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By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa. Eastern, Western, and Southern St. no office.

LYTLE & HAMILTON,
Fashionable Millinery, opposite the Public Square, a few doors west of State street, Erie, Pa.

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M'GUFFIN'S series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, French St. Erie, May 6, 1847.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
De State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel.
LOOMIS & CO. are now receiving from the New York and opening at their new store an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable EWELRY, (embracing the latest style of work in) watches, Clocks, Plated and Britannia Ware, Fine Cutlery, Silver Trimmings, Combs and Hair Pins, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens, together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. Call and see what you will see.
June 26, 1847.

Cash For Flax Seed.
NASH will pay for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER.
Aug. 27, 1847. No. 6, Reed House.

SUGARS.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified, Porto Rico, Havana, New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1, Ferry Block, Erie, Pa.
Aug. 28.

WESTERN HOTEL,
JOHN CLARK, Proprietor. The subscribers would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public 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 persons doing business of traveling on the Canal. There is also attached to this establishment a large and convenient Stable for the use of Boatmen and other traveling forces.
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 liberal patronage.
Erie, April 21, 1847.

STANZAS.

The following beautiful Lines are from the Louisville Journal. They breathe the very soul of poetry, and cannot fail to be appreciated by every lover of the beautiful in poetry.

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of ripened years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladden,
All perish as the morn.

White bliss was blooming near us
In the happy's full hours of spring,
While many hearts could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam on a river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes had fled forever,
To come up no more.

'Tis said 'twere sweet to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well:
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields afar,
And feel again our boyhood with,
To range like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladden
That cling around the past—
And that of some fond feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast:
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days are gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Whom we met so fondly for,
To glorious worlds so heavenly,
For such a world as this,
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the fragrant blossoms of April,
They followed every tear:
They have passed—the hope—away
All their joyfulness has fled—
Oh, many a heart's mourning,
That they are with the dead.

From Graham's Magazine.

The last Adventure of a Coquette.
BY THOMAS MAYNE BRID.

A more capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances; (for believe us, gentle reader, this story, though short, is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman at least who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future unfortunates, and a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt can alone feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all blooming, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account, had two parties of the afore-said young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have two most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such an effort of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternate sighing, and smiling; and scowling when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course, a foreign mustache, and a decidedly foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the first families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret, and Nob was welcome anywhere.

But under no mahogany did Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. Under Mrs. Crossley, for although her good husband still lived he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture. Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C.'s turn to play her part which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made—Balls, soirees, and suppers followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloated. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus nob present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming,

"My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that traveling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son; and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to commend this material design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the elegant himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand

have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or in other words his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine Kate, all this time? Flirting of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment thinking himself most favored and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitzrush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his foot—Fitz blushes, simps, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are "large, very large, indeed;" to which candid acknowledgment on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that "they are small for a man of his size," insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached, but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit ought to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her entire upon another victim.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Crossley, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's!"

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's, but not "seeing them as others saw them," he replied that "he could not help it—the mus's always excited him so."

"Ah! the music, Mr. Crossley; but perhaps—"

"She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in the doorway, and who was no less a personage than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand, he was a big fish—in fact, the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasy shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot toward the "elegant," and conciliatory and even friendly glances were exchanged.

At the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival—If Crossley's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did upon this occasion; and the right leg of Fitzrush was swung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all blooming, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account, had two parties of the afore-said young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have two most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

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"In truth, it is as much as my courage, nay, even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an employment, or marry that ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I shall. Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he will be to hear me consent; but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again." HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER. Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me here." So saying, the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of stairs, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of a chamber, upon which was repeated in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building—

"HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER."

In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair and slight mustache, and dressed in a painter's blouse, while in the back ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

"At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation "dearest!" that almost involuntarily escaped, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the artist through the half-opened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words: "a message for you, Henry; it would have pleased me, perhaps, to deliver it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency." So saying, she delivered the paper—received a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said "good morning!" and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried, with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from its perusal like a man mad—mad from excess of joy—and from love; and he exclaimed, "yes, dearest heart! any thing—any thing you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Nanny! the little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends—all! How sweet and how powerful is first love!

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be the case, or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it should be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1843, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused? He was accepted with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

"All right!" soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the hall door behind him; "all right and very simple! old lady decidedly in my favor—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right again—simple, very simple, and very romantic, too!"

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the side walk in the upper part of Chestnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses drawn close up to the curb-stone.

The driver was on the box enveloped in a great coat; and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloth cloak loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers by, however; and conjecturing his motives and actions, as it was two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell on the state house tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment after, a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree immediately recognized the figure, and stretched out his arm to conduct her to the carriage's. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they are Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

"My dear Kate," said he, "I have been waiting for you half an hour—how very cold it is!"

"No, no—not cold on such an errand as ours! But dear Augustus," said Kate changing her tone, "we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C., the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of any other way."

"Oh, very well," replied the lover; "you are sure he expects us?"

"Yes; I will give directions to the driver." So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand

her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turning down Chestnut, entered a cross-street, and drove northward toward the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage now drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver, dismounting from the box, opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought he saw the driver kiss his bride's little gloved hand as she stepped upon the curb stone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure however that he was the most officious and impertinent driver that had ever been; and from the slight glimpses that he had caught of the fellow's face, by the light of the street lamp he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or recent imaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing-room.

The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing room that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob, that the Rev. Mr. C. would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that that same driver who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually did kiss it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom.

It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes; but stranger still of all when she did make her appearance she still had her bonnet on, as when last he saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stупid Augustus at once recognized as the impertinent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist. Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife through, and assisting him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob, however, having got the sack in so cruel a fashion felt no inclination to take the box, and in a few moments he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered their chamber with Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was her last adventure.

LEPEROS.—The following graphic description of the Leperos of Mexico is from the Boston Herald:

"Nobody can tell the Leperos' occupation; God only knows how he lives. He has almost as little need of the tailor as Adam and Eve had in Eden; his skin drinks the sun at every pore. An edict requiring the Lepero to wear breeches would extinguish the race; a Lepero in a whole pair of breeches would no longer be a Lepero; for one want creates another. Other men have houses and lands; the world belongs to the Lepero. He has no master, he knows no law, he hates when he is hungry, drinks when he is dry, and sleeps when and where he is sleepy."

"Other men rest from their labors; the Leperos work when he is tired of laziness. His work, however, never lasts more than an hour, seldom more than ten or fifteen minutes; just long enough to provide the few and small wants of the day. He carries a traveler's trunk in his lodgings; does anything that comes under his hand; picks pockets included, and holds out his hand for charity. Such is his work—he is a doer of horrors. He eats anything and everything—fish, and especially fruit.

"The chief visible occupation of the Lepero is to amuse himself, and the city of Mexico, in time of peace, does not lack cheap amusements.

PARTY GOOD.—An old lady living on one of the Telegraph lines leading from the city, observed some workmen digging a hole near her door. She inquired what it was for, and they told her it was for a post in the Telegraph, and she answered: "Wild with fury and a fright, she incontinently seized her bonnet, and ran to her next neighbor with the news. 'What do you think?' she exclaimed, in breathless haste, 'they're a-settin' up that cursed telegraph right agin my door, and now I reckon a body can't speak a child, or scold a hand, or chat with a neighbor, but that blaginy thing'll be a-blabin' it all over creation!' 'Won't stand it! I'll move right away, when there ain't none of them ornamental fixtures!'"

PRACTICAL ABOLITIONISM.—Capt. Gibbs of the Steamer Albany is for "having things done up right on board of his craft." He received at one of the western ports a large delegation of white and colored gentlemen bound for the National Liberty Convention. Their peculiar taste were accommodated by the captain, so far as to assign a state room of two berths to one of each color, but in the eating department, the captain refused to permit the sable guest to sit at the same table with his white passengers, whereupon some of the white portion of the delegation took offence, and made complaint. The captain, after informing them that it was against the rule of the boat, said that they could, if they chose, remain until the other passengers had eaten; when they could partake at the same table with their colored brethren. They did so, thus furnishing a practical exemplification of the fraternal feeling between the two races.—*Toronto Blade.*

How to get a Cabin Passage.

Those who have ever made a voyage to Brazos Sanjago, or any other point across the Gulf, in one of our Government transporters, must have noticed a crowd of all sorts of people on board—from the opulent officer to the humble private—from the privileged cabin passenger to the quarter-master's mate who has to eat and sleep on deck. In one of these motleyed crowds there is much to teach the mind rare lessons of human nature. Here may be found the favored son of affluence, (to the manor born,) with his commission easily (if not numerically obtained; the brawny old regular, who has "done the State service" in many a hard campaign, but who, though capable of drilling a battalion, is still a private; the youthful volunteer, inexperienced in the hardships of camp-life, and eagerly pursuing the "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" the devoted camp-woman fondly following her husband into the very midst of an enemy's country, to share with him the dangers and toils and chances of war, and the wash and light hearted teamster, who seeking adventure, volunteers to go and run his risk abroad in order that he may see—the "elephant."

But we are forgetting our purpose—that of telling how to get a cabin passage. Not many weeks since, when one of our finest and swiftest transports was about leaving the levee for Vera Cruz, the usual crowd, such as we have described above, went on board and made arrangements for the passage; each one having an eye to making himself as comfortable as his rank or circumstances would allow. The passenger register was lying open in the cabin, soon Col. ——— had his name down for berth "A No. 1," Maj. ——— followed suit and entered his name, Capt. ——— and Lieut. ——— and ——— did the same, and, to make the matter short, all those entitled to a berth in the cabin followed in order and entered their names in the register.

All was bustle and hurry; trunks, boxes, saddles, holsters and sabres were tramped about in confusion; the steamer was almost ready to get her hawsers; one young gentleman, with a lieutenant's stripes on his shoulder, had forgotten a box of "groceries," another could nowhere see his servant on board, and the scene was one of great disorder generally; when a plain and neatly dressed young man of intelligent expression walked quietly up to the table where the register was lying and in a plain bold hand wrote "John Robinson, M. D.," opposite No. 16. The clerk, who was writing to the young man:

"Doctor, I can give you a more comfortable berth than 16—one better ventilated."

"Thank you, sir, I'll leave it entirely to your selection," answered Robinson, and walked quietly off.

Soon the steamer was under way, and the passengers began to dispose themselves about the cabins as was most convenient. Robinson had a small valise carried by one of the stewards, and placed in the berth selected for him by the clerk, and sat down perfectly at his ease. But this was not to last long—

One of the "sure enough" officers suspected that Robinson was intruding, and not knowing who he was, called the attention of Capt. ——— to him.

"Do you know who that man is, Captain?" said the inquisitive officer.

"Not exactly," replied the Captain, "but I think he is one of the teamsters under my charge; I'll see the clerk about it," and so saying he went to the clerk's office.

As he passed where Robinson was sitting he recognized him; and approaching the clerk, he said in rather an abrupt tone—

"Why, sir, do you allow that man (pointing to Robinson) to enter the cabin?"

"That man," answered the clerk, "has as much right, sir, in the cabin as you have."

"You are mistaken," said the Captain, "do you know who he is?"

"Certainly I do know who he is—that's one of your surgeons."

The astonished officer started in amazement, and exclaimed—

"Why, sir, that's one of my teamsters—surgeon indeed!"

It was now the time for the clerk to show surprise; and he looked the very picture of astonishment.

"There must be some mistake about this," he finally remarked; "but I'll soon see all about it," and stepping into the cabin took the register and pointed to "John Robinson, M. D."

"By the time several of the passengers were crowding about the register, having heard something of the affair. The Captain of the steamer, who had just joined the company when the clerk turning round to Robinson, said to him—

"Look here, Doctor, or Mr. Robinson; or whoever you are: is this your name?"

"The individual addressed coolly got up, and stopping to the table to see which name the clerk meant, said upon seeing the name of which he held his finger—

"Did you write M. D. after it?" asked the commander.

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Did you write M. D. after it?" asked the commander.

"Are you a doctor of medicine, or a surgeon?" continued the Captain.

"No, sir," calmly answered Robinson.

"Then why do you attach those initials to your name?"

"Because they designate my profession, sir, rather my rank in the army."

"Your profession! your rank! Explain yourself. Are you an officer?" continued the commander.

"No, sir, I never said I was an officer," mildly replied Robinson.

"Well, sir," demurred the Captain, "why do you use the 'M. D.' after your name; what do they mean?"

"I have no sort of objection, sir, to inform you—M