# WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

### NO. 86.

## WILMIGTON, N. C. WEDNESDAY AUGUST 27, 1834,

#### Published every Wednesday Morning, by THOMAS LORING.

### TERMS.

#### THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR "Lie first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subseguent insertion. A liberal discount to Yearly Adverti-

TFOFFICE on the South side of Market Street, below the Court House.

From Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character. NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT. "My minnie does constantly deave me, . And bids me beware of young men; They flatter, she says, to deceive me-But who can think so of Tam Glen ?"

BURNS. "We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan : look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Howth as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that wouldn't be the way with us. Sure, it's one we'd be in heart and sowl, and an example of love and-----"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled matters were going on as usual; her mo- as she placed the grilled snipes on the ta-

rick to the music of her own cheering coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over ting calmly down, I drank deeply of wer, and other popular authors, lying voice ;- now coaxing her termagant mo- were filled on the dresser; and on a his head, should-"Carry me out! by thought, and brandy and water, cold with- on your table, to induce a belief that you ther and auon comforting her henpecked small round table a cloth was spread and the powers, she's be't! we've won the day! out. After all, said I, war is a savage have them all at your tongue's end, and father. Do not let my respected readers some delf plates awaited the more deli- Ould Ireland for ever! Success, boys! pastime; the soldier is but a hiteling .- that you keep pace with the literati of imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Clary were cate repast which the farmer's wife was she's be't ; she's be't ; she's be't ; may be't in the end of the second of the contemptible Irish bog-trotters, with only herself preparing.

a plot of pratees, a pig, and a one-roomed "What's for supper, mother ?" enquired ous effusion, and even the bride laughed well, O immortal Flaccus ! cabin. No such thing; they rented an Norah, as she drew her wheel towards outright. Whether the good wife discovhundred good acres of bright meadow her, and employed her fairy foot in ered the plot or no, I never heard; but of land, and their comfortable, though some- whirling it round.

The Apenple's

what slovenly, farm-yard told of abundance and to spare. Norah was their on- o' bog chickens, that you've always such Thought." ly child.; and, had it not been for the a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himmost ungentle temperament of Mrs. Cla- self."

ry, they would have been the happiest as "So I did," said Barney, grinning; well as the richest family in the dis- "and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world

"I am not going to laugh, Morris," re- for knocking 'em down." plied the little maid at last, after a very "If Morris Donovan's stick touch them long pause: "I've got a wise thought in they shan't come here," said the farmer, my head for once. His reverence, your striking the poor little table such a blow uncle you say, spoke to father-to speak with his clenched hand, as made not only appointment ! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate to mother about it? I wonder (and he a it, but-Mrs. Clary, jump.

priest) that he hadn't more sense: Sure, "And why so, pray?" asked the dame. mother was the man ;- but I've got a "Because nothing belonging to Morris, wise thought .- Good night dear Morris : let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house," replied Clary; "he's not to rel.

The lass sprang lightly over the fence iny liking, any how, and there's no good into her own garden, leaving her' lover in his bothering here after what he won't perdu at the other side, without possess- get."

ing an idea of what her wise thought "Excellent !" thought Norah. might be. When she entered the kitchen, "Lord save us !" ejaculated Mrs. Clary,

AND

this I am certain, that the joyous Norah

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE. THE REJECTED ONE.

'Cruel, cruel fate !' said the Young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, 'wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons-yet I was born to dis-

that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops; thou art rejected of men." The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased macke-

'Help yourself,' said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry

Meux's best XX. 'Kindest of men,' cried Blenkinsop.

love may perish, but triendship never dies.' The pot not being born beneath

ed nest, then dancing on the top of a hay- and on the top of the pile rested a plate of indecorously sprang up, seized a shilelah the floor. I rose an altered man, and sit the works of Byron, Scott, James, Bul-

'Oh, confound Flaccus,' said Faucitt. 'Certainly,' said Stoker.

'Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou "Plaguy snipeens," she replied, "bits never had reason to repent her "Wise wert formed to shine in the court, and lard," in secret. not in the camp; surely there is many a

Augustus Blenkinsop!'

glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a think of them sometimes yourself.

plies. Stulty again suffered, and I sport- engaged in conversation, study to the set

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seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporane- resumed, is but short; thou knowest this cussions about the beauties and virtues to be found in such characters as Flora Mc-Ivor, Rowena, Rebecca, Julia Mannering, May Dacre, &c. &c. Read "Cookery made Essy," and "Heloise and Abe-

At Eighteen-Look for a husband for beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, yourself, and practice making baby linen who would be proud to be called Mrs. for a friend. Condemn play going women, and talk of the happiness of retire-'Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and ment and domestic life. Simper 'mimmibeautiful; she had the figure of a Cho- ny pimminy' to put your lips in a pretty patra, and the mind of a Sappho l' She, shape, and kiss gentlemen voluptuously had published a volume of poetry called before gentlemen, to set them a longing. "The Undespairing One of Kamtskatka," Wear low frocks, but don't show off too and she had two thousand a year! Her much. Talk of modesit, discretion and hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and industry in others, to prove that you

pale ethereal green. The first moment At Ninstein-Go to routs and parties, I saw her, I loved her; and hope whis but avoid general firting. Dress fashpered me that she was my affianced ionably, but with great decency. Wear bride. I gave a post obit to a wealthy no flowers in the hair, but ht the curls Shylock, Mannesseh Ben Melchisedeck, be displayed widely. Lough when cilwho at cent per cent. furnished the sup- ers look grave, and when particular,

ed a cab. The sweet Emily received me m ditative and absent. 19 will go ... to favorably, and I won the good will of her fix an air of rehiar it mout you, and cluse maiden aunt, by escorting her twice to much talk and speculation. Such deceptions are harmless and admissible in the Faucitt thrust his tongue into his cheek ; tenderer sex. At Twenty-Consider yourself in danoutstretched hands, resting his left thumb ger of getting a husband, and now suit upon his nose. The very lars of the your conduct to your circumstances .grate grinned. 'I sat with my beloved Talk of the rarity of suitable matches, and in the same box at the opera. I was her your determination to be circumspect,

a score of times already; and to my thinking, a bit of a breeze, makes life all the pleasanter Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey !---eh, Morris ?"

waist, and pushing the clustering curls sat quietly in the chimney corner, smo- ris Donovan shall come under this roof; from her forehead, gazed upon her with king his doodeen, "it's well ye've got a and if I catch that girl of mine looking a loving but mournful look. .

knows how I love you," he said in a the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in head, and send her to a nunnery!" to deserve you, for all that; only, I can't civil question !" continued the lady. ther, (now don't go to contradict me Nor- you has enough talk for ten." good-for-----

would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to the door. hear a word said against an own parent. 'Is that the pattern of ye're manners, sir, altogether about the stable I wanted ye- next sunset, Norah Clary should be Noor did ye ever hear me turn my tongue but-but-the priest said something to ye rah Donovan. I wish you could have against one belonging to you ?"

"I ax ye'r pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "far sweet Norry." the sake of the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not ?-and I'm not going to gainsay bot/v'er mother"-----

"The least said's the soonest mended?" again interrupted the impatient girl -"Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; little mother thinks where I am."

pattern, I've been true to you. We have milk all in a minute-I'm afraid even the the poor sheep, in their warm fleeces gaz- ion. grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose bush, ye have been dearwithout her leave, sure it's nothing I'd round." care for the loss o' thousands, let alone "Out of opposition to me, eh? what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think, since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think-for once be serious, and don't laugh." It is a fact, equally known and credit- "Father, dear, you don't understand," comes very uninteresting, except to the interest at head quarters-I was promied in the good barony of Bargy, that said the cunning lass : "Sure, ye're for parties concerned. So it is only now left sed a commission, and I at once purcha-Morris Donovan really possessed an ho- Morris; and when we are-that is, if- for me to say the maiden, after a due and sed my regimentals, and let my mustanest sincere and affectionate heart-brave I mean-suppose-father, you know proper time consumed in teazing and tan- chios increase. 'Never,' cried the earapas a lion, and gentle as a dove-He was what I mean," she continued, and luckily talizing her 'intended, (a practice, by the tured, though alas! suffering tailor, as stood the Latin as well as the priest him- blushes,-"if that took took place, it's you best mode of discovering the temper, &c. sued from his hand all scarlet and gold, the great human family. self; and, better even than that, he was that would have y'er own way." man.) Morris was at times a little-the on a station now-so there's no speaking per and the profits arising therefrom) too lips of the petrified Faucitt. would fight his way out of a thousand on a suddent." scrapes, but could never get peaceably out | Leave it to me, dear father-leave it all folk enough to talk about during the hapnot very extraordinary that he loved the the teeth out."

cross (her husband muttered) "as a bag of out heeding his resolution, she was proweasels."

good night.'

"Ye're a pair of lazy huzzies !" she ex- cen's," when, to her astonishment, her uclaimed to two fat, red-armed, stocking- sually tame husband threw the dish and less, handmaids; dive think I can keep its contents into the flames; the good wo-The long black lashes of Norah Cla- ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the dozen! man absolutely stood for a moment ary's bright brown eyes almost touched why, that wouldn't keep ye in pratees, let ghast. The calm, however, was not of her low, but delicately penciled brows, as slone salt-and such ilegant flax, too! long duration. She soon rallied, and, she looked archly up at her lover; her Barney Leary, ye dirty ne'er-do-good, can with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus lip curled with a half-playful, half-mali- ye find no better employment this blessed commenced hostilities : "How dare ye, cious smile; but the glance was soon night than kicking the turf-ashes in the ye spalpeen, throw away God's mate afwithdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glow- cat's face? Oh! ye'll be mate for the ra- fer that fashion, and I to the fore? What ed with a deep and eloquent blush, when vens yet, that's one comfort ! Jack Clary," do you mane, I say ?" the young man passed his arm round her addressing herself to her husband, who "I mane that nothing touched by Mor-

wife who knows what's what! God help at the same side o' the road he walks on,

betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only ed in his ear, "I don't think the stable Clary lifting her up somewhat after the 'Rash young man !' said Blenkinson

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't too, by cross and saint, that before the poetto-day about-Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about y'erself, my exultation as it peeped through the latch-

"Did ye speak to mother about it ?" "No darling, she's been so cross all for it was filled with hope and love.

and quietness. If I was like other men, ty-long, slender icicles hung from the reverenced me-my tutor smiled on me to be again rejected ! they'll be after missing me within, and it's there. As to Morris, she was very fond Norah the glazed herbage crackled like heavens and earth-I was rejected.'

"Norah 'bove all the girls at wake or and then, my jewil, she turned like sour mured under a frost bound covering; and astonishment, though in a peculiar fashpriest 'll get no good of her."

ther bustling in a glorious style, and as ble, "what's come to the man?" With- the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected. ceeding to distribute the savoury "bird-

'Come, Blenkinsop, my boy,' said Faucitt, filling his pipe, 'no long faces here.' Let's have a song,-or 'spose you the us a bit of autobiography. Waiter, another quart of stout; remember what the great Dr. Watts says-

"Wo is the child of though; and kin to fear, One yields to pipes, but both must yield t beer !" 'My sorrows' answered Blenkinsop

'can yield to another. O, Leged, empe. ror of Ethiopia 1, well hast thou said-

'O, curse, Leged,' said Faucitt, 'let's' have none of him."

'Certainly not,' said Stoker. 'Well, then, friends, listen and be "Leave joking now, Norry; God only me, I've little good of a husband, barring by the powers, I'll tear the eyes out of her dumb; but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker,

for the other mug.' A deep silence, brovoice deep and broken by emotion; "I'm the stable ?" The spose nodded. "The "You will! And dare you say that to ken only by the protracted breathing of y'er equal, as far as money goes, and no cow and the calf-had they fresh straw?" my face, to a child o' mine ! You will, Augustus at his draught, until, having young farmer can tell a better stock to Another nod "Bad cess to ye, man alive, will ye? we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye rivetted his eyes for a moment on the bothis share than mine; yet I don't pretend can't ye'use ye'er tongue, and answer a what, if I like, Morris Donovan shall tom of the pewter, he set it down with a come into this house, and what's more, be sigh and proceeded.

help saying that when we love each o- "My dear," he replied, "sure, one like master of this house; and that's what . 'Need I tell you that I am the only son you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor and heir of Reginald Nichodemus Blenk Fy, because ye've as good as owned it o- This very just observation was, like ould snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary insop, of Dot-and-go-one Hall, county of ver and over again.) and y'er father agree- most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe endeavored to rescue from the fire the his- Somerset-that his father wasable, and all, to think that y'er mother storm would have followed had not No sing remains of the burning snipes. No- 'We know that already,' interrupted just out of divilment, should be putting rah stepped up to her father and whisper- rah attempted to assist her mother, but Stoker,

to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets door is fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with solemnity; 'the blood of a hundred me mad entirely, and shows her to be a sound and in no gentle terms ordered her with its claw, fairly put her out of the sires burns within me; but I forgive you husband to attend to the comforts of Black kitchen. This was the signal for fresh You know I was born with considerable "Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed No- Nell. "I'll go with father myself and hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and expectations-that godlike fortune seemrab. laying her hand upon his mouth, so see," said Norah. "That's like my own stamped; and Mr. Clary persisted in a- ed to welcome me from the hour of my as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; child, always careful," observed the mo- busing. not only Morris, but Morris's birth, and that the heavens for a time ap-"it's my mother ye're talking of, and it ther, as the father and daughter closed uncle, Father Donavan, until at last the peared to smile benignantly on the scion farmer's helpmate swore, ay, and roundly of an ancient stem. In the words of the

> 'O d----n the poet !' shouted Faucitt. 'Certainly,' said Stoker.

'Alas!' said he, those were the last

hole; it sparkled more brightly than the hours of unadulterated happiness that I richest diamond in.a monarch's crown, lever enjoyed. I went to the university-I studied hard-I bought an alarum day. Sure, I go through a dale for pace . The next morning was clear and fros- clock-eschewed wine parties-proctors

and got drunk and wasted, it might be branches of the wild haw-thorn and hol- -my acquaintance cut me-I read for in rason-but that's neither here nor ly, and even under the light footsteps of my degree-I stood the examinations-

of the boy till she found that I liked him; feathery glass. The mountain rill mur- The two friends exchanged looks of

ed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful Next morning I was far from Oxford. "Father, dear father," said Norah, "sup- as it was in the healthy morning light, Rouse thee, O Augustus !' exclaimed er to me than any thing else on earth .- pose ye were to say nothing about it, for neither on hill or dale could they dis to myself, and let not this misfortune o-Do Norah, for the sake of our young good or bad, and just pretend to take a cover a mouthful of grass. The chill verwhelm thee. The Spartan mother heart's love, do think if there's no way to sudden dislike to Morris, and let the December breeze rushed unheaded over shed no tears over her departed son, and two last articles for the Monthly Maga- recognition by his Majesty of the indewin y'er mother over. If y'd take me priest speak to her himself, she'd come the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for why shouldst thou mourn for a paltry zine rejected! O friends, do you not pity pendence of those States, upon just and her "wise thought" had prospered, and she degree? No! rather, like my sires of me ?-

was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, old, will I take my father's sword from "by chance," either morning or evening, the wall, and go forth against the enemies

church.

and Stoker significantly elongated his partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal atlove must be confessed.

est and most musical tone, I ventured to the public offices. say, 'Emily, sweet Emily ! do you love ?' A roseate blush overspread her countenance. 'Spare me, Augustus!' she murmured. 'Ah! dost thou confess the soft enslaver?' said I, starting to my feet. 'O thou terrestrial seraph! speak-tell er than before dved her burning check. 'Gates of Paradise !- and when ?' In

nesday??

sacred ring upon

ment !- 'You lead me to the altar ! On tofthe United States.

Ferdinand Fitzspurs !'-- -

quivered in my heart-I staggered, and except by friendly ad ice in cases in which reached the street, I know not how. O it might be thought suitable, felt itself authe agony of that moment! I feel it even thorized by the triendly relations existing now-my heart-my brain-my soul !- between the United States and Spain, and O Stoker-O Faucitt-how hard it was by the culcumstances of the case, to make

'Werry,' said Faucitt

he grinned like a bug of nails.

SOUTH AMERICAN STATES. The Madrid correspondent of the Lontachment. The crisis was approaching don Morning Heraid, under date of the -bills came fast pouring in, therefore 18th, gives the following correspondence. between the American Minister, Mr. Van One day she was reclining on an otto- Ness and Martinez de la Rosa, in which man, caressing a corpulent poodle, while the latter expresses his design to recognise I lay stretched before her on the carpet, the independence of the South American in the attitude of the dying Gladiator .- States. It was obtained, as he says, Tenderly, yet impressively, I seized her through the medium of an agent, who oc: hand, and moderating my voice to its low- casionally supplies hun with papers from N. Y. Guzette:

"Legation of the United States of America." Madrid Feb. 12. 1834.

"In pursuance of instructions from the President of the United States, I had the honor on the 6th day of May, 1831, to address a note to his Excellency Lon me-will you wed?' A blush still deep- Manuel Gonzales Salmon, then his Majesty's principal Secretary of State, statulg that the anxiety which the Government half audible accents she whispered 'Wed- of the United States had long teit, and which therefore had been fully made

I seized her hand again; O Cupid ! known to his Majesty's Government, that fairest denizen of Olympus! What do I an amicable and satisfactory sentiment beowe thee for this-Wednesday !' Sweet, 'tween Spain and her former colonies, the sweet Emily !-- adored Miss Pelican !-- new American States, should take place, on that propitious day shall I lead you to had arisen as well from a regard to the the altar! On that day shall I place the principles of humanity and the interests of the parties concerned, especially that of She started with a look of astonish- Spain, as from the expectations of benefit

Wednesday I am to be married to Capt. 1 added that the Government of the United States, without intending or wish-My brain spun round-a red gleam of ing to depart from its settled policy of not fire flashed before my eyes-a bolt of ice interfering with the atlatrs of other nations, another appeal to his Mojesty on a ques-

tion of so great and so general an inter-"Werry,' reverberated Stoker. And est, and that in doing so it induged a strong hope that his Majesty would not I rushed home like a demon. Fury any longer refuse to open a negotiation was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall with the New States, but that on a fall of oranges-I reached my lodgings and and deliberate view of the matter, he entered my room-amongst an infinity of would be convinced that independently of bills lay, a packet, carefully sealed-it the satisfaction which such an event would was a remittance from my relenting fa- afford to most, if not all the nations with ther-I seized-I opened-madness ! my which Spain had friendly intercourse, a proper terms, would contribute both fo

'I do, pon my credit,' said Faucitt .- the honor and interest of Spain. And I The interesting youth had just emerged concluded by suggesting some consideration in relation to the remaining possess-'I do, pon my honor,' said Stoker .- ions of Spain America, which I hoped "To the note in question Mr. Salinon" favored me with an answer, under date of The following is extracted from a well the 11th June of the same year, by which written little book, entitled "Code of Man- 1 was informed that the King received my ners." It should be extensively circula- communication as a proof of the strong\* ted and attentively read, for the benefit of interest feit by my Government in favor of his Majesty, and that as the question was fully present to his Royal mind he would At Fifteen-Affect vivacity, and line take it into consideration when the case your bonnet with pink. If in company might be favorable, in such manner as with the man you would like for your might be most conformable to the interest

seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and Blenkinsop looked steraly.

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then ?-that she generally met Morris Donovan. I of my country to conquer or die ! So say from the Insolvent Court. would be cowardly," replied the farmer don't know how it is, but the moment that ing, I lighted a cigar. The Blenkinsops drawing himself up: "No. I won't"

the beau, the Magnus Apollo of the pa- "True for ye, Norry, my girl-true for and its result. And the lover hastened ter!' And he spake aright. I felt then rish ;-a fine, noble-looking fellow, that ye; I never thought of that before !"- upon the wings of love (which I beg my within my bosom the ardor which light all the girls (from the housekeeper's love- And, pleased with the idea of tricking readers clearly to understand are swifter ed up as with a spell the soul of Antholy English niece at Lord Gort's, down to his wife, the old man fairly capered for and stronger in Ireland than in any other ny, and drove Themistocles to the com- husband, hold your breath long enough of his Grown, and that then the friendly the little deaf Miss Mortican, the lame joy. "But stay awhile-stay, asy, asy !" country) to apprize the priest of the ar- bat; and I called to mind the glorious to blush; when he speaks to you, in- communication made by me would not be dress maker,) were regularly and despe- he recommenced; "how am I to manage? rangement, well knowing that his rever- saying of Miltiades-'Cowards die many cline your eyes downwards in giving an forgotten. rately in love with ; still, I must confess, Sure, the priest himself will be here to- ence loved his nephew and niece that was times, but a brave man never dies !' (perfection was certainly never found in morrow morning early; and he's out up- to be (to say nothing of the wedding sup-

least bit in the world-stupid; not exact- with him-he's no way quick either- well not to aid their merry jest. ly stupid either, but slow of invention,- we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in . What bustle, what preparation, what ty of vision.

feasting, what dancing, gave the country

fighting was out of the question he was ly pluck up a spirit and, whenever Mor- scribe. The bride, of course, looked love- from the War Office. Fire and steel!

the course of true love runs smooth, it be- have always voted with ministers-I had

moreover, the priest's, nephew,-under- the deepening twilight concealed her way, which I strongly recommend, as the he gazed upon the martial figure that is-

of the gentleman,) told him her saucy plan inever seed I a gemman vot looked bet-

Stoker squinted with a horrible obliqui-

Blenkinsop sighed.

He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, would not have been disregarded. for cheating at a thimble-ring.

**RULES FOR YOUNG LADIES.** 

"The President of the United States, answer. Be cautious at this age to wear A prolonged whistle issued from the gowns made high in the neck, that your having deemed the accession of Donna charms may be conceived the greater. Isabel the Second to the throne of Spain, At Sixteen-Seem to have a high spi- under the regency of her august mother, rit, with the most unbounded submission a favorable occasion for the renewal of to the opinion of the favored one. You his efforts, has directed me to lose no time

'My evil destiny again interposed .- may new look, when in conversation, in in addressing her Majesty's Government of one. No wonder, then, that where to me," exclaimed the animated girl; "on- py Christmas holidays, I cannot, now de- That very evening I received a letter the gentleman's face; but be cautious on the subject.

that the eye-brows are kept well arched. "Without entering anew upon the field puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of ris's name is mentioned, abuse hm-but ly and sheepish; and the bridegroom- what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Affect a great fondness for little babies, of argument which presents itself, it is the merry Norah for assistance. It was not with all y'er heart, father-only from but, pshaw ! bridegrooms are always un- Relentless Hill ! Implacable Wellington ! and get the credit of being a good nurse. conceived by the President that all the At Seventeen-Read the news of lite- considerations which have heretofore ex-

not very extraordinary that he loved the the teeth out." fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest, of When they re-entered the fresh-boiled recording. When Father Donovan con-I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, rature and fashion, and form your opin-isted, and been pressed upon the govern: all Irish girls ;-light of heart, light of potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the cluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss retiring to the other end of my apartment, ions of the follies of the day upon what ment of Spain, in favor of a conclusion of foot,-light of eye;-now weeping like very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they had passed, Farmer Clary, without any prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet you hear from others, and not upon what this matter upon the basis of the recegnia child over a dead chicken or a plunder- were poured out into a large wicker dish, reason that his wife could discover, most caught my spurs, and I fell prostrate on you observe and know yourself. Keep tion by Spain, of the independence of the