

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

FORWARD.

5150 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 20.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1850.

NUMBER 50.

Crie Weekly Observer.

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

TERMS OF THE PAPER.
For subscribers by the carrier, at
\$2.00 per month, in advance.
For those who pay for their paper in advance, the price is \$1.50 per month, in advance.
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Poetry and Miscellany.

I HAVE FOUND A VEIN OF GOLD.

BY MRS. C. W. NEWSON.
I have found a vein of gold,
By the valley green and old,
Where the sun smiles ever,
And the dower dith never;
Where the sun is shining bright,
And the dower dith never;
There I found a vein of gold,
Not in earth's deep bosom sleeping,
Through her sluggish arteries creeping,
In her heart's sap burning,
In her glow's rich charms burning,
Not with mine's pick and cradle,
But with the sun's smile and light,
And the dower dith never;
In a simple cotton maiden,
With a soft-fleeced lambkin laden,
Gleaming on the carpet glowy,
With the fresh young grass, her glossy,
Yellow curls, by zephyr lifted,
Shine like sparkling anther drifted,
From the Baltic on its snow white,
Banks that glitter by the moonlight;
In that sweet,
Gentle, loving, happy creature,
Angel-like in form and feature,
I have found a vein of gold.
Through her eyes my soul went glancing,
While the figured writhes were dancing,
Brightly gleaming,
Many a look I searched, till blinded,
They who dare the sun are blinded,
I was gleaming.
O! a heart so rich and holy,
Love and sweet devotion, lowly,
As a little child that met,
My spirit's quest could I forget,
Its gentle charms?
No! I thought, and soon I brought her,
To my home beside the water,
Any way.
Daisy clasp that guileless creature,
Angel-like in form and feature,
Still when old,
Dimmed by sorrow or unkindness,
Made with grief or touched with blindness,
Shall be my vein of gold.

A Marriage at St. Petersburg.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLIOTT.
A man of observing and acute intellect said in the eighteenth century, a Russian, then distinguished in France—"Cut open his eyes, and you will feel his heart velvet." The sarcasm is less true at the present day than under Louis XV; but it has not lost all its point. Notwithstanding the elegance and polish of manners existing in Russian society, it hides in its bosom the corruption and egotism which civilization rarely veils than effluvia of marriage—with which connivance has more to do than affection. Ambition and the passion for play are the chief moving causes among the nobles of St. Petersburg. When here and there, from the teacher's desk in the parish of his glory, or from the tragic incident of the aristocracy less of interest than astonishment. The events on which the following sketch is founded—which have occurred but recently—caused a general excitement in the capital. The fearful and unexpected denouement—the mystery surrounding one of the persons concerned—and the silence observed with regard to a powerful and venerated name—contributed to invest the story with remarkable interest.

At a ball costume, given by the old and wealthy princess Belocsky, the nobility and beauty of St. Petersburg were assembled. Such stars as Madame Beckersoff—Olga Danilovna, and the two Mademoiselles Tronchelle, were in the zenith of their glory, and shone among the devoted worshippers. But one newly risen, went to eclipse them all. One of the maids of honor to the Empress, a young girl of eighteen, stood in the quadrille. On her eyes of half the nobles and chevaliers were fixed. Her figure was well developed and exquisite in symmetry, and she possessed a beauty rare and highly esteemed in the northern capital. The women there have generally blue eyes and pale complexions, sometimes of marble whiteness, with blonde hair and slight figures. The abundant and raven locks of Marie K., the clear brown of her cheeks, colored with the richest tint of sunset—her dark, expressive eyes, veiled by their long lashes, and shooting forth the most bewitching glances ever seen, filled all who looked at her with admiration. She had a naive and engaging manner—an arch softness—a piquant, in a word, a finished coquetry, that rendered her charms irresistible and gave her superiority over the divinities that had hitherto reigned in the saloons of the capital.

Mademoiselle K.—wore this evening, with a grace that could not be rivalled, the ancient national costume. The Russian bonnet formed the diadem, the corage was of a brilliant gold color, and fastened by a knot of apples; the shawl skirt was of scarlet. Her hair was braided in several tresses, tied at the end with ribbons of silk and gold. She moved through the dance with a grace that enchanted everybody. When the music ceased at last, there was a movement among the group of youthful admirers, who had crowded to gaze upon her, and eager to claim the honor of her hand for the next quadrille. All drew back suddenly—A man of lofty and majestic figure, superbly dressed, but in no fanciful costume, came forward, and bowing gracefully, addressed Mademoiselle K. For the rest of the evening his attention was assiduous. No one else ventured to approach the beauty distinguished by the devotion of the Emperor. His eyes were perpetually fastened on her face with an expression of intense admiration; while Marie seemed, on her part, inaccessible to his homage. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised them timidly only at intervals; and replied briefly and coldly to the conversation of her illustrious companion. Once only she changed countenance. It was when her glance fell on a young man standing at a little distance, and attentively regarding her.

This was Paul de B., one of the aid-de-camps of the Emperor, and her affianced husband. The emotion betrayed in the quiet blush that rose to Marie's cheek, did not escape the attention of the Emperor; nor did he fail to perceive the young officer. The glances he saw exchanged gave a whole history to his quick perception. He led the fair girl to a seat; he seated himself beside her; and Marie saw herself the envy of the brilliant circle that surrounded him. The coverlet adorned by all—the man who excelled in beauty all others in the empire—was at her feet! Paul was no longer with sight; her worldly mother smiled upon her; her triumph was open and complete. Marie's heart beat high; a glow was on her cheeks; the reign of vanity had commenced.

When the young maid of honor left the saloon her Imperial admirer himself conducted her. With downcast eyes, but under exultations at her heart, she passed through the gay circles that had seen her conquest. Just by the door stood Paul de B.—The eye of Marie for a moment rested on him; again she blushed; the young officer started forward—exclaiming—"Marie!" but drew back the next instant and was presently lost in the crowd. Early the next morning Col. de B. was announced at the door of Madame K.—Marie rose to meet him as he entered her boudoir. She was paler than the evening before, but even more exquisitely lovely. She smiled, and extended her hand, which the young man pressed passionately to her lips.

"My own Marie!" he murmured, as he seated himself at her feet, still holding her hand in his.
And the young girl replied to his epithets of endearment, bending fondly over him, till her raven curls touched his forehead.
"Must leave you, Marie!" at length said the officer.
"Leave me—Paul!" repeated the maiden.
"Yes—I have orders to depart immediately for Caucasus."
The young girl grew pale as death; an exclamation of surprise died on her lips.
"Ah, Marie," murmured the lover, "it is hard to leave you; but I must serve my country, and fight her battles."
The maiden covered her face with her hands, and tears trickled through her slender fingers.
"Do not weep, love, but hope! I shall win glory and honor. One thing I ask before I depart; a look of that which I love to wear upon my heart. I ask it not as a gift of love; but as a sacred symbol, as a remembrance of the friend of my childhood—for such you are, Marie; as a relic for the pilgrim; a talisman for the soldier. It will secure my safety and be a pledge of victory."

Without saying a word, Marie took up the scissors, severed one of her glossy ringlets, and gave it to her lover. He placed the precious gift in his bosom. And it seemed in truth a talisman, to bring success to the arms of the young officer. While the intrepidity, courage and heroism he displayed in fighting the Emperor's battles, won him the highest military honors; and a fame that shed lustre even on the proud name of his ancient house—he never returned a wound. Eighteen months afterwards he was recalled to St. Petersburg—wearing on his breast the cross of St. Anne—and the treasure he carried with which he never parted, next his heart.

A year and a half had passed. Two young officers were walking along the principal street of the capital—One of them was Paul de B., just returned from Caucasus; the other, an officer of the chasseur's of Finland. The face of the former wore an expression of discontent and pain; his lip was curled in generous scorn. "I were base," he said, after a few moments of agitated silence, "to heed such a rumor, or suffer a thought of suspicion to divide us for a moment. Marie false! Nay—might she not call me faithless, since I have been two hours in St. Petersburg, and am not already at her feet?"

"Listen first," replied the other. "I'll tell you no more than myself without a forced smile, that, but I was on service at Tarskoo Sale, when the count was there. I was walking through the Chinese garden, and passing close by a thick arbor, I heard voices within—The voice of a man, and I heard supplicating and the secrets of personages who might be, for aught I knew too high to render knowledge consistent with my safety I turned my step in another direction. A moment after, I saw a tall figure, whose majestic proportions could not be mistaken, wrapped in a uniform cloak, with a military cap drawn closely over his face, emerge from the arbor and go out by one of the side-paths. On the other side, a young girl, pale and violently agitated, with face half covered by the handkerchief she held to her eyes, went forth slowly. I recognised Mademoiselle K."

"Enough!" exclaimed Paul de B., faintly; and his friend started to perceive the terrible effect of his words. He was not a man of a forced smile, that, but he was the agony of his soul. He said no more, but waving his hand of the officer of chasseur's, and then waving his hand in token that he would not be followed, turned abruptly down another street. It was that leading to the house of Madame K.

Once more the lover, long separated from his betrothed, stood in her presence. Marie was seated on a fauteuil, her feet crossed, and her hand resting on her knee. Her face was pale and her eyes were fixed on the officer of chasseur's, and then waving his hand in token that he would not be followed, turned abruptly down another street. It was that leading to the house of Madame K.

While he spoke, the eyes of the young man were fastened mournfully on Mademoiselle K. She was deadly pale, and trembling violently, grasped the arm of the faithful for support. The face of Paul wore the expression of one who, in agony and despair, makes a last appeal. One condemned, and about to die on the scaffold, might have looked thus.

"Tell me," he said, quickly, in tones hoarse with emotion, "tell me now, if you will, if you can, are you worthy to become my wife?"
There was an instant's pause. A dreadful struggle was in Marie's breast. She raised her large dark eyes proudly to the face of her lover. They flashed fire—"Who is it?" she exclaimed, "who dares to doubt me?"
"Who dares doubt you?" Marie, on the vague rumors abroad in the city. I returned to listen to the calumnies raised against you. But one who is my friend, and could only speak truth, saw you with the Emperor in the garden at Tarskoo Sale, and heard words of love; and saw you weep. Was it you he saw, Marie? He may have been mistaken; tell me, was it you?"

"It was I—Paul," answered the young girl.
"And the Emperor's words—and those tears—"
"I deny not," said Marie, crimsoning to the forehead, "that he has pursued me with love. I did consent to meet him at Tarskoo Sale. But I loved you, Paul, and his suit was hateful to me. He was repulsed!"
"Marie, remember my life, and more than my life, hangs on your words. 'Swear to me,' and he drew from his bosom a small crucifix of gold, suspended by a ribbon to his neck. 'Swear to me, upon this crucifix, that you are innocent!'"
Pale as death, Mademoiselle K. stood silent.

"Swear!" cried the officer, in a terrible voice. "O, must I believe?"
"Oh, Paul! believe nothing, but that I love you—wildly, devotedly!" exclaimed the young girl, falling on her knees.
"Swear, then, that you are innocent!" persisted Col. de B.
"I swear it," said Marie, grasping the crucifix, and pressing it convulsively to her lips.
"Forgive me, my own Marie!" cried the young man, kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with tears and kisses.

Some days after, there was a marriage at the Cathedral de Caza. This vast edifice, built in 1800, on the model, as was ridiculously maintained, of St. Peter's at Rome, is, if not the most elegant, the richest and most frequented of the one hundred and forty-six churches of the capital. It was here that the Emperor and Empress performed, in the apical ceremony that united the aid-de-camp and the maid of honor, the officers were assisted. The most pious personage was the highest token of favor the imperial pair could bestow on the bride and bridegroom. Yet, notwithstanding the splendor of the pageant hardly one of the assembled guests who witnessed it could get rid of an impression of gloomy anxiety, in observing the abstracted air of Col. de B., and the extreme paleness of the bride. When the newly married pair, after having drank of the same cup, according to the ceremonies of a Greek marriage, were to walk thrice, hand in hand, around the altar, to signify the union and fidelity with which they are to walk the same path in life, it was noticed that the bride's strange falter. She was obliged to lean upon her mother, and supported by her, to go through this touching formality.

La Porte Sainte, closed for an instant, was now opened, and the bishop advanced to bestow on the young pair the nuptial benediction. The bride's face assumed a strange expression. Her eyes, wide open as if in terror, gazed wildly on the extended hands, the golden robe, the floating hair, and long, white beard of the priest; her white lips moved convulsively, and tottering, she fell back in a swoon.

The husband of her own family and her husband's attendant instantly around her. In a few moments consciousness returned. Madame K., who supported her daughter in her arms, whispered in her ear, and Marie, by a strong effort, recovered her calmness. She stood up, smiled, and made excuse for the weakness that had overcome her by trying a second. The bridal procession then left the church.

A splendid ball was given the same evening, in honor of the bride. It was attended by the most brilliant of the aristocracy of St. Petersburg. Marie de B. was radiant in her bridal dress, and her mother all smiles and triumph. The grave and pensive looks of Col. de B. did not escape observation.

When the evening was far advanced, Madame K. herself led her daughter from the saloon, and returning soon after, signified to the Colonel that he might follow her. The dancing continued. A polonaise was danced by the Prince Vasyansky and the beautiful lady Benkoff, that enchanted all the spectators by its graceful figures, and collected their repeated expressions of admiration. Suddenly a long, wild, piercing shriek startled the whole assembly. It came from the bridal apartment: several of the guests rushed thither, followed by the terrified Marie, who was easily forced open. All recoiled in horror from the sight that presented itself.

Marie de B. still in her bridal dress, the veil and pearls entangled in her long black hair, that escaping from its fastenings, streamed in disorder over her shoulders—lay on the floor, wetting in her blood. The Colonel stood over her, grasping the dagger in his hand. His face was ghastly pale, his eyes rigidly open, and staring; his features frightfully distorted. When he saw Madame de B. who, shrieking at the sight of her daughter, he started forward, seized her arm, and dragged her close to the door.

"There—Madame—there!" he exclaimed,—"you know of this fair work! It is your doing! She—your daughter—has confessed all!"
The tragic mystery was solved. Madame K. had urged the marriage of her daughter with Col. de B. to hide the consequences of her intrigue with the Emperor. Even the oath taken by Marie could not keep suspicion from the Colonel's mind, when he saw her strange behavior at the church. At his questioning she had confessed the truth.

The affair was not brought before the ordinary criminal tribunal, to be afterwards examined by the Governor-General. Col. de B. did not undergo a regular trial; there were State reasons why he should not. He was sent once more to Caucasus—the region that has been called the *succursale de la Siberie*. He is still there, to remain probably till some Circassian ball puts an end to a life so cruelly doomed.

The bride recovered, almost by a miracle, from her swoon, thanks to the German surgeon in the Emperor's service. She has left St. Petersburg with her family, to retire into an obscurity, the mystery of which no one has yet been able to penetrate.
Such are some of the private memories of courts and sovereigns!

WOMEN VS. LADIES.
What blinding, miserable folk make of it when they endeavor to elevate things by giving them new or affected titles! What vulgarity is equal to the thrice doctored vulgarity of "refinement!" We think it was Dickens who complained that there was no longer any boys in England, that "the boys went out with George." A similar calamity has befallen us in America. We have no longer any women—or, at least, no acknowledged specimens of that interesting portion of the human race. The women have gone, extinct, (according to the popular phraseology), and have been superseded by "ladies!" Alack-a-day for the change! We regard woman as the "nobler work of God;" but the "lady" at the highest pitch of perfection, is only the "nobler work of a French milliner. Just apply the term, for example, as well to the hideous absurdity of its use as to the gentler sex, and the ludicrous absurdity of its use will make you chary of the word forever after. A person wishing to see the female world in a prison, was answered by the jailor—"Sir, we have no ladies here at present." A clergyman discoursing of the religious inclinations of woman, enquired with much emphasis—"Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the last at the scaffold? Ladies! Ladies! God forbid!"

New Brunswick Wishing to be Annexed.
While one section of the country looks upon the disunion of the States as a cure for political evils, another part of the continent considers union with a panacea for those which they are subjected to. Canada has openly espoused a union with the United States, Jamaica has given several intimations of that kind, and now we have New Brunswick openly proposing it. There is an important debate in the New Brunswick Legislature on the 5th, inst., on the "State of the province," in the course of which Mr. End made a glowing picture of the decision and ruin of the country which he attributed to the Colonial policy of the mother government, and openly advocated annexation to the United States as the remedy. He trost the "gagging despatch" of the Colonial Minister as a hoax. The St. John Morning News expresses the opinion that a majority of Anthonists will be returned to the next Parliament.

IN A WORRY.

Some people seem only to carry out existence. They have all external means of enjoyment, yet they are never at ease. A lady of this character, whose ability to procure herself every outward enjoyment was fully within her reach, was lately congratulated upon her freedom from all vexations and annoying trials. "Why," said she, "I am full of trouble. I am always in a 'worry' about Sam; when he returns from sea I can enjoy nothing, because I know he is going again; when he is at sea, I am always expecting to hear he is dead, or cast on some desolate island." Yet "Sam" was not her husband, but an adopted nephew, upon whom so much sympathy was lavished.

Another friend I could name is always "worrying" with her domestic troubles. "Bridge put up late," or "Sally goes out too often," or "Ned is becoming a careless driver," and between seeking comfort and finding it, life becomes a very wearisome affair, and is carefully fretted away in relating troubles that have been lived over. What a pity it is that we are so forgetful of the great laws of inward peace as to brood over the past, talk about its evils, and thus make them ever present to our thoughts. There was much in the philosophy of an old divine, who said, "When I have lived over a trouble, I try to let it go, and then forget it. When my domestic plague my wife, I always pat her on the shoulder and turn the conversation;—for surely the trial of enduring was enough at the time; I want no omnipresent troubles."

Then there is another class who are always "worried" about what human foresight can prevent. An East wind, a hot day, a sudden shower, a dense fog, or a heavy dew, all stir up their. Allowing such things to prey on the spirits, makes us very disagreeable companions. Who would take such an one for a traveling friend? Who would take such an one for a neighbor? A man considers how much his comfort is concerned with his wife's temper, how she leads him through life's rough places with a violent or gentle hand, before he chooses his future destiny let him consider. The embryo of a woman is often seen in the child;—petulant, ungovernable, indulged children do not always rise above the natural propensities of early years when they arrive at womanhood;—neither does the surly rough lad often become the agreeable gentleman. Yet upon the disposition to meet the every day discipline of life depends all our enjoyment. A calm, trusting spirit, a forbearing, hopeful temper, a countenance where smiles predominate; who would fear to unite with such an one? The happiest effect upon a whole life often flows from a well-matched pair. The mild and amiable graces will blunt the rough edges and the awkward manners of one nearest our hearts, for the magic influence of sympathy is electric, and assimilation often produces the admirable traits we come in contact with, and a likeness is imperceptibly stamped upon the character. It has been said (I know not how truly), that gazing upon the benign expression of the portrait of a deceased and beloved friend, will in time produce a calm and serene expression upon the gaze—so indelible is the stamp, that the soul of our friend becomes mirrored in our own. Away, then, with "worrying," fretting trifles—they mar the beauty of the human countenance, and eat like canker into the soul.—*Union Branch.*

A Big Foot.
We heard to-day a laughable "Anecdote of a man" ground is not likely to "drop off" in a hurry. He stepped one day into the small shop of a boot-maker's in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Crispin if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long play pedal extremities, and then glancing at a huge uncouth cow-hide that hung upon the wall, he said—
"Well, yes, I guess so."
"What time will you have them done? To-day is Monday."

"Well, I'll depend on circumstances; I guess I can have 'em done for you by Saturday."
On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots: "Have you 'em done?" said he, as he entered the little shop.
"No, I haven't—I couldn't; it has rained every day since I took your measure."
"Rained?" exclaimed the astonished patron; "Well, what of that? What had that to do with it?"
"What had that to do with it?" echoed Crispin; "I had a good deal to do with it. When I make your boots I've got to do it out doors, for I haven't room in my shop, and I can't work out doors in rainy weather!"

It was the same man, of "large understanding" whom the porters used to bother so, when he landed from a steamer. They would rush up to him, seize hold of his feet, saying, "Where shall I take your baggage, sir?"—"Where's the trunk, to go sir?"

A Word to Little Girls.

Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy who meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companion out of difficulty—who never scolds, never contends, never tosses her status, nor sticks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones as you pass along the street? But these are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive every where to diffuse around sunshine and joy.

If you do this you will be sure to be loved. Daddie's one day asked a little girl why it was that every body loved her. "I don't know," she replied, "unless that I love every body." This is the true secret of being loved. "If he hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others they will come helping you. So, then, do not put on a scorn, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such and such an one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself loved by a sweet willing temper, and kind winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.—*Anecdotes for Girls.*

A Drink of Beer Forever.
Mr. Emerson, in one of his lectures, tells a story to exemplify the stability of things in England. He says that William Wyckham about the year 1150, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one who asked it for ever; and when Mr. Emerson was in England he was curious to test this good man's credit, and he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and his quantum of bread, though his donor had been dead 700 years!

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.
"Now girls," said our friend Mrs. Higglew to her daughters the other day, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be all murdered." "Why, Ma?" inquired one. "Why I see by the paper, that we've got almost fifteen thousand post-officers, and nearly all of 'em dispatched a mile each every day—the Lord have mercy on us poor widows and orphans!" "There old lady stepped briskly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.

"Youth is a glorious, joyous thing. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months pass to dance away 'with down upon their feet.' What a pity your summer is so short, isn't it? Before you know it, lovers become deacons and young grandmothers."

THE BETTING DANDY.

A young gentleman—with a medium-sized light brown mustache, and such a suit of clothes as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers, "on accommodation terms," that is, on the insecure credit system—came into a hotel in Race street, yesterday afternoon and after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present, that the ship *Sacquinahana* would not be successfully launched next Saturday. This "baiter" not being taken up—he proposed to wager five dollars that Dr. Wrensen would not be hung. This seemed to be a "stumper" too, for nobody accepted the chance. The exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked,—"I want to make a bet of some kind. Don't care a d—n what kind. I'll bet anything from a shilling to five hundred dollars. Now's your time gentlemen; what do you propose?" Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman who looked like he might be a Pennsylvania farmer. He sat down his glass and addressed the exquisite—"Well, Mister, I'm not in the habit of making bets—but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of pigs that I can pour a quart of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch." "Done," said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer. It was a real Pennsylvania bet, a splendid article, that same, like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat, and requested the bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses—"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart—that's the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing over six coppers to the bar-keeper. The molasses was brought and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time. Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Illustre-like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it as if watching the wonderful process of solidification. "Time's up," said the dandy. The old farmer moved the hat. "Well I do believe it isn't hardened yet," said he, in a tone expressive of disappointment—"I missed it some how or other that time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the sugar—twelve sows, mind and charge 'em in bill."—"D—n the sugar," roared the exquisite, "you've spoiled my hat, that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it!" "That wasn't in the bargain," timidly answered the old gentleman—"but I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for." Having drained the tepid fluid from his beaver, as he best could, into a spit-box—the man of mustaches rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sounds of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the Police Office, but as it appeared that the experiment was tried with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.—*Pennsylvania.*

California.

It must not be imagined that the attraction towards the mines of California is confined to the United States, or to this continent. There is in our recent Havana papers an amusing account of a party of about thirty Frenchmen who sailed from Marseilles for San Francisco, on their way to the mines. On touching at Rio Janeiro, twenty-five of the party were seized by the authorities, and taken to high latitudes. They determined to leave the ship and traverse the country by land, and strike the Pacific about Valparaiso. They departed at Buenos Ayres, and plunged boldly into the vast Pampas of the Argentine Republic. At first they took horses, but became soon so exhausted that they abandoned them and took to carts. This they found too slow, and finally concluded to take it on foot. Each man was armed with a shot-gun or a rifle, and they made a merry hunt of it: living on every variety of game, which they liberally divided with the rancheros on the way, with whom they made themselves merry. Being expert marksmen, and many of them having served in the army of Africa, they were respected by the Indians of the wilderness, who were glad to let them pass unmolested. In short, after a march of more than two months, they arrived safe and sound at Mendoza, near the eastern foot of the Cordilleras. Here the inhabitants were astonished to see strangers emerge from the wilderness, receiving them with great kindness and hospitality; and, after passing a few days in gaiety and repose, they crossed the ridge of the Andes, and arrived at Valparaiso. But they found that the ship they expected to find waiting for them had gone on, after waiting for them a month.

Doubling the Cape.

A jolly good-natured dog of a voyager to El Dorado, gives the following account of his experience in doubling Cape Horn. These were men who were contemplating a voyage to the gold diggings would do well to give it a serious thought. It is impossible to describe the scenery in the vicinity of Cape Horn. It is all it is "cracked up to be." The elements were in such an incessant turmoil, that we had to lash every thing on deck and below, but sometimes we would be struck by a "sackful of rain," which would knock our calculations into dirt. Chivres, cheats, trunks, and boxes, would "fleece away" pell mell to the leewardward, when the vessel retired, they would tumble back again in the most admirable confusion. We used to lie in our bunks and call off cottonballs for them to dance—first four forward, balance, turn—promenades—all hands round—great grand right and left—promenades to your seats. No good sleep on deck without clinging to something—and sometimes we would be struck unaware by a heavy sea, and suddenly find ourselves crawling out of the lee scuppers, rubbing our shins! Thus we were dandled about by the perpetual turmoil of the elements, until we arrived at Tahitianna. Of all the things, the most amusing and the most "ragged" "ragged" rambling over kicked up in human nature, Cape Horn takes the banner. I have sailed boats on the Delavars and Meritans, a raft on the "raging Conawl," have been fishing and wrecked on long Pond, among the ferocious *hara pouts*, and did think I was some "pumpkins," but Cape Horn can "take my hat."