

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

FORWARD.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.
OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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BROWN'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY THE EAGLE, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Western.
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COAL, Salt, Flour and White Fish, constantly for sale.
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General Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants; Second Warehouse east of the Public Square, Erie.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c., &c., No. 5, Bonnet Block, Erie.
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Resident Dentist, Office and dwelling in the Beech Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Careful teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to better use than ever. Teeth extracted with instruments and Dentists so as to leave them of a polished appearance. All work warranted.
MOSES KOCH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, State street, between the Public Square and the Erie Hotel, Erie.
DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office in his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, State street, between the Public Square and the Erie Hotel, Erie.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c., No. 3, Reed House, Erie.
ROBERT S. HUNTER,
Dealer in Hats, Caps and Fur of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.
PLAIN and Figure 3/4 1/2 and wool, and other cheap Do Laine at the store, No. 1, Fleming Block, State Street, Erie.
BLACK French Cloth from \$2 to \$3 per yard, for sale at A. J. JACKSON.
BLACK, Brown Green and Claret mixed Broad Cloths at A. J. JACKSON.
GREEN, Black, Morain, Cadet, Brown, and Blue French do, for sale cheap at the store of A. J. JACKSON.
BLACK, Blue, Flaid, Striped and other Fancy Cassimeres for sale by A. J. JACKSON.
BLACK, Blue and mixed Satinets, Tweeds, Kentucky, Jeans &c. for sale cheap by A. J. JACKSON.
LADIES DRESS GOODS. The Ladies will find a good assortment, French Merinos, Cashmeres, De Lains, Cambrils, Laines, Mohair Laines, Alpachas of all colors, Gingham, Calico, &c., just opened at GEO. BELLON & SON.
A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for sale cheap at the store of GEO. BELLON & SON.
LADIES DRESS GOODS. The Ladies will find a good assortment, French Merinos, Cashmeres, De Lains, Cambrils, Laines, Mohair Laines, Alpachas of all colors, Gingham, Calico, &c., just opened at GEO. BELLON & SON.
A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for sale cheap at the store of GEO. BELLON & SON.
150 Pounds of fine Geese Feathers wanted, for which I will pay half cash at any time on the certificate of Brown's, Oct. 27.
GOLD, Silver and Florence Laid, Gold, Silver and Composition No. 27, Bronzed, Japanned, tin, assorted colors.
CARTER & BROTHBR.

Poetry and Miscellany.

APOLLONIA JAGGLO.
Suggested, on reading an account of her capture among the Hungarians, Erie, N. Y.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

I gaze on that heroic form,
That proud and flashing eye,
That gleamed not in the battle-storm,
When fierce and sword flashed by;
That sped, as spears the arrow's flight,
When dangers strewed the way;
Where, watching thro' the gloom of night,
Hungaria's soldiers lay.

Here was a heart that spurred the youth—
That knew not how to yield;
Nor seeking sword, nor stifling smoke,
Could force her from the field.
Eight gallantly she bore her part,
And her soldier band—
A woman's form, a hero's heart—
To give for native land.

She went—but not alone—to share
The perils of the strife,
For sister spirits too were there—
The mother and the wife,
Such hearts, oh Hungary! were thine;
Such hearts shall melt thee free:
And such, on Freedom's sacred shrine,
Thy noblest gifts shall be.

Yes, on thy glorious diadem,
Which Freedom yet shall wear,
And for out-dazzling gold or gem,
Like stars their flame shall bear—
Stars gleaming on thy darkened brow,
And brightening thro' the night;
Stars heralding for thee a new
The dawn of morning light.

And Hungary's exile band,
I see that form once more,
Wei owned by many a heart and hand,
To fight Columbia's shore.
And spirits warm and true have met,
To bid her welcome here,
And eyes "unworn to weep," are wet
With sympathy's bright tear.

The check that paled not in the fray,
As kindly tones she bears,
Grows bright, the dauntless heart gives way,
And melts to woman's tears.
Oh! hearts like hers must earnestly yield
To love's resistless power,
And betwixt of the battle-field,
This was thy triumph hour!

I know not which the first might calm
The painter's magic art,
The heroine, 'mid the battle flame,
With form undaunted heart—
Or the young soldier, who stood
In tears, thus silently
Pled, as language never could,
For bleeding Hungary.

For me, the Heroine at her post
My heart adores—reverses—
But lines were, and fond the most
The Heroine with her tears.—*Messager*

THE TWO PATIENTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

The doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death; and the worst of the matter was, that all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary, fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive, substantial maladies of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that flesh is heir to; and as our young doctor, who felt foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, was very foolishly unable to miss them, or forget them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that, as all his patients were poor, the doctor himself was not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam—we mean that the doctor, not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now, on the morning in question, the doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn; and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, sir, that want you directly," said the doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the young doctor, as he looked at his own arm-chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir—they seemed urgent."

"But if the people only scratch a finger, or happen to sneeze, the doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter?"

"The lady has a fever, sir; and the man—"

"The lady and the man—oh! then the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand; they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow, sir."

"Could I?—and suppose he should die to-night?"

Now, though our doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comfort of his easy chair; so breaking off a corner of a crust, and giving one last longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured into the rain and the mud.

The doctor made his nearest patient his first; it happened to be the lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing brighter, when our doctor lifted the knocker to a sort of shabby genteel house in one of those ambiguous streets of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being, in fact, the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they can give a positive opinion, because they know that the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility, and our hero saw at a glance that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered looked so recently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire-place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms which appeared to the contrary. Our doctor felt the gloom of the place; but, when he was shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp, burning low in its socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment, just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever, and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed,

and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort; and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as if they had been syllabled by an angel.

"You are not alone?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friend to share your vigil?"

Fresh tears came in the young girl's eyes as she answered, "We have no friends; at least none in this great town—if anywhere."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No; mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid to come near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The doctor felt rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to endure much more fatigue," said the doctor, looking on her flushed cheeks, her blood-shot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can endure anything; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and, in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you should be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl; and, in a paroxysm of frantic grief, she threw herself upon her knees by the bed-side, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the doctor, "that I do not know it; that I do not even think it; but certainly something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can do."

"And I shall do the same," replied the doctor.

Our doctor went from that shabby genteel house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was not quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which the doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon and the other to the mud, and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the faintest extremity of the court, and to push his way up a back alley, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! what that bedside of mine should be the avenger of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporeal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony!

Very dreary and desolate was the miserable chamber; the fitting scene for human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a dull table, a chair with broken spindles and a worn-out deal bottom, and a truckle bed, were all its furniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our doctor drew the rickety chair close to him and sat down. A wretched rushlight made darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, dark sunken in their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering, sluggish eyebrows, a cold forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust, and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, starting fiercely as the doctor took his station by his bedside.

"Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the doctor in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good."

"You must not be so sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes, I am sure! I suppose you are a doctor. I want no doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasted if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—do you may be so in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the doctor.

"No, no, indeed it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, sir!" exclaimed the sick man raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say was quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that is contained?"

"Probably not," replied Mr. Kendrick.

"Hark!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No; no; go away! You would never get paid; you see that you never would get paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you, or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient; "without getting paid?"

"That does not effect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is yours to let me."

"Try, then," grumbled the sick man.

or, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter; and, by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unexpressed anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas! the heavy weight of moments, that seemed hours—of hours, that seemed days—of days, that seemed years! Poor Esther's blood-shot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage, still sustained her. By a gentle, but a firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the sofa, in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station by the bedside. In his calm, kind and authoritative voice, he had ordered her to take needful food, and she had obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic he reproved; when she despaired, he comforted. Oh! profession too noble for man—office rather of an angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother child, to the husband the wife, the loved one of the loving; shame, that thy office should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that the weight of the bitter anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, by seeming to give her back the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her malady, and our doctor found that he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as "safe as the Bank of England."

(Part next week.)

Offer of Bess.

Newspaper readers have no doubt wondered why the small villa of Atar Gul, or Otter of Bess, purchased from the Patent office, should be esteemed of such value. It is esteemed in the East "more precious than gold," and is made chiefly in Persia, Turkey and Egypt. The following brief account of it may not be uninteresting at the present time:

The usual method of making it is, to gather the roses with their calyxes, and put them into a still with nearly double their weight of pure spring water; which, when sufficiently distilled, will be highly scented with roses; this is then poured into shallow vessels and exposed to the action of the sun. Next morning, the Atar, or essential oil of the flowers is found swimming in small congealed particles on the surface of the water; it is carefully collected and preserved in small glass bottles. A hundred pounds of the flowers scarcely afford us a fluid ounce of the essential oil. "Cent fleurs peignent des Roses," says a French chemist, "ne fournissent par la distillation, que quatre drachmes." Tachemian from the same quantity obtained half an ounce, and Hoffman a much larger proportion. The trials of other chemists have been attended with various results. It is most difficult to procure the genuine Otter of Bess, since even in the countries where it is made, the distillers are tempted to put sandal wood, scented grasses and other oily plants, into the still with the roses, which alter their perfume, and debase the value of the Atar; color is not test of genuineness; green, amber, and light red or pink. The hue of the real Otter, are also those of the adulterated; the presence of sandal wood may be detected by the simple sense of smelling; but in order to discover the union of a grosser oil with the essential, drop a little Otter on a piece of clean writing paper, and hold it to the fire; if the article is genuine, it will evaporate without leaving a mark on the paper, so essential is the essential oil of roses; if otherwise, a greasy spot will declare the imposition. I need scarcely expatiate upon the delicate and long-continued fragrance which this jurian perfume imparts to all things with which it comes in contact; it is peculiarly calculated for the drawer, writing desk, etc., since its aroma is totally unmingled with that most disagreeable effluvia, which is ever proceeding from alcohol. Lavender water, esprit de rose, etc., are quite disgusting shut up in drawer, but the Atar Gul, is as delightful there, as in the most open and airy space.

Matrimonial Anecdote.

The Reverend Mr. D., a respectable clergyman in the interior of a certain State, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to get married; after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with:

"How much do you say, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take what is offered me. Sometimes more, sometimes less, I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes, how much do you say, I say?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars, some five, some three, some two, some one, and some only give a quarter of a dollar."

"A quarter, ha!" said the bridegroom, "well! that is as reasonable a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money."

He took out his pocket-book; there was no money there; he frumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find.

"Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect now, 'twas in my tother trower's pocket. Hetty, have you got such a thing as two shillings about you?"

"No," said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation. "I'm astonished at ye, so to come to be married without a cent of money to pay for! If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come a step with ye, ye might have gone alone to get married, for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom, in a soothing tone, "we are now and it can't be helped; if you've got such a thing as a couple of shillings—"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the saggy bride, who during this speech had been searching her work bag, "and don't you say a word, with a significant motion of the finger, 'don't you serve me another such a trick!'"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner!"—The watchword recall!
Which gave the republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of States—the union of hands—
The union of hearts—none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!

The Flag of our Union for ever!
What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's depots and factions combined
Have power to conquer or sunder!
The union of States—the union of hands—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union for ever!

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

One of the most interesting visits in Washington is to the Supreme Court of the United States. The court room is in the northern wing of the capitol, on the ground floor. It is broken by pillars and arched walls, and is handsomely furnished with rich Wilton carpets, silken drapery, etc. The light is admitted from the rear windows alone, and the judges sit with their backs to the light; the counsel who address them can scarcely see their faces. At eleven o'clock they enter decorately, all dressed in black and with gowns—After they are seated, the chief justice, Oyer, says, "The Supreme Court of the United States is now in session; all persons having business therein are admonished to draw near and give their attendance. God save the United States and these honorable judges!"

I will not attempt to describe the court; in the centre is the chief justice, Roger B. Taney, of Maryland. He is tall, slender, thin, hard-featured, and careless in dress—His history is well known. As General Jackson's attorney-general, he had no hesitation in advising that the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, by the president's order, was valid; and when Mr. Duane refused to remove the treasury, Mr. Taney took his place as secretary of the treasury, and gave the order required by the president. He stood very high at the bar of Maryland, and is unquestionably a man of great power of intellect. His opinions are terse, pointed, and luminous, not uncombined with unnecessary learning, but exceedingly logical and convincing. He has great tenacity of purpose and strength of will, and, I may add, stubborn prejudices. The sincerity of his convictions no one doubts. There is about him an unmitigable air of intellect and authority, and he is no unworthy successor of John Marshall. He is a devout Roman Catholic, and rigid in his observance of religious forms and duties.

On the right hand of the chief justice sits Mr. Justice McLean, of Ohio. This gentleman was postmaster-general under Mr. Adams, and continued so for a very short time under General Jackson, when he was transferred to the bench of the Supreme Court. He is a well-dressed, dignified person, about six feet in height, exceedingly well-formed, with fine teeth, a clear gray eye, lofty brow and forehead, thin hair but not gray, and in the general outline of his features, the breadth of the lower part of his face, and the general carriage of his head, exceedingly like the statue of Washington by Houghton in the capitol at Richmond. He is an upright and sensible man, with unquestionable administrative talents, but not an accurate or profound lawyer. It is believed by some that he is not satisfied with his present position, but is desirous of obtaining a higher station.—He is a member of the Methodist church, and is in high favor with that denomination.

Justice Catron, of Tennessee, is next to McLean.—He is a stout, healthy man, respectable and solid in appearance, with a face and head more indicative of urbanity and benevolence than of intellect. With good sense moderate learning, great benevolence of feeling and kindness of demeanor, he is universally regarded as a useful, unpretending, respectable judge.

Next to him we find Judge Daniel, of Virginia. He was nominated by Mr. Van Buren, shortly before the termination of that gentleman's presidency, principally on account of his political services and devotedness. He is tall, bony, angular, with high cheek-bones and dark complexion, and looks as if he had some Indian blood in his veins. His mind is narrow in its conceptions and limited in its investigations, and his style is crude and confused. But his learning is accurate, and his deductions are sound and clear. He often dissent from the majority of the court, and not infrequently in favor of State rights. His attachment to those renders him a valuable member of the court. His amiability and honesty are universally conceded; lawyers say that his opinions, even when in the minority, are sound and correct.

Next to him, and on the extreme right, is the place of Senator Woodbury, of New Hampshire. He has long been a man of note. As Governor and judge in his own State, and as Senator and Secretary of the Treasury here, he has been distinguished for fidelity to his party, and for unwearied study and labor. He is nearly six feet in height, of round and compact form, well moulded features a prominent and bright eye, that, at a distance, appears dark, but on nearer view is seen to be a bluish gray. He is strictly temperate in his habits, drinks nothing but cold water, and a great deal of that, and works with surpassing rapidity and earnestness. He has great talent for research, and his opinions are crowded with its results.—As a reasoner he is cogent and accurate, but not concise, and is apt to spend too much labor in proving what ought to be assumed as axioms. His decisions would be the better for pruning and condensing, but the growth is deep-rooted and vigorous. He is a very able judge. As a politician, he has always been a "democrat," and a supporter of Southern rights—and no northern man could be more acceptable to the "democracy" of the South as a presidential candidate.

We will now look to the left of the chief justice. The first is Justice Wayne, from Georgia, formerly a Member of Congress from that State, and a very warm personal and political friend of Secretary Forsyth. He is an exceedingly handsome man—about five feet ten inches high, of stout but graceful figure, ruddy complexion, fine teeth, and clustering, wavy hair, now mingled with gray; very courteous in manner, and with a tone of refinement in his elocution and address that is very pleasing. He has cultivated the graces, and has aimed (it is said without success) to be in favor with the ladies. He has an ingenious, copious mind—is fluent and rapid in expression, but lacks consciousness, lucid arrangements and vigor. He is, however, by no means deficient in learning, even of a technical character.

Next to him is Judge Nelson, a man of handsome features, bland and gentleman-like in expression, very courteous in manner, and dignified yet easy in deportment.—He possesses much good sense, and is an excellent lawyer. His apprehension is not rapid, but he thinks clearly and reasons strongly. He is probably the best commercial lawyer on the bench, thanks to his New-York education. Since his elevation to his present place he has shown an unusual degree of energy and industry; and is

Grumbling Against Editors.

It is amusing to hear the contradictory complaints which are sometimes made against a newspaper. A person who writes a short sheet—declares he could never get the "hang" of one—Critic admires the elegance and neatness of fine type—and old Mr. D. abhors a paper that requires a microscope. E. wonders you insert so few sentimental and ghost-stories—F. detests your abominable lies and cock-and-bull tales—G. would like to see an exact and minute account of Congressional and legislative proceedings—H. curses the journal that contains the endless, hedge-podge doings and undoings of selfish partisans and demagogues. I won't subscribe because your news department is so contracted—J. takes the western papers, and has read your state items a week ago. K has a mortal antipathy to a paper crowded with riots, horrible accidents, frightful robberies, and demoralizing statements—L is as mad as a hatter, because his miserable paper contained no account of that bloody murder—M. detests your stereotyped advertisements—and all N. wants of the paper is to see what's for sale. O threatens to discontinue because your editorials lack point, and don't lash private vices—P, a leader-bend, points you to—"your paper, and wonders you never moralize like him. Q. hates the rascally Abolitionists—R holds in perfect contempt the dastard editor who is too cowardly to avow his abhorrence of slavery. S demands long and solid articles. T wants the close-packed essence, and not the thin, diluted mixture. U utters a journal that reaches him "a week before it is printed;" and V tells you he is not yet quite green enough to be gulled by such despicable humbuggery. W is astonished that you never print sermons—and all that X cares for is fun. Y is on fire because you will not do more for advance pay—and Z is amazed at the imprudence of a publisher who duces him for three years' subscription, and yet objects to being paid in cider and rotten apples.—Yankee Blade.

Railroads—Their Effects.

The construction of railroads has wrought a great change, not only in the mode of traveling, but in the character of the people who make use of them. This change is particularly visible in New England, owing to the fact that our people very generally travel by railroad. Our lines are extensive, and go through, or branch into, hundreds of towns, many of which are very small, but all are not cut off from the great benefits accruing from this common mode of railroad traveling. It makes our people more energetic and prompt, and more alive to the value of time, the economy of which is a matter of social consequence. People inhabiting different sections of our country are now brought near together by the increased speed and ease of traveling, so that, in one sense we are all neighbors. The comfort of life is greatly enhanced by the improvements in the means of locomotion, and value has been given to property that would otherwise have remained unproductive and useless. A hundred miles, more or less, are now no great matter; time and space have been almost annihilated.

There is a great deal, too, of the romantic and poetical in railroads, if people would but look at the matter in the true light. There is nothing prosaic about them.—What, it has been well asked, is more romantic than the steam engine, going at the rate of thirty, forty, or sixty miles an hour, with all the fierceness and rage of a war-horse, though promising to put and end to war by mixing up civilized nations in useful and beautiful intercourse.—Was ever braver in itself, in post or romancer, more wonderful, at first sight, to look at? Considered in reference to all its consequences, the romance of the railroad is not surpassed even by its usefulness.

Philadelphia.

The census of 1850 is expected to show that Philadelphia is the largest city in the Union, and that she has a greater population than any city in Europe, London, Paris, and Moscow only excepted.