THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847. NUMBER 24.

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April 24, 1847. 49

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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

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

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

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
On State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel.
G. LOOMIS & CO are now receiving from New York and opening at their new store an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable JEWELRY, (embracing the latest style of work in market.) watches, *Clocks, Plated and Brittania Ware, Fine Cutlery, Steel Trimmings, Camphene and Solar Lamps, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens* together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. *Call and see what you will see.*
June 26, 1847. 6

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CASH will be paid for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER.
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SUGARS.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified, Porto Rico, Havana. New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1 Perry Block.
Aug. 28. T. W. MOORE.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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HAVING so far arranged and systemized his official duties, as to enable him to devote a great portion of his time to his profession, will attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.— He will attend the Courts in the Counties of Erie, Warren, Crawford, Mercer, Venango, Clarion and Jefferson, and the Supreme Court of this State; and has professional arrangements by which he will transact business in the adjoining Counties in New York and Ohio. All monies collected will be remitted by Drafts on New York or Philadelphia without any charge for Exchange. He will also take charge of and prosecute Claims against the United States, draw and superintend applications for Pensions, Patents &c.
Of the ability and integrity with which all business confided to his care will be performed it would not be proper in this place to speak, but those having Legal Business to transact, or Collections to make in this section of country, are respectfully referred to the following gentlemen:
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Erie, May 8, 1847. 51

From the City of Mexico.
Arrival of Fresh and Cheap Groceries At No. 1, Perry Block.
SINCE the Tariff has been taken off the imports into this country, and placed on that of Mexico, it has enabled those who have purchased Groceries in the East to sell them cheap. We wish all who want any thing in the Grocery line to call and examine our stock, for we do assert without fear of contradiction, that we have the freshest lot of Groceries in this market, having all been purchased from the latest importations. In our stock may be found the following:
Imperial, Gunpowder, and Young Hyson Teas; Java, Rio, Laguira and St. Domingo Coffees; Loaf, Pulverised, Porto Rico, and N. O. Sugars; Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs Mace, Cloves, Rice, Pearled barley, Candies, Pecan, Brazil, Madeira and Pea nuts; Almonds, Filberts, etc.; Fruits—Apples, Raisins, English Currants, and Figs; Sperm and Tallow candles; Summer and Winter strained Lamp Oil, a superior article, Salad oil, Fancy Shaving, Variegated and Bar soap. Dairy salt, White Fish, Mckerel, Mackinac Trout, and Herring;
Kimball's extra Fine cut chewing, Spanish Smoking and Cavendish Tobacco, Pipes;
Regalia, Principe, Trabuca, Lenora and common Cigars.
Colored and plain Grass and Manilla Mats.— Besides a host of other articles to supply the wants of all. A fresh supply of Groceries received semi monthly. Call and examine goods and prices at No 1, Perry Block.
T. W. MOORE.
Erie, June 12 1847 4

"Not for a Day but for all Time."
STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY, CALLED
HUNT'S LINIMENT,
HAS now given abundant evidence of its healing powers, and proved itself the most extraordinary and wonderful medicine in the world.- In the short space of two years, it has acquired a reputation for curing disease and releaving pain far greater than any medicine ever discovered.— Its wonderful cures have astonished the Medical Faculty, who now universally concede its great value. They speak of it in the highest terms and commend its use.
It is condemned by none. On the contrary, its praise is universal. The cures of cures are so numerous that it would take volumes to recount them —and it is a fixed fact, and is not disputed, that as a pain ex racor it has no equal. For the many astonishing cures, see the pamphlet to be had of each agent. If you suffer with either of the diseases for which it is recommended, resort at once to its use and be cured. For the following diseases it is an infallible remedy:
Spinal Affections, Rheumatism, Paralysis and all nervous affections, Sal Rheum, Croup or Hives, Ague in the Breast and Face, Weakness of the joints, colds, tooth ache, sore throat and Quinsy, ulcerated sores, indolent ulcers, burns frosted feet, corns, bunyons, fresh wounds swellings and bruises, scrofulous affections, musquito bites and Poisons.
This Liniment is sold by all the respectable Merchants and Druggists throughout the country, and by the Proprietors at Sing Sing, N. Y. GEO. E. STANTON.
For sale by J. H. Burton & Co. Erie, B. T. Town North East. J. Clements Fairview, S. L. Jones & Co. Girard.
Oct. 9. 1847. 3m21

50 BBLS. and half bbls. White Fish and Mackinac Trout, this day received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W. MOORE.
Erie. Sept. 25, 1847. 19

PRICES REDUCED.
CASTINGS, Stoves, stove pipe, copper furniture, air tight sheet iron stoves, are now selling rapidly by the subscribers at less than ever and our design is to sell at no prices at Buffalo or elsewhere, for *cash*.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Erie, Sept. 25 1847.

24 KITS No. 1 Mackerel, put up for family use, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block.
Erie, Sept 25 1847. 19

RAGS wanted in exchange for tin ware by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Sept. 25, 1847

WESTERN HOTEL,

JOHN GRAHAM, *Proprietor.* The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public generally, that he has leased for a term of years this new and commodious House, situated at the Eighth Street Canal Basin. This location renders the "WESTERN" pre eminently the most convenient and desirable stopping place for all either doing business or traveling on the Canal. There is, also, attached to this establishment a large and convenient Stable for the use of Boatmen and others having horses.
No pains or expense has been spared in fitting up this house for the convenience, comfort and pleasure of guests, and the Proprietor trusts by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
Erie, April 24, 1847. 40

THE ULTIMATUM.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

A song on the proposition to surrender to Mexican barbarity and tyranny the land between the Nueces and the Rio Grande—the battle-fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

It may not be! Forbid it, God!
Forbid it, all that patriots prize:
That land has tasted freemen's blood;
Their dust within its bosom lies,

'Twere madness to resign the soil
On which our conquering feet have trod.
Battling our way with glorious toil;—
It may not be—forbid it, God!

Can we relinquish lands where now
The striped and starry banners wave?
No, never! We engrave our vow
On every fallen brother's grave:

They could not sleep, (the slaughtered brave
Who in their beds of glory rest,)
And feel the foot-step of the slave
Pollute the soil above their breast.

Resign the field where RINGGOLD fell!
The spot where gallant STEVENS lies
Where COCHRAN felt his bosom swell
Triumphantly in death's agonies?

Where brave and virtuous hearts pour'd out
The life so dear to hope and love,
Invoking with their dying shout
Our country—and our God above?

No! By our country and our God,
We will not yield that dear-bought soil!
We still have hearts with generous blood,
And souls to dare the conqueror's toil.

On! To the rescue! Hearts of steel—
On! To the rescue! Souls of fire—
Let kindred blood inflame our zeal
To conquer—triumph—or expire.

Huzza! Press on where Taylor stands
Invincible in conquering might;
We must prevail where he commands,
And God sustain our sacred right.

Ask Taylor to retrace his way,
And leave his conquest to the foe!
And this broad land, from sea to sea,
Shall echo his emphatic NO!!

No, never! this is holy ground,
Bought and baptised with patriot blood;
See! with her fetters half unbound,
She lifts her hands to Freedom's God!

By Freedom's God, she shall be free!
Huzza! brave hearts press boldly on;
Strike home, nor pause till victory
Shall put her olive garland on—

'Till o'er that land to utmost parts
Our Eagle's sheltering wings are spread;
And Taylor throned on freemen's hearts
Enjoys his laurels in their shade.

THE INTRIGUING WIDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YANKEE NOTIONS."

Two negatives, they say, make an affirmative; therefore I think it safe to suppose Paul Pliant's father and mother must have been as negative a pair as ever came together, for Paul was the most affirmative man that has yet been heard of. He always said "yes" to everything that was said, proposed suggested, insinuated, or hinted to him. He was a true administration man under all governments, never being in the opposition. He was one of those over-polite, over-good-natured, oh, be easy, acquiescent mortals, who seem to be sent into the world for no other purpose than to show how much a man may suffer for a want of a little contraminedness. "Yes," "Certainly," "By all means," "No doubt of it," "With all my heart," "Happy to oblige," "Entirely at your service," "Oh, yes," "Oh, yes," "Oh, yes," Such were Paul's constant replies. As to saying "no" it was as impossible to get it out as Macbeth's "Amen!"—when he had most need of denying, it "stuck in his throat." I don't know that he ever did; when "the yeas had it," they had Paul also. He would not have cried "*Nie poswalum*" in the Polish Diet, if the words could have demolished the partition treaty. Though he was not in the opposition, yet I think it hardly correct to call him a Jackson man, for he never voted anything in his life, unless, in the style of the honest country representative, "Mr. Speaker, I shall give my vote in favor of the bill." In short, Paul was the very pink of assentients—an incarnation of *nem con*.

Now this is a very good character for a man to bear, on some accounts, for it gets one the reputation of a good-natured fellow; and as the world commonly pretends to have a high opinion of a good-natured fellow, and according to the proverb, "opinion is the queen of the world," the reader may think Paul must have had a happy time of it. No such thing. Paul's good nature brought him into more embarrassments and vexations than if he had been the crossest cur that ever snarled. I speak not of lending umbrellas—'tis the lot of mortality. To lend money is about the same, though money sometimes does come back. But who would believe that a good-natured man, merely by reason of his being a good-natured man, and for no other fault under the sun, could be led through such a rigmarole dance of adventure, by the perverseness of *fortune, that he fought* a duel and almost married a widow!

The Widow Wilful was a lady of a certain age; she made the best of time, and time returned the compliment. She had shed many tears for the loss of her man—so she protested, and I cannot help thinking she spoke the truth, for she tried very hard to get another. However, this did not prove so easy a matter, for although the widow was not without charms, the men were shy. What could be the reason? She gave splendid parties, and had sparks and danglers without number, but it was never a match. What *could* be the reason? the reader will ask again.

It is not exactly my business to tell, as the story will be plain enough without it; and if the reader cannot guess, it would not much help him to let out the whole mystery.

"This is truly delightful," said Paul, one evening to the widow, as he leaned his arm over the back of the chair, worked his face up to the blandest of all his acquiescent smiles, and essayed some flattering complement concerning the widow's fine entertainment.— "This is delightful; so much hilarity and cheerfulness—so many happy faces—I love to look on them."

Paul inadvertently raised his eyes as he uttered these words, and at the close of the speech was looking straight into the widow's face. He meant not the least harm in the world; but the widow pretended to blush. She pursed up her pretty mouth—

"Oh, Mr. Pliant, you're a great flatterer; but we know you are honest. You never say one thing and mean another."

"Certainly, by all means, my dear madam."

"But really Mr. Pliant, my dear sir, when a gentleman tells a lady he loves to look on her you know that is really significant."

"Oh, yes, certainly, you are quite right, madam."

"Well, you are frank, Mr. Pliant, and I shall certainly give you credit for sincerity. Another man might say ten times as much and I never think of regarding it; but I know I can rely upon the word of so honorable a gentleman as Mr. Paul Pliant."

"Rely upon my word! surely you may, Mrs. Wilful, I should be sorry if—"

"Oh, don't mention it, my dear sir. I never doubted it for a moment; certainly you never would have hinted anything like attachment, unless you had been sincere."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Paul, in great amazement, with the conjecture how he had been so unlucky as to say more than he meant; for Paul would as soon have thought of jumping off a steeple, as of telling Widow Wilful he felt an attachment for *her*. "Certainly, by all means," he continued to repeat, mechanically, "oh, yes, certainly."

"Pray Mr. Pliant, be so good as to hand me a glass of water; really the room is so warm—just reach your hand."

"Certainly, madam; my hand is entirely at your service." Paul was in such a flutter that he was not aware what he was uttering until the words were past recall. "Bless me! what have I said," thought he to himself.— But it was too late.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant!" said she, blushing up to her ears, "you are too generous. I mean you are almost too precipitate. Now, were it any other man, I should suspect him of trifling.— But such a man as Mr. Pliant!"

"Confound the jade!" quoth Paul, to himself, "how shall I get out of this scrape? I hope she isn't going to faint. Mrs. Wilful, madam, you know I say a thousand things of this sort. I can't help it you know."

"That's just what I always supposed, Mr. Pliant; a man of your sincerity and frankness can't help uttering his true sentiments. Mr. Pliant, you are an honest things! Oh,"

"Now this is too bad," thought Paul, in great tribulation. "What *shall* I say? My dear madam, I certainly wish to be honest.— Compliments, you know, *are* compliments; but when a man means nothing, you, know—"

"Certainly, Mr. Pliant, you are quite right. When a man means nothing, he should say nothing. I knew these were your sentiments. Wasn't I right?"

"Oh, yes, by all means; quite right," returned Paul, in deeper embarrassment than ever. He found himself fairly caught; the widow's eyes sparkled, and she languished three times at him. "I won't speak another word," said he, to himself—"it only makes the matter worse." He snatched a cup of whipped cream, and pretended to eat it!

The widow saw his embarrassment, and whether she suspected his determination to resist all farther attempts to entangle him or not, we do not exactly know; but she was resolved not to let him escape. A silence of some moments followed, till Paul, finding he could not decently hold his tongue any longer set about for something innocent to say.— After some hesitation upon a variety of topics, he judged it safe to admire the carpet; from the carpet, a natural transition was made to the pictures, and from the pictures to the window curtains—the window curtains led to the arm-chair, the arm-chair to the sofa and the sofa to a pair of little babies in alabaster on the chimney-place.

"Charming! delightful!" exclaimed Paul; not exactly knowing whether he meant to be understood of the arm-chair, or some other article of furniture.

"Ain't they?" said the widow.

"What have I said again?" quoth Paul to himself, beginning to tremble with apprehension. "The furniture is in good taste, Mrs. Wilful—very elegant—very fine."

"All vanity, Mr. Pliant," said the widow, affecting a very solemn look—"these things are all vanity."

"Oh, yes—you are quite right—all vanity," replied Paul, taking a spoonful of whipped cream, and finding he had got nothing in his mouth.

"Ah! Mr. Pliant!" said the widow, languishingly:

"Yes, exactly so," returned Paul.

"Exactly now; Mr. Pliant, pardon me.— I didn't perceive the drift of your observaion."

"Beg pardon, ma'am—I was only saying— as you remarked, that every thing was remarkably fine in this house of yours, and that all its vanity, or rather I should say, that one thing is needful."

"Ah, Mr. Pliant, I understand you—you mean the furniture is complete except one article."

"Exactly so. Yes—that is—if you think anything is wanting," replied Paul, in considerable perturbation, and glad to escape the appearance of finding fault, by any sort of equivoque.

The widow clapped her handkerchief to her face, and exhibited, or pretended to exhibit, a slight emotion.

"My dear Mr. Pliant," said she, in a tender voice, "it is impossible not to understand you. You mean a hus—husband!"

"A husband!" exclaimed Paul, startled by the audacious boldness of the proposition.

"I knew you meant so," returned the widow, sinking into the chair. "Oh, oh, my dear sir, I feel quite over-embarrassed."

Paul's intellect was in such a cloudy state at this moment, that he thought she was about to faint. He caught her hand, and was just going to call for hartshorn, when she opened her eyes with an appearance of greater languor.

"Oh, Mr. Pliant, the sincerity of this avowal—you are sincere, Mr. Pliant."

"Certainly—yes," exclaimed Paul, for he could say nothing else; he was a lost man. The widow kept a fast hold of his hand.— Paul struggled to say something—he felt how desperately he was siturted. "Mrs. Wilful," said he, in great agitation,—"I do not wish you to be deceived—the fact is, I must plainly—"

"My dear Mr. Pliant, I never thought you a deceiver. Oh! there are some men who are so deceiving!"

Paul was at his last gasp as the widow uttered this pathetic exclamation.

"I must set the matter right at this moment," thought he, "or it will be all over with me!" He threw himself into an attitude of earnest entreaty. "Listen to me one moment, madam!" said he, with as much firmness of voice as he was master of—but, luckless man! his foot catching in the hearth rug, tossed him on his knees in an instant, and the attention of the whole company being aroused by the fall, every body looked around, and beheld Paul in supplication at the widow's feet. He remained transfixed with horror and vexation for two-thirds of a minute, and then, without uttering a word, made a leap for the door, and bolted out of the house.

The next day Paul's adventure was the talk of the town, and the congratulations and condolence which he received from his friends on his engagement to the Widow Wilful, almost drove him stark mad.

"Paul, my dear fellow, I give you joy—but who would have thought you had the courage to do it?"

"Paul, how could you do such a thing?"

"Paul I wish you much happiness, but widows are such cunning things!"

"Paul it's all over with you then?" &c.

Such were the salutations, to which he was subjected for a week, aye, for nine days: for so long must a wonder be allowed to last, especially when it gives a privilege to a man to remind another of his misfortunes. As to denying the thing, that, of course, was out of the question with Paul; besides, had not the whole house full of people seen him on his knees before the widow?—and did not the [illegible] Paul gave up in despair all thoughts of gainsay or denial, and only hoped that some lucky accident would pop in between him and the dreadful catastrophe.

"Well, Paul, my conquering hero, when is to be the happy day?" asked his friend, Tom Sly, with a look of roguish sarcasm, and good natured concern.

"Oh, yes, a very happy day it will be, certainly," replied Paul, shrugging up his shoulders.

"Pretty soon, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—soon enough, no doubt of that, eh?"

"Left it pretty much to her, eh? Well, that's quite right—women love to have their way, eh, Paul?"

"Exactly so, as you say," replied Paul, with a half suppressed groan,

"The widow is certainly a fine woman," said Tom, with an almost malicious look of condolence.

Paul made a very low bow, and a very desperate attempt to look smiling at the compliment.

"Had a husband three years ago—died one day, poor man!"

"What ailed him?" said Paul, wishing to turn the conversation, but feeling at the same time an awkward sort of interest in the topic.

"They say she pinched him to death."

"Horrid!" exclaimed Paul, with an involuntary shudder.

"Though I don't altogether believe it," returned Tom, in a tone as if he only said it to comfort his friend Paul. It was a great deal worse than if he had said nothing at all; but probably this was just the thing he meant.

"Thank ye," said Paul, with an air of dolorous resignation.

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Strut. More friendly congratulations I suppose, thought Paul to himself, in heroic resignation.

"I believe I have the honor to address Mr. Paul Pliant;" said the Colonel, marching with stately port, and in double common time, up to Paul, and planting himself bolt upright before his face.

"At your service, entirely," said Paul, with meek and measured civility.

"And, Mr. Pliant, I presume," continued the Colonel; making half a bow, and screwing up his martial features into an apology for a civil smile, "is to marry the Widow Wilful?"

"Oh, yes; certainly—that is—so they say."

"Then, sir, I have only to say," said the Colonel, lifting himself up as high as possible, and twisting his fore-finger into one of his formidable black whiskers, "that considering myself supplanted, beguiled, and circumvented by you, I apprehend you are ready to give me such satisfaction as the laws of honor require."

"Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," replied Paul.

"Then, sir, I shall desire the pleasure of your company on the other side of the State line," returned the Colonel, in the quickest tone possible. "Pistols, I suppose, would be your preference?"

"Pistols!" said Paul, in a tone which he meant for an ejaculation of surprise.

"Very well," said the Colonel, without giving him time for further explanation, "here are the terms of meeting, which I trust you will find perfectly agreeable." So saying, he handed a paper to Paul, who received it, and ran it over with his eyes, without having self-possession enough to gather the meaning of a particle of its contents.

"Perfectly agreeable, certainly," said Paul, in his usual assenting way. The Colonel turned upon his heel, and stalked off.

Paul's good friend Tom snatched up the document and read—"Pistols—10, A. M.— thirty paces, seconds to mark out the ground —no interference till the third shot—surgeons for two, mortally wounded, &c."

"Why, Paul, do you know you are to fight a duel?"

"Am I?" said Paul, "then heaven be praised, there is still hope left; for if I am shot to death, I shall escape marrying the widow."

When Paul arrived at the field of action on the eventful day, he found his spirits a great deal firmer than he expected. In fact, he felt inspired by the greatness of the occasion, and very naturally, for when a man knows he must either be shot or married, he must be aware that the crisis requires all his fortitude. Paul took his station with the most bloodless intention that ever prompted a man of battle. "I had much rather be killed than to kill," thought he.

"One—two—three," said the seconds, as Paul raised his pistol to about forty-seven degrees of elevation. "Fire!" bang! The Colonel's bullet whistled by Paul's left ear, and Paul's hit the steeple of a martin box at the top of an adjoining barn.

Twice more were the pistols tried, when the seconds interfered; the Colonel declared he was satisfied, and they shook hands, thereby showing that Paul Pliant, by shooting three times in the face of the blessed sun, had proved that he "never supplanted, beguiled and circumvented" the aforesaid Col. Strut, for so it is laid down in the "code of honor."

It seemed now to be all over with Paul.— "I *must* be married, then," said he to himself —"killing won't save me." The day was fixed, and his fate seemed inevitable. The nearer it approached, the less he felt resigned to it. The day before the wedding, Paul met Dr. Bindemtight, the worthy parson who was to join him and his bonny bride.

"Doctor," said Paul, "how *shall* I escape?"

"Marriage." said the Doctor, in his most solemn argumentative way, "is considered by all authorities, ecclesiastical, political, ethical, legal, and judicial, as a bond or covenant entered into by the mutual consent and agreement of both parties. Therefore, I am decidedly of the opinion, that when the ceremony takes place, and I propound the regular question, '*Will you take this woman for your* [illegible] by no manner of means.

"I can't do it," said Paul, mournfully. "I have tried it a hundred times, but the word stuck in my throat. There is a spell upon me in matters of denying; I must assent to everything. I was born without capacity to do otherwise. Ask me if I have got three heads, I believe I should say yes."

"Then you always say yes?"

"Yes; always, certainly."

"Good-bye, friend Paul," said the Doctor, civilly touching his hat.

Mercy on me!" exclaimed Paul Pliant.

There was *such* a turn out among the ladies the next day! I wish I had been there to see it. Trinity was thronged, for everybody knew Paul Pliant, and the acquaintance of Widow Wilful comprised nearly the whole of that circle which calls itself "good society." I wish, moreover, I had the talent of the immortal author of Clarissa Harlowe, at describing feathers; then would I tell how magnificently the widow was decked out. Everything was as it should be—in the eyes of the world. The "happy pair" drove to church; a long string of coaches followed them; the widow blushed and smiled, "and all the world was gay." Was ever a bridegroom in a state of more inexplicable awkwardness? He debated with himself for a moment whether he should not make a desperate effort to take to his heels and run—but it was too late.

Paul cast a longing, lingering look behind him, as he entered the church door. "Farewell blessed light of heaven'" said he to himself, "'tis the last time I shall ever see you a free man?" The widow held him fast by the arm.

"My dear Paul," said she, "here we are at last."

"Yes," replied Paul, with a groan.

"We are all ready," said the bridesmaids.

"Dearly beloved," began Doctor Bindemtight. Paul felt his heart beat terribly.— "One moment more and there will be no remedy," thought he.

He looked most imploringly at the Doctor, as much as to say, "can you be so cruel?"— The Doctor made an awful pause before the great question. Paul's heart beat faster than ever. "Now for the catastrophe," said he.— The Doctor gave Paul a keen look; every body was breathless. At length he spoke—

"*Do you refuse this woman for your wife?*"

"*Yes!*" exclaimed Paul, in the loudest tone he was ever known to utter.

In an instant the idea flashed upon his mind that he was free. He sprang into the broad isle with the quickness of lightning; knocked down an old gemtleman in spectacles, burst through the crowd and bolted into the street. He ran home without stopping, and it was not until he had locked himself within his own chamber, that he felt certain that he was not married to the Widow Wilful.

There was a *terrible scene* at the church, with fainting, &c.; but the widow is alive to this day, and when she finds another man who can't say "no," she may again play the game which had nearly entrapped poor Paul Pliant.

How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that has ever throbbed.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Passing down Charles street, a day or two since, we were attracted by the appearance of a lady dressed in mourning, followed by three lovely little children, whose hearts were light, and their eyes undimmed by sorrow, although they too were covered with the habiliments of mourning. We stopped and gazed on the little orphans, and admired particularly the youngest, a pretty girl, not three years old. While we looked, a hearse came rapidly up the street— the little innocent clapped its hands in ecstacy, and running to its mother and seizing her dress, exclaimed, "They are bringing pa home, they are bringing pa home." There was a tear caused by the emotions of the widowed heart, that fell upon the bright face of the little child; the dark veil, for the moment thrown aside, shrouded the mother's face, and the group passed on. What an affecting chapter in the history of every-day life, what a fearful exhibition of desolation occasioned by the plague that ravages our city.—*N. O. National.*

MRS. LAFAYETTE.—In 1784, Mr. John Adams, who was afterwards President of the United States, was residing in France for a season. His wife, who was a very wonderful woman, called one day on the lady of General Lafayette, and soon this lady visited Mrs. Adams in return. Mrs, Lafayette was very modestly dressed, while the American ladies present were mostly in very gay attire.— While at the table, one of those who sat near Mrs Adams whispered to her, saying, "Good Heavens' how awful she is dressed!" Mrs. Adams rebuked the observation, and returned the whisper by saying that "the lady's rank placed her above the little formalities of dress." We wish it was the case now that all who occupy honorable places would feel themselves above such small matters, and, indeed, that every one would consider that a brilliant and well-trained mind, good conduct and agreeable manners set those off that possess them to almost infinitely better advantage than costly array and sparkling diamonds.— *Exeter News Letter.*

BUSY IDLERS.—Some persons are always busy, and accomplish nothing from January to December. If they wish to purchase a coat, or hat, a dinner or supper, it takes them about as long as to drill a regiment. You can get them to do nothing that they can possibly avoid. They cannot find time to settle an account, call on a friend, or take a cold bath.— Yet these very persons do nothing—nothing that you can place your finger upon. Their lives are spent in a round of busy idleness, [illegible] twelvemonth. Strange that men, accountable, intelligent grown up men, can be so unwise—can so degrade themselves. What are they doing for society? About as much as summer flies in a butcher shop. Could we rid the world of them it would be better for every body themselves and the rest of creation. You can't reason with them, for you do not find them in one place long enough.— You can't kick them aside; for they seldom interfere with your shadow. What shall be done with the busy idlers? Tell us, ye utilitarian philosophers.

THE ODDS AGAINST CHARITY.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille, relates the following story of an Irishman, who while in Canada, went to church, and after the sermon a collection was taken up. The relator says:

"Well, round comes a box wid a *hole in it* —not a *plate*, you understand—and the priest kept looking at me, hard, and I had nothing in my vest pocket but eight sovereigns and *one* English shilling—the same sized coin, d'ye mind—and I had not the face to take all out before him and give him the shilling; I'd a blushed to have done it, my boy—besides you know, it wasn't a *plate*, had I wished to make change! so here goes, says I, and I put my fingers on the first coin *without feelin'* and see now the villains luck; there was eight to one against him, and, by the Lord, *he got the shilling!*"

THE SKIRT EXPANDER.—It appears that a gentleman of the city of Troy has invented an article he calls the Skirt Expander. If a lady should be walking and wish to appear larger or smaller, the skirt is so constructed that she may enlarge or diminish her apparent size at pleasure. This is an invaluable invention, and will entirely supercede the bustle, over which it has many advantages. A lady may pass down one side of a street as thin as a whipping post, and, if she fails to make a sensation, can go up the other side as full as a hogshead of bale of cotton.

A clergyman of our acquaintance was travelling accidentally with a native of the Emerald Isle. The passengers, after a cold night, sat down to breakfast. Patrick was later than the rest, and the tea-pot had been filled up with lukewarm water before his share was poured out—"Sure," said he, "and this is strong tay." He met the surprise of his companions by arguing, "*this is strong tay for its druv all the rest out afore it.*"

SYMPATHY.—Russel was singing the dismal song entitled "the Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words—

Hush! he comes, comes not yet!
The clock strikes one!

had struck the key to imitate the sullen knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed lady ejaculated, to the amusements of everybody "wouldn't I have fetced him home!"— Ten volumes of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

GOOD EITHER WAY.—The Duke of Marlborough was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the Dutchess. "I'll be hanged," said her Grace, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Grath, who was present, and to whom the vixen character of the lady was well known, insantly exclaimed, "Take it then, your grace, by all means; it is sure to do you good one way or the other."