of the present generation—and their number is known to be legion—owe their complaints to the folly of parents in neglecting to bring them up properly.—Phil. Ledger.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

These are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise.

Do the frowns of fate startle you?—Fear her smiles still more.

The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great reverence for virtue.

No legislation aimed at the vices of the poor, while sparing those of the rich, can ever be upheld in this country.

Calumny, though raised upon nothing, is too swift to be overtaken, and too volatile to be impeded.

Agriculture, like the leader of Israel, strikes the rock—the waters flow, and the famished people are satisfied.

Imprint the beauties of authors upon your imagination and their morals upon your heart.

Slanderers are like flies; they leap all over a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue, sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

The greater part of men have no opinion, still fewer an opinion of their own, well reflected and founded upon reason.

He is rich who receives more than he spends; he, on the contrary, is poor, who spends more than he receives.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men who can't be buried.

Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life, otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.

If you want to learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as a hod carrier.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine; yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases!

NEW FOOD FOR SHEEP.—Whilst I was at Geneva, I observed every one collecting carefully the fruit of the horse-chestnut, and on inquiry, I learned that the butchers and holders of grazing stock bought it readily at a certain price per bushel. I inquired of my butcher, and he told me it was given to those sheep in particular that were fatening. The horse-chestnuts were well crushed; something, in the way, so I understood, that apples are, previous to their being made. They are crushed or cut up in a machine kept solely in Switzerland for that purpose; then about 2 lbs. weight is given to each sheep morning and evening. It must be portioned out to sheep, as too much would disagree with them, being of a heating nature. The butcher told me that it gave an excellent flavor to the meat.—Ag. Gaz.

LITTLE THINGS.—The sweetest and the slightest affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear awakens grief and pain. These are the little things which, though men of rougher forms make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

NOTHING GROWS IN VAIN.—We understand that an enterprising German is about to secure a patent for the discovery of fax, or its equivalent, in fifteen different kinds of weeds. The discovery is to be turned to account in the manufacture of numerous articles of which fax is the principal, but especially in the manufacture of paper, which is a matter of deep interest just now in the publishing world, the scarcity of rags being a great embarrassment to business.—Nat. Int.

CLOVER.—When clover was first introduced into Germany to fill up the year of mowed fallow, in the triennial course of cropping, its effects appeared to be extraordinary, that it was pronounced to be the limit of the art of culture. It gave fodder for cattle better than the formerly naked year, and it was supposed to choke the weeds which infested the fields of grain.—Fox Tharr.

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.—We copy the following directions for a short life from an old almanac. We doubt not they will prove as efficacious as any doctor could desire:

1. Eat hot bread at every meal.
2. Eat fast.
3. Lie in bed every morning until the sun is two hours high.
4. Add the morning dram.

The War News brought by the Steamer Washington—Interesting Accounts of the Terrible Storm in the Black Sea—Mazzini's Letter to the Polish Committee—Personal Incidents and Adventures in the Terrible Battle of Inkermann.

It seems that the treaty of alliance between England, France and Austria, binding the latter soon to declare war against Russia, was signed on the 2nd of December. Strange time for such an event. Forty nine years ago that day witnessed the destruction of the Austrian and Russian army upon sanguinary field of Austerlitz by the French, under the command of the Emperor Napoleon. Now it sees a treaty concluded between the nephew of the latter and Austria, and the initiatory steps taken to commence hostilities against their then ally. This is not the first or second time the 21 of December has seen important events happen in the great roll of European history. The First Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France on that day, and the present one consummated his memorable coup d'etat upon the same anniversary. Singular thoughts must have presented themselves to the minds of the French and Austrian Embassadors as they affixed their signatures to a treaty that must have called up to their recollections the memory of Austerlitz.

The losses sustained by the allied fleet in the late storm in the Black Sea were very severe, and are heavily regretted in England. The London Times of the 5th says:

"In this instance, however, the losses come in a form and in a time the most unfortunate that could be desired by the worst enemy of the expedition. The total loss of men at the various stations on the coast of the Crimea, on the disastrous 13th, cannot be less than a thousand. Besides those that have fallen into the hands of the Cossacks. The loss of vessels was thirty British and French wrecked, and half as many dismantled at Balaklava, and eighteen wrecked or dismantled at the mouth of the Katka. Our men-of-war—thanks to the precaution of frequently trying their cables—have come off with no further damage than the loss of guns, or of masts, or of rigging, the twisting of their rudders, or the springing some leaks. The French have lost the Henri IV, a noble three-decker, and a favorite steam-ship. Thus far we have sustained no loss beyond the ordinary drain of war; but the greatest calamity is that of which we scarcely now know the full extent. The Prince, a magnificent new reserve steamer, of 2,700 tons, carried out on the other day, to Balaklava, the 46th Regiment, all the winter clothing for the troops engaged in the siege, including 40,000 great-coats, flannel suits, under-clothing, socks and gloves; beef, pork, and other provisions; hospital stores for Scutari; and a vast quantity of shot and shell to carry on the siege. These are wholly lost, and nothing remains of the Prince but half a dozen of her numerous crew, who managed to get on the cliffs, when she was broken to powder against them. The Resolute, with nine hundred tons of gunpowder, also went to the bottom. Thus it seems, all the materials for carrying on the siege and providing against the severity of the winter, have been carried off at one fell swoop; and even if we think to content ourselves with merely maintaining our position on the heights before Sebastopol, it is evident that we are in a condition to stand our worst foe, the coming winter. Everything seems to have conspired, under a mysterious dispensation of Heaven, to make the loss of the Prince the greatest possible disaster."

Figures are but feeble language for the description of such a catastrophe, but the value of the Prince, as she floated, is put at £150,000, and her cargo at half a million. There must have been nearly 200 souls on board. The thirty transports, utterly lost, with most of their crews, at Balaklava, are put down at £15,000 each. So here about a million of money went to the bottom, in a form of which money conveys but a faint idea. The other losses enumerated above, the French ship-of-the-line and war steamer, the transports lost on the western coast, the many vessels of all kinds disabled, the naked pecuniary estimate of the loss. But the true way of stating it is, that the army is utterly disabled for the present, and left to no other protection than Heaven, and that valor which the British soldiers are sure to display in the face of the greatest difficulties, the direst privations, and the most overwhelming numbers. Yet, never was the ancient valor of our race put to so tremendous a trial.

A Constantinople correspondent of the London Times, after speaking of the disastrous effects of the storm, says:

"With regard to the hutting of the troops, I am sorry to say that the prospect seems rather gloomy, as no foresight has been shown in the matter, and everything remains to be done. The order for the tools with which to construct this large number of buildings is dated the 12th of November, and was not received in Constantinople until the 17th. The list of articles required is of enormous length, and it is totally beyond the capabilities of this part of the world to furnish them. Orders will be sent off to Malta and other places, and with great efforts the thousands of trowels and hammers, and the hundreds of thousands of nails may be furnished within a month from the present time. The wood will not be forthcoming even at so early a date, and the loss of so large a portion of our transports will still further retard operations. It will come the period necessary for the construction, which will not be less than three or four weeks, considering the difficulty of bringing everything six miles along an uneven road. In short, I am assured that the troops will probably not be in their huts for nearly three months, and that they cannot by any means have them ready in less than two. They will, therefore, have to brave the fury of the elements and the cold of the Russian hills until at least the middle of January, without any protection but that of their tents, already much injured by the storm of the 13th. This, added to the destruction of their stock of winter clothing in the place of their position, one not to be looked forward to without apprehension."

Mazzini the distinguished Italian patriot, has written a letter to the Polish Democratic Committee, in which he thus eloquently alludes to the disastrous influence the contemplated alliance with Austria has exercised upon the allies in their prosecution of the war. He says:

"If the conquering Turkish army on the Danubian territories has been compelled to halt, and rest has been given to a beaten, demoralized enemy—if the allies kept back so long from the field of active conquest—if a vigorous blow has not been struck when Russia, trusting diplomacy and peace-parties, had evidently not prepared to resist—if all the best Hungarian Italian, German officers have been refused service in the Turkish European army—if the Polish Legation have not been formed—if the Crimea expedition has been decided upon so late, and in such an unfavorable season—if it is owing to Austrian treachery to a contemplated alliance. If it were to say a reserve, now claimed for, has not been formed, it is owing to the fondly nursed illusion of an Austrian active co-operation. If Omar Pasha does not now push onward, and does not accomplish the only operation which could save the invading army, it is because no General can advance, leaving a mass of forces, the intentions of which are not known, on his flank and rear. The war now waged in the East exhibits the double inconceivable fact of an army, Poland, ready to operate on the flank of the enemy, left unavailable; and of another army, enabled, through the position it has been allowed to take, before declining to cut, at will, the communications of the allied forces."

Yes; through the occupation of the Principalities, the sole result of so many imprudent and cowardly concessions, Austria stands now the arbiter of the fate of the campaign. And to conquer this result, the need of a second war, too—because Austria never relinquishes what she grasps at—English rulers have wanted the war to last all that was making it just and sacred before God and man, a principle inscribed on its flag, a high, godlike purpose, the sympathies of all nations, the certainty of a long peace at the end of the contest, the supreme consolation for those who die of feeling that their death is a noble martyrdom for a lasting progress of mankind through England. They have disheartened Hungary and Italy. They forsake Poland. They isolate their own country. They endanger the success of the war."

The Light Division, or the portion of it in action, was, as usual, foremost in the fray. Some of the officers of the Regiment Major Maxwell's horse was shot under him, in front of the enemy's column. Lieutenant Crose and Lieutenant Baynes were surrounded by a body of Russians, who attacked them with the bayonet, although they were both wounded. Mr. Baynes miraculously escaped. Mr. Crose was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlston rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and taking up Mr. Crose in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regiment and placed him in safety.

"Sir De Lucy Evans, who was very unwell on board ship when the fight began, managed to get on shore and ride up to the front, and I saw him on the battlefield, full of grief for the loss he had sustained in his division. Capt. Ailix, one of the General's aides-de-camp, was killed; Capt. Gubbins, another aide-de-camp, was wounded; Brigadier Pennefather had a narrow escape, and Brigadier Adams was slightly wounded; and there lay the spot, the weakness of which the General had so often represented. It was enough to make one sad.

"Poor Butler! Two brothers have thus laid down their lives in the cause. He was shot through the head, and when I saw his body there was a placid smile on his face as though he slept. For a long time it was thought that Capt. Gordon of the Engineers had fallen, and Capt. Butler's body had actually been removed to that officer's tent before the mistake was discovered. It was in the height of the sanguinary struggle which the Guards had to maintain alone with the enemy that he was shot. The brigade lost four other officers killed, but the wonder is that any escaped the murderous fire directed on their position. The charge at the Alma did not present anything like the scene round the Sand-bag Battery, which is placed on a steep descent towards the Tchernaya. The piles of dead were frightful. Upward of 1,200

dead and dying Russians lay behind and around us in front of it, and many a bear-skin cap and tall English grenadier lay there too, with frequent corpses of French chasseurs and infantry soldiers! At one time, while the Duke was rallying his men, a body of Russians began to single him out and take shots at him in the most deliberate manner. A surgeon of a cavalry regiment, Mr. Wilson, 7th Hussars, and who was attached to his brigade, perceived the danger of his Royal Highness, and with the greatest gallantry and conduct assembled a few men of the Guards, led them to the charge, and utterly routed and dispersed the Russians. The Duke's horse was killed in the course of the fight. At the close of the day he called Mr. Wilson in front of the regiment, and publicly thanked him for having, in all probability, saved his life. Major Macdonald, whose name is so conspicuous as his bravery, had his horse shot under him in the heat of the battle, and gathered himself up with the same self-possession that he displayed under similar circumstances when unseated by a cannon shot at the Alma. The conduct of the Russians towards the wounded Guards' officers was brutal in the extreme. Col. Mackinnon would, no doubt, have lived but for a moment, were he not received while lying on the ground. His leg was broken, and he was so weak from loss of blood, that he died under the operation of removing it. Sir H. Nelson was stabbed all over. Russian officers were seen passing their sword through the bodies of our men as withdrawn in agony on the ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. Such are the armies of the Czar."

Remember the girls while the snow lies. Remember that there is no place to make here like the inside of a buffalo skin. You can tread on one another's toes, and squeeze one another's hands, without any one being the wiser for it.—Syracuse Journal.

It does make some difference, however, where you get hold of it. That was demonstrated years since. It is no matter just where the case occurred, nor just when. It was in a cold country, where day after day the sun upon the south side of the roof is as unmelting as a misers heart, and where the smoke stands up, and the slight runners creep upon the parquetry such as if the happy song and the merry bells were gliding over crushed icicles. It was in a country where there are no formal, selfish clubs, but social happy villages, and winter evenings are bright as day out of doors, and light as day in doors.

It is no matter either, whose experience it is that we propose to relate, the incident is certain true, and it has a moral. Be sure you know whose hand you hold.

Well, once upon a time, as we said, it was winter, and a happy load were returning in a sleigh from a party. Such a sleigh, a big stage sleigh, stuffed seats, double curtains, held sixteen easy going to a party and not rattle a tack, and hold thirty easy going home from a party and not rattle a tack either. Those were four months sleighs, made to run as long as an old fashioned bank accommodating park, made to be used where there are six weeks sleighing in March. Well, the party was out, and the sleigh was "loading up," and our friend arranged it satisfactorily, so as to be seated by the girl next to him. It was a middle seat, and the back straps are always too high up, and there were a great many "thank-yem-marm's" in the road. A "thank-yem-marm" is one of those cradle licks without which sleigh-riding is of no account. When the sleigh "itches in," you pitch over the dashboard, and when the horses "jerk" the sleigh out, the whole load goes over into the back seat. [We always preferred the back seat in a "thank-yem-marm" country, so as to keep the girls from "spilling out."] Well, as we were saying, the sleigh was loaded, the light gleamed from the open door, the good kisses cracked in the frosty air like "ginger pop," the six horses dashed off, and the jovial load sang

"It's my delight of a shiny night!"

Sober "thank-yem-marm" was reached, our friend knew it was a deep one, and the strap as we said before, was to high up, and of course he put his arm around his next neighbor, and she declared she should have pitched into the snow but for that good strap. That encouraged our friend in his work of love, and a little soft hand grasped his, and held on, and when the "thank-yem-marm's" came—and they were very thick on the way home—the little soft hand acknowledged the kindness by a gentle recognition, and our friend was happy. The ride was four miles—how they had shortened since going to a party—how much had been accomplished in that four miles, and our friend said to himself it is a slender to say that the "course of true love never did run smooth," it is good sledding all the way. But the house of our friend was reached, and a sister who sat next beyond the little soft hand, reaching forward said "brother if you'll let go my hand I'll get out."

A "thank-yem-marm" deep enough to bury our friend in would just then have been welcome.

Monstr.—Be sure you know whose hand you hold before you squeeze it.—Cave. Herod.

PASSAGE OF MISS.—A thief entered a house in Sterling County, on Saturday last, while the family were at church, and was discovered searching drawers, &c., by a little lad of the family. The rogue threatened the boy's life if he did not tell where the money was; but the youngster shrewdly replied—"Mamma is just out, and father's coming up the road; he'll tell you—he knows better than I do." The thief, somehow or other, was not inclined to wait.

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