THE ERIE OBSERVER.

☞ONWARD.☜

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Select Poetry and Miscellany.

THE DAY SPRING.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Mourner, bending o'er the tomb
Where thy heart's dear treasure lies,
Dark and dreary is thy gloom,
Deep and burdened are thy sighs:
From thy path the light, whose rays
Cheered and guided thee, is gone,
And the future's desert waste
Thou must sadly tread alone.

'Neath the drooping willow's shade,
Where the drooping Cypress grows,
The beloved and lost is laid
In a quiet, calm repose.
Silent now the voice whose tones
Wakened rapture in thy breast—
Dull the ear—thy anguished groans
Break not on the sleeper's rest.

Grace and loveliness are fled,
Broken is the "golden bowl,"
Loosed the "silver chord," whose thread
Bound to th' immortal soul.
Closed the eyes whose glance so dear
Once love's language fond could speak,
And the worm, foul banqueter,
Riots on that matchless cheek.

And the night winds, as they sweep
In their solemn grandeur by,
With a cadence wild and deep,
Mournfully their requiem sigh.
And each plant and leaf and flower
Bows responsive to the wail,
Chanted at the midnight hour,
By the spirits of the gale.

Truly has thy sun gone down
In the deepest, darkest gloom,
And the fondest joys thou'st known
Buried are, within that tomb.
Earth no solace e'er can bring
To thy torn and bleeding heart—
Time nor art extract the sting
From the conqueror's poisoned dart.

But, amid thy load of wo,
Turn, then stricken one, thine eyes
Upward, and behold that glow
Spreading brightly o'er the skies!
'T is the day-star, beaming fair
In the blue expanse above;
Look on high, and know that there
Dwells the object of thy love.

Life's bright harp of thousand strings
By the spoilers hand was riven,
But the realm seraphic rings
With the victor notes of Heaven.
Over death triumphant—lo!
See thy cherished one appear!
Mourner, dry thy tears of wo,
Trust, believe, and meet her there!

(Graham's Magazine.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

A Sketch of American Life.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOW.

Every land has its own "beau ideal" of woman, and its own ladies have been bepraised in certain good set terms, with which everybody the least read in polite literature is perfectly acquainted. Who has not heard of the noble bearing, the beauty and domestic virtue of the dames of England? Of the sprightliness, grace and fascination of the ladies of France? How have the light footstep of Spain, the melting eye of Italy been said and sung. And to this flourist's feast of nations, may not the plain old farmer, of New England, come, spade in hand, and bring the flower of his own land? Let the English lady be enthroned as the lily,—the French, the ever bright and varying tulip,—the Spanish and Italian, the full moss rose: the richest and most voluptuous of flowers. The Yankee girl is the rose laurel, whose blossoms no garden flower ever excelled in rosy delicacy and gracefulness of form, but whose root asks neither garden-bed nor gardner's care but will take for itself strong hold where there is a handful of earth in the cleft of a rock, whose polished leaf shakes green and cheerful over the snows of the keenest winter. In her you shall find the union of womanly delicacy and refinement with manly energy and decision, womanly ingenuity and versatility in contrivance, with manly promptness and efficiency in execution.

While some ladies found their claims to interest on a delicate ignorance and inability as to all the practical parts of life, the only fear of the New England girl is that there should be anything that woman ever did, which she cannot do, and has not done a little better than ever it was done before. Born of frugal parents, who, with any other habits would be poor, she learns early to make energy and ingenuity to supply the place of wealth. Born in a land where all are equal, no princess could surpass her in the feeling of self-respect. Born where the universal impulse of all is to rise, there is nothing in the way of knowledge and accomplishment, which she does not hope some day to acquire, and even without any advantages of culture, womanly tact, quickness of mind, and lady-like self-possession, add the charm of grace to her beauty.—Now if you wish to find this lady of our fancy you must not look for her in our cities, where all the young ladies speak French, play on the piano, and are taught to be as much like one another as their bonnets. If you wish to investigate the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of a damask curtains, in the windows of drawing rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individual at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eye-lashes to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see this Yankee girl as she is, take a flight with us, up—up—not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cosy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green breasted turf, have been dropped some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting house, and a school house, all in very nondescript and unutterable styles of architecture.—There in that village which never was aroused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribbond of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and sabbath-like seems the place to day—does anybody live here? There is nobody to be seen in the streets—nothing stiring but the leaves of the dense heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and humble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the rows of shinning milk pans,—and hark! by the loud drawl from the open windows of yonder school house, you preceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fashioned house, seems to have set down to cool itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it, truly regal That house is the palace royal of one of the sovereign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons. Jonathan is a great man, and rich in the land, a wise man, and a man of valor moreover. He is great, politically, for he keeps the post office. He is rich too, for he is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than anybody about him, and as to his valor, it is self-evident from the fact that he has been promoted with unparalleled rapidity to be Captain, Colonel, and finally General Parsons. Accordingly he is commonly recognised by his martial title, "the General." He is a hale, upwright, cheerful man of fifty or thereabouts, with a bluff, ruddy face, and a voice as cheerful and ringing as a sleigh-bell. He turns his hand to more kinds of business than any one in the village, and, what is uncommon, thrives in all. He keeps the post office, and therewith also a small assortment of groceries, thread tape, darning needles, tin pans, and axe-heads, and the usual miscellaneous stock of a country store. He has a thriving farm,—possesses legal knowledge enough to draw deeds and contracts, and conduct all the simple law business of his neighborhood, and besides this, he attends, in a general way, not only to the government of the United States, but of all the countries in the world; for Jonathan takes a weekly newspaper from Boston, and makes up his mind once a week as to all the matters and things of the world around, and his convictions, doubts and opinions on these points, are duly expounded to his townsmen, while he is weighing out sugar or tea, or delivering letters in the course of the week. It is a pity that the President of the United States or the crowned heads of Europe never sent to Jonathan for his opinion,—for they would always find it snugly made up and ready for instant delivery. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal wealth of flocks and herds, Jonathan had a patriarchal complement of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we introduce by the ever verdant name of Mary. The village had called her mother a beauty before her, and Mary has borne that name ever since she shook the golden curls of careless childhood. Yet it is not the impression of mere physical beauty that she produces upon you: there is both intelligence and energy in the deep violet of her eye, and decision as well as sweetness in the outline of her beautiful mouth. Her form, naturally slender, is developed bye onstant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweetbrier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy, air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, though untaught in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty, which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instinctive sense of what really is due to one's self and others—this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

Mary's amount of accomplishments, so called, was small—including not a word of French, and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices, taught in the common evening singing school of the village. But as a daughter and sister and housewife, her accomplishments were innumerable. Enter the cool, quiet house, not a room of which boasts a carpet, but whose snowy floors need no such concealment. The chief of all that is done in the house, in providing, making, mending, cleaning and keeping in order, is by the single hands of Mary and her mother. We know this may lead the minds of some of our readers to very prosaic particulars. We have heard a deal of heroines playing on the harp and so forth, but who ever heard of a heroine washing or ironing? The most that has ever been accomplished in these respects, was by the lovely Charlotte of Goethe, whom he introduces to us cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. We can assure all our fair readers who are inclined to be fastidious on the point, however, that had they lived under the roof of Jonathan Parsons, they could scarcely have been scandalized by any disagreeable particulars. Even at the wash-bench, our heroine, in her neat, close fitting calico, never looked so little like a lady as some fair ones we have seen in curl papers and morning gowns, before they were made up for company; and moreover, much that seems so laborious would be over with and out of sight, long before they are in the habit of having their eyes open in the morning. Many days they would find our heroine in possession of leisure to draw, read, write, sew or work muslin, quite equal to their own. They would see that by ingenuity and that quick observation in which pretty women are seldom lacking, she could fashion her attire so as not to be far from the rules of good usage; and that, though her knowledge from books was limited, her mind was active and full of thought, and and as ready to flash at the entrance of knowledge, as a diamond at the entrance of light.

You are not to suppose that a lady of such acomplishments, natural and acquired, a lady of rank and station, moreover, passed to her seventeenth year unwooed. So far from it, there was scarcely a personable article in the way of a beau, who had not first or last turned a hand in this matter. There were two dilapidated old bachelors, one disconsolate widower, half a dozen schoolmasters, one doctor and one lawyer, already numbered among the killed and wounded, and still Miss Mary carried her head with that civil, modest "what-do-I-care-for-you" air, that indicated that her heart remained entirely untouched—and all the wonder was, whom should she marry.

It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons, the sudden explosion of a gun caused the horse of one of them to start, and throw his rider, who falling against a post in in the front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good looking gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down into New Hampshire on a shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him, a Mr. Vincent, his traveling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and into a dismally calm, roomy, clean, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to tend a sick friend, and no reading but Scott's Family Paper and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused him from his apathy. Now when one is treading carpeted floors, lounging on damask sofas, and smelling cologne water, a pretty girl is very much a matter of course, unless her beauty be of a peculiarly rare and striking character. But where there are no curtains, no pictures, no carpets, and nothing more luxurious than a very high backed, perpendicular rocking chair, a pretty girl becomes an angel forthwith, and such was the case at present.—The young earl really thought, all things considered, that he would do our fair young Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her—so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gentleman the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too taking-for-granted and condescending. She could perceive from his traveling equipments, his general air and manner, that he had alighted among them from quite another orb of society than any of which she had ever conceived, and there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her he looked down both on her and her parents as beings of a vastly inferior order—and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No princess of the blood could have been more stately, self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect.—Our gentleman, however, had been thoroughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, piqued himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary receded, the more eagerly he advanced,—the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the magnanimous expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent!"—said Beresford to his friend, one evening after walking up and down the room several times, adjusting his collar and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say *something*.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing, "We have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking—"

"Well, without joking, then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and fortieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious,"

"Serious! have I not been dolefully serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophic retreat?—However, Will, proceed to particulars, for any news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent, I am determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing, "there would be little eclat in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent still continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now Vincent," he resumed "you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable—you know, of course, I mean the lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn.—"Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here, in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must you set yourself to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl:—It's too bad,—I'm ashamed of you."

"Ashamed! too bad! what do you mean? Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And do I not know you will do no such thing?" replied Vincent,—"did you ever see a handsome woman, of honorable principles, that you have not had a six-weeks' vow of marrying?"

"But Vincent—"

"But, Beresford," interrupted Vincent, "do you not know well enough, that all your vows and promises will wear only till you get to Quebec—and after the first ball then comes the old story,—unavoidable alteration—cruel necessity must prevent, and so forth,—and so the poor girl who has been the dupe of your good looks and fair speeches, is forgotten. Now, Beresford, you know all this as well as I do."

"But, Vincent, you do not understand the case."

"So you have told me regularly in every flirtation since you have been in the country. Come, now Will, for once be advised, and let this affair alone. Besides, think of the absurdity of the thing, introducing a wife whom you have picked up, like a partridge, on a shooting tour—nobody knows when or where."

"Oh, as to that," replied Beresford. "I can take her to Quebec and put her into a convent, to acquire accomplishments. She has an air and manner worthy of a countess, now—and then one can make up some little romance as to her parentage—at all events, marriage is the only terms on which she can be gained, so marry her I will."

"And you have gained her consent, and that of her parents, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent?" said Beresford,—"of course, she will consent, though I have not yet opened the subjech with her."

"And pray how do you know that?"

"How do I know! why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the cause officially, you see,—and with all deference to the elite of this region, such offers do not occur every day,—she must see this, of course."

"Well" replied Vincent "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seem to characterise the family I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That's past praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth"—and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence of acquaintanceship and natural good humor, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past, a more marked change of manner had supervened. Mary had become absent, occasionally melancholy and more than usually excitable—her color was varying, her eye was restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from anything she had ever before exhibited. The truth was, that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but, as Beresford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theory, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sisters were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window curtained by green vines. He commenced his enterprise by a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assumed, comfortable way, that is inexpressibly vexatious to an inexperienced and sensitive woman—a manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration." Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on his own ground, the practised and ready man of the world, who addressed her.

"Mr. Beresford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me—I realy have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devoutly seriously in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary smiling.

Beresford proceeded to reveal his real name and title, and to make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined his proposal.

Beresford pleaded the advantage of station he had to offer, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed, Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may, very possibly, seem to you that you do me a great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such different kind of society, such a different manner of estimating things, from any thing I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station, and so forth."

"Some Yankee pedlar or tinker, perhaps," replied Beresford, angrily.

"Very possible," replied Mary, calmly, "and yet he may be more truly noble, than the only Earl I ever had the honor of knowing,"—and our heroine left the room.

"Handsomely done, that!" said the earl, walking up and down the room—"pon my word, a duchess could not have executed the thing better. I was a fool for being angry with her, for, after all, it would have been awkward if she had consented,"—and the Earl, who never in his life troubled himself five minutes about any thing, made up his mind to pass off the whole as a good joke; and in less than three weeks from this time, he was desperately in love with a captivating little opera dancer at Quebec.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught glimpses of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine arbour, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the oft told tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listens with no unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of passionate feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary, brightest, dearest, loveliest,—with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer—nothing."

"And do you think that I count a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary,

"Yes but there is so long an uncertainty before me—so much to be done single-handed, and not a soul thinks I shall succeed—not a soul—not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know I do," said Mary, "and you know what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed I do—indeed I do—or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you, believe every word I say—that six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great Mr. George Evarts, and everybody will be making bows and shaking hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man, smiling—and immediately after his face changed; an anxious and thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it—he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen.

"Mary I fear I have done you wrong, to involve you in my uncertainties—to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long hard struggle. I ought not leave you bound to me by any promise. If, during these future years, you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and hand—one worthy of you—and you think that if it were not for me—"

"I am to take him, of course," said Mary. "Well, I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you—always desponding, when you hope most. Come back to me five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then—why I'll think of it."

But what was said after this we will only pause a little in our story, to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than a small house and garden and as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishing by an old, decaying stock. Little George was a manly, daring resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cow, milked and helped in various matters in-doors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighborhood. But when the days drew on that he should be put to some effective way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads, for with a deal of general ability he seemed to have no elective affinity for anything in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker, who offered fully to teach him the mysteries of the craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay upon the lapstone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons being a neighborly advising man, thought he knew what was best for the boy, and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him; and so George wielded the spade, hoe and axe, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who, in common phrase, "don' seem to stick to anything."

But the gossips of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which Geaorge did stick to, after all. He had in his being that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he is made for. George had come across various odd volumes of books—history, travels, biography,—and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to do or be something in the world—something, he scarce knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. And what a sighing and wondering there was from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the vilage worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence, and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported to have lost his wits in the attempt to study Latin as a most forcible illustration of his argument. Poor Gerge had but one friend to encourage him amid all this opposition, and that was our warm-hearted and trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's, and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his scheme with all a girl's confident, undoubting enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we related, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would see it down for a clear indication of lunacy on the part of Mary, and of something worse upon that of the gentleman.

We will not tell of the year long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview—of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by firelight at his mother's hearth—the Euclid poured over during the hours of the long night, while he was tending saw-mill for a neighboring farmer. Suffice it to say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned besides, a small stock of money. This, his little all, he laid out in a pedlar's box and the necessary outfit for it, and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earnings, he left his native village with a determination never to return, till he had fufilled the destiny he appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, but not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own efforts had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, everybody in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow, George always did seem to have it in him, and his neighbors, one and all, remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two measures of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary——ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evarts began to make a figure in the papers as leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a more zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt that he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

Many years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing room in his own land, and to her, as the wife of the American Minister, his lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married mad, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly fastidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects had entitled him to be. He was struck, however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time had done little to efface; nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire, and the wife of a Yankee Pedlar.

Editorial, News Items, &c.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

From our Tri-Weekly of Monday.

We have the pleasure, to-day, of laying before the public the first number of the "*Erie Tri-Weekly Observer*," and the occasion seems appropriate to offer a few words to those upon whose patronage we shall rely to sustain us in our enterprise.

Erie is no longer the "sleepy borough," of former years, the bye-word and reproach of the lakes. She is rapidly taking her position among the most enterprising and growing cities in the country. Her Commerce and Manufactures are keeping pace with the growth and wants of the country,—while new avenues of trade and sources of wealth are daily developing themselves. No place along the whole chain of Lakes has maintained so steady and solid a growth, for the past few years, as this. Her increase of population and business has not been produced by speculation or fictitious causes. Buildings by hundreds, chiefly dwellings, have been erected, but unlike those of '36 and 37, they have found occupants; and now we doubt whether there is one without a tenant. And while our city is thus prosperous, our county and those adjacent, can boast of as large an increase of population and wealth as any in the State.

Under these circumstances, and with the facilities offered by the Magnetic Telegraph for the early reception of news, we have deemed that the business community demanded and would sustain a tri-weekly, if not a daily, paper devoted to their interest and that of the place and adjoining country. The first number of a paper of this character is now before the public. Will it be sustained? This problem we are determined to solve. We have embarked in the enterprise after due reflection, and we very much mistake the business men of this city, if we are allowed to fail.

In these days of Telegraph and Steam, it is of the utmost importance to business men to receive the earliest advices in regard to markets, especially those of our Eastern cities. All such information has a direct bearing upon their own operations—in fact no man can do business unless he is put in possession of such advices. It will be the aim of the *Tri-Weekly Observer* to furnish such information, so far as it can be obtained by Telegraph and otherwise. Self-interest, therefore, would seem to dictate to our business men to sustain us in our enterprise, not only with their subscriptions, but that most important of all newspaper support—ADVERTISING!—Towns are judged, in a measure by their newspapers.—If they exhibit a large advertising patronage, it is taken abroad as good evidence that the town is in a prosperous condition, and others are induced to seek in it for a location—thus enhancing the price of real estate and creating a market for all kinds of goods, manufactures and produce.

With these brief remarks we launch our bark upon the waters of public favor, determined to succeed, and with the full belief that there is no such word as FAIL!

PUBLICATION OF THE LAWS.—The *Crawford Democrat*, in remarking upon the many conflicting statements in regard to the passage of the law abolishing Militia trainings, says: "We know not whether the bill has become a law. About the fourth of July next the pamphlet Laws will arrive here, when we expect to know all about the matter. If a law existed requiring the publication of all laws of general interest in each county of the State, immediately after their passage, the people would always be made acquainted at an early day with their provisions and govern themselves accordingly. Let the people take this subject in hand, and let the press echo their feelings, until a law of this kind is secured. Such an one now exists in the State of New York and is deservedly popular with the people." We respond to the suggestion, heartily.

☞ A band of vocalists called the "EOLIANS," have been drawing crowded houses in Buffalo for a week past. They are residents of Buffalo, and contemplate making a tour west. Perhaps they will give us a call.

☞ The Buffalo Herald says it is understood that the arrangements for a Steamboat Assoiation on the Lakes, are nearly completed. It is probable they will be perfected early this week. Sorry to hear it.

☞ One of our exchanges says, since Gen. Wool took command of Gen. Taylor's army, all the guerrillas have been dispersed—not one is to be seen. The feeling that at present exists in that part of Mexico is very beautifully expressed in the words of one the Alcades to Gen. Wool. "Others," said he, "have conquered our persons, but you have conquered our hearts."

☞ The Democrats in Fredrickstown, Maryland, in convention on the 15th, declared Gen. Cass their first choice for the Presidency; and approved Mr. Polk's entire policy.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER EAGLE.—A Detroit paper of the 24th says, the Schooner Eagle has been discovered near Sheboygan. She is a perfect wreck, and it is supposed that all on board have perished. The Propeller Princeton, which came down to-day, took off one body—supposed to be Jacob Lawson.

PURVIANCES' NEWS AND WEEKLY ADVERTISER, is the title of a new paper, the first number of which is on our table, just commenced at Allegheny City. The "*News*" is Whig in politics, and deals out its blows upon the Democracy in true Federal style. We trust the proprietors will add more dollars to their pockets, than converts to their principles.

☞ The German Revolutionary Committee of New York, have purchased a thousand stand of arms to be used by emigrant volunteers who have been enrolled in battallions, and will shortly leave this country for the theatre of war in their native land.

TRUE TO THE LETTER.—The seamtresses of Baltimore who have suffered in common with that class of deserving operatives, from the pitiful wages to which they have been compelled to submit, passed the following resolution at a recent meeting in that city:

Resolved, That modern Charity carries a high head, and is far-sighted—keenly perceptive of misery afar off; but unable to discern it near home.

☞ The Cleveland Herald (whig) says Clay can't begin to carry Ohio! Clay says he is told he can. Which knows best?

☞ Sandusky has two daily papers and Toledo, one—surely if they are supported, Erie ought at least to support a tri-weekly.

☞ The President has re-nominated Col. Victor E. Piollet to the Senate, for the place of Paymaster in the Army.

THE NEUTRAL PRESS AND PARTIES.

It has become very fashionable of late, among a certain class of Editors, when they can find nothing else whereon to employ their pens, to launch their anathemas against the political parties of the country, accusing them of blind adherence to the behests of their leaders, and a slavish bowing of the knee to every measure broached. These Editors profess a great deal of independence—patriotism—wisdom—and, in short, claim for themselves, all the cardinal virtues said to be possessed and practiced alone by saints. In private life, however, every one of them will be found as bitter a partizan as any political Editor in the country. Their newspaper profession on this subject, then, is all gammon—sheer hypocracy—intended to catch the support of the uninitiated, and in too many cases to subserve the cause of some of these parties they so zealously condemn.

A paper before us—the Buffalo Morning Herald—of the character described above, under the head of "*Revolutions*," says it "hopes ere long to see a revolution—bloodless indeed—but effective," "to free us from the chains and fetters of a tyranny almost as binding as any experienced in the old" world; "the tyrannical chains of party." After making this assertion, which no man in his sober senses will pretend contains as much truth as a grain of mustard seed, the writer gravely goes on to say that "our whole country, with its boasted institutions of freedom, is becoming corrupted by this servile submission to the mandates of party." A well turned and prettily expressed sentence, truly—but is it true? We shall not say that it is not, but we question whether its author can give us any evidence that it is. Moreover, we doubt whether there is one in a thousand of the people, who in fact constitute the parties of the country, and who, of all others, should know whether *their* "servile submission to the mandates of party" is working such incalculable evils to the country, will ficknowledge his statements correct in fact, or probable in action. We agree with him, however, in one particular, and even go beyond; for we say that "every man who is a patriot," or who is not—"who loves his country with the pure devotion which a patriot should feel," or who sees in her institutions, political and social, "a tyranny almost as binding as any experienced in the old" country, "should know why he adheres to such and such principles; should be thoroughly convinced that those principles are the ones most applicable to the good of the whole country, and should be able to give his reasons why he helps to sustain and promulgate them, and then by his suffrage and his influence, should support that candidate for political preferment whose principles most nearly harmonize with his own. Let this be done, and" we shall have few, very few, *neutral* preachers, for they will find no hearers.

It is idle to inveigh against political parties in a government like ours. They are as necessary to its purity, in fact to its existence, as light to the world, or the descending rains and dews, to the growth of vegetation.

☞To the kind attention of the Editors of the Erie Observer we are indebted for the following Foreign News, received by them by *Telegraph* and furnished us in an *Extra*, under date of Erie, April 21—5 P. M., twenty-four hours in advance of any other information on the subject:

We clip the above from the *Meadville Journal*. It is but one out of many similar notices we have received since the extension of the Telegraph to this city, and shows how our efforts to keep up with the spirit of the age in furnishing late news, is appreciated abroad. Give us support enough to sustain our present enterprise, and we pledge ourselves to redoubled exertions in behalf of the public in this particular. Meadville has already furnished us with a fair lot of subscribers—not, however a quarter what she can, and what we trust she will do.—Every business man should take the Tri-Weekly, because he will find in it the latest market reports. Politicians of all parties should furnish themselves with a copy—the Democrats, because it will be advancing the great cause of popular rights for which they are contending; the Whigs and Abolitionists, because they should be well informed of the designs and principles of our party, and thereby be enabled to counteract with more certainty the influence we might otherwise exert.

☞Had we time for sentimentalism we might have something to say in regard to the auspicious day we launch our bark upon the troubled sea of popular favor,—the *first of May*, the month of returning flowers, of grateful odors, warm sunshine, delicious breezes, and all that sort of stuff, which poets and moon-struck youths delight to do up in tender rhyme—but we haven't. Short of help—disappointed in some our calculations—had to work at ease, write editorial, run on errands, and so on to the end of the chapter of Editorial annoyances. Any one that would be sentimental under such circumstances could be so with a thousand Camanches at his heals.

ILLINOIS FOR CASS.—The Democratic State Convention of Illinois has appointed delegates to the Baltimore Convention, and instructed them for *Gen. Lewis Cass* for President. The Cass stock is evidently on the rise.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—Senator *Niles*, of Connecticut, has introduced a bill abolishing cents, and substituting a silver coin worth a quarter dime. This may be recorded as another step in this age of progress. In our boyish days juveniles were content with a cent stick of candy, but now nothing short of two-and-a-halfers will will do them. Dr. Niles is entitled to a place among the benefactors of our race!

☞The *Oswego Palladium* in noticing C. M. Clay's letter to Henry Clay, quotes Cassius' assertion that "Henry Clay can never be President of these United States," and adds "We think few will differ with him in that opinion." What does the *Palladium* mean? It is well known that the division in the ranks of the Democracy in New York, which the *Palladium* is weekly adding fuel to, is boastingly held up as evidence, by Mr. Clay and his friends, of the certainty of his election this fall. If Henry Clay is elected, it will be by the vote of New York, when the Palladium can falicitate itself upon the fact that it contributed to prove Cassius a liar. We wish the Palladium joy in its company.

☞*Graham's Magazine* for May contains a portrait of Gen. Worth, a fashion plate, and a fancy sketch. The press is of the highest order of excellence, anp the number is fully equal to any of its predecessors.

ITS FRUITS.—The fruit of the Revolution already begin to show itself in France by the rapid increase of newspapers. In Paris, not only has the circulation of all the old established journals enormously increased, that of La Presse alone having risen from 36,000 to nearly 80,000, but a swarm of smaller journals have come into existence. A sort of penny race of newspapers, distributed by hawkers in all quarters of Paris, and usually sold for one sou, the profits being two-fifths of a sou, has begun.

These are distributed in all the public promenades by thousands, free from the control of any police, on the public ways the venders spread them out on the trottoirs, stick them on the bands of their hats, and hang them round their persons, and by way of provoking the appetite of purchasers they sometimes shout out their leading lines of remarkable news, just enough to tantalize the buyer and extract the sou. In Germany, too, since the iron hand of governmental espionage has been removed, new journals have sprung into existence. This is but a natural consequence—for newspapers are the legitimate offspring of liberty.

☞ The Type upon which this paper is printed, is from the Foundry of N. LYMAN, Buffalo.

☞ The *Crawford Democrat*, says a new Post office has been established in Bloomfield tp., on the State road, called Riceville, and B. B. Cummings, Esq., appointed Post Master.