THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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THE OBSERVER

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April 21, 1847. 49

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THE best assortment of Band Boxes in the county for sale by H. COOK.
Jan. 1.

GOOD-BYE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home—
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come—
Good bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome:
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

A LOVE OF A SINGING-MASTER.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

The prettiest girl that attended our singing-meetings was Jane Gordon, the only daughter of a Scotchman who had lately bought a farm in the neighborhood. She was a fair and gentle damsel, soft-spoken, and down-looking, but not without a stout will of her own, such as, they do say, your very *soft-spoken people are apt to have. Indeed,* we may argue that to be able at all times to command one's voice down to a given level, requires a pretty strong good will, and more self-possession than impetuous people can have: and it is well known that blusterers are easier governed than anybody else. Jane Gordon had light hair, too, which hasty observers are apt to consider a sign of a mild and complying temper; but our dear Jane, though a good girl, and a dutiful daughter, had had a good deal of trouble with old Adam and given her sober parents a good deal too.

So that, by and by, when it was whispered that Jane Gordon was certainly in love with Mr. Fasole, and that Mr. Fasole was at least very attentive to Jane Gordon, the old people felt a good deal troubled. They were prudent, however, and only watched and waited, though quite determined that an itinerant singing-master should not carry off their treasure, to be a mere foot-ball of Fortune, and have

nor house, nor ha',
Nor fire, nor candle-light.

And at every singing-meeting the intimacy between Mr. Fasole and his fair pupil became more and more apparent, and the faces of the unappropriated damsels longer and longer.—The district schoolmaster, that winter, was a frightful old man, with a face like a death's head, set off by a pair of huge round-eyed spectacles, so *he* was out of the question, even if he had not had a wife and family to share his sixteen dollars a month. The store-keeper, Squire Hooper's partner, had imprudently gone off to the next town for a wife, but a few weeks before; and a young lawyer (who talked of settling among us as soon as there was anything to do—(he had an eye on the setting-back of the mill-pond, we suspect)—did nothing but smoke cigars and play checkers on the store-counter, and tell stories of the great doings at the place he had been haunting before he came among us. So the dearth of beaux was stringent, mere farmer-boys being generally too sly to make anything of, until they have bought land and stock, when they begin to look around, with a business eye, for somebody to make butter and cheese. Mr. Fasole, with his knowing air, and a plentiful stock of modest assurance, reigned paramount, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," He "cut a wide swath," the young men said, and it may be supposed they owed him no good will.

How matters can remain for any length of time in such an explosive state without an eruption, let philosophers tell. Twice a week for a whole, long, Western winter, did the singing-school meet regularly at the schoolhouse, and practice the tunes which were to be sung on Sunday; and every Sunday did one or two break-downs attest that improvement in music could not have been the sole object of such persevering industry. Sometimes a bold bass would be found finishing off, for a bar or two, in happy unconsciousness that its harmonious compeers had ceased to vibrate. Then again, owing to the failure through timidity or obliviousness, of some main stay, the whole volume of sound would quaver away, trembling into silence or worse, while the minister would shut his eyes, with a look of meek endurance, and wait until Mr. Fasole, frowning, and putting on something of the air with which we jerk up the head of a stumbling horse, could get his unbroken team in order again. Jane Gordon was not very bright at singing, perhaps because she was suffering under that sort of fascination which is apt to make people stupid; and she was often the "broken tooth and foot out of joint" at whose door these unlucky accidents were laid by the choir. Fasole always took her part, however, and told the accuser to "look at home," or hinted at some by-gone blunder of the whole class, or declared that Miss Jane evidently had a bad cold—not the first time that a bad cold has served as an apology for singing out of tune.

The period for a spring quarterly meeting of one of the leading denominations now drew nigh, and a great gathering was expected. Ministers from far and near, and a numerous baptism in the pond, were looked for. Preparations of all kinds were set on foot, and among the rest, music for the "occasion."—The choice of "set pieces" and anthems, and new tunes, gave quite a new direction and spur to the musical interest; but Mr. Fasole and Jane Gordon were not forgotten. There was time to watch them, and sing too. Thro' the whole winter the singing master, though his way lay in quite an opposite direction, had thought proper to see Miss Gordon home, except when it was very cold or stormy, when he modestly withdrew, with an air which said he did not wish his attentions to seem particular. It had become quite a trick with the young men to listen by the road-side, in order to ascertain whether he did not pop the question somewhere between the schoolhouse and Mr. Gordon's; but the conclusion was, that either he was too discreet to do it, or too cunning to let it be heard, for nothing could ever be distinguished but the most ordinary talk. Nothing could be more obvious, however, than that, whatever were Mr. Fasole's intentions, poor Jane was very much in earnest. She lost all her interest in the village circle, and, too honest and sincere for concealment, only found her spirits when the fascinating school-master appeared. He had the magnetizer's power over the whole being of his pupil.

The parents observed all this with the greatest uneasiness, and remonstrated with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but in vain. They reminded her that no one know anything about the singing-master, and that he very probably had at least one wife, elsewhere, although it was past the art of man to betray him into any such acknowledgement of such incumbrance; but Jane was deaf to all caution, and evidently only waited for the votary of music to make up his mind to ask, before she should courtesy and say yes.

The quarterly meeting come on, and Squire *Hooper's big barn was filled to overflowing.* A long platform had been erected for the ministers, and rough seats in abundance for the congregation; but every beam, bin, "coin of vantage," was hung with human life, in some shape or other. Such a gathering had not been seen in a long while. In front was placed Mr. Fasole, with Jane Gordon on his left hand, and his forces ranged in due order on each hand. White was his bosom, (outside,) and fiery red his hair and face, as he wrought vehemently in beating time, while he sent out volumes, not to say whole editions, of sound. One could not but conclude that every emotion of his soul must find utterance in the course of the morning's performance, if Jane Gordon only listened aright, which she seemed very well disposed to do. But the concluding hymn was to be the crowning effort.—It abounded in fugues—those favorites of country choirs, and had also several solos, which Mr. Fasole had assigned to Jane Gordon, in spite of the angry inuendoes of other pretenders. He had drilled her most perseveringly, and, though not without some misgivings, had succeeded in persuading himself as well as his pupil, that she would get thro' these "tight places" very well with a little help from him.

When the whole immense assembly rose to listen while the choir performed this "set piece," it was with a sound like the rushing of many waters, and poor Jane, notwithstanding the whispered assurance of the master, *began to feel her courage oozing out,* as woman's courage is apt to do just when it is most wanted. She got through her portion of the harmony with tolerable credit; but when it came to the first solo, it was as if one did take her by the throat, and the sounds died away upon her lips. Dread silence ensued, but in a moment, from the other side of the barn, seemingly from a far distant loft, a female voice, clear, distinct, and well trained, took up the recreant strain, and carried it through triumphantly. Then the chorus rose and, encouraged by the opportune aid, performed their part to admiration—so well, indeed, and with so much enthusiasm, that they did not at first miss the leading of Mr. Fasole.

When the next solo's turn came, they had time to look round; and while the distant voice once more sent its clear tones meandering among the rafters and through the mows and out of the wide doors, all the class turned to look at the master. There he stood—agape—astare—pale—spiritless—astonished—petrified; his jaws fallen, his nose pinched in, his eyes sunken and hollow, and fixed in wild gaze on the dim distance whence issued the potent sound, while poor Jane's fascinated optics gazed nowhere but on him. But before note could be taken of their condition, the chorus must once more join in the last triumphant burst, for the new auxiliary had inspired them like a heavenly visitant, and they could not attend to sublunary things. They finished in a perfect blaze of glory, the unknown voice sounding far above all others, and carrying its part as independently as Mr. Fasole himself could have done.

"What *is* the matter with the singing-master?" "Has he got a fit?" "Is he dying?" was whispered through the crowd as soon as the meeting was dismissed. "Bring water—whiskey—a fan—oh goodness! what is to be done?"

"Let *me* come to him," said a powerful voice just at hand; and, as the crowd opened, a tall, masculine woman, of no very prepossessing exterior, made her way to the fainting Orpheus.

"Jedediah!" she exclaimed, giving a stout lift to the drooping head; "Jedediah! don't you known your own Polly Ann?"

It was Mrs. Fasole—a very promising scholar whom the unhappy teacher had married at the scene of former labors, somewhere in the interior of Illinois, hoping to find her a true help-meet in the professional line. But, discovering to his cost that she understood only one kind of harmony, and that not of the description most valuable in private, he had run away from her and her big brothers, and hoped, in the deep seclusion of still newer region, to escape her for ever, and pass for that popular person, an agreeable bachelor.—Whether he was really villain enough to have intended to marry poor Jane too, we cannot know, but we will cheerfully hope not; though we are not sure that wantonly to trifle with an innocent girl's affections for the gratification of his vanity, was many shades less culpable. The world judges differently, we know, since it makes one offence punishable by law, while the other in considered, in certain circles, rather a good joke than otherwise. But the singing-master and his fearful spouse disappeared, and those who had not joined the class exulted, while, as far as public demonstration went, we could not see but the singing at meeting fell back to very nearly the old mark, under the auspices of old deacon Ingalls, who has for many years been troubled with a polypus in his nose.

Jane Gordon is a much more sensible girl than she was two years ago, and looks with no little complacency upon Jacob Still, a neighbor's son, who boasts that he can turn a furrow much better than he can a tune.—*Union Magazine.*

ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

The report of Major Cooke, who passed over from the Rio Grande to California, with a wagon train forming part of Gen. Kearney's expedition, describes a route practicable in all parts, and likely to become one of great importance hereafter. The report of Major Cooke relates to the route explored by him after he parted from Gen. Kearney, who, reached California by a more northern course. The point of deviation was in the valley of the Rio Grande. Major Cooke says:—

"Immediately below the point of deviation—on the Rio Grande—the country bordering the river became sensibly flatter and less broken. I left the river when in view of a point marked on the common maps as 'San Diego,' and the distant view toward 'El Passo' proved the country to be unbroken and comparatively level. From the high valley of the river, I ascended to the *table-land* of Mexico, by an almost insensible slope over *smooth* prairie.—For 150 miles on this smooth level table land which is studded with isolated hills or mountains—I journeyed without any difficulty, passing over but three hills—in two cases I know, in the third I believe unnecessarily. I then unexpectedly and suddenly arrived at a great break off, to a lower level of country, the descent to which was over broken and rough mountains for 15 miles. I found however, that I had at that moment fallen into an old wagon trail, which led, I was told, from Yanos. I was able to get my wagons through, following a stream all the way, and ascending in the 15 miles possibly a thousand feet.—This was the head of the Huaqui river, which empties into the California Gulf. I was told that this was called the pass of Guadalupe.—I then passed an unbroken country about 80 miles, when I fell upon the San Pedro river, which empties into the Gila. I decended this without difficulty of ground about 80 miles. In turning off, there is an ascent to nearly level country of perhaps above an hundred feet but it could be made very gradual. It is then about 48 miles to Feuson, a town of about 500 inhabitants with a fort and garrison. This distance is over much smooth ground, maintaining the same general level. *Feuson is in a rich* and well cultivated valley, where there is also a dense forest of Mogquit timber. From Feuson it is some 75 miles to the Gila; it is a level plain, generally of clay, where my wagons and footmen—water being very scarce—passed at the rate of about 30 miles a day.

"On the map which I made, and which is in your bureau, is marked a route considerably to the north of Guadalupe pass, which some of my guides believed would avoid that broken descent, and be found to be nearly level throughout, to the San Pedro at the point where I turned off from that beautiful little river. The most sensible and experienced of those men, Derough, who lives in Taos, New Mexico,—and who had trapped on the Gila, and passed, in a *different direction,* over that country, was decidedly of this opinion, but his knowledge on the other hand, was sufficient to forbid the attempt to explore it, in my situation, on account of scarcity of water.

"The Rio Grande bottoms, for a hundred miles above, and at the point where I left it, are well timbered; there is none on the table-land, save upon the small mountains which are every where to be seen; this is cedar and pine, but of small growth; rock is every where to be had; secondary rocks of almost every kind. But by this wonderfully level route the continent may be passed with scarcely a vein of granite. As far as Feuson the gama grass is abundant; it will fatten cattle whilst working in winter; and the route from Feuson passes through a country *abounding in exceedingly* rich gold mines.

"This route connecting California and the Pacific with the Valley of the Rio Grande and the Gulf, constitutes the third of the great routes by which the mountains are passed.—The first runs along the Valley of the Columbia, and crossing the mountains at the North Pass, communicates with the head waters of the Missouri and its branches, thus connecting Oregon with the great Valley of the Mississippi. The second route is by Fremont's Pass, from which point connection may be had with Oregon on the North, and with California on the South—and thence Eastward by the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. This will probably be the Great Central Route, with its two-fold termination on the Pacific, one branch communicating with the Mouth of the Columbia, the other wih the Bay of San Francisco."

The third route is the one described above by Major Cooke; it is the Southmost route, and will communicate with the harbour of San Diego on the Pacific. Of all the routes it is the shortest by far—taking New Orleans as the commercial point from which to compute distances. If the Rio Grande could be made navigable for steamboats as high up as El Passo, the land transit across to the Gulf of California would be very short indeed, comparatively speaking. It is not to be supposed, however, that this can be done. The road is therefore to be regarded as a railroad route.

MARCH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me,

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And Heaven puts on the blue of May,

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

The Skipper's Jack-at-a-Pinch.

From the Home Journal.

"This is a fact and no poetic fable."—*Byron.*

ABOUT two o'clock of the afternoon of the —— day of May, 1807, four persons were assembled in the parlor of a house on the stage-road, ten or fifteen miles below Tarrytown.—A gentleman of middle age, the master of the house, with his wife and a beautiful daughter, were in colloquy with an individual of a dignified air and singularly handsome countenance, about thirty years of age, who, with his valise in hand, and his cloak on his arm, appeared accoutred for traveling.

"I am truly sorry, Judge," said the host, that we cannot detain you longer."

"We certainly expected you to remain another night with us," said the wife.

"At least, said the daughter, with an engaging smile, you will wait until the stage passes to-morrow noon?"

"It is difficult, my kind friends," replied the stranger, "to resist invitations so pressingly offered; and," said he, turning to the daughter, "if any thing could induce me to forego my resolution, my dear young lady, it would be your solicitation; but I have been long absent from home. The circuit has been prolonged far beyond my expectations; and indispensable engagements hurry me away. If I recollect right," continued he, turning to the host, "there is a fishing hut on the river side, somewhere opposite us; and there was once a path which led down the mountain to the spot: be good enough to put me in the way to find it, and I will make for the station."

"It is passable only on foot, or on horseback," said the host, "or I would take you down in the carriage: but there is an opening in the wood, just yonder, which leads to the path; and, that once gained, you cannot go astray."

After many friendly greetings on all sides, the stranger made his bow and departed. The path was found; and, trudging onward, he soon emerged from the ravine above the beach, where a group of fishermen were awaiting the proper time of tide, to resume their labors. A couple of skiffs were drawn up on the shore, near which the congregation was assembled.

"Whose skiffs are these?" asked the new comer. "I want to be put on board one of those vessels in sight."

There was a light wind blowing from the north-west; and the white sails of the river craft were seen far above and below—some nearly opposite and some far distant.

"This one," responded a fisherman, "is mine; but we can't spare time to put you on board, for it will soon be time for a haul. The other belongs to the person now coming up."

The stranger inquired, as the other came near enough, whether he would accommodate him with a passage on board.

"I can let you have the skiff," he answered; "but I am obliged to go up the road. Here, however, are a couple of idlers, who will undoubtedly row you off, and bring back the boat."

The suggestion was adopted; the wherry was chartered, and the oarsmen engaged for the voyage.

While the men were getting the boat in proper order, a woman made her appearance, dressed in a linsey-woolsey gown—not of the finest texture, or of the newest fashion, and none of the cleanest, withal. The face of this person was cast in true Xantippian mould, with eyes so horribly askew, that an operator for strabismus would have coveted her as a subject for his skill; and, to crown the picture, the visage of the lady was of such a 'vinegar aspect,' as to warrant the belief that she had fed on crab-apples for a fortnight. Approaching the men, who were nearly ready to shove off, she accosted them thus:

"You are going off to them sloops, are n't you, Jake? I don't care if I go along."

"I do, Mrs. Nox!" said the oarsman.—"There will be two wards to that bargain.—That man," pointing to the stranger, who was coming down, "has hired the skiff, and, if he don't like your ugly mug better than I do, you won't get a passage, this time."

The woman scowled in a fearful manner, but made no reply.

"You're going," said she addressing the stranger, "aboard of them vessels. I want to go to York; and I can go on board with you, just as well as not?"

"Exactly so, madam," said the stranger; "step in."

The skiff had but three seats—two for the oarsmen, and the stern sheets, built sufficiently broad to take two persons abreast. The stranger with his valise on his knee, took one side, and the woman with her bundle on her lap, the other; and off shot the wherry into the stream, toward the nearest vessel. The stranger waved a pocket handkerchief as a *signal; and the skipper, putting his helm* down, and hauling aft his main sheet, bore up for the skiff. But as soon as they got near enough for a fair scrutiny, he exclaimed:

"Up helm, Joe! Square away! Them's no customers for me!"

"By jolly, I thought so!" said the oarsman who had rebuffed Mrs. Nox—Mrs. Erebus, she might have been better named—as she cast a midnight glance at the offender. A second vessel was tried with no better effect—a third with like success: at length a Tarrytowner answered the signal, and took them on board.

By this time it was near sundown; and as they got upon the deck, the skipper addressed the stranger thus:

"I don't know how I'm to accommodate you and your woman with berths and bedding: and I'm afraid you won't fare very well for supper, for my cook got on a spree ashore, and we were obliged to leave him. However, the mate and I, who are all hands now, will cook up something or other."

The stranger had walked aft, and the woman was sitting near the hatchway, when the captain addressed her in an undertone, which yet was heard on the quarter-deck:

"That 'ere's your man, I take it?" said he pointing over his shoulder.

"He aint no such thing!" said the woman, bridling up: "my man is a rather guess sort of a fellow from him. I only got that ere chap to put me on board."

The captain now accosted his other passenger:

"This aint your woman, I find?"

"O, no!" was the reply, "only a chance passenger."

"I thought you *was queerly yoked,* when I first saw you," said the captain. "I'm thinking I shall give *you* the old sail, which is the only thing to sleep on, on board, and let her have the soft side of the plank I was going to give you."

"By no means! Give the poor woman the best accommodations you can. As for me, I shall do well enough."

The wind was falling, the tide turned, and the sloop was brought to an anchor—the jib hauled down and the mainsail left standing, skipper fashion—when the captain and his adjunct began preparations for refection.

"I say, ma'am," said the captain, "I've a notion that you could lend us a lift with this supper?"

"I shan't do no such a thing," was the reply. "I expect to pay my passage, and if you've got any supper to get, you may get it yourself."

The captain did not out do the Niblos and Delmonicos of the time; and his beef-steaks, fried in—the Lord knows what—fell far short of those of old Baker, of the City Tavern in Wall-street, in tenderness. Nor was the hyson of the first quality, or the sugar the whitest; and, although the lady grumbled, the stranger took everything kindly.

When it was time to retire, the lady took possession of the best berth, and the old sail; while the stranger, wrapped in his cloak, turned in, in the *gite pis-aller* that remained.

It was past midnight, when, from a horrid dream he was undergoing the *peine forte, et dure,* (so indurate was even the soft side of the plank the captain spoke of,) that functionary shook him rudely by the shoulder, and awoke him from his slumber.

"I say Mister, ain't you a doctor?"

A negative was returned.

"I'm sorry for it," continued he. "Here's my mate has got the awfullest stomach-ache ever man had. I was in hopes you had something in them saddle-bags which might do him some good. Do see if you can't help him."

The passenger arose; and assuring him that there was nothing medicinal in his portmanteau, went over to the mate, who was writhing in great agony, and groaning heavily.

"Have you gin and peppermint on board?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the captain. "I've tried that, and it don't help him."

"Have you any pearl-ashes, then?" he inquired.

"O, yes!" answered the captain; "I always keep that. With hard-cider, in a morning, it is a capital drink."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "bring it, and get some hot-water, as quick as you can."

"The kettle must have boiled by this time," said the captain; "for I put it on some time ago;" and going forward to the caboose, he returned with the necessary ingredients for a drench. Putting the proper quantity of alkali into a pint mug, and pouring the water upon it—leaving sufficient *'sky-light'* for the infusion of due measure of right *scheidam,* sweetening the dose, and qualifying it with peppermint—the stranger administered the potion to his patient, which in a short time, essentially relieved him; and dose number two, half an hour afterward, having been imbibed, the sufferer, who was entirely prostrated by pain, fell into a quiet slumber.

The stranger now again turned in; but had scarcely gotten into a dream, as uneasy as the first, before the captain was again at his side.

"Mister," said he, "the tide is now high-flood, and there is a smart breeze getting up. I want to get under weigh; and Higgins, here, is too sick to help. Now, do just get up, and haul in the slack while I rouse up the anchor—do, that's a good fellow!"

The passenger was not obdurate; and, after proper application, and the usual "Yo! heave ho!" at the windlass, the ring of the anchor was hove check to the hause-holes, the jib was hoisted, and the sloop was tearing down before it.

The passenger again resumed his berth, where he remained until the day had broken, when the captain once more made his appearance.

"I say, Mister," said he, "the wind has *chopped about:* I want a hand to tend jib-sheets—Higgins can't do it; so, just bear a hand and help me, and a few stretches will bring us up with the dock."

Up got the passenger, and took the station assigned him, performing his duty with great alacrity: receiving the orders, "haul aft!"—"be spry!"—"pull away!"—"another pull and belay!"—at every tack; and by dint of hard labor on his part, and good steerage on the part of the captain, they got into the slip, and let run the halyards.

"Now heave 'em a rope!" shouted the captain. "Bear a hand!—bear a hand!—now haul in!—haul in!"

Those orders were promptly obeyed; and the sloop was safe at the dock. While the captain was *stowing the sails,* the stranger went below, and soon returned in his cloak—valise in hand.

"Well, captain," he asked, "what's to pay?"

"Pay!" said the skipper; "if there's anything to pay, I'm the chap that's got to do it—so, Mister, just tell us what's the damage, and I'll shell out directly—and thank you, into the bargain. I never want a better Jack-at-a-pinch, than you are. Just say how much, and here it is."

"Poh! poh! said the passenger, "you are welcome to all I have done; but I must pay for my passage. Is this enough?" handing him a bank-note.

"Why, this here," said the captain, looking *at the note, "is five times as much as I should* have charged you, if nothing had happened; but if you say take it, I will and thank you kindly. And now, Mister, I should like to know where you live, and what your trade is, if it aint asking too much?"

"I have been a lawyer and live hereabouts," said the stranger.

"Well, one thing more, and I hope you won't think me too sassy: do tell me your name?"

"Tompkins," was the reply.

"Where from?"

"Westchester."

"No relation to 'Squire Caleb Tompkins, up here?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Not very near, I take it," said the captain.

"Only his brother," was the response.

"His brother!—Caleb Tompkins' brother!" said the captain, aghast. "Why, you can't be Daniel D.!"

"The very same," said the stranger, smiling.

"Pheuw!" here the captain gave an interjectional whistle. "Here's a pretty business! By all the pipers—you're the new Governor!"

"So they tell me," said the Governor.

"Why, what an infernal impudent fellow you will think me! Here I've been getting you to physic my mate, and set you to working my old sloop; and I've been ordering you about, just as if I'd hired you at eight dollars a month! You'll never forgive me, I know, for this; and all I can do, is to ask your pardon!"

"Nonsense!" said the Governor; "come, shake hands, for I must be off," and he held out his hand.

The captain, somewhat hesitatingly, seized the proffered hand in both his, and squeezed it quite hard enough for the comfort of the owner.

"Well," said he, "I've got one consolation, anyhow. I've always voted for you, whenever you have been up; and, last April, I, and five brothers, gave you a plumper for Governor; and, if any one of my kith or kin ever votes for anybody else, as long as you are going to stand, call me a flunky! that's all."

There is no doubt that the skipper kept his word, and voted ever after for "The Farmer's Boys;" and there are few who ever held such close communion with Daniel D. Tompkins, that ever bolted at an election when he was a candidate.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

I have seen a lady adorned with costly apparel, clothed in silk and velvet, with her fingers ornamented by rings, and her wrists by jewelled bracelets; and that lady's seamstress, who was entirely dependent upon her daily earnings, has remained unpaid for months.

I have seen a young girl expend dollars upon a useless trinket, who a half an hour before had refused a shilling to a needy beggar.

I have seen a mother cheerfully lavish money to purchase her daughter's expensive and superfluous dresses; and I have heard the same mother grumble that she had to pay servants such enormous wages.

I have heard a wife whose apartments were furnished in the most rich and elegant manner, and who spared neither pains nor expense in procuring fashionable articles, either for her rooms or her wardrobe, complain bitterly that her husband took so many newspapers.

I have seen a man spend money profusely for the supply of his personal wants, while at the same time he would not give the least pittance for any charitable object.

STICK TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Let speculators make their *thousands in a year* or a day; mind your own regular trade, never turning from it, to the right hand nor to the left. If you are a merchant, if you are a laborer, a professional man or a mechanic, never buy lots nor stocks, unless you have surplus money which you wish to invest.—Your own business you understand as well as other men; but other people's business you do not understand. Let your business be some which is useful to the community. All occupations possess the elements of profit in themselves, while mere speculations has no such elements.