# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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April 21, 1847. 49

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WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. H. CADWELL.
June 6, 1846. 3

HARDWARE.—Shelf Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACKSON & co.
November 21, 1846. 27

DYE STUFFS

| | |
|---|---|
| Logwood, | Indigo, |
| Fustic, | Cochineal, |
| Canawood, | Annatto, |
| Nicwood, | Cream Tartar, |
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CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.—For sale at C. M. TIBBALS.
May 1, 1847. 50

M'GUFFEES' series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French Str.
Erie, May 6, 1847. 51


## MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY J. E. M'CAULLAY.

Sadly waves the weeping willow,
Bending low its head
O'er the cold and earthly pillow
Of the once loved dead;
The ruby rose its beauty lends,
And lilies gently wave
Where nought but fervent prayer attends,
My sister's hallowed grave.

No gaudy marble there is seen
To say "do not forget;"
But memory tells us what she's been,
And angels what she's yet;
For what to her if worlds know not
The gem; but by its name—
Its jeweled worth I've not forgot,
Nor yet its dazzling flame.

There memory with her gilded show
Doth ope her treasures wide,
And lucid waves gently flow
To swell the glitt'ring tide
Of thought on thought heaped far above
Mere vanity's proud sphere,
Of her, now blest with Heaven's love—
Her brightest hours while here.

What spot can be more dear to me
Than that which hides the frame
Of her so fair—and yet so free
From every earthly stain;
For there the rose its beauty lends,
And lilies gently wave,
And nought but fervent prayer attends
My sister's hallowed grave.

## SCENES FROM MEXICAN LIFE.

Translated from the *Franco Americain* for the Albany Argus, by W. G. B.

### PERICO EL ZARAGATE.

PART II.

*The Alameda—The Paseo de Bucareli.*

There are but few of the towns in Mexico that do not possess their *Alameda*,* and that of Mexico is perhaps the most beautiful square known. Paris is deficient in any promenade of the kind, while Hyde Park, in London, approaches the nearest to it. The *Alameda* of Mexico is a long quadrangle, enclosed by a wall about breast high, along which runs a deep ditch filled with stagnant water, the noxious exhalation from which is the only drawback to this pleasant resort; for in every other respect it is irreproachable. A gate at each angle gives entrance to carriages, horsemen and pedestrians. On each side of the main walk or line, set apart for the carriages and horses that roll and gallop silently over its even surface, are planted poplar, willow and ash trees, whose branches form a sort of arbor, sheltering it from the sun. Some of the walks which converge to the grand common centre, ornamented with fountains from which arise the most beautiful jets of water, are divided by masses of myrtle, roses and jasmin, between the carriages and pedestrians, frequently hiding from sight the luxurious equipages and spirited horses, as they traverse these balmy shades in their repeated evolutions round the Alameda. The noise of wheels, deadened by the sand, strikes faintly on the ear, mingled with the soft murmur of the fountains and the buzzing of the bees, and the *colibris* which the perfumed breeze wafts over a verdure eternal and ever young. Gilded coaches are mingled in these repeated revolutions with European coaches, and the splendid equipments of the Mexican horseman are to be seen side by side, in all their brilliancy, with the English saddle, which appears mean enough amid all this truly oriental luxury.—The ladies of fashion have changed the *Saya* and the mantilla for *costumes* some six months behind the last Parisian fashion. Carelessly reclining upon the cushions of their coaches, they languidly repose, and in a stocking, frequently alas, most sloven, is that beautiful foot so much their pride and the admiration of Europeans. Fortunately too, the windows of the carriages are lowered, and we are allowed a glimpse of them, with their beautiful black hair, decked with natural flowers, their seducing smiles, and their gestures where vivacity is joined with grace and indolence.

Thus, ever and anon agitating their fans, and speaking through the open windows its mysterious language, they pass along. The crowd of pedestrians present a spectacle quite as piquant and there may be often seen a few of the sombre costumes of Europe mingled with the gay and mottled dresses of America. After a certain number of turns, the carriages and horsemen abandon the Alameda. The crowd, as they traverse the pavement leading to the promenade known as the *Paseo de Bucareli*,† pass by with a careless and indifferent air, a grated window which looks out upon it. Strangers would scarcely imagine what hideous sights these rusty bars shielded each day, and that, too, within a couple of steps of the most brilliant promenade in Mexico. This window belonged to the dead-house—the *morgue*—and was the one where the bodies of men and women, half naked and still bloody, are thrown promiscuously together each day—for every day the *morgue* has its guests.—As for the *Paseo*, the neighbor of this dismal edifice its only ornaments are a double row of trees, benches of stone for the accommodation of pedestrians, and three fountains overloaded with detestable allegorical statues. From this place you can view the same landscape that met your gaze from the top of the Cathedral: you see again the snowy peaks of the volcanoes, with their caps of clouds, the hills blooming with violets, the white walls of the *haciendas*, fields of corn and glimpses of the gigantic arches of the aqueduct, with here and there the dome of a church or chateau, which at the hour when the promenaders frequent the *Paseo*, are almost always drenched in the bright evening dew.

It was the evening of the same day that I had participated in the bull-fight, that I found myself mingled with the idlers who ordinarily cover the space between the *Alameda* and the *Paseo*. It was just twilight; the lamps were being lighted, and carriages and promenaders were rapidly regaining their domicils. It was Sunday, and noisily repeated by the numerous bells of the churches and the convents, the chimes of the *Angelus* resounded above the buzzing of the crowd. The day which is casting its last rays across the bars of the *Morgue*, but feebly reveals the victims who are extended upon the bed of masonry stained with large spots of blood. The soldiers in vain attempt to repulse the women who are lamenting before the barriers, and giving vent to their cries of grief. Their lamentations attract a crowd—some of whom condole with them, while most are contented with curiously looking on. Kneeling near the grates of the *Morgue*, his head uncovered, and retaining in his hand the bridle of his richly caparisoned horse, a man was reciting his prayers. From his costume it was easy to perceive that he belonged to the wealthy class of the distant provinces, who reject with disdain the ideas and the fashions of Europe. He was of strong and masculine figure, and above his right eyebrow a long and delicate scar was clearly and distinctly marked. It was doubtless the handsome young cavalier, whose portrait Perico had drawn for me in the morning. Was he rendering thanks to God for having preserved him from danger, or was it for the happiness of loving and being loved? The question was still one of doubt with me, when the devotion which gave rise to these conjectures were suddenly interrupted. Frightened by the noise of some carriages, a horse rebelling against the efforts of his rider, ran violently against a ladder, at the top of which was a *sereno*, (watchman) engaged in lighting a lamp that was attached to the walls of the barracks of *L'Acordada*. The *sereno* fell from the height of some five feet, and laid senseless on the pavement. It would be easy for me to describe the feelings of the unlucky cavalier at the sight of the *sereno* thus lying, and perhaps mortally wounded, for the cavalier I may as well say, was no other than myself, but I prefer to recount what followed.

All know the customary generosity of the populace of great cities, to those who through ill-luck commit some unfortunate awkwardness! Nevertheless they cannot form a correct idea of that of Mexico; above all, when face to face with a stranger, who is to them only a natural enemy. Restrained, despite his fright, in the midst of a mob of *leperos* who were deliberating as to the nature of the death they should inflict upon the author of an unparalleled crime, my horse was no resource for me. I envied, for a moment, the destiny of the *Sereno*, insensible at least to the reach of this multitude, who pressed them under their feet, without offering him the slightest aid. Most happily, just then, chance sent me two auxiliaries, upon one of which at least I was far from counting. The first was an alcalde who escorted by four soldiers, advanced to me, and charged me with having before his eyes, caused the death of a Mexican citizen. I silently bowed my assent to this. After they had, by order of the magistrate, placed the body of the sereno upon a *tapestle* (a species of litter) kept in reserve in the barracks for occasions of this kind, the alcalde politely invited me to dismount from my horse, and directed me to follow the litter on foot to the palace, where I should find it most naturally but two steps to a prison. I was careful not to be in a hurry to accede to this invitation, and I endeavored to convince the alcalde that in a case of this kind I could find no authority for such a judicial procession. Unfortunately the alcalde was like the rest of his kind, endowed with an obstinacy beyond reason, and to all my arguments, he replied but to insist the more strenuously upon the respect due to the custom. I thought then that I would seek among the by-standers some one who would be willing to become surety for my appearance, and quite naturally my attention was directed towards where I had seen the kneeling cavalier, and who at first sight had inspired me with such a profound interest, but he had disappeared. Was I then to be forced to submit to the odious formality exacted by the alcalde? It was at this moment that chance sent to me the second auxiliary, of whom I have spoken. The new character who came to interpose himself between me and the alcalde, was dressed in a cloak of the cloth of Queretaro, of olive color, wrapped around him in front so as almost entirely to conceal his figure. Through the numerous rents of the cloak there could be perceived a vest of not less equivocal cloth. Approaching the alcalde, after having with a great deal of effort forced his way through the crowd, he threw one arm under the tucks of his cloak, and then without deranging the folds of his cape, raised the other to the remains of a chapeau which covered his head. He courteously uncovered, and by the blank and bristling hair, in which were entangled some cigarettes, or lottery tickets, and an image of the miraculous virgin of Guadaloupe, I was astonished to recognize in this respectable Mexican citizen my friend Perico, whom I had thought dead and buried.

"Senor Alcalde," said Perico, "the cavalier is right. It was involuntarily that he committed this murder, and he ought not to be confounded with ordinary malefactors. Besides, I have the honor to know him intimately, and am here to become his security."

"And who is security for you?" demanded the Alcalde.

"My predecessor," modestly replied the Zaragate—the cavalier.

"But it is you that is to be his security."

"Very well. I become security for the cavalier, the cavilier becomes security for me, thus you have two securities for one, and your lordship will scarce meet with better."

I confess, that placed between the justice of the alcalde, and the fatal protection of Perico, I hesitated a moment. As for the alcalde, he did not appear in the sligtest convinced by the syllogism which Perico had so triumphtly launched upon him. I thought it best at once to terminate the debate, and turning to the ear of the alcalde, I whispered him my address.

"It is well," replied he, retiring; "I accept the security of your friend in the olive cape, and I give this pass to your domicil, where I count upon finding you."

The alcalde and the soldiers departed; the crowd still remained compact and menacing, but a sharp whistle and a sign or two soon caused them to recognize in Perico one of themselves, and then they readily gave way before him. The *lepero* then took my horse by the bridle, and thus I left those sinister groups, quite uneasy as to the denouement of my adventure, and very happy above all through the unfortunate disaster of which I had been the cause.

"How is it that I find you in such good health?" said I to my guide, recovering myself somewhat—"I had thought you had terminated your affair with this world."

"God has worked a miracle in favor of his servant," replied Perico, lifting his eyes devoutly to heaven, "but it is said, Senor Cavalier, that you were opposed to my resurrection. You will imagine, that notwithstanding all my devotion to you—

"Not at all, Perico, I am enchanted at your return to life, but how was this miracle performed?"

"I know nothing," gravely replied the lepero, "only that it was accomplished so rapidly that I was enabled to take my place among the spectators at the bull-fight, and to attempt again also, a second ascension. Having just been confessed and absolved, and being thus a new man, it was an unique occasion to risk my life without endangering my soul. It was an advantage, and brought good luck to me, for this time, in despite of the bull who again threw me on his horns, I came to the ground upon my legs, to the great contentment of the public, who showered upon me their applause. And above all, I found thanks to you, my pockets so well furnished, that I determined to satisfy my haste for the toilet, and went to a *haratillo* and purchased this costume, which gives me so much of an air of respectability. You have seen with what consideration the alcalde treated me.—There is nothing like being well dressed, Senor Cavalier."

"Taking all together—the likeness of your children, the accouchment of your wife, and your winding-sheet,—they have cost me something over one hundred dollars; and that was, I am persuaded, paying you generously for all the services that you have rendered me. Still, however, when I gain my domicil I will renew my remembrances."

"Your domicil, Senor Cavalier! cried Perico; by this time your house has been surrounded by an armed force, and they seek you at the houses of your friends; you do not know the alcalde with whom you have had this affair."

"You know him then?"

"I know all the alcaldes, Senor Cavalier, and that which ought to prove how little I deserve the surname they have applied to me, is that none of the alcaldes know me; and of all of them, the one who pursued you is the most rapacious and diabolical."

Much as I had reason to suppose this an exaggerated portrait, I felt myself for the moment shaken in my determination. But then Perico represented to me in terms truly pathetic, the happiness it would afford his wife and children, to see their benefactor coming to seek from them an asylum for the night.—Having to chose between two protectors, equally interested, I allowed myself to be convinced by the man whose avidity had the least dangerous appearance, and determined to follow the *lepero*.

Meanwhile the night advanced; we traversed the suspected streets, the deserted crossways, places before unknown to me, and covered by a frightful obscurity. The scenes became more and more rare, and I found myself in the centre of these fauxbourghs where justice never penetrates, without arms, and at the mercy of a man whom I had heard make the most frightful confession. Before that, I was aware, the Zaragate had not hesitated to boast much of his crimes, so boldly committed upon a population demoralized by ignorance and the misery of the civil wars; but at this hour of the night, and in the midst of this labyrinth of dark streets, my imagination dwelt much upon it. The position was critical—to be abandaned in on obscure quarter to such a guide was dangerous enough, while to follow was none the less so.

"But where the devil are you going to?" demanded I of Perico.

All the response made by the *lepero* was a scratch of his head. I insisted upon an answer.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I have no fixed domicil. I live a little everywhere."

"And your wife and children, and this asylum that you have offered me?"—

"I had forgotten," cooly replied the *Zaragate*, "that yesterday I sent my wife and children to—Queretaro, but for an asylum"—

"Is it at Queretaro also, that you offer it to me?" demanded I of Perico, becoming aware, but too late, that the wife and children of this honest personage, were quite as imaginary as his domicil.

"As for an asylum," replied Perico, with the same imperturbability, "you shall partake of such as the resources of my imagination may procure—such as I am obliged to find when my means will not permit me to live in my own house; for Heaven does not send to me every day bull-fights and similar wind-falls. Hold!" added he, pointing me to a glimmering, vacillating light in the distance which was reflected upon the pavement, "here is perhaps something for us."

We advanced towards the distant light, and I found that it was reflected from the lantern of a sereno. Dressed in a yellowish cloak, not in much better condition than Perico's, the guardian of the night was sitting upon the pavement, apparently watching with a melancholy attention, the great clouds which were passing over the horizon. Our approach did not cause him to change his indolent position in the slightest.

"Hallo, friend," demanded the *Zaragate* of him, "have you any knowledge of a *velorio* in any quarter?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the sereno, "you will find one at the bridge of Epizamo, and such a glorious one, too, that if I did not fear the round of the Senor Regidor, or if some brave fellow would relieve me of my cloak and lantern, I should be at the fete myself."

"Much obliged to you," courteously replied Perico, "we will go and profit by your direction."

The Sereno cast a look of astonishmnt upon my costume, which singularly contrast with that of Perico.

"Cavalier's of this one's class, are rarely in the habit of frequenting these re-unions," said the police man.

"It is a case of great necessity," said Perico, "the Senor has contracted a debt, which prevents his return to his home to-night."

"That is different," said the Sereno.—"There are some debts, the payment of which cannot be put off too long." And pricking up his ears at the sound of a distant clock, the guardian of the night, without troubling us farther, cried in a most lugubrious tone of voice,

"Nine o'clock, and a stormy night."

Then, resuming his former attitude, the distant voices of the serenos, taking up the same cry, resounded through the darkness of the night.

I followed on, melancholy enough, behind Perico, leading my horse, whom I feared would be taken from me, as the police regulations of Mexico, prohibit persons riding on horse back through the streets after the *oracion*, and I was little disposed to have any further trouble with the alcaldes. To confess, the strongest motive which induced me not to separate from Perico at once, was the curiosity which his words had excited. I was anxious to learn what it was they called a *velorio*. This love of penetrating the hidden, it will be observed, was very frequently gratified for me in Mexico.

We had not proceeded more than ten minutes, when agreeably to the directions of the sereno, we arrived at a bridge over a narrow canal.

A range of dilapidated houses on each side, formed also the sides of the canal which washed the bases with its filthy impure water.—A lamp, which burned dimly before a *retablo* (picture) of the Spirits in purgatory, threw its pale light upon the stagnant waters.—Upon the *azoteas* (sort of terraces) the watch dogs were barking at the moon, which fitfully shone at intervals through the dark masses of moving clouds, for it was then the rainy season. Other than these lugubrious noises all was as silent as in the other quarter through which we had just passed. The windows of a first story, opposite the picture of the souls in purgatory, were dimly lighted, and it was the sole light in all this double range of sombre edifices.

At the door of this house Perico knocked. They were some time in coming, but at last the door, or rather half of it opened—the lower half being still retained according to their customs, by an iron chain.

"Who is there," cried some one.

"Some friends, who have come to pray for the dead, and to rejoice with the living," replied Perico without hesitation. We entered. Lighted by the door-keeper's lantern, we traversed the vestibule and penetrated to an interior court. The guide pointed out to Perico, an iron ring in the wall, to which I fastened my horse. We then ascended some twenty steps, and I followed Perico, into a room dimly lighted. I was at last about to learn, what it was, they called a *velorio!*

[End of part 2d.]

*Alameda—literally "the place planted with poplars"—Alamos is the generic name for public promenades.

†The name of the viceroy who established the promenade.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—A letter to the St. Louis Republican, from St. Josephs, Mo., 7th of May, communicates, on the information of a gentleman from Council Bluffs, a fight between the Otto and Sioux Indians. Five of the Ottoes had been on a hunt, and were overtaken by a small party of the Sioux, and four of them scalped. One of the party (a squaw) threw herself into the river, and succeeded in making her escape to the Otto encampment. A party of the Ottoes, accompanied by a small band of the Omahaws, immediately went in pursuit of the Sioux, and soon got on their trail and pursued them to a grassy swamp, where they had taken refuge. They immediately fired it, and as they made their appearance shot them down and scalped them. They scalped eight of the Sioux, a small party having left before the Ottoes and Omahaws came up.

EMIGRATION WESTWARD.—The Detroit Advertiser says Emigration is pouring westward this year in a stronger current than ever. The number stopping there is unusually large, and every boat for lake Michigan swarms with families seeking a new home. There is plenty of room and many enticing inducements in the great west for those who want to obtain for themselves cheap and pleasant homes.

A MEXICAN GIRL FREED.—At Manclova, a good-looking Mexican girl of sixteen years of age was held in servitude as a peon, having been sold by her father to pay a debt. She was about to be transfered to another master, and was very much distressed at it. Gen. Shields happened to hear of it, and inquired what was the amount of the debt for which the girl was held in bondage. He was informed the debt was *five dollars*. Small as this sum was, it is not probable that she ever could have paid it. Without further inquiry, the General promptly paid the debt, and restored her to freedom. The poor girl was overcome with gratitude, and falling upon her knees, would have kissed his feet if he would have permitted it. Drying her tears, she returned to her father's house rejoicing—perhaps to enjoy life in freedom—*perhaps to be sold again.*

## England as She Is.

☞ The following able and truthful description of England as she is, is from a New England correspondent of the New York Tribune, now traveling in Europe

"Pray, what constitutes a religious people? Surely if it be anything which concerns their happiness and general elevation, it behoves Great Britain to be very modest in setting forth *her* claims to piety. Take, for instance, the Agricultural Laborers of Great Britain; the men and women whose toil have made this country the beautiful garden that it is, and every one of whom is entitled, therefore according to the commonest law of *quid pro quo*, to have a share in a pleasant little cottage and garden; look at these toil-hardened people, and what is their condition? Physically, they are worse off (I say it after abundant opportunity to judge) than the slaves of America; morally and intellectually, they are but little better; and socially they are almost as bad.—Their average earnings do not exceed nine shillings (sterling) per week. I see hundreds of women hard at work in the fields of Scotland just now, who earn but a shilling a day, to do which some of them have to come a long barefoot journey from the Highlands. As for their social condition, a British farmer would be as much shocked at the idea of sitting at meat with one of his laborers as a Southern planter with one of his slaves. Why? Because they are a set of boors. One sees the women here in Scotland bonnetless, shoeless, trudging to and from the fields; and wherein they are above the oxen and the mules, becomes a problem. The thing is as bad in England, and in Ireland worse. Their houses—if so they must be called—are wretched hovels where a 'merciful man' would, in many instances, think twice before housing his beast.'

Then look at the Factory Operatives.—Where will you find a more degraded looking class? Mark the girls. How lax their deportment! What a total want of self-respect! Follow them to their doors (you will shrink from going farther) and see what they call, with an unconscious irony, their 'houses,'—and then tell me what can be the religion of a country which leaves its sweating millions in such a state? The streets of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bolton, Glasgow, Dundee—as soon as the night sets in—swarms with prostitutes, many of them operatives in factories. How different from Lowell, Manchester, (N. H.) Bristol, Nashua and Fall River, with you—where the operatives are almost unanimously well clad, cleanly and chaste; and how much of this state of things is directly attributable to the universal diffusion of the means of *secular* education. During the last nine months I have been traveling over this realm, visiting many of its cities, towns and villages, and having abundant means of forming intelligent opinions; and I know I do not exaggerate when I state that if you, in your travels through the free States of America, should come upon a town where the people were in no better condition than the people of the most flourishing agricultural or manufacturing town in Great Britain, the sight of such a place, among the towns of America, would almost break your heart. You would in such an instance, find a town where professional men would scorn to be thought the social equals of its tradesmen; whose tradesmen would look with the same scorn upon its mechanics, whose mechanics would despise its livried servants; whose livried servants would despise its agricultural laborers; and whose agricultural laborers would only fail to look down upon some other class because themselves were at the bottom of the ladder. You would find the mechanics, laborers and servants, with few exceptions, exceedingly coarse and ignorant, and moreover, having not the slightest aspiration for any higher state.—True, the 'middle class' of the place would be found intelligent, shrewd, sensible, as much so, and as refined and as hospitable as the same class in any part of the world; but the insufferable pretence and vanity of the 'higher class,' and the stupidity and squalor of the 'lower,' would fill you with dismay; and you would long to leave the place that you might go to some neighboring village where there was some degree of social equality, and where you might now and then see a common laborer whose face was lit up with a smile of intelligence.

To me it seems (and that without the slightest national prejudice) perfectly plain that the United States are, on the whole, centuries in advance of Great Britain. She to be sure is greatly our superior in certain qualities, which age alone can bring to maturity; but no candid person can watch the workings of her political machinery, and see how the great mass of the people are ground up beneath its wheels, without feeling that until that machinery is displaced, or better adjusted to the wants of society, the nation must be greatly deficient in all that constitutes true grandeur. Great Britian is, confessedly, the proudest nation on the face of the earth; but any national pride which is not based on the general happiness of the people is but another name for the most senseless vanity. There is, indeed, Slavery in the United States, but the remarkable fact is that despite of that institution, hanging like a thousand mill-stones about the neck of the country, such is the intrinsic superiority of her political fabric that it secures to the people at large a greater degree of social freedom than any other nation, though without the drawback of Slavery, ever conceived of. Tell a Briton that at a social party in any town or village of the United States, the Clergyman's family would be found mixing on terms of perfect equality with the shopman's family, and both in frequent instances, with the family of the artisan, and he looks at you in blank amazement, as who should ask; "Can these things be, yet Heaven and Earth stand?" Tell him that a Priest who should openly assume to be made of finer clay than the practical machanic, in America, would be laughed at as a fool, and he wonders in the depths of his nature, whether indeed and in truth God *has* made of one blood all the nations of the Earth." Talk to him of a Judge without gown and wig; of a Governor without a palace; of a sheriff without a gilded carriage; of gentry without liveried servants, of a Mayor and Aldermen without staves or uniforms; of cities without marked and numbered Policemen; of Churches without Bishops, Clerks, or Precentors; of Sunday and common Schools where "the rich and poor meet together" because "the Lord is the maker of them all;" and you can git him into such a state, that, mindless of the Apostle's injunction, "therewith be content," he will be ready to jump out of his skin.

The Englishman's general idea of the United States is that the people are in a rude state of semi barbarism; with no social refinement, and little intellectual culture; a mere money-delving, grave-digging, lean lank generation of Yankees; worshipping but one God, and he Mammon; ready at a moment's notice to whip all creation, and rather than not fight at all to have a touch of mob law to keep his hand in; in fine, a poor degenerate off-shoot (*from a noble stock*) living a straggling, struggling, weedy sort of life, and destined, some of these odd days, to disappear by a sudden rot, like Paddy's pototo. This is Mr. Bull's pretty solemn conviction—most unsolemnly translated into plain English—of the "Universal Yankee Nation."

## WHAT IS SAID OF US IN EUROPE.

Bennett of the N. Y. Herald, in a letter from Europe says:

The Mexican war, and the subscriptions for the Irish, strike with equal force, and leave the European mind in a state of amazement. Many are beginning to perceive that new and startling elements are at work in the United States, and every arrival is watched for with the preliminary exclamation—"I wonder what the devil the Americans will do next!" The truth is that the United States are beginning to exercise a mighty influence in Europe.—From the height the republic has now reached, no one can tell the limits of her power, progress or preponderance. One of the leading London journals says—half in joke, half in earnest—if the Americans go on at this rate; feeding one hemisphere and fighting the other, the time may come when Louis Phillippe will be a perfect in Paris under the authority of a Mr. President Polk, and a Sir Robert Peel will be happy to become the collector of the port of London or Liverpool, under the like authority. The capacity, the versatility, the growing power of the American republic, for everything—for war, commerce, navigation, agriculture, art, manufactures—seem to beget a general astonishment and an undisguisable dread in all those connected with the present governments of France and England. A new arrangement and modification of the powers of Europe seems to be on the eve of development. In fact, the United States as a nation, is rapidly entering into the European system, and is actually disturbing their old visions of the balance of power.

## OIL OF STONES.

The Boston Atlas has a curious account of a singular substance of peculiar properties, manufactured in France under this title.—It was discovered several years since, and an interesting paper upon it was read before the Institute. Since then its manufacture, far from being abandoned, as many supposed, has been silently undergoing improvements, and recently a company has been formed for its manufacture. It is now termed mineral oil. By means of new and very ingenious instruments and machinery, they obtain an oil as transparent as the purest water. This remarkable liquid is said to have this great advantage, of not staining by contact, and of giving an admirable light by the fixedness and clearness of the flame. The company possesses in Autonnois inexhaustible beds of the mineral from which this oil is extracted, as well as several other productions, as paraffine, mineral tar, a new kind of manure, invaluable for exhausted land, and many others. However much we may be surprised, adds the journal from which we derive this information, at seeing a vile and despised rock thus yielding a variety of precious matters, there is no room for us to doubt the fact. It only proves that the science of chemistry is in its infancy, and that no one can assign any limits to its progress. When the first attempts were made to burn bituminous coal, who then would have believed in such results as gas-lights, its application to the generation of steam, or the bright future in reserve for so humble a mineral? And yet, are not the mines of Auzin more valuable to the proprietors, than the silver mines of both the Indias?

## HOLDING THE PLOW.

A friend relates an accourance, which fell under his own observation, a few days ago, in Andover, which is uncommonly "fresh." A recent emigrant had applied for employment to a farmer, and being asked if he was acquainted with all sorts of farm labor, replied without hesitation in the affirmative. He was accordingly engaged, and the next morning sent to "hold the plow," with the son of his employer to drive. After the horse was tackled in, the boy gave him a start; but hearing an exclamation behind, turned, and beheld the son of the green isle, plowing up the ground with his heels, which were firmly set while he was straining every muscle to maintain his position, and crying out, "stop! stop! how can I *hould* the plow, if you make the horse drag it away from me!"—*Salem Gaz.*

☞ A little girl in Philadelphia died during a trial of skill in jumping the rope. This is an excellent exercise, but should not be too long continued.

The brightest charm of woman is truth and candor; coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.