THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847. NUMBER 11.

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TERMS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. 5.

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GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, Office on French street, over S Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie
April 24, 1847. 49

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, etc. etc. Corner of State street and the Public Squa, opposite the Eagle Tavern, Erie, Pa.

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants; 102 French Street, Erie, and at 6th Street Canal Basson, also dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

HENRY CADWELL.
Dealer in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c east side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

EAGLE HOTEL,
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Attorney and Counsellor at law, Prairie du Chien, W. T. practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, W. T. and in Clayton county, Iowa Territory.

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

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

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

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 St Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

REMOVAL.

G. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, FANCY Goods, etc. etc., No. 5, People's Row, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, where they will be pleased to have their friends call as usual.
N. B. A large addition to their stock in trade will be made in a short time.
Erie, May 19, 1847. 1

GLOVES.—We have the best assortment that will be in this market of all kinds, including Stewart's self imported black and fancy Kid, fancy and variegated Silks and China Linen.
April 26. WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.

ALONE.

BY MARY L. GILLIES.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan;
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal.
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she did—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold wild heart—
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he *had done* his part
To one so true—so kind!
Each error passed he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring her back—
In vain—he was alone!

He slept at last, and then he dream'd
(Perchance her spirit woke)
A soft light o'er his pillow gleam'd,
A voice in music spoke—
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave, oh, love, protect!
I still am all thine own."

From the Union Magazine.

THE CITY CLERK.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

"A sisters love! I dwell upon the theme—
The only love on earth to which the earth
Has given no taint of self-regarded care."
HENRY WARE.

It is about the middle of November—a bright, soft day, when the genial spirit of the year looks back with one of his farewell smiles. His warm breath has spread a silver haze over the rugged hill-sides. The mountain tops are shining—the dried leaves, bitten off by the frost, turn round and round, and drop without a sound. A rather narrow, brisk stream runs rapidly, descending as it goes, till it reaches the rear of a neat one-story house, where, being set back by a dam below, it seems like a plate of burnished steel from which a soft vapor is rising. Around its edges is a thin coating of ice, indicating the cold of the previous night. The house stands on the declivity of a hill that slopes gradually from the road, (a hundred yards from it,) with one end to the river, the other to the road and fronting south. Behind it is a little garden-patch, which in its winter adversity shows signs of being cared for and loved; some plants being carefully tied up, and a few covered with old boxes and barrels. There are some other signs of refinement, not too common about the humble dwellings of our country parts: vines trained about the low door, and rose bushes so nicely fitted around the old windows that they seem to have come and to stay there of their own accord. Neatness, that good angel of an humble home, keeping all right with her ever-rustling wings, hovers round this pretty dwelling. A small wood-pile is laid up as if by mathematical rule.—No litter of any kind is anywhere to be seen, and one wonders what the splendid cock with his pedestrian harem can find to make them pick so busily around the sunny doorway.

It is but nine o'clock, and morning at that hour, on the fifteenth of November, had hardly dawned on luxurious dwellers in great houses: but here how much of the daily work of life had been accomplished. A pale, and in common parlance, "unfortunate man" is sitting bolstered in an easy chair near a cheerful fire, his right arm and leg withered and useless. His wife, a woman with a mild, thoughtful face, sits near the window making a vest, and with the implements of tailoring about her. With every stitch, and without hindering it, she turns her eyes on the lame man, and addressing him as country wives use, she says, "Do you find your paper interesting father? Is is not almost time for father's drops?" and the answer is "Yes," or "No," as may be, but always in a cheerful tone, which, coming from that poor mutilated figure, is startling like a light suddenly kindled in darkness. A trig little lass is putting the last touches to the morning's work. She has cleared away the breakfast, skimmed the milk, "swept up" and "mopped up," and is ready to sit down by her mother to finish off the work that always accumulates for Saturday. Both father's and mother's eyes often turn to her, and who would not love to look on a face so beaming with intelligence, so fresh and cheerful. Never were there prettier or brighter lips, or more beautiful teeth, or in palace or cottage a more electrifying smile than little Ruth Hathaway's. Perhaps it derived this quality from a cast of sadness and care on her brow; it was a shadow on a rose. There it fell when her father was brought home from his new factory with the flesh torn from his arm and leg, and there it remained indelible. As to the rest, the face is pretty and pleasing, but not beautiful; her eyes are rather small and greyish, and her complexion, clear and pure, is not brilliant. Her hair not only does not curl, and is neither auburn, chesnut nor raven, but a very common brown, and only remarkable for the neatness with which she arranges it on her very well-shaped head. Ruth is said to be the image of her father, and she rather prides herself on this resemblance.

Ralph Hathaway is reckoned by common observers, as we have said, an "unfortunate man;" but could any amount of ill-luck or calamity make the epithet fitting him whose temperament is so cheerful that his sun will break through the heaviest clouds? His heart is a never-intermitting fountain of love to God, and peace and good-will to man.

"Ruth, what are you listening for?" asked the father; "I hear nothing but the factory."

"Nor I, father; I wish we did not always hear that,—it——"

"It puts you in mind of father's accident? I know, Ruthy, and so it does me, but then it sets me off thinking how my life was spared, and how I should never have known what a good woman mother is, but for that—'t is not every wife that would care for such a poor rack as I am."

"O, father!" exclaimed both mother and child.

"Well, then, it is not every woman that would give up the thoughts of being the wife of a rich agent for a company, move out of a nice new house, and stitch, and stitch from morning to night to support her family.—Who has a right to be cheerful, if I have not? I can tell you there's times when the factory makes my thoughts go straight up."

Our friend Hathaway's voice was rather choked; he cleared it, and added, "but what were you listening to, Ruthy, dear?"

"Why, father, I was listening for the railroad whistle; we always hear it, you know, when the wind is west."

"Why, I heard it, Ruth, when you were setting up the dishes."

"Oh, did you, father!" then Charlie's letter is near the post-office by this time."

"Don't be too sure, my child."

"I can't help being sure, mother. Charlie never fails to write when he says he will, and this letter is to tell us whether he can come home to Thanksgiving, and its only twelve days to that, and I shall be just sixteen that day."

"Yes, yes, Ruthy," said the father, "come what may come, thanksgiving day will always be thanksgiving to us."

"Oh, there's Colonel Miles!" exclaimed Ruth, and she rushed to the door, not, however, without giving her father a brush of a kiss as she passed.

"Colonel Miles!" she shouted, "can't you please to stop at the post-office, and bring our letter from Charlie?" The Colonel was not going to the post-office, but his turning off place was near it, and it was but the work of two minutes for Ruth to beg a seat in his little wagon, to get her mother's leave to go herself to the post-office, to take the chance of the two miles' walk home if she did not get a cast, and above all to obtain leave to open the letter herself, as soon as received, to whichever member of the family it might be addressed.

Three hours passed away when Anthony, a colored man, living at Mr. Gardner's in the village, brought Mrs. Hathaway a letter from Ruth. It enclosed one from Charles. On Ruth's letter was written in large characters, "Read this first;" and the mother read as follows: "Dear mother, and father—don't feel too bad. I shall be on my way to New York when you get this. Miss Emma Gardner has lent me ten dollars, and what clothes I shall want. Father can't go: and you can't leave father, mother; and I—*I can't stay*. Father you will keep up mother's spirits, won't you? I know it will all come right.

"P. S. Mr. Gardner has gone to Boston, so Miss Emma and I have had no one to consult with. I would not tell any body else for the world."

Mrs. Hathaway, pale and trembling, gave this letter to her husband, while she read that from her son Charles.

"Dear father and mother, and Ruth—I have got into some trouble. I ask of you all not to feel anxious or distressed. I expec" (*expect* erased and *hope* substituted) "to get out well, but if I don't I shall still keep 'right side up,' as father would say. Now be calm, mother, dear. Just before we locked up last night, I observed a stranger come into the shop, away from the counters. Otis Jackson was standing close to me at the time we were spoken to. I heard him mutter 'd—n it,' but I had not the least thought of what was coming. Mr. Brown stood one side of the stranger, Mr. Wilson the other. Mr. Brown spoke: 'We have been missing,' says he, 'fine goods for the last month; a shawl was taken last week; two yards of costly lace and one of the five-dollar pocket handkerchiefs are gone to-day. We have a policeman here and you must all be searched. One of you must be guilty. I am sorry for the innocent, but no disgrace will rest upon them—do your duty, Rushton.' The policeman began the search. Some of our young men laughed and joked; I could not, I was afraid it would prove to be Otis. He was the fourth searched, nothing was found upon him. My turn came next; the things were found in my coat-pocket, atop of my handkerchief and every everything, as if they had just been put there. How the truth is to be found out, I don't know, but I feel as if it would. All I ask is that father will keep up mother's spirits, and dear Ruth, only think how you would all feel if I had taken the things. I shall write daily, so don't be anxious. Ever your loving son and brother,

CHARLES."

"P. S. Direct to me 'care of Robert Henshaw;' he is my friend among the clerks."

There was a dead silence in that home of the Hathaways, till the father breaking out into something between a cry and a laugh, said "Mother, Charlie is an honest boy and well-trained, and that should be comfort enough; how often have you said to me 'Charlie never told a lie in his life.'"

"He never did, he never will!" sobbed out the poor mother.

"Come here, mother—kneel down here—we'll trust him with our Father and his Father, we'll commit the case to him, and then we shall feel better;" and the still, small voice of their prayer arose and God was there.

The next morning at nine o'clock, Ruth Hathaway disembarked from a Hudson steamer on a New York wharf, dirty, crowded, and noisy enough to have confounded a head and heart less clear and strong of purpose than here. She had inquired of the captain the way to Canal street where Brown and Wilson's shop is, and with her little sack containing her change of clothes in her hand, she walked straight up Liberty street to Broadway. Her quick step had caught the eye of an omnibus driver, who beckoned to her, and she nodding affirmatively, jumped into the coach, thinking "how very kind it was of him to give her a ride!" She asked a man, one of four fellow passengers, to tell her when she got to Canal street, accordingly the man pulled the strap, the coach stopped, and with her habitual impetuous movement, she jumped out, and dropping a little curtesy to the driver, said, "Thank you, sir." He, fancying she was tricking him called out, 'That's cool! Stop that hussey! She's dodged her fare!" An impediment of vehicles had accumulated the passengers on the sidewalk at the corner of Canal street. Every eye was turned on our poor little stranger. She stopped, turned round, and in a voice that indicated her honest perplexity, asked, "What does he mean?" "He means to be paid, my child," said an elderly gentleman, who was struck with the simplicity of Ruth's manner, and himself gave the fare to the vociferating driver. Ruth now comprehended her mistake, and repaying the sixpence, she said with her characteristic good sense, "I am a stranger in New York, sir, or I should have known better. He invited me to ride with him, and the people where I live often give rides to strangers."

Her friend again smiled at her simplicity, advised her to keep a good look-out, now she had come to the city, and they parted—he thinking her sweet smile might pay her fare, and she to look for the sign of "Brown, Wilson & Co.," which she soon found and entered the shop. It was thronged with eager buyers and civil clerks, intent on their sales. She looked up and down the long counters, all were unknown to her, till at the extremity of one she saw Otis Jackson. His eye met hers and instantly fell; she saw that in that glace he had recognized her. He was her townsman and an old schoolmate of her brother, Charles Hathaway. Ruth went to the end of the counter where he stood, and said, 'Otis!' her voice was low, but it had a heart-sound, it seemed to come, as it indeed did, from another world than that vanity-fair that surrounded her. Ladies, examining laces, paused to look at her, and one or two of the clerks turned their eyes to Otis Jackson, expecting him to answer, but he averted his eyes, and went to the extremity of the shop, to receive some new customers. "Is Mr. Henshaw here?" asked Ruth. She was civilly answered "Yes," and Henshaw was summoned. "Where is my brother?" she said. There were tears in her voice though none in her eyes. It was rather an indefinite inquiry from a total stranger, but whether it was her family resemblance to her brother, or the tone of the voice supplying all that the words wanted, Henshaw was sure the inquiry was for Hathaway, and coming from behind the counter before he replied said, in a low voice to Ruth, "You have heard of your brother's misfortune?"

"Yes; where is he?"

"Why—he—you cannot see him immediately; if you will tell me where you are staying I will try to get leave to come to you in the course of the day and go with you to see him."

"Oh, I must go now. I shall stay where he is, I have no other place."

"Henshaw!" called out Mr. Brown, "who are you talking to there?"

Henshaw went close to him and explained.

"A pretty business this," said the surly master; "look, she is fingering over the laces; they are birds of a feather, brother and sister?" Poor Ruth had unconsciously placed her hand on the box of laces. "Go to your own business, Henshaw, behind the counter," added Brown; and then striding up to Ruth, and taking her by the arm, with a mixture of savageness and familiarity, he said, "walk out of my shop or I will send you to the police office."

"Tell me first where my brother is?"

"Where all thieves should be—in the Tombs."

"The Tombs? where are the Tombs?"

"Go out and ask along the street—you'll soon find out."

Ruth went forth with a burning heart.—She walked rapidly a few steps from the hateful shop, and then stopped, confused and uncertain what next to do. She looked up and down the street, and in the faces of the passers-by. No one heeded her, while it seemed to her that all the world should know what she felt and what she wanted. She was proceeding slowly, when suddenly a finger touched her shoulder, and in a low voice spoke kindly to her. It was Henshaw's. His face was agitated and highly colored, and hardly seemed the serene, mild countenance she had first addressed. "I will go with you now," he said, "to see your brother."

"Oh, can you? how kind you are."

How much this kindness had cost Henshaw, Ruth little dreamed. On her leaving the shop he had not been able to repress the expression of his indignation at Brown's inhumanity. Brown was abusive. Henshaw was hot and hasty, and declaring his intention of attending the little girl immediately to her brother, Brown told him if he then left the shop never again to enter it.

"Is it far, sir," asked Ruth, "to that place?"

"No, a very short distance."

"I suppose, sir, it's a——a prison?"

"Yes, a house of detention, where persons are confined to await their trial."

"Then Charlie is not yet tried?—he is not yet condemned, is he?"

"No, no; not yet."

"Not yet," struck like a tolling bell on Ruth's heart.

"Your brother," resumed Henshaw, "wrote to you the circumstances. He told you, of course, that he was not guilty?"

"No, he did not say that."

"He did *not*!" exclaimed Henshaw in an alarming tone.

"No sir; why should he?" she asked, speaking for the first time with an assured voice.—"You would not ask such a question if you knew Charles, Mr. Henshaw."

"I do know him, and I feel a confidence in his integrity—but——"

"But, what?—oh, do speak out."

"I only hesitated because I cannot bear to distress you. I fear we shall have difficulty in proving your brother's innocence; but we will not talk about that now. You have never been inside a prison, and you must try and keep good resolution."

Ruth did try. But when she saw that huge, stern edifice, called the Tombs—when the massive locks were turned to admit her—and when the keeper, having been requested by Henshaw to permit the young person with him to see Charles Hathaway, scarcely noticing her, led them along the dismal corridors, with that hardened indifference which use gives, her heart sunk, and her feet moved draggingly. They were intercepted and impeded by a party visiting the prison from curiosity. It consisted of two or three elderly people, two very young ladies, from the country, full of pleasing excitement from being for the first time within prison walls—the scene, to their imaginations, of so much possible romance—and their cousin, a young city lawyer, who acted as exponent of the scene.

"Babe, the pirate," said he to them, "is in that cell, No. 81."

"That horrid wretch we read the account of, in the newspaper? How I should like to see him!"

"There is a still more curious monster, Cousin Jane, in No. 83—the German who burned his wife to death."

"Oh, horrors! And who can be between them, in No. 82."

"I don't know; somebody worse than either I suppose. Who is it, Mr. Farren?"

"I don't know his name; a lad committed for stealing."

"Let us pass, if you please, ladies," said Ruth's conductor. Our amateur visitors stared at Ruth. One said, touching her cousin's arm, "Oh, Henry, did you ever see anything so pale as that pool girl. Mercy! Do you think she is going to be shut up here?"

"No; that is impossible. What innocence, sweetness, and misery!" Ruth's conductor was now unbolting the door of No. 82. The youngest of the ladies, impelled by irrepressible curiosity, followed close enough to see, when the door was opened, a handsome youth, [illegible] and sorrowful, bending over a sheet of paper, on which he was writing. She could not see that the paper was wet with his tears. Ruth darted into the cell; the keeper shut the door, and relocking it, said to Henshaw, coolly, "You may call me when she is ready to come out."—Henshaw, walking to and fro, unoccupied, in the corridor, presented too tempting an opportunity to gratify the young ladies' curiosity; and their cousin being put up to asking some questions, they got possession of Charles' story, and, what was far more important, Henshaw found out that the enquirer was Henry Sandley, a young lawyer, whose very clever management of a criminal case had, a few weeks before, been much talked of in the city. Henshaw gave him a retaining fee for his friend on the spot, and Sandley engaged to get the trial put off till testimonials of Charles Hathaway's good character could be obtained from the country. On those documents, and on the testimony of his fellow clerks, he said, they must found all their hopes of clearing him; at the same time he confessed the chance was small, against the overwhelming fact of the stolen goods being found in Charles' possession. "Was there," he asked, "among the clerks, any one who could be suspected of the villany of putting the stolen goods into Hathaway's pocket?" Henshaw hesitated, and only said, in reply, that there was not a clerk in the shop he should not have sooner suspected than Hathaway. Henshaw was a man of strict principles. He did suspect—he had all along suspected—Otis Jackson, but he was too scrupulous to run the risk of wronging him by the expression of suspicions that had no proof whatever.

After Charles' first moment of surprise at Ruth's appearance—after the first burst of their young hearts—and after Ruth had sat for a few moments on his pallet, beside him, with her arms linked around his neck, silent and shivering with emotions, he said, "Now, Ruthy, we must not give way so; I bear it very well, only when I sit down to write home; and then thinking how father, and mother, and you feel, knocks me up. How did mother bear it? What did father say?"—Ruth told her short story, and concluded by saying, "To-morrow Charlie, we shall have a letter from them."

"*We!* You cannot stay here, Ruth. Even if you had any place to stay, you know father and mother want you a great deal more than I do."

"I can stay here, Charlie, and I shall—and they would choose it—and there's an end on't."

"But, Ruth, you don't know what a place this is; nor what New York is for an unprotected girl."

"Nonsense, Charlie; I can protect myself."

"Where can you sleep?"

"Sleep? I don't feel much like sleeping; but I can lie here on the floor, or I can get that man to lock me up in some empty cell, like this. I can do anything but go away and leave you; that I will not do."

There was a knock at the door, the bolts were turned, and Henshaw told Charles that a lawyer was waiting to speak to him.

"Let him wait one minute," said Ruth, and taking from her little sack a bottle of cologne and brush, and comb, provided by Miss Emma Gardner, she smoothed her brother's tangled locks, and restored to his sweet countenance its habitual aspect. "There, now you look like our own Charlie," she said.

Sandley entered, and he did not leave the cell without being thoroughly convinced that Charles was innocent, and nearly as well convinced that they should not be able to prove his innocence; and so impressed with the love of the brother and sister, that he resolved to strain every nerve in their behalf. He comforted Charles by assuring him that he knew the matron of the prison—that she was a humane woman—that he would engage her to furnish his sister a bed in her own room, and to see that Miss Ruth had every facility in going to and from her brother's cell.

"Please tell them," said Ruth, "I will only trouble them twice a-day. I shall come to Charles in the morning, and go away in the evening."

"Angel for angel glows with such regard,
This whole, deep, self forgetting. Powers of heav'n
Witness it in the cherubic cherish'd love,
Earth sees it in a sister's heart alone."

(Concluded next week.)

"'TWAS EVEN THUS."

An amusing illustration of the false philosophy which estimates a man's wealth by the quality of his clothes, and his worth by his wealth, occurred at a religious meeting not a long time ago. A couple, apparently man and wife entered the church where the meeting was held. From their style of dress, it seemed probable that they were strangers in a strange land. Their garments though good and clean, were neither costly nor fashionable. They entered a new pew where sat some ladies, whose exterior was considered more showy, and who seemed to look with some contempt, not republican certainly, upon their neighbors—the lady being, of course, the principal object of observation.

The business of the meeting proceeded, the strangers evinced much interest in the sermon, and the collection was made. The plate bearers presented them to those in the pew who appeared respectable, to the strangers they presented them not, possibly thinking they were poor emigrants, who could not afford to give any thing; and, doubtless, forming this judgement on the false principle to which we have adverted. But the strangers were not thus to be excluded; the man watched the return of the plate, arrested it, and put upon it a five dollar gold piece. Oh, the magic power of the precious metal! The collector who had passed him unnoticed, felt its influence, and his countenance lighted up with a most complacent greeting. An eager enquiry after the stranger's name followed, and the owner of the name, before a stranger and afar off, was at once a brother beloved. Oh, humanity! humanity! thou art an inexplicable compound! Would that there was more of Christian men especialy—would cease to look coldly on a fellow Christian, because he wears a rough coat. "A man's a man, for a' that."
—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

And so, Squire, you don't take an Erie paper?

No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms; and so I take a couple of them.

But, Squire, these country papers often prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them.

Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me.

The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer. Did you not?

Very true Major; but I paid three dollars for it.

And made much more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that press, and kept it ready for your use you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers.—Did that cost you anything.

No, but——

And your brother's death was thus published with a long obituary notice.

Yes, yes, but——

And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of our newspaper set them right

Oh, true but——

And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his newspaper defence, which cost him nothing.

Yes, yes, but these things are news for the readers. They cause people to take the papers.

No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all are like you. Now, I tell you, the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and, with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things, will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types to these saying, will remark of you, "Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging for an obituary." Good morning, Squire.

CHEAP MANURING.—Many farmers in this State, of late years, have adopted the practice of manuring their land for wheat the ensuing season, by turning in crops. For instance, take a field when the grass upon it is about fully grown, say the first of July, and turn it nicely over with the plow. Then harrow and sow with buckwheat. In four or five weeks, that is, by the middle of August, this crop will have attained its growth. Turn this under with the plow, as you did the grass before. These two green crops, thus plowed under, bring to the soil much manure from the green haulm acquired from the atmosphere. They create an active fermentation, make the soil light and pliable, and manure it more than if the same had been cut in the form of hay and fodder, and given to horses and cattle in the barn. It is, on the whole, an excellent mode of enriching soils, which will ordinarily produce good wheat the next season.

Norwegian Character.

Yesterday we made some allusion to the numerous colonists of Norwegians settled in the Territory. In the same connection, we can becomingly add some remarks, suggested by previous readings of Norwegian history.

Until within a few years, little was known in this country of the Norwegian character. Miss Bremer's enchanting works brought the American public to the first knowledge of their character. Her description of their independence, general education, virtuous frugality and tidy thrift, open new light to many, to whom the people and institutions of Norway had heretofore been a sealed book.—And now the thousands, or tens of thousands of Norwegians who are making a home in our Republic, render a knowledge of this people both a matter of duty and patriotism. We quote liberally from Dr. Baird, because he is a traveller of such a truly venerated character, that we could not desire better autority in justification of our opinion that there is scarcely a superior people in Europe, in all those elements which constitute a desirable population for a Republic.

Dr. Baird, who is not prejudiced with the natural love of country, says that they are *frank, brave, well educated, honest and true*, and remarkably hospitable.

"To strangers, the Norgians are particularly kind and attentive. We have had proof of this ourselves. And it is said that the people in the interior of the country, living in a state of patriarchal simplicity, even excel the inhabitants of the cities and large towns in the virtue of hospitality. The best of every thing which they have they are ready to share with the stranger, who demands the hospitality of their house. And though their abodes may be humble and their fare coarse, nothing will be omitted which they can do for his enjoyment. If it be summer, the fruits of the season—straw berries, and similar productions of their gardens and fields—are added. And all this is done with the expectation of a mere pittance of reward, if any at all."

Some of their newspapers bears a deservedly high character. As probably few Americans are aware of the ability and character of the Press of Norway, we quote from Doct. Baird:

"The most extensively circulated paper in the kingdom is the MORGENBLAD, published at Christiania. In paper and type, this journal (and the same thing may be said of some others) is superior to the most of the French and German papers. Its articles of foreign and domestic news are well prepared, and its editorial articles are written with much ability. We are acquainted with one of the editors, and a better informed man we have rarely seen any where."

In relation to their Government, Dr. Baird

"The government of Norway is constitutional, and decidedly the most free of all the governments of Europe. This is a remarkable fact. The people of this country have always been a bold, energetic race, and fond of freedom. Their mountain air, and their life of severe toil on the fiords, or in their valleys, has always given them energy of character. And, like the Swiss, and the inhabitants of all other similarly situated countries, they have been impatiant of tyranny, and desirous of freedom."

Their attachment to liberal institutions is one of the most marked traits of their character. The Norwegians have literally wrung reforms from the hands of their Kings, by that unflinching moral steadiness which, in a right cause gives certain success. Their Storthing assembles only once in three years, but in the meanwhile, no change is discovered in their Representative's feelings. They abolished all titles of nobility, notwithstanding the utmost endeavors of their late King Bernadotte, to prevent it. He even attended the Norwegian Storthing in 1821, with an army, yet notwithstanding every blandishment of office and kingly power, he could not prevent the members from abolishing all titles of nobility. We do not hesitate to say that so honorable a testimony to a republican character, is not furnished by any people in Europe. The record of this remarkable struggle is worth preserving. The law was first passed in 1815, when Europe was covered with that midnight which succeeded the battle of Waterloo. It was vetoed by the King. Again it passed in 1818. It was vetoed again. But now comes the final struggle, as by their Constitution if a bill passed *three successive* diets, it became a law in spite of the King. Bernadotte came on to Christiana, the capital of Norway, and employed all the means in his power to prevent its adoption. An army of 6000 troops were there. In the simple and ever memorable language of the historian, "All was in vain. The Storthing was immovable; the vote was repeated, and the nobility of Norway was doomed to pass off the scene." We should add to the above, that the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS is a fundamental article of the Constitution of Norway.

The annals of the *Long Parliament of England* are frequently and most justly referred to, to wake up patriotism, and excite a noble spirit of liberty, but it seems to us that the history of Norway has been over-looked, at a time too, when the slavish doctrines of the Holy Alliance—as the Congress of European Sovereigns most impiously assumed to themselves—covered all Europe with the dark pall of despotism.—*Daily Wisconsin.*

SOMETHING OF A GAIN.—Sitting upon the broad piazza which looks out upon the Hudson River Race Course, watching the great fleet of steamers vieing with each other in splendor and speed, and listening to comments upon each, we have been reminded of the satisfaction afforded to a group of kindred conversers by an old Quaker, once upon a time on Long Island Sound.

"Do you thing this boat has gained upon the other, Mr. Broadbrim, within the last sixty miles?"

"Friend, I would not be certain, but I do think she has, somewhat."

"How *much*, should you think, Mr. Broadbrim?" eagerly asked the group.

"I may be mistaken; but I should say—about an inch."