

Grace Greenwood.

We have readers, of course, who love best a valuable, just, unadorned, out-and-out story...

GENTLEMEN—There was once upon a time a bird-concert. The brown-throated was to take a part therein...

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen...

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER TO GRACE GREENWOOD.

You tell me, Grace dearest, you are always interested in those I love; and I have a mind to tell you somewhat of a sweet Quakeress friend...

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.

Oh, how my very soul went out toward her, as I saw that the glad waters of her existence had caught a hue from the glowing heaven...

I must say Ben trembled somewhat, as he sallied forth one morning, to ask good father Norwood's consent...

Did you ever, Gracie love, attend a wedding in a Quaker Church? If so you can have some idea of the ordeal through which our precious little Lilla was to pass.

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush, that when that poor bird was at last cured of her cold...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen, the following, lately addressed to me, by a young friend.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.

A DEATH, AND A FASHIONABLE RAGE.—A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT OF THE FRANCO-AMERICAN.

One of the French newspapers published in New-York, very properly makes very respectful mention of the recently deceased...

Did you ever, Gracie love, attend a wedding in a Quaker Church? If so you can have some idea of the ordeal through which our precious little Lilla was to pass.

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush, that when that poor bird was at last cured of her cold...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen, the following, lately addressed to me, by a young friend.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.

THE POPE UNDER CENSORSHIP.

The Semaphor of Marcelline of the 10th of February, commences a few of the many difficulties which the papacy...

Did you ever, Gracie love, attend a wedding in a Quaker Church? If so you can have some idea of the ordeal through which our precious little Lilla was to pass.

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush, that when that poor bird was at last cured of her cold...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen, the following, lately addressed to me, by a young friend.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.

The Spring Assizes.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer Assize and Nisi Prius and General Goal delivery, in and for the Midland District, will be opened here as already mentioned by us on Tuesday next, the 13th instant.

Did you ever, Gracie love, attend a wedding in a Quaker Church? If so you can have some idea of the ordeal through which our precious little Lilla was to pass.

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush, that when that poor bird was at last cured of her cold...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen, the following, lately addressed to me, by a young friend.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.

Chronicle & Gazette.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

INTERESTING SCENE AT THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY. On Monday last a prisoner of the name of Johnson, who was committed for a period of seven years, was liberated by a pardon from His Excellency Lord Elgin...

Did you ever, Gracie love, attend a wedding in a Quaker Church? If so you can have some idea of the ordeal through which our precious little Lilla was to pass.

It is recalled that the debutante songster so stole the hearts of the audience from the thrush, that when that poor bird was at last cured of her cold...

I have been reminded of this fable by resolving to send you, this week, in lieu of my own pen, the following, lately addressed to me, by a young friend.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

And Lilla was the pet, the pride of our loving little circle. Beautiful indeed, to us she always seemed, a spirit of taste hovered around her...

It was in the early summer-time that Ben Howard came to living-Place. Dear, ever good Cousin Ben!

So, straightway, in this little head of mine came schemes of match-making, most sagely profound. Don't I beg of you, imagine me following the backwaded fashion of extolling each of the middle-aged, or other, slightly hitching to the lady that the gentleman is 'dead in love'...

Norwood cottage was separated from ours, only by a darling little lake, where from childhood, we had loved, standing opposite on its banks, to find pebbles into the clear tide...

Oh, they were wonderfully effective, those moonlight hours, in that sweet garden!—and then, there were rides on horseback, when early checking of the bride told a tale—and there were delicious drives, in a precious little pony...

And now, dear, I am writing you, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me just as well, though only your devoted H. W. HARRIS.