THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848. NUMBER 42.

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April 21, 1847. 49

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PERSONS in want of any style of Dry Goods will find it very much for their interest to call at Allyn & Cole's, cheapside Jan 22.

WELCOME TO GEN. SHIELDS.

BY MISS HARRIET MARION WARD.

From the death strewn scene of battle,
Where the noisy cannon's rattle
Echoes o'er the tented fields:
From a life of toil and danger;
Give thee speed, victorious stranger,
Welcome, welcome, gallant Shields!

Southern hearts are warm to meet thee,
Southern hands outstretched to greet thee
With a welcome kind and free—
Light and gentle hearts grow lighter,
Starry eyes beam all the brighter,
As they list to tales of thee.

Brilliant flowers of Fame's entwining,
'Round thy brow are brightly shining,
Winning worshippers to thee
With them mingle earth's glad roses,
For their pleasant life discloses,
God's unwritten poetry.

Welcome, warrior! deeds of glory
Proud are heralded in story;
Deeds to grace a hero's life.
When thro' ranks all rent asunder
Pour'd the cannon's deadly thunder,
God preserved thee through three strife.

When our flag, blood stained and drooping,
Swayed where thou wast faintly stooping
With what seemed thy failing breath.
Thou wast heard 'midst fearful crashing,
Urging through the cannon's flashing,
"On to victory or death."

From the death-strew'd field of battle,
Where the noisy cannon's rattle
Echoes o'er the tented fields;
From a life of toil and danger,
Give the speed, victorious stranger,
Welcome here, brave General Shields!

THE IRISH DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"And so you *won't* go with us, Jamie?"

"Hush, darling—you know I cannot leave my mother, lone widow that she is, even for love and you, Mary; but if you'll not forget me, in the fair country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart—but don't ask me to stay again—God bless you, and keep you true."

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow, living in the northern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neighbors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our reader, all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

James was just one's ideal of a warm-hearted, high-spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her countrywomen.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's only brother, Willie Conway, went out to America to "seek his fortune," where he succeeded so well in business, that he became anxious to be joined by his family. This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan-boy of an elder sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years. The noble young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities, his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her lover to accompany her, for old Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above and calm below; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure; Mary, ill herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea-sickness as at last to be hardly able to rise from their berths. One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, after watching till her dear ones slept, she laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on the deep, like a white robe on the stormy bosom of a maiden. The ship still rolled, and plunged, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death-agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But, to use the expression of her countrywomen, she "went on the knees of her heart," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "Let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains—a heavy plunge—another—a silence as of death, and then a joyful shout, "She holds!"—then a wild cry of "She *drifts!*" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and a shock like that of an earthquake! *She had struck!* Then followed shoutings, and hurrying to and fro, the cries of terror, the clear, quick tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers.

The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety; but before this object could be accomplished, many poor creatures perished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Conway, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood, safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her blue eyes to heaven, with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness.—Alas! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat shrinking and bending under the keen gusts, his long white locks satuated with spray.—Mary turned suddenly toward the rocking ship.

"Where are you going?" said the mother, faintly.

"*Back*, to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman, standing by, "it may be death to do that—the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous; she seized on the rope, which still hung from the ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck, and went forward to the steerage. In a few moments she reappeared, threw over on to the rock a bundle of clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak, from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying:

"You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before a half hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel.

As the day wore on, and the fog drifted, the ship-wrecked beheld despairingly, the hopelessness of their situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by many rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant; at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction, which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot, the husband and father was dying. He bade them good-by, with a failing voice—he gazed on them with a thrilling tenderness of the last, last look—the breath ceased on his lips—his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where "there is no more sea," nor hunger, nor cold, nor death.

When the first wild burst of grief was o'er, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an over-hanging ledge. She then gently took the body from her mother's convulsive embraces, and with the assistance of a kind sailor, bore it and laid it there. She kissed once again her father's lips, chilled more with the tempest than the recent touch of death; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapped his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him forever. She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor dead father of his winding-sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast! Though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sand drifts over thee—though thy loved ones may not come to weep above thee, though no living thing be near thee but the wild sea-bird, dipping her white wing in the surf—God's angel has marked the spot, and when earth's graves are opening, and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold, hard couch, on the wave-lashed rock.

Soon after Mary returned to her mother, a shout from their companions told them that the despaired of help was at hand. On looking to the shore, she beheld four or five men, pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock. As soon as the noble creatures caught sight of the sufferers, they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they breasted the waves—how gloriously they leaped forward to the rescue!

One after another, the shipwrecked were lashed to these gallant deliverers and carried safely to the shore. To the kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who, at each return of the noble dogs, had said, "Now daughter," Mary simply answered, "Not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed to arouse herself, and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes which Mary had so often looked for hope and encouragement, she said; "I will *thry* my darling—for my child's sake, the good God may give me strength to pass through the troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her to one of those mute deliverers, and with her arms clasped about and partly supporting her, she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway—around her the wild sea—her black hair on the wind, her lips parted, and her clasped hands outstretched before her—yet all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eye, and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like sea-weed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her—she saw for a moment her white, calm face, as she was borne up on the succeeding billow, turn full upon her—she saw her dimmed eyes open, and, oh, God! amid the sea and the storm, a daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not: still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the swelling and falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the trembling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth—the white surf covers her—a rush of stalwart men—they are bearing her up the beach! "She is safe!—she is safe!" and with eyes thrown heavenward, Mary falls, fainting. But the old sailor was by her side—she felt not the rushing of the waters as she too was borne to the shore, and when she next woke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her *mother*—oh, despair, her *dead* mother!

Not a wail, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviors, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against her breast, she sat amid the sands buried in her deep, deep wo.

At length, when, with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse.—They told her that she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter—that night and a fiercer tempest were coming on, and that she must leave her dead mother *unburied*.—She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and while her sad blue eyes rested for a moment in gratitude upon them, she gently waved them to depart, saying, camly, "I will follow." And they left her—a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms—and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose up quietly, and going yet further from the sea, dug, with her own hands, a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore her thither, in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber—took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above that shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmered a brief prayer for the soul of the departed—there, on the wild desert shore, with ocean's voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then in that utter dessolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation—that great agony, fearful in its tearful stillness—she turned, and meekly followed the foot-prints in the sand, which told where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

Oh, pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen.—The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavement, bethink thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless—one who literally buried father and mother and *had no time for weeping*.

The unfortunates met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her traveling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had driven from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. But she remembered that it was somewhere in the state of New-York, and she finallly resolved to go at once to the *city* of New-York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding house, where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognized with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word!

The next morning saw her and her little Allick on the deck of one the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal-boat, and traveled many hundred miles westward; and always and every where, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world, and utterly defenceless, she met but kindness and friendliness! There was about her the sacredness of sorrow—the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her down-cast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S———, at last, and was clasped, half-fainting, in her brother's arms. Oh, who could measure his joy! He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that *all* he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her—a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

'Twas on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to poor Mary Conway; came at the season when mourning and sadness seem most unnatural—in gorgeous June, the festal month of all the year, came before the first flush of rose-time was past! Her pride, her dependance, her noble, devoted brother, came home one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins live lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for she knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray my sister:" and the stricken girl knelt and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer all faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator. When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Allick was taken ill, with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of kindred, save his broken-hearted sister, to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lay down beside him, and share his cold pillow; and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been hers at the death-bed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who, at that moment entered the grave-yard, sprang forward and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary!" said a familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me? and is it so we meet at last!"

She looked up—it was her Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea. * * * *

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables I have not been beguiling you with a fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related, from the lips of Mary *Burke*. And would to heaven a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and Christian resignation, might have some better chronicler, some more enduring memorial!—*Odd Fellow's Offering for* 1848.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens's has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms. Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse and sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glourious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self-denial cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love, made manifest in deeds of benificence, is worthier our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet Fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all-conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.

BEAUTIFUL USE OF CHLOROFORM.—A correspondent says he met a hen-pecked friend late the other night, and on asking him how he expected to escape a *curtain lecture* when he got home, the little fellow's eyes sparkled luminously as he held up to view a little speck of *sponge* and a small *phial! "Oh, ho! Chloroform, eh!"* "Yes sir-ee!" replied the chuckling husband, "I become insensible in five minutes after lying down.—*Albany Express.*

AT A LOSS FOR SOCIETY.—"Would you believe it, *aunt*," exclaimed a pale-faced young lady of the "upper ten," "would you believe it! Uncle Solomon, here, tells me that the ladies out West actually speak to the tradesmen and retail store-keepers! They must be sadly in want of society, musn't they?"

"Humph; yes," interrupted Uncle Solomon. "They are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old fly market—ha, ha—society, humph!"

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted, and her aunt was visible in the next room.

"IT'S BOUND TO COME OFF."—The editor of the Pittsburgh Sunday Mercury was dropped down upon a few days since by Dan Marble, who of course reeled off a few of those old yarns he is always picking up in the course of his travels. This is one of them:

Somewhere in the west, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a hoosier with a very dull razor.

"Stop," said the hoosier, "that wont do."

"What's de matter, hoss?"

"That razor pulls."

"Well, no matta for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de beard's bound to come off."

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—A New York paper relates an anecdote of a young man who came to establish himself in the city of Gotham, and as he did not know exactly what "line" would be the most desirable, spent a good deal of time and much shrewd sagacity, in looking about and guessing into the several ways of getting rich. He had considered, pretty keen, he said, all kinds of trades that were carried on here, and he had pretty much made up his mind to set up the *Post office business*. Them that carried it on took a heap of money every day, and there was only *one* in the place.

ESTABLISHING A SCIENCE.

BY J. M. FIELD.

The persecution of the Mesmerists will one day make a curious volume, for they will be written, of course. The disciples of Galileoe Harvey, Jenner, &c., have been exalted in their struggles and suffering, and those of Mesmer even more brightly will shine in martyrology. Seriously, the trials to which traveling Mesmerists are put to, are, at times, humiliating and painful enough, albeit they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers. These traveling "Professors," or many of them, are charlatans thus, far, that they pretend to treat *scientifically*, phenomena, the real nature of which they are entirely ignorant of; and the study of which they are, neither by education, habit, or *aim*, at all fitted for. They are charlatans, in that their superfical knowledge of mere *effects* is simply made available in the shape of *exhibition*; and the success of the *show* being their first object, they may be suspected, perhaps, in some cases of a little *management*. At the same time, the vulgar idea of general collusion, which prevails among those who *will* not, themselves, experiment would be rediculous if it were not pitiable.

De Bonneville had been electrifying Detroit by his more than *galvanic* effects upon the muscles of scores of his *impressibles*, when an enormous sized Wolverine "trying the thing" himself, found that he was quite equal to the professor, in setting folks to sleep and "makin on' em' cut up" afterwards, and accordingly, in the *furor* of his discovery, off he went into the country to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been dispensed to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there "was something in it," until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine Mesmerizer, after astonishing a "Hull" full, one evening, at some very "promising town" or other, and which bade fair, shortly, to be quite "a place," returned to the tavern, to be arrested in the bar-room by a score of "first citizens," who had then and there congregated "jest to test the humbug," any how!

"Good evening, Perfesser," said one.—"Won't you take a little of the *fluid!*" said another: and this being an evident hit in the way of a *joke*, the "anti-humbugs" proceeded to more serious business.

"Perfesser," said the principal spenker, a giant of a fellow,—before whose proportions even the huge Magnetiser looked small.—"Perfesser," said he, biting off the end of a "plug," and turning it over in his jaws very leisurly, "a few on us, here, hev jest concluded to hev you try an experiment, appintin' ourselves a reg'lar constituted committee to report!"

The professor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or, according to the apprehensions of "the crowd," evinced expected desire to make "a clean back out."

"Perfesser," resumed the "big dog," "ef we ondustand right, you call your Mesmer *ism* a re-*mee*-jil agent, which means, I s'pose, that it cures things!"

The disciple of science referred to divers cases about town in which he had been successful, to say nothing of the pulling of teeth" operation which he had just concluded his lecture with.

"Yes," said the challenger, "you're death on teeth, we know, but ken Mesmerism come the re-*mee*-jil over rheumatiz?"

"Inflammatory or chronic?" demand the Professor.

"Wa'll, stranger, we ain't much given to doctor's bottle names, but we recon it's about be wust kind."

The Mesmerist was about to define the difference between inflammatory attacks and *local* affections, when he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who *rather allowed* that as far as the *location* of the disorder went, it had a preemption right to the hull critter; and that, furthermore, it was just expected of him that he should forthwith visit the case, and bid him take up his bed and walk, or he himself would be escorted out of town, astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. This was a dilemma, either horn of which promised a toss to his reputation, but the crowd were solemnty in earnest; already triumphant in his *detection*, they began to look wollish at him and wise at each other, so that the Wolverine had nothing left for it but to demand, boldly, to "see the patient!" We had better give the rest of the story as it was related to a humorous friend of ours, by the disciple of Mesmer, himself.

"Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you, first at being thought a humbug, and next, that my individual share of the American eagle should be *compelled* into a measure, by thunder! I'd a-gin 'em a fight, if it hadn't ben for the *science*, which would a suffered any how, so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could a mesmerized a horse, and I determined whatever the case might be, I'd make it squeal, by thunder! "Here he is, said they, and in we all bundled into a room, gathering round a bed, with me shut in among 'em, and the cussed big onenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie-knife at the same time. 'That's your man! said he. Well, there lay a miserable-looking critter, with his eyes sot, and his mouth open,—and his jaws got wider and wider, as he saw the crowd and the bowie knife, I tell you! 'That's the idea!' said old big Ingin.

"'Rise up in that bed!' said I, and I tell you what, I must a looked at him dreadful, for up he jumped on eend, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic.

"'Git out on this floor,' said I, with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot if out he didn't come, lookin wild I tell ye!

"'*Now cut stick d—m you!*' screamed I, and Jehu Gineral Jackson!—if he didn't make a straight shirt-tail for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cum, an *prehaps* there wasn't the orfullest stampede down three pairs of stars that ever occurred in Michigan! Down out old rheumatis; through the bar-room;—out I cut after him—over went the stove in the rush after both on us. I chased him round two square—in the snow at that—then headed him off, and chased him back to the hotel agin, where he landed in a *fine sweat*, begged for his life, and said—*he'd give up the property*. Well I wish I may be shot if he wasn't a feller that they were offering a reward for in Buffalo! I made him dress himself—cured of his rheumatiz—run it right out of him, delivered him up, pocketed the reward, and *established the science*, by thunder!"

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.

If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraidings and revilings of his fellow-men, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorner, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of perhaps, a meaner intellect and be denied the opportunity to wither him into his nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood, and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of ignorance as to his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is, indeed, the cruelest trial the progressing intellect can suffer; and how often it is inflicted because it hurts and offends the most! Yet, wretched as the sufferer is, low as he falls in his own estimation, mean as he becomes in the estimation of his fellows, there is a lower and meaner being than he—the man who without cause inflicts injury on him. Treat a man like a friend, and you will make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions. In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all, this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society, is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in childhood, by the domestic fireside.

PRETTY KEEN.—The Albany Patriot says: "One of our Methodist clergymen last Sunday remarked, that if all the world believed the second coming was to take place on the 23d of March, 1848, at 3 o'clock P. M., two thirds of them would delay all preparations for it till *half past two*."

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.—A particular "green 'un" entered the Nassau cars for Lowell, to the infinite delight of several Boston bucks. They soon gathered around their victim and opened their batteries of wit and sarcasm with a raking fire. The countryman bore it like a philosopher, until they were approaching Lowell, when he turned to the one who had been most forward in "poking fun," and who, by the way, were a "*goatee*" beneath his chin, and very seriously exclaimed: "Why I know you, and I knew your parents before you; I can remember when you were born as well as though it were yesterday; your mother had twins; one was a boy and the other was a goat—the boy died, *but the goat lived!*"

MECHANICS' WIVES.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes: "There we behold woman in her glory; not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration—reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she could exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her a wife, partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her domestic diligence, spreading around her; for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother we find her the affectionate and ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them to thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings: preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world."

ANECDOTE.—The Providence Journal tells an anecdote of a good old Connecticut deacon, who was hitching a very feeble pair of oxen to a very large and heavy load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The good deacon replied that he expected aid from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him if it would not be as well to dispense with the oxen entirely, and *let Divine Providence draw the whole load.*