THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor. ONWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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BUTTER WANTED.—500 firkins good Dairy Butter wanted in exchange for Cash or Goods. J. H. FULLERTON.

LARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by June 1. J. H FULLERTON.

30,000 YARDS PRINTED CALICOES at 3cts per yd and up by J. H. FULLERTON.

SLATES a good assortment at the Hardware Store.
RUFUS REED.

Poetry and Miscellany.

TWO SCENES.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

A SCENE IN A PALACE.

Over the moorland the wind shrieketh drearily,
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn;
Pale is the sun-light that flashes out fitfully,
Over a dome where an infant is born.

Fold silken robes round the little one carefully;
Lay him to rest on his pillow of down;
Watch o'er the sleep of that scion of royalty,
Born to inherit a sceptre and crown.

Shut out the light, that the room may be shadowy;
Fold silken curtains around the proud bed;
Ladies in waiting step softly and silently;
Let not a word in a whisper be said.

Joy in the palaces lighted so brilliantly,
Beauty and bravery are revelling there;
Wine in the jewel-wrought goblets foams daintily—
All things proclaim that the king has an heir.

Joy in the villages—church bells ring merrily—
Rockets are lighting the sky with their glare—
Bonfires are crackling, cannons are thundering,
Children are shouting, long life to the heir.

Down-trodden millions, go join in the revelry—
Go, in despite of the fetters you wear—
Vassals and beggars and paupers right joyfully
Flutter your tatters, the throne has an heir.

SCENE IN A HOVEL.

Over the moorland the wild wind wails mournfully,
Ice-jewels glitter on heather and thorn—
Pale is the sunlight that trembles out fitfully,
Over a hut where an infant is born.

None heeds his wailing, although it sounds pitiful,
None shields his form from the wind, cold and wild;
Heir to privation, scorn, misery and poverty,
Dark is thy pathway before thee, poor child.

Child, with the spirit to live through eternity,
Born to the yoke of the tyrant art thou;
Even the bread that is dealt to thee scantily,
Thrice must be earned by the sweat of thy brow.

Cold is the hovel, the hearth-stone is emberless—
Creaks the old door as it moves to and fro:
O'er the poor bed, where the mother lies shivering,
Busily flutters the white-fingered snow.

Pale is the cheek of the plebeian sufferer,
Passing from poverty's vale to the grave;
Better by-far had she died in her infancy,
Ere to the millions she added a slave.

Yes, she is pale, and her voice sounds huskily,
Begging in vain for a morsel of bread;
Hush! it is over, her heart slumbers silently;
Grim famine stands by the pale mother dead.

The Volunteer Counsel.

A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

[We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land-agent to the west. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Mark—that of her second matrimonial partner! The perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar; until, at last, a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.]

At an early hour, the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarkesville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war-times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a *gross* insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudical to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April, with the acquital of Hopkins.—Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witness, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy-pettifoggers dare not brave again the sharp wit of Pike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd situated behind the bar. At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously-twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantine blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name's being on *your* rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed to appear *once*, by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly tho't. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which, with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass.—The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike, and to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had *caught a Tartar;* but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich rain of wit, and a hail-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order!" "order!" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence!

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and strait, and motionless in his seat, his pale smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain-cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of a magic incantation: while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once a brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper; his sallow face kindled up; and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the *forum* with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passion. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre!

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunder-bolts! He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered *dead*, and described the sorrows of the widowed *living*—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the by-standers. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict for fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death!

As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light!"

The crowd, of coure, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exageration. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng, and Bascom; but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

A Honey-Moon Scene.

From the Albany Dutchman.

A correspondent thus describes a scene that took place at Saratoga, a short time since, between a newly married couple who were spending the honey-moon.

A bridal party came down a few days since; I never saw a more honey-moonish looking set in my life. The bride and groom looked, walked, and acted love to the life. A more devoted couple you never beheld. They were sitting in the parlor one morning, when I accidentally heard the husband say, with a melting tenderness of voice and manner.

"Did you speak, dearest?"

"No, pet, I did not—I was thinking," replied the bride, looking as angelic as possible.

"Of what was you thinking, my love?"

"I hardly dare tell you, my pet."

"What, loveliest of your sex, distrust your adorer so soon?"

"Pardon—a thousand pardons, dear Edgar, if I have even seemed to wrong so noble a being."

"Spoken like your own true self—like a fond and dearly loved wife."

"Oh, Edgar! Edgar! you are a flatterer; I know you are. Oh, you naughty man! You know how dear you are to me."

"You will tell me, then! good angel that you are—you will tell me."

"I will—but first give me assurance that you will not frown on your too fond Rebecca. A frown, Edgar—nay, even a reproveing look from your sweet eyes, would break my now too happy heart. Say, then, you will not frown."

"Foolish child! Do the stars frown, when the poet looks up to them for inspiration? Does the fond mother frown when her first born looks up to her eyes as he nestles still closer to her bosom? Does love, fond, true love ever frown?"

"Oh, say no more, dear, dear Edgar; I feel, I know, you are the best, the kindest, the most devoted of men!"

"Tell me, then, love, of what you were thinking?"

"Of you, only of you, Edgar, on my truth."

"And what of me, my own Rebecca?"

"Alas! What shall I say? How shall I extricate myself from this perilous dilemma?"

"Speak, loved one, I charge you!"

"Dear Edgar, you know—"

"Yes, sweet Rebecca—"

"That—oh, how shall I say it?"

"Any how—go on—dear Rebec—"

"That if you continue—"

"Yes—continue—"

"To eat—cabbage—"

"Cabbage?"

"Cabbage—what then?"

"You may catch the cholera, (sobbing) and (sob) and (sob) I may (sob) be left (sob) a widow (sob) before (sob) the season (hysterical sob) is over."

"I didn't, I couldn't wait to hear any more of this conversation. I do wonder if all "just married" folks go on after this fashion."

A Tough Story.

Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a severe tale last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we began plowing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to git forty yoke of xen to one plow—we did faith—and I held the plow mor'n a week—I thought I should die. One day I was hold'n and the plow hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plow split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my gripe. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe awhile, they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous strong roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I havn't wore any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was: I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders.

"Powerful hard."

A WELL-GOVERNED MARRIAGE.

The government of a family is as indispensable as the government of a nation. If based on a proper system, and carried out with firmness and sincerity, blending and harmonizing all the elements of social and domestic life, it is likely to produce results as happy and pacific as a well governed people uncer the panoply of liberty and law. One of our correspondents—a gentleman of family and fortune—asked us last week, whether there would be any impropriety or social risk in marrying an honest, industrious and poor girl, whom he liked, or imagined he loved. We answered, "certainly not." Where the education, habits, and manners qualify a girl for any station in life, her industry and purity of character are always strong recommendations, while her poverty is not objectionable. But we would not feel justified in carrying out this recommendation to any extent. The republican principles of equality, which for a feature in a nation, cannot always be applied to families. We may have singular notions in relation to marriage; but we think, in the first place, that parties should belong to the same religious denomination, in order to secure a homogeneiousness of thought or concert of action on that very important point. We think that in family, character, habits and pursuits, they sho'd harmonize and assimilate as nearly as possible.—Sudden elevations to fortune, and of course to that position which fortune gives, are apt to make the head giddy; and even gradual elevations from poverty to wealth, unless controlled by great good sense and prudence, are calculated to make the possessors unhappy and discontented, nervous and dissatisfied. If a woman, she is always aiming at something which is not attainable and should not be attainable for her own happiness. Persons born in affluence and reduced to poverty frequently bear such rude and painful changes with more philosophy than those suddenly and unexpectedly elevated from obscurity. Education, equality of mind, and resignation, are the pillars which sustain the unfortunate in their reverses; whilst those suddenly elevated to fortune from the most humble pursuits seldom know how to appreciate and enjoy such gifts, and wealth at once becomes a plague and an embarrassment.

We have just such a lady—so circumstanced and conditioned—in our eye. We knew her when a little sewing girl, a willing adjunct to the dusting department. She had captivated the heart of a young clerk, who married her when he was in sufficient credit to open a little shop, and where we have often seen her, behind the counter, clipping ribbons and jerking open the till with an air. From the shop to the store, from the store to the large importing warehouse, and from the two-story frame house in Liverpool Alley to the three-story building magnificently furnished in Frogmore Place, were the labor, the luck, and the natutal transition of some years of enterprising speculation. It was instructive if not amusing, to see her rolled in her heavy carriage, with liveried coachmen and footmen, from her door for a morning's shopping-excursion, visiting every fashionable store and milliner in the city. In one she would purchase a rich shawl—in another, a valuable rich dress; here a beautiful pelerine—there a newly imported French bonnet, lace mantilla, blonde scarf, or blue silk velvet for a cloak for the approaching cold weather. All these purchases were tumbled into the coach, and tumbled on the sofa when she reached home at 2 o'clock. A pretty servant girl then approached, and was thus accosted—

"Betty, where's my lunch? Nothing prepared for me? You know I always have a jelly, or an oyster pate, or a sweet bread, or a cold chicken and a glass of Bell's Scotch ale for my lunch, (we remember when a spare-rib and stewed onions for dinner were considered quite a treat!) and now I am left to starve. Mrs. Jenks! Mrs. Jenks! Mrs. Jenks!!" she screamed with lungs consumption proof, and violently jerking the bell. The cook ran up in a hurry, her fingers covered with dough, and was met with—"Am I to starve among you? Is this treatment for a lady? Go about your business: I discharge you all. York! York! run down to Mrs. Green's, and tell her to send me a first-rate cook and waiting maid—no Irish, mind! Was ever a woman so tormented with servants?"

While she was thus fuming and fretting, her husband—a quiet, inoffensive sort of man—made his appearance.

"So you have come, sir!" said his wife. "I shall go into a decline with this treatment. Not a mouthful to eat since breakfast!"

"Well, my dear, why did you not stop at Thompson's and get a nice dish of oyster soup?"

"Oyster soup! How vulgar!"

"Well, then, any thing you might fancy. Why, bless me you have been shopping! What's here? Shawl, velvet, silk—why, my love, we have all these things at our store. Where did you purchase them?"

"At Stewart's, to be sure."

"Why, my love," continued the husband, "I sold him these very goods by the case, and you could have anything you demand at 25 per cent. reduction at our store."

"Your store, indeed! Do you think, sir, that I will go down into a Pearl street warehouse to be jostled about by your country customers from Arkansas, Texas, and the Rocky Mountains! No, indeed! I go where the fashionable world goes; and if I do pay a little more, remember, sir, I helped to earn it. So no more complaint about my extravagance?"

The husband was dumb, and both went down pouting to dinner, murmuring and uncomfortable. This was not what we conceive to be a well governed marriage.—*Sunday Times.*

☞ There is at Oswego, N. Y., a factory in which Corn is used in making starch. It consumes 200 bushels per week, and turns out 40,000 lbs. of the article, which is said to be the whitest and most beautiful material of the kind yet discovered for all domestic purposes.

☞ Dr. Wendall has just invented a new pill "to purge melancholy." They are made of fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and are to be taken with cold water three times a day, without stopping.

Half Mast.—A facetious friend says that dancing-women wear their dresses *at half mast*, as a mark of respect to departed modesty. Our friend had better be careful, or he may be arraigned at the bar of fashion, and forced to take *leg* bail

Fulton's Frst Steam Voyage.

The following reminiscence of Fulton's First Steam Voyage, is from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, where it was communicated by R. W. Haskins, Esq;

"Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a travelling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson River, with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat, the *Clermont*, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost; but I urged him at the time, to publish what he related, which, however, so far as I know, he has never done. I have several times repeated the facts as they were told to me, and have been often requested to secure them from oblivion by giving them to the press.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there I found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to go back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir.

I enquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with his eyes fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, 'is that right, sir?' This roused him as from a kind of revery, and as he looked at me, a big tear, was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you; but really, I am too poor for even that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so."

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

Some years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved, and her name changed to *The North River*, and when two other boats, viz: *The Car of Neptune*, and the *Paragon* had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage on one of these for the latter city. The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed to be a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk and awaited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle, now.

It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly, but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness, and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these, said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview, at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing, in my mind, the vivid emotions it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth: for it was the first actual recognition of usefulness to my fellow men!

Such, then, were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recalled by many—and such as Fulton there related them, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the very ends of the earth in contact.

How Joe Won the Pencil.

Joe sports a wife, besides several other creature comforts. Well, he and his wife, Harry——, John ——, and George——, and *their* wives all board at the same house. A day or two ago, while they were all at the table luxuriating on detached portions of a boiled turkey, which had been stuffed with oysters, the conversation turned on christian names when Mrs. Harry——, contended that she could name more *distinguished* men who had borne the name of Henry, than any gentleman could of his own name; and concluded by offering a gold pencil, as a wager against a suitable equivalent, should she win. The trial commenced, Mrs. Harry——, started off with "Harry of the west," adding a dozen others. George——, now gathered up on George Washington, the four Georges of England, Lord George, &c. "Now, Mr. John——, what have you to say?" said the charming Mrs. Harry——, "O, I can give you a hundred. The two Adams' Lord John Russell, John Tyler, John, John, John bring me some water, John——." "Stop, stop, sir, you can't win; Mr. Joseph——, now your turn comes," said the juicy little gamester. Now, if ever a bashful man lived it is my friend, Joe. He dared not look up. He had been racking his brain for an answer, but to no purpose, and in despair, he made one grand effort, and raising his head he replied, "My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot now think of any very distinguished man by the name of Joseph, except the gentleman we read about in the Scriptures—he who was such a favorite of Mrs. Potiphar, but I will not offer him, *for I think he was the darndest fool I ever heard of?*" "Here's the pencil," said Mrs. Harry——tossing it over to him, as she and the other ladies scudded out of the door.

☞ A woman in Jersey, standing over the corpse of her husband, exclaimed in an agony of grief, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth were as good as they ever were!"

The last case of modesty is that of a young lady, who declared she wouldn't pass by a ship-yard, where there were so many white oak *knees*, all in plain sight.