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OFFICE OPPOSITE MR. BRADSHAW'S HOTEL

[For the Cambridge Democrat.] To ---

Beloved thy affections is dear to me. If ever the eagle was proud of his might,

When she missed the solf call of her answering love, I pine for thy presence so blessed to me, And waste my young spirits in weeping for

A BROWN-BREAD TOAST.

The muse begins to feeel she is a bore, And yet one lines she craves, but one word He is the test whose virtues she had told,

The man whose memory will not grow old. Twas ever since first the world began 'Tis of great need to be a well-bred man; The world includes-if you will not refuse Much observation only can decide-

Go search the world and seek on every side: I, for my part, have my word to say, I, uncollegiate, till this very day, Could never call my Alma Mater Bown; I find the best-bred men were BROWN-BRED

-OF--

A TRUE STORY. ~~~~~~

BY MRS. S. C. HALL. www. My good name is gone, Jane: My hopes are all flown, Jane, My hope is alone

In the land of the lacel.

looked on the flowers; and, while her blooming "Situation, Rose," repeated the astonished which he moved, both in London and Paris, tims to the climate; a third just reached Eng-mals, the same principle might be applied, with journals, trade Journals, and a "Finger-post" sister shook their drooping leaves, she extend- Dillon, "What do you mean by situation?— he had seen nothing like her; he was wearied lish shore, and expired. Yet Rose lived true greater hopes of success, to the improvement to the police of St. Petersburg."

She raised her dark and expressive, but al- ly and pious conduct?"

stream gurgled through the dell, that was at first understand you. What means this giveness of injuries, cowardice; Voltaire was Rose Dillon turned her steps toward the cot not over two years of age. adorned by groups of pine ash, and platenus; pride? The son of an English yeoman, whose his oracle; Roussean, the fatally insinusting of her forefathers. She paused, and seated 2d. A similar prize, of equal value to the the bright purple and yellow of autumn slight- station in life is equal, whose wealth is superior Rousseau, his high priest. Saved 'midst the herselfon the stile that led to the village church finest child over one and not over two years slaughter of thousands-" 'twas chance," he yard. Two peasants passed. "I know he can- of age. were speckled with sheep; and on the slope of Rose wept; and Heterick Dillon, the tender, said, "that turned the thunderbolt of war." not last till morning," said one. "He would 3d. A similar prize of equal value to the fione of the most distant hills, the white spire of too parent was softened. the village chnrch of D—peered over the "Well, do not cry, Rose; I would not make ers much superior to her birth and station, and been for that jade who brought his grey hairs For these prizes all who choose may compete, lofty trees that seemed anxious to conceal it thee unhappy, child, for wealth of worlds; but he soon discovered in her pride that "leadeth with sorrow to his grave. But never mind; the only limitation being that the children shall from the profane and vulgar gaze. The bank God'—(the old man clasped her hand)—'God to destruction." To marry her was contrary she'll never know rest or peace. The curse will have been born within the United States.

"Cambridge Democrat," in advance. \$1,50 Frances Dillon, embowered in fragrance, like happy with the man of your choice, as you edly did he labor to undermine her principles, escape, Douglas, when she refused you; an un-of Twelve, one year, "13,50 purple thyme; while the hair bell, the fragile Rose kissed her father, and assured him that ed it not. He called it "emancipating her good wife." She heard no more, but rushed & Warner, No. 119 Chestnut street, and will " of Twenty, one year, " 20,00 poppy, and the sky tinted cyanus bordered the she would never marry but for his or her sis- free-born min." - "casting off the trammels of madly down the vale, once the abode of her inwho get up clubs are entitled to a copy gratis, Myriads of singing birds nurtured their young The old man drew himsalf up to his full and gilt of reason." He was too skilful a courtier "There is no peace," saith my God, "to the men of the genus homo or not, should take a

evaded the foot of the village girls; the robin, er support the honest character bequeathed you and cautiouslydid he labor to sap the founda-viour's mercy. She did repent. In that merto any part of the county, when sent directly every where familiar, was there an inmate; and by your forefathers. The Dillons have lived tion, on which her honest and virtuous parent cy she trusted; and, doubtless, that pardon she next generation is yet unborn, but it may have its beach-tree haunt, even by the barking of old their daughters without spot—their sons with
Rose would sit for hours with her eyes fixed those who suggested the idea of the baby con-Ranger, who, participating in the feelings of out blemish. I want nothing from my children tive ear became the precepts of the village on the words her dying father's hand had trahis young mistress, suffered bird, rabbit and but thier affection—and that,' he added, 'they pastor—how fearisome the ascent to the vilced; and when, at the end of two years, the What has become of all the

squirrel, to pass and repass his path unmolested. will not refuse their gray headed father." lage church; he endearments of Frances be-gentle and virtuous Frances consigned to the Frances was the youngest, and Rose—the Long and fervent were the prayers of the old came troublesme; but when at night her ven-silent turf the remains of her sister, the aged The Herald started an inquiry the other day withering Rose—the once "bonny Rose of man that night for his wayward child. Two erable father oened the book of life, and read pastor, who remembered the early beauty of that we should like to see answered, and that If ever the dew drop was loved by the flower, Fennock Dale," the eldest child of respectable or three years passed away; Rose increased in the Holy Scrittures, in his usual firm, unbro-her who had drained the cup of sorrow and of is, "What has become of all the money?" When panting it drooped in its hots summer and industrieus parents. Rose was ten years beauty—her faults had not departed with time. ken tone, Ross's spirit sunk, and she felt sick death, in a few emphatic words, told of her Notwithstanding California has during the past older than Frances: and the younger had at D Park, the residence of the Earl of and troubled; is voice sounded faintly in the penitence, and of her faith in Christ. If ever to the peasant soft evening was dear—one time been so accustomed to look up to the D—, had been long neglected by its pose evening hymn and the unbidden truth flashed into the country, the bank no more specie on When his calm cottage home in the valley was elder sister as an example of female excellence, sessors; but an uninterrupted course of dissipanot unfrequently across her mind, that her bled to a sense of her own unworthiness—shorn deposit now than they had in 1852. Some

period to which I have just alluded, Frances Countess to rusticate for some months at their It is painful to trace the events that follow-breathed out her spirit in prayers and thanksto Europe, but that is not so. The banks of often fancied the tale of Rose's wretchedness a beautiful seat. What village, ever so remote ed; suffice it, hat in six months from the time giving to that Being, who, at last, received her England and Franse are like our own—they Time was, whon every stelling of that poor contagion of vice—the origin of which can be ces, Fennock lale Cottage had no mistress— "You, my young friends, whom she know in We imagine that a large quantity of the gold As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight, girl's ingenious heart sent the crimson blush to too often traced to some of the beun monde, Heterick Dillo but one child that he called infancy, and who saw her spirit quiver or her has found its way into flummery, such as gold

As foaming they rolled o'er brave seman graves, of those fine dark eyes dazzled all who looked duns; and, in exchange for the shelter they re
But weak as was the fabric, and powerful as moned you to her bed side, that you might hear leaf has also consumed a great quantity of If captives ever triumphed when randsomed on them:—now that cheek is indeed faded; those ceive, imparting their follies to its unsuspicious, as had been the attack, the only way that Grethe last wishes of a dying penitent, will not bullion. That spread about the Prescott House eyes have become rayless; the bounding step is admiring and wondering inhabitants! Half-pay ville could accomplish his object was by a feign-easily forget the scene." I am proud of thy truth;—thy devotion to me. changed to a feeble totter; the joyous voice is officers, briefless barristers, and the junior ed marriage; this, with so accomplished a vilnow hardly articulate. Her form and features branches of the nobility, are always anxious lian, was a matter of little consequence. And at the head of Rose's. Sweet in early spring and display. Every thing had to wear an au-Sighed friendships kind smile, he might never their beauty is sadly, is fearfully altered. Once of this description wished (most disinterestedly, wretched victim, there was not sufficient virtue it. No gaudy flowers mark it, even during the four feet square to twenty feet—the whole fenshe was-but what avails it now? What is the no doubt) to prevent their dear and noble friends left to induce her to pursue the only course by smiling happy days of summer; but the pale violet, robbed of its perfume?—what is the lily, from feeling the sudden change from St. James' which repentance could have been availing. stary-eyed jessamine, the wild rose, and the when its purity is stained?—what is the casket, Square to D——too melancholy, and volun- Alas! what bitterness—what heart-grief was creeping honeysuckle, guard the greensward when the jewel is stolen? Alas! that such simteered their services to spend a short time with in the once happy dwelling of her father—but from the noontide sun. And though the vil-

Her mother died when Frances was only two who wished to retrench, and to the joy of the wounded heart. And, as years passed on, old may often see them, standing and gazing siyears old; and to this infant, Rose was all that pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps there are few Heterick prayed that she—the lost one, might lently, and with tearful eyes, over the humble even an affectionate parent could have been, things more distressing than to witness the pro- yet find refugin a Saviour's dying love. grave of Rose Dillon. But still in my sorrows one ray pours its light, Her beauty, her wit, but above all her tender-fanation of a sweet and retired village, by the The flower of Fennock Dale still bloomed Like he moon when it bursts on the darkness ness to her sister, were constant subjects of vil- thought less and the victors crowding the train sweetly; the respective medical the lage panegyric; and many ardent admirers of some mighty noble, wisits his paternal clear blue heapublicand the clustering trees; If ever the bow spaned in glory the heaven, watched the steps of the rustic beauty, as she estates, not certainly, as the dispenser of bless- and the bustle and misery, occasioned by the If ever the bark through the blue deep was ascended to the church of D. hearthe marderous gun, where the Earl of D.'s sojourament D.—Park, had ry great popular movement contemplates some enough to buy a yoke of mules with. We

pigeon, or the cawing of the venerable rook- lon's cottage. Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we With many virtues, Rose was too great a fa- to see the scarlet jacket of the brutal huntsman "Raise me up, Frances," said the old man, " *, * * worite not to possess many faults. Her taste glaring through the green wood, and then a "and let me once more see the sun sink behind was so often consulted by the village girls-train of lordly men pursue to death the timid the hills." her affectionate attention to her father and sis- hare--sweet commoner of nature's wildest The beauty of age equals that of youth, is the united power of numbers to effect a pub-Mr. Howadjii Curtis, the poet of commence. ter so praised by the village pastor—and her paths! The village youth, instead of inhaling though its character is so very different. He object so well appreciated, and in none is the quire at Ball, Black & Cos., you will ascertain ment day at Brown's University, Providence, beauty and superior acquirements so admired the perfumed air, or joining in manly sport on was noble even in his dying hour. His white voice of the people more protent to some end. that since 1840 they have worked up into teadelivered a supplementary poem at the dinner by the young, and even by the aged inhabit- the open green-now within the walls of the hair, thinly scattered over his wrinkled fore- What is for the common benefit concerns eve- kettles, \$900,000 worth, of gold. The one ants of D—, that weeds soon sprung up loathsome public, betting, drinking and swear-head; and then his lovely child, kneeling at his ry man alike, and hence all public movements presented to E. K. Collins cost if we remember

and mingled with the flowers. They were, in- ing with my lord's lackey, or the colonel's body bed-side; her fair white arms resting on the originate with or are referred to the popular correctly, over \$10,000. Here then is where deed, weeds that might have been easily rooted guard. And the sweet village maids—crea- large old Bible, which lay widely open on the masses. In late years we have conventions for the money has gone. It is locked up in milk out; but unhappily her indulgent father saw tures so pure, so devoid of art and guile, with snowy coverlid—her almost breathless gaze every thing and for every purpose. We have pots and sugar dishes. If Balll, Black & Co., them not, and they grew on unchecked. She the bright tint of innocence on their cheeks, turned to her revered parent;—it was a beauticonventions to improve the breed of horses, have used up nearly a million in four years, was impatient of restraint, fond of display, too and the words of truth on their lips; changed ful picture, and language cannot do it justice. conventions to promote the growth of chickens, you can easily figure out what must have been often angry, and sometimes, though not fre by the gamer, and the example of Heterick Dillon rested his elbow on the pil-conventions to enlarge woman's rights, and the consumption of the whole republic. The quentry, and sometimes, though the city misses, into, what it makes one's blood low, and with a trembling hand, turned over now, closely connected with this subject, we gold is in the country, but it is not at the pres-

ry of self-control; and the noble generosity of maid of Fennock Dale.' She smiled contemp unhappy name once had been. 'Frances, give cedent the fact mentioned in St. Matthew, beef-staks, while slop-basins will be transmuted her disposition made those, who ought to have tuously at the politeness of the Earl's own gen-me a pen; I want to replace—her's—your sis-during Herod's reign, because of its cruel bar-into mutton-chops and potatoes. Time may corrected this growing evil, forget the past in tleman; and even the French valet—the man ter's'—my child's name, he would have added; barity. The idea is entirely original with this commit errors, but he always corrects them. the present. She was idolized by the poor, for of essence and elegance—a connoisseur, and a but words died on his quivering lip. With a country and the people of the West, where He brought pride in 1850 which made all the she was truly kind to them; and when she sigh- decider on matters of virtue—met with nothing bursting heart, the youthful girl presented the population is needed for the cultivation of the world wild and foolish. In 1854 he brings a ed for wealth and power, she funcied it was on- but ridicule; the village girls wondered—and pen. Dillon made a strong effort—replaced wilderness, and where fresh air, plenty of food tight money market to restore us to common Yet a brown toast will give you, sitting down, by that she might become Lady Bountiful of the pastor and her father extolled her strength her name in the holy book. 'Show her this,' and exercise, furnish the means for physical sense and economy.—Dutchman. One fine spring morning, little Frances wan
God will forgive her. She was a mother in the human individual room to enlarge himself.

Distribution publication ninety-five newspapers, and sixty-Sometimes the Pastor would seriously lec ture her on her love of dress.

dered father than usual from her father's cotthy infancy, child; forget her not—now pray.' A convention for the improvement of the race
six magazines and periodicals, devoted to the "The flowers," she would answer, "grew in tage, and stooping to gather a bunch of prim- He was closing the still open volume, when a of babies! What a noble idea, and how it approceedings of learned societies. Of these, my father's garden; and it was only to please roses, which peered through the green sedges shadow flitted pass the lattice. In an instant, peals in its philanthropy, to use a hackneyed seventy-six newspapers and forty-eight magamy father's garden; and it was only to please roses, which peered through the green seeges shadow into the surely, dear sir, there can be no harm in grat. she fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near little chamber, and a fearful shriek—'Father, man and woman in the community. What surely, dear sir, there can be no harm in gratshe fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near little chamber, and a fearful shriek—'Father,
man and woman in the community. What
papers and ten magazines in German; two the spot heard the splash; and with much forgive.' The old man, with a last effort, sprang greater object of human endeavor could be Alas: now truly and never ner, that the love prompitude and decision, rescued the conceived than the improvement of one's own new ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the a watery grave. One of the visitors at D- lifeless corpse on the body of his wretched species, the growth and development of one's female heart;—that the girl who twines the li- Park, he had heard of the beauty of Rose, and daughter. The ink upon the Bible page was offspring, the perfectability of the race of man. ly in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing not yet dry. stream, will soon wish that the lily was fade- the "Rose of Fennock Dale"—who, bending Weeks, months rolled on; Rose neither spoke voluntary delegate, and so should every wo- Russian and Polish. In St. Petersburg, twen-

A circumstance occurred when Rose was ed what this man of fashion had expected to was breaking. Frances amply returned the complish this great object, and now that the published in the languages above mentioned. about eighteen, which caused her father bitter behold. sorrow, and he fcared his daughter had imbibThe first feelings of Rose's heart towards the and day the tender girl watched the flickering till each succeeding generation will be an imlanguage published in St. Petersburg, one reed 'high flighting' notions, for which he, poor preserver of her sister was gratitude—her next, reason of the wretched sister; and, when she provement upon its predecessor, and man be-sembles the French Moniteur, and publishes a

Old Scotch Ballad. gardner in the village of D—, and he had objects of admiration to the unsuspicious girl. Greville's love was like the desert whirlwind faculties," "inform and moving express and decrees and decisions of the Imperial Sente.— "Don't grieve so, my sister," said Frances been long and sincerely attached to Rose Dil- She thought the world unblemished as the book —fierce and destructive; it soon passed away. admirable," "in action like an angel," "in A third details in light literature, with a spar-Dillon; do not sorrow as those without hope; lon. Her father urged in strong and affection- of nature—she had never found the poison of But he was proud of Rose; and her devoted at-apprehension like a God." do not mourn as those who have no comforter. ate language the suit of this manly and gener- the aconite in the perfume of the rose, or the tachment gratified his vanity, while her men- We have said that the credit of originating id, which told the tale of the loss of the Tiger, See even the bony roses, that not an hour ago ous youth; but a scornful smile curled her lip, deadly hue of the nightshade on the white both this idea-belongs to the citizens of Ohio. They the other day, is a daily military newspaper. tears," she continued, while a bright smile that she could marry any man in Mr. Doug- Greville thought Rose the most beautiful girl preserved his life more than once by her judg- sheep, pigs and chickens, by stimulating com- once a week; and another which is published

ed her arm, and pushed from her forehead the George Douglass is a pattern for village youths. with the match-making mothers, and husband- to her first—her only love, and almost smiled, of the human species. The vanity of mothers clustering curls that shadowed her sweet face. He has loved you long—since childhood you hunting daughters, who crowd our assemblies; in bitter scorn, at the wreck of a mother's as well as the pride of fathers, would be arous-"Yes, Frances, yes; my tears blight your have known each other. Who can say they he was wearied of conversazioni, where stars hopes. Greville was still with her. noses, just as my sorrows blight your happiness. saw George idle?—who ever saw him intoxica- and blues, and literati sip weak tea, and— The thunderbolt was about to rend her last erful incentives to action, there is no knowing says that the Millerites have recently been hol-Alas! alas! that I cannot alone suffer, who am ted? His word is his bond; and ah! Rose, in "blacker—bitterer stuff"—ennui devoured him earthly happiness; if, indeed, guilt and happi- what astonishing results may ensue. They ding a series of meetings in that city, and have the house of God, have ye not marked his god- and he sought refuge at D—— Park, where, ness can ever be, even for a moment, united. have accordingly set a day, the 5th of October, labored somewhat earnestly to make converts. until he beheld Rose Dillon, he saw nothing Greville married! and to another! him, the idol and a place, the fair grounds of Clark County The day now fixed for the end of all things most rayless eyes to the unclouded sky; and "I cannot find fault in any way with George. to amuse his restless mind. He had served his of her adoration! Impossible! but so it was; Agricultural Society, for "a grand exhibition earthly is the 19th of May, 1855. These fixed

more rapidly the tears passed along her pallid I love him as a brother; but, indeed, father, I country, and the laurels were yet fresh on his and, with mixed emotions of grief and despair, of the babies of the United States," and will last days having so often come and gone withbrow; foromost in the battle-field, and gayest she fled the abode of infamy. The wounded award three magnificent prizes as follows: out the occurrence of any unusual phenomena, It was a fine clear evening in September; and . She paused, ashamed of her own feelings. in the hall, Greville was still the slave of his dove, even from foreign climes, will try to reperhaps nature had never blessed such a solita- "The son of whom, Rose?' said her father, passions—the victim of his vices; he called the gain the home from which the plunder's hand did set of silver plate, consisting of a complete as to be disturbed by the prediction. But the ry spot with so much beauty. A narrow trout really angry. "I hoped, child, that I did not mild doctrines of Christianity, priesteraft; for has snatched it.

To his surprise he found Rose's mental pow- have been a hale old man even now, had it not next child not exceeding one year of age. TERMS TO CLUBS.—Price of subscription for of the streamlet on which stood the cottage of in his infinite mercy grant that you may be as his feelings and interests; and basely and wick-follow her to her dying day. You had a lucky

be exhibited by them in their window. Every POSTAGE ON THIS PAPER scene: the timid partridge, in spring, hardly "Daughter, all I desire is, that you may ev- once by the detrines of Deism; but gradually pent, and peace to those who trust in the Sa- sometime or other to be a mother, should also -too wise in wickedness, to frighten her at wicked;" but there is pardon to those who re- look at the plate. Every maiden who expects

them, much to the discomfiture of the lord, there is a voice which speaks peace to every lage girls do not garland it with flowers, you "dust." Immediately after the California de-

The Baby Contillion.

practical improvement for the benefit of man-saw an article of kind the other day at Jacobs kind, either politically, morally or physically; Broadway establishment valued at 90 dollars. and it is equally as characteristic that every In 1840 fifteen dollars was considered a large such suggestion of improvement should be pro-price to pay for this sort of ornament. A generous charity—just what you choose.
But not to be well-bred—what shall you do

But not to be well-bred—what shall you do

But not to be well-bred—what shall you do

Compared to not a convention of the babies of the left time in a snape to be used as currency. A this kind which has ever been held in the world the feelings of the crucible and come out bursts of tenderness did not teach her the luxu- soon designated at the Park, as the 'haughty huge blot was the only token of where Rose's since man was created, for we ignore as a pre-doubloons. Milk-pots will take the shape of

> newspapers and six magazines in French; three newspapers in English; one newspaper in Georgian; and two in Lettish; also three newspaover the body of her lifeless sister, far surpass- nor wept. Her brain was seared, her heart man. Their efforts should be united to acadmiration; his noble and insinuating manners, did, at length, speak and weep, she extracted come the "beauty of the world," the "paragon collection of the laws and orders of the Gov-George Douglass was the son of an opulent his fine form, and his expressive face, were all from her, at Intervals, the tale of her miseries. of animals," "noble in reason!" "infinite in ernment twice a week. Another publishes the

he had ever met. In the brilliant circles in ment and care. Two of her children fell vic-petition, could improve the breed of those ani-daily. There are also mining jurnals, farming

set of six pieces, to be given to the finest child end of delusion is not yet.

ced in with a frame, the mere gilding of which used up doubloous enough to keep a poor fam-

posits were discovered, a revolution took place in our watches and accountrements. From "bulls eyes," they suddenly grew to the size of [From the Dollar 1 | maper. 1 | targets, whilh their price went up from \$100 to \$300. Fob chains, ten years ago, were med-