# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848. NUMBER 38.



## THE OBSERVER

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April 24, 1847. 49

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*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

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


### THE UNKNOWN WRECK

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

It drifted o'er the dismal sea
The sport of wind and wave,
A frail and shattered thing was she,
The deep denied a grave.

No footstep trod her briny deck,
No stalwart form was there,—
As on she plunged, a lonely wreck
With broken mast and bare.

O where are they who manned the ship,
Her brave and gallant crew,
Who saw her bows careering dip
In yonder depth of blue?

Ask not of landsmen where ascends
*The curling smoke of homes,*
Or where like distant music blends
The city's busy hum.

Search not for them among the crowd
Who rove with footsteps free,
Nor seek them in the churchyard shroud—
But ask them of the sea—

The stormy sea with caverns dark
A thousand fathoms low,
*There* lie the men who manned the bark
That foundered long ago.

They sleep where countless wealth is strown
For hands that toil no more,—
Where glittering treasures all unknown
Adorn the coral floor,

Float on, float on, O lonely wreck,
And tell thy tale of woe.—
Where sleep the men who trod thy deck
A thousand fathoms low.

The giant waves have widely rung
Their vast ma' funeral knell,
But thou with sterner, sadder tongue,
Dost still the tidings tell.

*Western Literary Messenger*

## ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Somewhat more than twenty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family, and a portion of his once princely fortune.

General Leroux was a widower, with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie, at your service, my reader. These two, having lost their mother in early childhood, had spent some years with their relatives in Switzerland. In that wildest country, in the midst of a large household, herself the special pet of her grand-uncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely; with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly *naive* in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young Zingara. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted to the death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him a most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell further upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, General Leroux procured a governess and masters for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, and made rapid progress in music, for which she possessed remarkable talent; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint-brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammer after them. Her poor governess soon resigned, in despair, all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good, easy man, permitted to follow, in all things, her own untrammeled impulses.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after-life and character, and the daughter of a soldir, she was, perhaps not unnaturally, soldier-like and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordinance, the peal of musketry, or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d' Arc. As a horsewoman, she was absolutely unrivalled in all the Canadas—at least, so said her riding-master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid and then her skating—"Her skating? Good gracious?" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation. Wait a bit, honey, and consider. Skating is an ornament which has been too long monopolized by 'our natural enemy,' as some lady-writer—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More, or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful, and most invigorating exercise.—I speak not unadvisedly, for in my early girlhood, I too, acquired this singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinet observations of the *canaille*, persued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of her Swiss winter life; and no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than, accompanied by her twin-brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie, then a strkingly beautiful brunette of eighteen was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly, attired in a short skirt and tightly-fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, richly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap: her raven hair was put plainly back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself as usual for awhile, Eugenie observed a burly English corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature sleigh. This, she presently saw, contained the first-born of the corporal's house, a stout boy of about half a year old, well wrapped in furs and flannels, and rosy-cheeked with the healthful wintry air.—Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, *chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud* father by her praises of his pretty child, till suddenly a wild thought darted through her brain, she caught the infant from the cushions laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash! As for the corporal, "his sensations were more easily imagined than described," to use a novel expression. He stood stupefied and transfixed for a moment, then gave a cry between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater but he knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now rods ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost grasped her *dress; now circling about him with fearful* rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child.—Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing heartily, set out in eager pursuit; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested, though inactive, spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal—Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston. The former was highly connected and the heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form, and a fine manly face, happy, and withal, innocent in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with a peculiar English physiognomy; was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed—"Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of General Leroux, for, by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a *glo-ri-ous* creature!"

"Fudge, Hamilton; she is a-merciless little savage—a very ogress, running away with babies, and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous Gen. Leroux, and ere many months were past, they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration for Eugenie deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie herself was not so easily conquered.—Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes, and early prejudices were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patriæ* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love for the memory of Napoleon whihc none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero—she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a *few playful words to her.* Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooed* from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the emperor but with tears: yet to Captain Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king-maker and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but no degree of discord is *healthful for love—and our lovers had some* serious disagreements. But reconciliations always followed, Eugenie usually concluding, in her calmer moments, that a live friend was better than a dead emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and fall, General Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, sung and read English with mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also *talked.* But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the "little corporal," was defeated by *fate*, not by Wellington, was fought over again, almost daily.

On the return of the general, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult with him, before making a formal proposal to Eugenie. To his great joy, the kind father made no opposition to his suit—leaving the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once—again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by, and the merry skating days had come round again.

It was a clear, luminous moonlight night, late in December, when Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston met at the house of General Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been spending some months; and was, therefore, not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though they did not come together, found they were bound on the self same errand—to solicit the honor of attending upon mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's eve. As neither would resign his claims in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued—Eugenie declaring herself unable to decide.—At this point, Henri laughingly proposed that, as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a skating match; or that Eugenie should play "Atalanta upon skates."

The gentlemen joyfully assented; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and returned to don her skating costume. This was somewhat different from the one which she had used the year before; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing room for her companions. General Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declaring his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

In their way to the river, Captain Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered—

"May not a question of more moment than that of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to-night?"

"In the same manner, Monsieur?"

"Yes, and may the swiftness of my heels avail, where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed?"

"As you will," she replied, laughing merrily. "Overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. *Remember!*"

The moon was at its full, and the ice bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver.

The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston at first seemed likelier to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvelous evolutions, at length sank down, utterly exhausted; and the provoking girl turned and flew past him, like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely more at stake, and he swore a mighty oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.

It was a scene of singular excitement.—Hamilton, though an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie, except by her own permission; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and drop her head, as from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying about him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates, and her merry laugh were in his ear; and then, away shot her lithe form with incredible swiftness, till far a-down the river her long white plume was floating in the moonlight.

At length, Eugenie called back—

"I am getting tired of this, Captain Hamilton.—You can *never* overtake; but stop where you are, and I will come to you!"

Hamilton paused, and soon beheld his inamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more liesurely and coquettishly. Ah, moment of thrilling rapture to the lover, when he watched that magnificent creature coming slowly, but steadily towards him, with her head archly inclined to one side; her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders; her arms crossed upon her bosom: her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously, and not unlovingly, upon him! Nearer, nearer; he reached forth his arms with a cry of joyful welcome! Nearer, nearer; he could see her breath, silvered into small clouds, by the frost of the still night!—when she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm, like a winged arrow!

The baffled officer turning quickly, *too* quickly, alas, for his feet slid from under him, and he measured his length upon the ice!—He suddenly recovered himself, to behold Eugenie pausing at a little distance, and resigning herself to extravagant merriment; her wild laugh ringing out like a peal of bells on *the clear frosty air.* Vexation and mortification gave our hero new strength, and he again set out with all the energy of desperation.—This time he gained upon his trencherous lady-love. Eugenie became really alarmed, when, looking backward, she saw him dashing on like an eagle in pursuit of a devoted wood pigeon. She strove eagerly to reach the bank, but in vain. Hamilton saw with exultation that the prize would soon be his; he already stretched out his arms, when—she was gone, *gone!* and at his feet yawned a chasm in the ice! Fearless of death and the rheumatism, the gallant captain leaped to the rescue; and, as Heaven would have it, Eugenie rose in the same place where she sank, and was safely lifted from the water, and borne to the bank by her alarmed lover. She had chanced upon a spot but thinly frozen over; the thick ice having been cut and removed on that very day.

The poor girl was chilled into partial unconsciousness, and Hamilton knelt by her side and tenderly strove to revive her. Her father, Henri and the Lieutenant had reached the spot, but no one interfered with the office of her rescuer. He seemed not to notice the presence of others, as he bent over the fainting girl and chafed her hands and temples.—At last, he pressed his lips to hers, and called upon her name in an agony of love and fear. As though she had received a powerful galvanic shock, Eugenie instantly sprung to her feet, rejecting with indignation and *hauteur* the further assistance of her presuming lover. Supported by her father and brother, she proudly and silently walked homeward, hurt, and mortified by the tragical termination of the evening's amusement.

The adventurers reached the house, with icicles depending from every point and edge of their attire, and found themselves pretty thoroughly chilled; but a change of clothing and a trifle of *eau de vie*, soon set all right again.

Eugenie maintained her proud and silent reserve until, as Captain Hamilton was about leaving, General Leroux grasping his hand, said in a tremulous voice—

"My dear young friend, you have saved the life of my child; receive a father's blessing!"

Eugenie's heart was touched; she sprang forward impetuously, seized Hamilton's other hand, and looking up with tearful eyes, said, in a tone to be heard by all present:—

"Let me also thank you, my preserver; I have been ungrateful, unwomanly; forgive me."

A short time subsequent to the little adventure which we have narrated, Captain Hamilton was ordered to another station, where he remained during the winter; his *affaire de cœur continuing in the mean time pretty much in statu quo.* In the spring time he returned, but only to bid his friends adieu, as his company had been recalled to England.

On his announcing this to Eugenie, she threw aside her reserve at once, exclaiming—

"Holy mother, *going!* and I—how am I to endure the parting?"

"Great Heaven, Eugenie! is it possible that you love me at last?"

"I do, truly, tenderly; I can never love another—will never wed another! I tell you this my friend, because I cannot wed with *you.*"

"Say not so, dearest; be my wife! go with me to England! I will make any sacrifice for your love. Say the word and I will leave the army, that I may never be the active enemy of your native country. Tell me, my love, will you not be persuaded?"

"Oh! do not urge me, I entreat you! I cannot listen to you—*I must not leave my father!* A stranger in a strange land, his country, his emperor, his daughter—all lost to him; would he not die of a broken heart?—No, no; I will not forsake him!" and the poor child burst into tears.

Captain Hamilton strode up and down the apartment, pale and heart-wrung with contending emotions; but he was too honorable, too truly noble to hesitate, and respectfully taking Eugenie's hand in his, he said—

"I honor you for your decision; I love you more tenderly for this beautiful exhibition of filial piety. May God give us strength to endure our common trial, and permit me to return at no distant day to claim this hand."

Then, after folding her for the first time to his breast, and kissing away the tears which hung on her long, dark eye-lashes, he turned hastily and was gone. But he returned in a moment—he had left a glove, and returned to find Mademoiselle Eugenie pressing that same glove to her lips and heart, in her passionate sorrow. She was overcome with confusion, and could scarcely raise her eyes to her lover's, as he hurriedly requested her to inform her father that he would wait upon him in the morning to make his adieux!

Early the next morning, Eugenie sought her father in the library, and with as much calmness as she could command, related the occurence of the preceding evening.

The General, surprised and agitated, exclaimed—

"Is it possible that you love this man whom you rejected?"

"As sincerely as my departed mother must have loved you in your youth; but I could not make lonely the hearth of our home; I could not forsake you, my father."

"You are an angel, Eugenie! The best daughter that ever blessed a father's heart. Yet I cannot accept this sacrifice; I cannot separate you from the man you love, and who is worthy of you—it would be selfish, sinful to do this. Go with Hamilton to England, his happy wife! Go, and take with you a father's blessing! God forbid I should cloud your young life with sorrow!"

"Father, dear father, do not call this a sacrifice! The spirit of my mother will aid me in my dutiful devotion to you. Heaven will smile upon me, and I shall be happy."

General Leroux sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then, blushing like a very boy, he said—

"Look here, my daughter!" as he took from his bosom a miniature, set in brilliants—the portrait of a young and handsome woman—*not* the long dead mother of Henri and Eugenie.

"What does this mean, father?" said our heroine, turning deathly pale.

"It means," he replied, "that foreseeing that I could not always retain you to preside over my household, I have provided a substitute."

"Who and what is she?"

"Have patience, my love, and I will tell you all. While on my tour through the States, last autumn, I met with an old friend and fellow-soldier, an emigrant like myself, and his only child a good and beautiful girl is she, who had promised to fill that void in my heart left by your mother, the place by my hearth soon to be left by you. I thought to have told you this, long ago; but it was an awkward subject to broach; and the marriage has been once postponed on account of the death of a relative of Marie's."

"And so, my grand sacrifice was uncalled for!" said Eugenie, making an effort to smile.

"Yes, my love—I shall grieve deeply to part with you; but I shall not be comfortless. Now, I am going out: when Captain Hamilton calls, you must receive him here, and may explain to him the change in your circumstances as regards me. Don't weep, my child—don't, I pray! I will visit you in England with Henri and—and my wife, in the course of the summer: and you will return to Canada, some time. God bless you, my darling" and the exemplary father took himself off.

Eugenie had hardly time to dry her tears, compose her face, and smooth her ringlets, before Captain Hamilton walked into the library.

He was somewhat surprised at meeting Eugenie again, and expressed much regret at not being able to see her father. The poor girl was sadly embarrassed, and could utter little more than brief replies to the questions of her lover. After a few moments of painfully constrained conversation, the Captain rose, kissed hastily the hand of his lady-love, and not trusting himself to look upon her face, left her once again to her tears. She stood like a statue of grief, and listened to his every step as he descended to the hall below. Then, scarce conscious of the act, she flew rather than ran down the stairs. Her lover heard *her light step, and turned toward her.* She grasped his arm, leaned her head on his shoulder, and murmured—

"If you *must* go, George, take me with you! I am not needed here; I shall die if you leave me!"

This was the first time Eugenie had ever called her lover "George." My gentlemanly reader will please recall the feeling with which he first heard his own name, from the lips of the woman he loved.

Under such extraordinary circumstances, Captain Hamilton soon obtained leave to delay for a short time his departure for England; and in the course of a week, his marriage with Eugenie took place, with all the rites of the English and Roman churches.

Of course, the bridegroom was pronounced elegant in white gloves and waistcoat; and the bride adorable in satin and orange blossoms. The usual number of jokes and champaigne bottles were cracked, at the expense of the former; of gloves and sashes soiled at the expense of the latter.

Then followed forced smiles, blessings, tears, the *parting.*

That night, hour after hour, in the lonely room which had once been Eugenie's, over a harp, whose strings the delicate fingers of the most loved, might wake no more, leaned a pale and fair-haired youth, weeping wildly and bitterly, with the feeling that his twinned heart had been torn asunder.

That night in his own room sat a tall and handsome man, yet in the golden meridian of life, gazing mournfully on the portrait of a beautiful girl, in a skating costume, which *hung against the opposite wall.* There was a strange quivering in the lip of the soldier, a stranger glistening in his eye. Then he drew from his breast another picture, and he gazed on *that* till the smile of the lover shone through the tears of the father.

It is evening—the first evening at sea, and Captain Hamilton and his bride are on deck watching the last point of American land, as it fades into the blue of the horizon.

"The wind blows fair—the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze!
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!"

Eugenie's sweet eyes are filled with tears, as, stretching her arms toward the dim shore, she murmurs—

"Adieu, dear adopted land! father, brother, adieu, adieu!"

Her husband folds her to his bosom, and whispers—"You have indeed resigned much to follow me."

"Yes, *all*, home, friends, and it may be, my religion. And now, dear George," she adds, smiling through her tears, "will you not admit that Napolen was the greatest hero the world has ever known?"

"Yes, yes, I yield at last: but in return for this concession, I take the liberty, my little Bonapartist wife, *of kissing you on the Emperor's cheek!*"—*Godey's Lady's Book, for January.*

ISHMAEL.—One cannot but feel an interest in Ishmael—figuring him to be a noble of nature—one of those heroes of the wilderness who lived on the produce of his bow, and whose spirit was nursed and exercised among the wild adventures of the life that he led.—And it does soften our conceptions of him whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, when we read of the influence of his mother over him, in the deference of Ishmael to whom we read another *example of the respect yielded to female even* in that so-called barbarous period of the world. There was a civilization, the immediate effect of religion, in these days, from which men fell away as the world grew older.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

A LITTLE NEARER.—A parishoner complained to the parson that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.

"Why?" asked the parson: "can't you hear distinctly?"

"O, yes, I can hear well enough."

"Can't you see plainly?"

"Yes, I can see perfectly."

"Well, then, what can be the trouble?"

"Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that, by the time your words reach my ears, they are as flat as dish-water."

### LIBERAL IDEAS IN EUROPE.

It is gratifying to see continual evidence of the progress of sound politics in Europe.—The demand for reform comes up from the little local communities that, in times past, have played so conspicuous a part in civilization. It is here that the people have full play, for their action reaches the roots of society. Let but the wants of a better organization be felt there—let there be intelligent, concerted action here—and nothing can resist the progress of political reform. These remarks are suggested by reading in a letter from Hungary that the assembly of the county of Pesth had instructed its members to demand of the next general assembly the following articles—

"1. The complete equality of all citizens before the law, the publicity of the judicial debates, and the judgment by jury in all criminal affairs, not excepting political crimes.

1. The formation of a court of cassation like that of France.

3. The abolition of forced labor, and all impositions of the like nature; to be replaced by numerical contributions.

4. The establishment of a general bank, destined to assist commerce and industry.

5. The right for each village to be represented by two members in the county assembly of which it forms part."

The history of the American revolution, when properly written, will be a noble word of encouragement to such communities as the county of Presth. It was in our towns that it may be truly said to have commenced: and in that formation of public sentiment, that concentration of effort, that wide organization, effected by the committees of correspondence. But it was not until the people were thoroughly informed as to their rights, and felt like maintaining them, that the work began. The local communities of Europe have a like path before them, in their noble demand for "equality of all citizens before the law"—"the abolition of forced labor," and the right for each village to be represented."

THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.—What this change is to be, we do not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets, welding their loose materials at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all forshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling on the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

WHO'S TO BLAME.—A band of depredators which had hitherto defied the police of Paris, has recently been discovered and apprehended. Listen to the opening examination of their leader Thibet, and say where the wrong lies: "How old are you?" "As far as I can judge about 45." "What is your profession?" "That of a thief." "What was your father?" "A thief likewise, and died upon the scaffold." "And your mother?" "A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenoble." "And, when you were thus left alone, why sought you not to learn another trade?" "Because I was was driven from door to door, because no institution is open, *either to those who sin or whose fathers have sinned before them!*"

CONSUMPTION.—Dickens gives the following description of this sad disease, which is constantly carrying sorrow and desolation into thousands of families in many parts of the world:

"There is a dread disease, which so prepares its victims, as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy, sluggish pace, but slow or quick, is ever sure and certain."

A good man, a real christian, seldom sees a defect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects a beautiful sky, the clouds, and the overhanging trees; but when it is ruffled it reflects nothing that is pure. A bad man, a real scoundrel—*seldom sees a good trait in the character* of his neighbor. An imperfect glass reflects nothing correctly, but shows its own deficiency. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but bright and pure images.

TOM THUMB had a narrow escape from drowning, from a collision of steamers on the Mississippi on the 6th inst. There was great confusion in the boat, but Mr. Barnum picked up the mannikin and bore him safe to the shore.

"Is your horse fast?" inquired a man of a Vermont horse dealer. "Beats all creation." "Good bottom?" "He's all bottom. Why, I've drove him so fast in one day, that it took two days to get him back again!"

☞ Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, expects to be confined again, in April next.