THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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The Family Jewel.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Radiant little household treasure,
Magnet of the ingle side!
Not a star in night's broad cluster
Shines with softer, purer lustre,
Fondest parents's hope and pride!

Words, though passion-lit, and burning,
Might not breathe the joy they feel
That their lives, in one united,
By thy smiles are daily lighted,
Love connubial's golden seal.

Pure as in thy primal setting
In thy parents' love enshrined,
Be thou long their spotless treasure,
Source of hope and sacred pleasure,
Pearl of truth, thy grace refined.

Then shall He, the great Refiner,
When, ere long, his eye shall roam
Through the earth for "jewels," beaming
Fresh in light from glory streaming,
Snatch thee to his bosom home.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve, to this day, their national character, customs and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable portion of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery hearted royalist; his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty and petite, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier, but with an amount of modesty which would overstock a school-girl.

Now it happened, very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jaques loved his bewitching little cousin; but, "faint heart never won" a lively and coquettish French girl; and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and sadness in his heart, poor Jaques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed by her father, fate and the priest, on a gay, handsome and adventurous young Frenchman, once attached in an honorable capacity, to the house of Orleans.

I suppose I may as well inform my readers that it is full fifty years since this marriage, which took place when Julie was about seventeen, and this makes her rather an "old girl" in eighteen hundred and forty eight, for she is living yet.

The young husband, Pierre Loraine, who had been about two years in America, was now but superintending, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business, on the *Ohio and Mississippi* rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife, at the house of her father, until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine manly face—tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonized with those dark presentments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously.

One bright, frosty morning, Julie was standing at the window of the common parlor, looking toward the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her hourly becoming heavy, and sick with hope deferred."—Against the wainscot at her side, leaned the pale and devoted Jaques—cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection—a love as pure and unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock.

Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men, coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julie was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deferentially, yet proudly; he seemed both happy and sorrowful, and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *r gime*, true as religion, and ardent as love—*loyalty*.

The strangers were dressed as travelers, at that inclement season of the year, should be dressed—with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy-looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *Je ne sais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguishes *gentlemen*, the truly noble, wherever they are found.

Julie and Jaques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France—the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais.

After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months traveling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havana, whence they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Allegheny mountains to Pittsburgh, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and *thus* descended the Ohio.

They found that the immense quantities of ice almost obstructed their passage—they had been in some danger from it, had once or twice had been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw.

But these heroic young men talked freely and gaily of their hardships and misfortunes—thus showing that their originally fine natures had not been spoiled by aristocratic habits and luxurious living.

As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travelers remained with the emigrant family; but the following being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans, his majesty, the present King of France, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of Julie, kindly expressed his regrets at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed, the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas, how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness—to slowly draw strength and joy and hope, like blood-drops from her heart!

Weeks, months went by, and brought neither husband nor letter; no tidings, no word of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the missing man had been in the habit of trading, but in vain—and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as one dead. Then, how desolation spread through that once happy home—its joy changed to sadness, and its light became dimmed. The once glad step of Julie grew languid—her bright eye tearful—she was missed from the dance—the chords of her harp were untouched—the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once loved flowers withered and died in the shadow of her neglect.

It was a beautful evidence of Julie's own loyalty of nature that she never for one hour believed herself *deserted* by her husband.—She believed that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from hardship, or fallen a victim to his own reckless daring, on some hunting expedition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally roused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was again winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but whose habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself like a subdued child, to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her strangely darkened youth, had been longing with an intense and bitter yearning for the grave-rest, rebuked her selfish sorrow, and pressing her cross to her lips and heart, prayed for strength to fulfil that holiest of woman's missions—ministering to the wants and sufferings of age.

This in affectionate attendance on her invalid father, she passed the dreary autumn and winter months, till the warm pulses of spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature; that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine; that our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God hath crowned her.

Julie Loraine was daily becoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious, a good daughter and friend, and though widowed in heart and life, could no longer remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive somewhat as the spring advanced—but it was still evident that his race was nearly run.—One day as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which at best he believed could not be far distant. Seeing that Jaques appeared to be much affected, he said tenderly—

"You should not grieve for me, my son. I am old, and bowed toward the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the Holy Mother Church, and I do not fear death—its repose would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart—the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, widowed and unprotected.

"Stay!" cried Jaques, "have you forgotten *me?*—will I not remain her protector and friend—her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my good Jaques, you have not that relation by nature, and the world will not allow you to assume it. Were you Julie's *husband* now——".

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jaques in a quick, fervent tone.

Dulaire turned, and looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said—"And so, Jaques, you love my Julie?"

"Oh, uncle, next to the holy mother, I *adore* her! Yet she has never known my love; wild and hopeless as it has ever been."

"Poor Jaques! how much must you have suffered and I never divined it. Ah, there is much before our eyes that we never see. But Julie may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Loraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife, and such a wife. To you, my good Jaques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go, and call her—I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jaques summoned his cousin, and for the next half hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly re-entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him; but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said—

"My father has related to me his conversation with you. I did not know before that you loved me, Jaques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness, in the days gone by. I know that should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected; we should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you as well as a brother, and I think we could be happy together." Here Jaques caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it hurriedly, saying—"Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife while there is one remaining doubt of my being, in truth, a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return—oh God, what misery for us all! No, no, ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth or the colder wave covers him."

Here, clasping her hands, she cried, in a tone of the most touching sorrow—"Oh, Pierre, Pierre, where have they laid you?"—Then flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the wild grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died, though the form of him who called it forth, had been laid by stranger hands beneath a stranger soil—was wasting on the the air of the wilderness, or mouldering beneath sea-waves, "a thousand fathoms down."

Julie's resolution continued unshaken by the advice of her father, and the entreaties of her lover; and the result was, that, in the course of a week, Jaques set forth on the strangest pilgrimage of modern times—an expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of the lady of his love.

Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart, as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear—that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine and the sunshine would drink up the dew.

Our enamored Pilgrim traveled but slowly, in those anti-steam-navigation-times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that inconsiderable town; and not even the thought of his strange mournful mission could sadden his spirits, in pleasant unison with the joyous season. We may chide him that he is eager to pluck the flower, happiness, though it nod over the grave of his friend; but do we stay to ask whose life was the cost of much that *we* enjoy?

Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming towards him, whose light, springing step, and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye. But no—this young man wore a foreign dress, and a large moustache.—Nearer he came—and, gracious Heavens! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jaques became deathly pale, and staggered as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart. Had quick, stern thoughts been good sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger-points than freed the soul of Cæsar!

But Jaques' nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these; the reaction was sudden and perfect, a moral revolution. His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse; and when Loraine, on recognizing him sprang toward him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he shrank from the embrace of the man he had wronged, *murdered* in his thought, and every kind word of the wanderer now tore into his heart like the fragment of a shell! But ere Loraine could remark upon his seeming coldness, another change came over him—he returned that embrace with fervor, and on the breast of his friend, renounced the sweet, vain dream of his love. He was aroused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre—"What of my Julie?—what of her father? tell me, Jaques, for God's sake tell me!"

"They live, and love you still—come, let us lose no time in going to them."

* * * * *

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months. The stars were unusually brilliant in honor of the great occasion, and freshness, fragrance and moonlight were abroad.

Let us look a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine: In the pleasant little parlor we find her, with her venerable father who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxurious arm-chair, with his feet resting on a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter. He wears a dark dressing gown of brocade, and his thin, white locks are covered by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side, lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr," set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance and a sigh to the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty. But to drop this inconvenient present tense. Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a "widow's sombre cap" almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side, reading in a loud clear voice, for her father was quite deaf, the last mournful chapters in the last new novel of "Corinne," that gorgeous and unsurpassed prose epic, into which the soul and life of the grand and passionate De Stœl were fused and poured like lava.

There was a hurried step without—the door opened, and Jaques stood before them! Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome—but her eye fell on another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips—"*Pierre!*" But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love—her lost and found!

And it was touching to see old Jean Dulaire; how he rose, and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck and wept."

And Jaques; with his life-long love, tried, tempted and sanctified, was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs?—a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him—the sweet, calm joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious raptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings and adventures. But first he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half-opened roses, wet with night dew. Then with that dear head leaning on his shoulder—one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the "strange eventful history," which we give as near as may be, in his own words:

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop awhile at some small settlements on the way, to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand and *walked* to them, on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and, found—ah, you will scarcely believe me when I say that I found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc d' Orleans, Duc de Montpentsier, and the Count de Beaujolais! They had come in this manner, the brave young men, all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget—you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you.

"A day or two before I encountered them, their helsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon got them free of the ice, and brought them safely to the landing. Then it was that his highness, and his highness' noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and go with them to New Orleans. What could I do? There was my royal master, who in his prosperity had befriended me, and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune? Ah, Julie, pardon my once obeying loyality rather than love. I promised my prince, proudly, but sadly, to go with him. But I wrote to you, telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. Ah, then the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures and hairbreadth escapes—for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. But one little incident now occurs to me. While descending the Mississippi, we commonly moored our boat at night as you are aware, the navigation of that river is very difficult and dangerous. One night, I was keeping watch, while my companions slumbered around me. I was thinking of you, and involuntary raised my eyes to look for those stars I used to swear by; when I saw, shining through the thick branches of a tree, which overhung our boat, two bright, red lights—not stars, but the fiery eyes of a panther, whose dusky form I could just perceive. He was evidently crouching for a spring—I raised my rifle, and the next moment the creature fell, fell upon one of the sleeping princes, but *dead!*

"We reached New Orleans at length, in fine health and spirits, and the princes took passage that very day for Havana, on an American ship, which was to sail the next morning. At night I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves.

"With a few bottles of choice old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle* France, what wonder if time went by unchallenged? It was past midnight when we embraced and parted. I went upon deck, and, *Mon Dieu!* the ship was off for Havana, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast, called upon Heaven and my wife, and swore at the stupid captain; but all in vain—they took me the whole voyage to Havana!

"Well, after seeing my friends sail for Europe, I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea, when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and owing to my having about me some books, autographs and a miniature, parting gift from the Duc d' Orleans, I had the honor of being taken possesion of, as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes, and *malgrè* my remonstrances, threats and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement.

"It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honorably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince. I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie, and to you my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you.

"At length, I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans; from thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio—up to—*home*, I had almost said *heaven!* But I am sure you, my father must be wearied by this long recital, feeble as you are. And see, it is almost morning! So while we may let us bid you good night!"

* * * * * *

For many days after the arrival of Loraine, all was mirth and social sunshine in the lately darkened home of his friends. But there was one heart which, though not sad, was ill at rest, troubled with a pain which it could not cast off—the faithful heart of Jaques. This was his secret care—he had contemplated a union with his cousin, while her husband yet lived, and of this innocent treason Pierre was yet ignorant. The sensitive and honorable nature of young Le Brun revolted from the concealment of such a circumstance—he earnestly desired that Loraine should know all, but shrunk from being himself the revealer.

One afternoon, finding Julie standing on the rose-shaded portico which fronted the garden, he entreated her to confide to her husband the plan proposed by her father, and acceded to by herself, with the condition which had led to his own singular pilgrimage.

Julie, the blush of whose second bridehood rivalled the rose in her boddice, grew startlingly pale, but at once undertook the painful duty, and as she perceived her husband reading in an arbour in the garden, immediately sought his side.

Oh, how long seemed the next ten minutes to Le Brun! he dreaded the denouement, yet his suspense was terrible. Loraine was known to possess a fiery and passionate spirit, quick to resent a wrong or an insult. He adored, and might forgive Julie, but for the man who aspired to fill his place in her heart, and by her side, *while he yet lived*, what punishment was to severe; what scorn and hatred too intense? As these forebodings passed through his mind, Jaques leaned against a pillar, and covered his face with his hands. At length he heared Loraine coming hastily up the garden walk—but he did not look around, or lift his head. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a pleasant voice said laughingly, but most kindly—

"Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you—you lost so charming a wife."

SANTA ANNA.

Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna is a hale looking man, between fifty and sixty, with an Old Baily countenance and a very well-built wooden leg. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily dupli city, treachery, avarice and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is graceful, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing, which wins for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention. If half the anecdotes are true, which I have heard narrated by his most intimate friends, any office or appointment in his gift can always be obtained on application of a female interceder; and on such an occasion he first saw his present wife, then a girl of fifteen, whom her mother brought to the President, to win the bestowal upon her of a pension for former services, and Santa Anna became so enamored of the artless beauty, that he soon after signed his gracious intention of honoring her with his august hand, after a vain attempt to secure the young lady in a less honorable manner, which the politic mamma, however, took care to frustrate.—*Adventures in Mexico and the Rorcky mountains.*

HEAVENLY DESTITUTION.

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jocky, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir,"

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"And what do you suppose he is doing there?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer!"

ORATORY.—Our papers publish some rich stories of western oratory. The last that is given in the New Orleans Delta, describing a new year's celebration in the parish prison. He says:

"Feller Sojers—This is a glorious day, the first day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-seven—I mean eight. The cloud-cap'd hills of Chimberuzo have now become the home of the American eagle. (Applause) From the stricken field of Pali Alto and Resacker to the drad heights of Sarah Gawdy and Cow Teruras—from the Halls of Montezumas, ours has been one onward march.—(Great Appluse.) Folks talk of peace, when there is no peace. Live or die, survive or perish!—three cheers for 'old Zachariah!' "

STOPPING THE PAPER.—Lord Byron, in reference to the attacks made upon his poem, "Hours of Idleness," said, "There is no man, however thick-headed or heartless, would not smart under the knowledge that he was held up in even fifty copies of a newspaper; there is, however, no one but a very thick-skinned fool who would, as the phrase goes, stop a paper because it did not chime in with all his notions, or because it attacked him. Whatever foible I may have, I am not guilty of his miserable foolery."

At a Printers Festival in Washington, the followinig was a regular toast—"*Woman*—fairest work of creation, seeing that the *edition* is extensive, let no one be without a *copy*."

HOW HE ROSE.

A SHORT AND TRUE SKETCH FOR BOYS.

About forty years ago, somewhere in the woods, near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin, sixteen feet by eighteen, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster—the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on hog and hommony, bear meat, and the flesh of such "wild varmints" as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm-boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn, raised tobacco in Summer, cured it and prized it in the Winter, till he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick, to which he added the profession of carpenter; and, by the successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able, by his own unassisted skill, to rear a house from the clay-pit, or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts, and to do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass. His panel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country, in which they continue to swing on their hinges. He never saw the inside of a school-house or church till after he was eighteen years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the Winter evenings, to read and write when a farm-boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of an other, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance. At the age of twenty-one, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of the law. He at first procured and old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his labors, by nightly studies, over a pitch knot fire, in his log cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works. And having thus, by dilligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer, who had quit the practice; or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargin for his scanty library, for which he was to pay him $120 in carpenter's work; and the chief part of the job to be done in payment of these old musty books, was dressing and laying down an oak floor or floors, for *three* dollars per square of ten feet. The library paid for our hero dropped the adz, plain, and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I have heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, of three hours each, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during his delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator, as reeds by the wind."

The poor farm-boy is now at Washington; a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is PATRICK W. TOMPKINS. He is a selfmade man, and his history shows what a humble boy can do, when he determines to TRY.—*Saturday Rambler.*

MAN TO MAN.—A person by the name of Mann, in his walks, used frequently to meet a gentleman who was known to be disordered in his intellect, but whose conduct had always been inoffensive. It happened that the madman met him on a narrow causeway, and having a large stick in his hand, when he came up to Mr. Mann he made a sudden stop and sternly pronounced, "Who are you sir?" the other, not at all alarmed and willing to soothe his assailent with a pun, replied, "Why sir, I am a double man; Mann by name, and man by nature." "Are you so, sir?" says the insane. "Why, I am a man *beside* myself; and we two will fight you two." Upon which he knocked Mr. Mann into the ditch and deliberately walked off.

IMPORTANT ESTERPRISE.—The St. Louis Republican notices the circulation of a memorial asking Congress for a donation of land to aid in the construction of a Railroad from Lexington, Missouri, to the mouth of the Ohio. This would open to the rest of the Union, a proportion of country as completely shut up as any other section of the United States.

☞ The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor; it may stimulate the most indifferent; it may instruct the most profound.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—A clergyman, holding one of the best Unitarian parishes in Maine, recently offended his parishioners by preaching political abolitionism and against the war. Hearing that his people were dissatisfied he resigned his place, thinking thereby to frighten them into good nature, but much to his surprise his resignation was accepted, and this political parson is now "waiting for a call." He had better enlist under Santa Anna.—*Springfield Post.*

An exchange paper, speaking of Gen. Scott gives this caution:—"Let the Administration beware or they *persecute their victim into the Presidency.*" By accurate computation we find, that just ten men have been *persecuted nigh unto the Presidency* by this administration. When will all the victims be accommodated?

ABSENCE OF MIND.—We saw a venerable looking cow caring pine sawdust under the impression that it was bran. She didn't find out her mistake till night, when it was found that she gave turpentine instead of milk.—*Scientific American.*

'I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger,' said a village dandy to a country girl, 'for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end.' 'Excuse me, sir, said she, 'I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning.'

There is a man in Germantown who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake