A. P. DURLIN& CO., Proprietors.

B.GEAWROTH

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# Eric Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

A P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

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n d PCLLER

Poetry and Miscellang.

JENNY LIND. BY MRS. L. M. MIGOURNEY. Blest must their vocation be, Who with tones of melody,

Calm the discord and the strife. And ils erastroad rush of life, And with Orphean more Things just to life and love.

But there's one, who doth inherit Angel gifts and angel spitit, Bid-ling streams of gladness flow Mid lone age and misery's lot-Kindling pleasures long forgot. Seeking minds oppressed with night. And o'er darkness shedding light: She the sereph's lore doth know,

Bhe liath learned their deeds Lelow, Lo. when o'er this misty strand She shall clap their waiting hand, They will fold her to their brenst, More a sister than a quest. West. Lit. Afer

### THE MISER'S DEATH-BED

BT AN ENGLISH PHYSIGIAN.

The physician sees many strange death-hed scenes. We may resider him to a certain extent callous to were sights which would appal the stoutest heart: but still, in the course of a long practice, even he must encounter some death-bed scenes, the recollections of which will cling to him and which he may be years in shaking from his imagination. Such was that which I am about to describe.

For ten or eleven years a bent and miserable old man and been in the habit of clinging each morning to my area rails to beg of my servants broken vituals. His appearance was so haggard, and his tone and manner bespoke such a depth of misery, that I gave orders never to refuse him anything that had come from the table; so toat at last, he grow into a regular pensioner upon us; and we used to expect him regularly every morning as our broakfast.

The name of the old mendicant we never knew, nor here he resided. In fact, he soldom spoke a word to my servants; but he would come in the heat of summer .-Then the warm genial synchine even lit the worn flagstones into beauty, and cling to the iron rails, looking the only miserable, or at least the most miserable object in creation. In the depth of winter, too, when the bleak north-east wind blew fiercely and the blinding snow drifted shrough the air, he would come, and still clinging state. With a long drawned sigh he spend his eyes, to the rails, while his rage fluttered around him, wait for and fixed them upon my face with an expression of mournhis daily dole.

This had gone on so long, that one morning, when he did not come. I felt quite uneasy, and there was a general enquiry through the house as to whether any one had seen the old man. The next morning passed away. and still he came not. I began to think he must be ill that told me he was dying. Impressed as I was with three hours, they tell me. I'll tell you everything on the or dead, and wondering at the usual hour for another week, we began to forget the old beggar that had visited us so long. One morning, however, he was brought to my recollection again, somewhat singularly.

I was told that a young girl was waiting in my hall to are me, and going out to her, she told me a Mr. Temple wanted me as soon as I could go to him. "Where does he reside?" I asked.

She named a low, wretched street in Bohe; and won-

"Who is Mr. Temple?" my mother, s:r." "You are quite sure he sent for me?"

"Yes, sir. We didn't know his name till this morning. and he's lived with us since I was born." "Indeed, that's odd enough. Is he very ill?"

"Oh, very, he's groaning so."

... Well, run back, and tell him I'll call as early as can in the course of the morning." The girl departed, and about half past eleven I found

myself sufficiently disengaged to call upon my new patieut in-street, Soho. The house was miserable and dirty in the extreme; and, upon asking for Mr. Temple, slip-shod, grinning looking woman screamed up the kitchen stairs-

"It's three pair back!" "The what?" I said

"The three pair back, to be sore," replied the woman, just showing her head on a level with the passage. "Can't you show me his room?" said I. "Who are you, I wonder?" screamed the woman .-

'Hoity-toity! Show you up. Indeed! Perhaps you'd like a mole candle, too?". Positively declining the candle, I ascended the stair-

case, surmising that the three pair back must be up three flights of stairs, and a back room somewhere. When I arrived at the landing place at the very top-

mast story of the house, I heard a low mouning sound proceeding from a room to my left, and pushing open a low black door, I entered one of the most miserable reoms that I had ever seen.

Furniture, it had none. A cracked water jug was as are used for garden pots. In one corner lay at what which lay in a rotting heap in one corner of the room. at first upneared to be a mass of old rags, but the groups that proceeded from amongst them told me that a human

being was there. "Hes he come?-has he come?" cried a thin voice,

as if struggling with pain. "Did you send for me?" said I.

"Thioves, murder, help!" suddenly cried the same voice, and from among the mass of rage and fith, a long, skinny arm protruded, grasping a pistol. I awn I was a little alarmed, and said hastily, "I am

"You-rou have come to rob me. then?"

"You, you! Certainly not," "But-but-you know if you had-I have nothing.-

Mind, nothing-nothing!" "Is your name Temple?" I said. "list" he screamed, how do you know that? No. no -I am a beggar."

"A Mr. Temple sent for me." "Slav, stay! Fasten the door; place the log against it. Wa-we shall be robbed else. Not that I have anything to lose. No, no; I am miserably poor, wretchedly

poot." "Then you should apply for assistance, where you have right to demand it. "If I was to give you a prescriptions you could not get it made up for nothing, you know."

"No, no;" he replied. "I-I know. Look at meook, doctor, look." He raised himself on his arm, and in the thin, emaciated face of my strange patient I recognized the old beg-

gar that used to cling to my area rails. "I de recollect you," I said. "You do now?"

"And your name is Temple, is it not?" "Temple!" he ecreamed; "who save my name Temple."

"Your own more neer." "Then-then-I must have raved." "What complaint have you?" said I. 3

Slowly he drew his hand from under the rage, and lutting an old termished gaines drop from his si fiet, he said with a deep sigh-

"There-there is year fee." "I do not require it of you?" said I.

"Yeu-you are sure?" Quite sure." "Then, I-then I will keep it. Don't tell any one

you saw it, or I shall be robbed!" He clutched the coin again, and withdrew his ghastly attenuated hand and arm. I pould bee by his whole appersonne that he was suffering from want of nourishing diet, and I said-

"You must spend that gaines to-day, is some and arrow-root." "Guinea!" he cried, "what guinea? I have no gold.

me what's the matter with me; but mind one thing-" "What is that?" No no-not dying!"

"You will, though," said I, "if you do not take some nourisbing drinks." He fixed his glassy eyes on my face is he muttered-

"Do you think half a pint of porter is really necessary for met" I langhed and said "a bottle of good port wine, you

"Wine!" he cried, "and I so wretchedly poor-so miserably poor!"

"Do you know." said I "I began to spacet-" "What-what?" he eried.

"That you are not so poor as you affect to be. Have on not some secret heard, now, that freely used would make the remainder of your life comfortable?" "What, gold!" he shricked, "you do not think I have

"Yes I do. You are a miser."

"A miser?" "Yes."

mean.'

He fell back on the bed with a gasp; then, suddenly epringing up, he screamed -- :

"Thieves! thieves!-help, help, help, robbers!" "I shall leave you," said I, "if you make such a neise." The door now epened, and a coarse man put his head into the room, with the polite inquiry of-"What's the

"Nothing," said I, "the old man is Ill, and raves." "Oh, that's the ticket, is it? He's a going all for to assault the bucket at last, is he? There'll be a nut for Old Nick! Having delivered himself of this elegant opinion the

miserable bed. I am never without restoratives about me, and I very soon succeeded in restoring my patient to his former

ful intensity. "How are you now?" [ said. "

"Better-better," he muttered. I saw that it was not so, for a change had come across his face, and there was a peculiar gaze about his eyes, the conviction that he had money secreted, which might road." be of service to some one chaiming kindred with him, I did not hesitate to tell him his real condition.

"Do not deceive yourself," said I, "you are dying." He sprang up in bed with a shrick, as if he had been galvanized. "Dying?" he cried; "no, no, not dying! Let me live

-live on though it be in want. Why should I die? No -no, I cannot-will no die!"

started, and still he shricked-"I caunot-dare not die!"

Then he suddenly turned to me, and clutching my of the name of Durham?" arm, he cried, in the most supplicating tones-"Save me! save me!-fer the love of Heaven, save

me. Hold me to the world. You are skilful-save me by your art. Look at me, a miserable poor old man. 1 will kneel to you - bless you -- be your slave, but give me life-life-life!" I know that a few hours must end the scape, and I

seized the opportunity of leaving the room, and getting somebody in the house to fetch some wine and brandy, for I knew that by stimulants alone could the flickering flame of life be kept alive for the next few hours. When I returned, I started, for he had risen from his

pallet, and was kneeling before the wretched little skeleton grate, which, by its runt, had evidently not seen a fire for years. He did not hear me, and I panaed to observe him.

With feeble efforts he wrenched from its place the little grate, and then I saw him eagerly clutch at something. With a scream, he sprang to his feet, and, as he did so, a heavy beg fell from his relaxed held, with a lend clash, nnon the floor.

"Wretched man!" I said, pointing to the bag, "is if for this you eling to life?"

He tried to speak, but could not, His hand elutched the air wildly. Inarticulate sounds came from his throat, and I had just time to catch him when he again feluted. I carried him to the bed, if bed it could be called, and then carefully replacing the grate, I lifted the bog he had upon the floor, and by its side an earthware saucer, such dropped, and concealed it under some musty apparel

I was anxious that he should live to make some be quest of his money to some good purpose, and l, with some anxiety, feld his pulse; it was beating freely, but there was a tolerably regular action. I feft the room ngain, and was glad-to meet on the staircase a girl with the wine and brandy. Libbs them from her, and returning, poured a little of the fermer into the miser's meath. In a few momente returning animatina began to show

itself, but I feared he was delirious, for he talked strangely. "They are all dead now," be muttered-"dead, I tell you; they don't want my gold: it's twelve years ago.-They are dead-dead!"

"Who are dead?" I said. / "Ha!" he cried. .. "Who speaks to me in the durk?" "The dark!" said I.

"Yes; the night is very dark, so very dark." I looked at his eyes, and perceived that the night had gone. He was stone blind. I feared that his other parceptive faculties would quickly follow, and I said-"Tell me truly. Have you any kindred?" "Kindred!" be repeated.

"Yes; have you a child or a child's child?". "A child-child?" be said, falteringly, "have I child's child? Did my own little blue-eved Emma ever foudle a darling of her own, because -- because, have merer upon me-that would be my child's child."

I shall never ferget the burst of frantic grief which fullowed these words. His sobs were terrible. Such agomy of serrew 1 never before saw, and hope never to see again. I was deeply affected. Grief in the young is distressing, but there was something awful in the heartfelt anguish of that white-haired old man. "Calm yourself," I said, though my own voice was

broken with emotion; "there may be still time to repair is some measure the past. Confide all to ma, and I promine, before heaven, to do what I can in fertherance of I hope, your newly awakened kind feelings." "God blees and prosper you," he said faintly, "I will

tall alt—all." His voice was very faint, and I steeped ever thus addressed me-

"I had a wife whom I loved, and-and a little blueeyed thing, with a sweet laugh, who was as happy as the day is long, and we called her Emma. My wife, the companion of my young days, wasted away before my eyes, and died. Then I was alone with my child, my es, and reached the margin of the lake. There was a contemplated my burning countenance, and as fast as little ene; but there came a chilling shadow across my beart, and I was unhappy.

"At last it shaped itself into a form, and avarice bewant, in misery and privation, my little child clung to found several other pieces floating on the water. The me, and loved me. The pleasure of childhood she nev- water itself was clear and limped, the sun was reflected Do you want to rob mo? I am ill, I know I am ill. Tell one day she bung upon my nock and told me she was Of its gloomy aspect. Gitt, on our right hand, by the his only possession, and I scorned him. Then one day we had just quitted formed the barrier on the right, their "1-1 am not dy-dying. Mind that-I am not dying. he came to me; and she, my child, my Emma-it was her mother's name—they knelt at my feet, and asked for which stretched far before us in the distance, till its leadmy blessing."

He passed, for his tears choked his atterance, and the scence he had conjured up was too much for his feelings. I gave bim some wine and he proceeded. "I turned them from my door-and-and saved my

gold." "And what became of them?"

"I left the place, and came to London; but a man me me is the street, and told may ~What?" "That my child-my fittle Emma-iyun know-

"Take fime," I said. "He-told me that she was dead-the little thing who used to neetle in my breast; he said she had died of want a giving birth to a child-elselate went."

"Can that be true?" said I. "Hush!" he cried, "hear all-tess all. Her venng susband—he, top, they said, had kissed his child and then

sought a grace-and I had saved my gold!" "When did you hear this?" "The last time I clung to the railings of your ho Since then I have not tasted food."

"The child." I said, "your Emma's child: did it live? "Iknew sot" "Where did all this happen?"

"At ---." "That is a small place near ----."

"And your daughter's husband's name?" "Was Durbam." I immediately formed a receive, and rising, I saidman withdrew his head, and shut the door. When I "Be calm till I return. Take a little wine occ

turned again to the old man, he lay in a swoon on his and I will send you a nurse and other refreshments." "Take with you the dross which has been my deeruction," he mouned; "take the gold," "I will return soon, " said 3.

I hurried from the reem. Medical men know ple of nurses, and in half an hour I sent one to the old man with medicine and food; then I hurried home to

"Don't ask me any questions, but come with

"Mery," said I, "I am going to \_\_\_\_,"

"To where?"

Good fast horses and a well paid postillies de we As We neared ----, I called to the driver-"Is there a workhouse at-?"

"A workus?" he cried ."Lor! I thinks as there isn't but there is at -.... A workus! Lor!" I told the whole story to my wife and she had at once suggested an inquiry at the workhouse, to ascertain if the Ifot, scalding tears poured down his cheeks; he clutched cognisant of the whole affair. , We seen rattled up to the

"I don't know, sir." said the girl. "He lodges with the scanty covering which was upon him till the blood workhouse dow, and I was maker's "I am. Dr. --- " said I. "Ilare you a child here

> "Yes, sir," was the immediate answer. "Thank Heaven," said I, "What is it, a boy?" "No, sir, a girl." "lu age?"

"About eleven, sir. You ree we had to but

mother, and the father drowned himsoil." "Will you trust the child to me?" "I dare not, air," said the man. "I will hold you harmless " said I . "Ves home

hr name." The mester hesitated a moment, and then said-"I will sir. Will you please to take a seat a moment He was scarcely two minutes gone, when he returned, pending by the hand a little girl dressed in a blue stuff gown offive contarios ago, and a little pinched up white cap. She was a beautiful little thing, with soild blue | ded, but less favorable spot up the banks. eyes, and a look of earnest simplicity upon her face,

which I admired very much. "Thank you sir," said I to the master-"You shall hear from me to-merrow." He bowed, I took the little erphan by the hand, and

led her to the chase. The moment I appeared at the workhouse duer, a great crewd that had there assembled, greeted me with a loud hurrah.

I handed the child into the chase, and followed my "To London," said I.

"llurrah!" shouted the crowd, and away we went. I had been five hours exactly when I entered the m per's room with his daughter's child. He was mileco. and the puree told me he had been quite delirious. child, who was a sweet-tempered, tractable little thing, being carefully kept out of sight.

to stand naintly by the hed side, while I walted for him Propriety, I think I said, compelled our party to retire awazening. There was a dead silence for about a quar tor of an hour, and then he muttered in his skep-

"Yes, darling-you; him me, my little Emma! Blee 702-bless-bless-" "Are you better?" I said softly. "That's Dr .---," he said

"Yes," I replied. I am much better, thank yes," he said; "in fect, quit strong and well. I had a pain, but it's gone; and it' still night."

I saw by some infallible sign that he was dying. "If," I said, "year daughter had a child, it would inberit all you have!"

#### Swallows.

Swallows in Sweden, at the approach of cold weath er, plunge into the lakes, and remain there usleep, and baried under the ice, till the return of spring. Then, awakened by the returning heat, they leave the water and recame their usual flight. While the lakes are froren, if the ice be broken in certain places, which appear darker than others, the swallows are found in large quantities, cold, asleep, and half-dead. If they are taken out and warmed by the hands, or before the fire, they seen begin to exhibit signs of life; they stretch themselves out. shake themselves, and soon fly away. In other places, they retire into the caves, and under the recks. Between the town of Caen and the sea along the banks of the Orne, there are many of these caveras, where, during the winter, clusters of swallows have been found suspended, like bunches of grapes, from the roof of the cavern. The same thing has been long age observed in

D' The Constitutional Convention of N. Hampshire liston. Mingling with broken sele and many tears, he posing a religious test, and the clause requiring a property qualification for office. It is about time.

THE DEAD SRA AND THE JORDAN.

We descended by a steep path into the plane, and, passing a pool of staguant water, surrounded by a mass of Be this as it may, there lay unhappy I, a martyr to my long dank woods, rode through a few low thorney bush modesty; while she, for whose sake I suffered, calculy hard pobly strand, strowed here and there with drift they were handed her, immersed garment after garment wood; bare trunks of 'trees, withered and dry, covered in the water, consecrating, I verily believe, the wardrobes with a coating of salt; small lumps of some bituminous, of every female friend, kinswoman, or acquaintance she came my passion-I hoarded-hoarded all, but still in substance was scattered over the beach; we afterwards possessed in the world-and these, as I had reasen to er knew; playmates she had none; yet she chang to me; from its surface with a dazling glare; viewed from this especial benefit, the rathless weman betock her to the and she grow in beauty, too, till she was sixteen; then point the Bahr Lutho, as the Araba colled it, lost nothing bashes, while I, scarified, searched and parbetled, race leved by a mere youth. I knew him. His genius was dark range of Moah, a continuation of the craggy heights grimages from that day forth, Dublin University Magblack bituminous cliffs rising abruptly from the lake, en hues were blent with the hazy has of the horizonwaste, water, crag, monotonous blee aky, the sole com-

> ponents of the cheerless landscape. Heated and fatigued, we prepared for a general bathe: at least our private party, for the pilgrims determined to reserve their energies for the sacred Jordan-the Lake of Sodom being held by them in horror and abomination. utterly unadapted to the ends of cleanliness or comfort, as we afterwards ascertained to our cost. The had order is which the lake was held did not, however, deter as, and having called a halt, we plunged like young ducks into the liquid element-Paulo clucking like an old hen on the bank. We plunged? Disastrous was the plunge. Rapidly enough head after head popped up from the exacrable waters-hair metted, eyes smarting and tongues barning from the intense sulphurous bitter saltness of the detestable liquid in which we were immersed; water it was not, nor bitumen, nor sail, nor sulphur, but a disgusting compound of all four-a hogshead of it would serve as an emetic for all Avia Minor, and louve some rallone to mare national the next epidemic. You could neither sink in it nor surim in it. Talk of a fly in melessea, or a weep in a barrel of tax-I, pan find no parallel

for a bath in the Dead Sea. I brought home a bettle of it, and siekened some score of my acquaintances. But the sufferings of my companions were a trifle to what I felt; cut and maimed in consequence of my superior homemanship, I jumped into the water as raw as a boofsteak, and jumped out of it as if I were flaved alive; however, let me be just to this abominable mixture, if I smarted for it, my wounds were well canterized and completely skinned ever. The cure was perfect to a miracle. We dressed with the comfort able sensation of men who had been well coated over with mutton suct-stiff, grossy, and extremely out of sorts, with a tingling, creeping feeling over the skin, and sameauting, turned our steps to the fords of the Jordan Craming the plains towards the right, we reached the banks of the river, which burrows, in its singens course. far below the level of the plain-the dense thicket of bushes, shrubs and trees that grow out of its waters in many places scarcely out-top-ping the bank. The stream is very rapid and the water muddy. Leaving the river to have ordered post horses, and we shall be there within follow its meanderings, we arrived by a shorter path at the celebrated fords, where tradition tells us the best of Israel trod dry-shod through the depths, as the floed retired before the ark of God; nor is it imprevable that here John the Baptist was baptising, and that here our blessed Lord, so he came out of the waters, justified the public seal of his ministry. "when the Holy Ghost in a bodily shape like a dove came upon him, and a voice from beaven which said, Thou ert my beloved Sun, in thee I

am well pleased." As this part of the river the banks are low, and nearly paratively broad, and shaded by trees which grow in great abundance along its margin; near the bank the water is shallow, but the current exceedingly rapid; on both sides the stream is bordered by a dense thicket, with a few open intervals; the Jordon willow is found in great luxuriance. The fords of the Jordon being the grand termination of our expedition, our pilgrims, who had taken only a devotional wel at Mar Saba, now prepared, with infinite gusto, for a solemn ablution din the sacred river. The Arabs had driven our horses into the water, and were swimming with them in great glee, we, tee, got ready for a bath, anxious to wash off the mactiness of the Dead Sea. Scarcely were we denuded of our scan-ty clething, when no our dismay, we found ourselves surrounded by the body of pilgrius, who had unexpectedly debouched from the bushes, uniformly arrayed in white. Not having any idea that it was customary to dress for the occasion, and propriety forbidding us to intrade in a state of nature on as wetshipful a company, we satired, with no small precipitation, to a more seels

The scens was now highly amusing-horses floundering and snorting midway in the stream; Arabs displayed their copper colored limbs as they disported themselves amongst the tiny waves; pilgrims, in bridal array, ducking, diving, grubbing for annil-shells and green pebble in the bottom of the stream; handkerchiefs, cape, and unknown articles of apparel, misle and female, were washed in the holy river, all consecrated habiliments from that day forth. Some longsighted devotees had brought beads and armicis from Jerusalem, to be transformed into amulets and relies, by immersion in the Jordan, more bottled the water in large tin flacks; others plucked willows from the river side; and a few took substantial logs to be manufactured into trinkets of divers sorts, consecrated all by contact with the waters. In fact, pleasure, profit, and devotion were curiously blended tofelt contain that it was his best sleep, and I motioned the gether—the maxim that "no man can serve two masters"

> a little distance from the place where the scene I have his abode in the wilderness. been endeavering to describe, was enacted; but propriety played one at least of her votaries an unworthy trick. I was following a companion across the river, he had gained the apposite side, when the current caught me suddenly, and giving up the glory of the enterprise, might and main I was obliged to strike out for the bank I had just left. However, the river god, being uppropitions, I was hurried incortinently down the atream, and finally deposited on a shingle bank, (I blash to record it.) nearly at the feet of the fair pilgrim who represented the gentler sex among our body. Here the water was too shallow to swim, and the current too rapid to permit my coming to an anchor by any other expedient tha that of holding on to the bottom with both hands. My feet were both pointed at the fady, and my nether man bamping uneselly against the stony shelf on which I was so deplorably atranded, added bedily torment to mental anguish. What was to be done? Decency, of course, forbade my getting on my legs and retiring like a Christian biped, while necessity forced one to hold hard, as a meander downwards to the sea of Sodom might be attended with yery serieus consequences, even if escaped shinwreck in my unvoluntary vovage.

So there I lar covered as well as adverse circumstance would admit of, in the muddy water, my face scorched by a burning sun, and my addipodes threatened momentarily to come assunder, from the increasent jerking of the inaxorable stream. The fact is, I was in the "centre of a hobble." And how did the fair lady take it all? This tal playmate for her poedle-deg." was the unkindest cut of all. Oh! for the propriety, the was the unkindest cut of all. Oh; for the property, the delicacy, nay, the sympathy of woman! She positively looked on as if nothing extraordinary was the matter; I might as well have been a block of wood; she neither regarded my helpless condition not expressed commission for my normalizity; nursepe she thought, poer pendence from all the world," and number its "finite memonicute time when it shall declare its "finite memonicute time when it shall declare its "finite memonicute time which," and number its "finite memonicute time world," and number its "finite memonicute time when it shall declare its "finite mem has voted to strike out of the Constitution the clause im- regarded my helpless condition nor expressed commissimple women, it was a way we Europeans had, and that pendence on steelf,"

i after the custom of my country. I was paying respects to

the venerable object of our mutual pilgrimage, remember, were anything but few. At last her tank was figished, and after taking an extra dock for her awa dripping from the river, forewearing pilgrims and pil-

#### Love, Babies and Butcher Bills.

There is probably no business in which common stage s less beeded than in that of leve. The mement a girl begins to think of "orange blossoms," that memont she hids farewell to resson, and plunges into a sort of lessey, from which all the eloquence in the world cannot Extricate her.

Driving a haulkey horse is a pleasant business, and so the attempt to wean a jacknes from thistles. But what re bankey heres and jackneses sempared to the retutiness" of a girl who has "got the devil in her head." because a young gentleman with hellow cheeks and bright blue continuations, gets upon the cellar deer every night and pours his love into her ear through the medium of a four-and-nine-penny flute? Nothing-abecutely nothing! Difficult as it is for a fresh col to clime s-grossed liberty pole, with a kicking boy in his meath, we should much sooner go about to look for such a place nomenes, then to bunt up a girl with an inflamed beart that would listen to "good advice," or who could be made te believe, for one moment, that the enjoyments of the hymenial life depended at all on the frequency of bread. or the price of butcher's meat. Even prodigate have not so hearly a contempt for money se have those whom Cupid has inoculated with the virus of "beatific lunacy."-As they have no appetites while they are courting, they imagine that their demands for corned beef and cabbage will afways find a substitute in sighs and huggings. How they ideceieve themselves! Although love is a boy of imited appetite, hymen takes to roast beef like an Alderman. But even grant that marriage, like courtship, could feed on fluter and fatten on a neesgay, how will it be with the Harriets, Peters, Johns, and Matilda Janes that are fated to spring from it? Will they think you, feed on air, and rest satisfied with sugared endearments? Far from it. Children have no respect for the postice of life, and much profer a nantry full of piec to all the velvet sentimante that even Moore's Melodies abound with. These remarks we know will be termed "shocking" by many a fair reader-bet shocking as they are, they are true, as neuros of them will discover when it is too late to head the admonitions which they contain. No state in life has more uses for a fat packet-book than marriage .- Albany

Young Men. The idea is prevalent in some communities, that roung men are fit neither for generals nor statesmen, and that they must be kept in the back ground until their physical strongth is impaired by age, and their intellectual faculties become blunted by years. Lel us look to the history of the past, and from the long list of heroes and statesmen who have nobly distinguished themseldes, we shall find that they were young men who performed these acts which have wen for them an imperishable of history. Alexander the conqueror of the whole civili-

zed world viz; Greece, Egypt and Asia, died at 38. Benapart was crowned Emperor of France when at.33 years of age. Pitt, the younger brother, was about 20 years of age, when, in Britain's Parliament, he heldly advecated the cause of the American Celenies; and but 92 when trude Chanceller of the Exchequer. Edmuned Barke. et the age of 25, was the Frint Lord of the Treesery. Our own Washington was biff 25 when he covered the retreat of the British at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command in chief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Hamilton, at 20, was a Lieutenant Colonel and Aid to Washington; at 25 a member of Congrees, and at 33 Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas offerson was but 23 when he drafted the ever memorable Declaration of Independenc. At the age of 30 years. Sir Isaac Newton occupied the mechanical chair at Cambridge College, England, having by his scientific discov-

eries, rendered bis name immertal.

A Hermit It is stated in a Thomasion, Me. paper, that there has resided for a number of years past in the back part of the town of Montville's hermit of the name of Barret. He has dwell in a cave, the work of his own hands, dag ir the bank of a small river, and carefully secured at the extrance against the intrusion of wild benets, by a lage log, sufficiently hollow to admit of his entering. He rejects every kind of luxury which may be offered him. the fruits of the earth that grow around him being his only food, water his only drink. Since his retirement from the world, he has copied the Bible twick, ende on paper, and once on the bark of a birch tree. About a year since he moved from his cave in Montrille further. into the woods, the rountry having become so much seltled around him that he was fequently anneyed by visitors. He was the son of a respectable farmer in Macsachusetts, who obliged him to marry a women he disliked, he having previously formed an attachment for another. He lived with his wife but a short time, when he secretly left his native town for Maine, and took up

# An Apology.

Old Mr. H , who resides in a certain village in Maine, and who is a mumber of the cherch militant, get in a passion, one day, with Mr. M .....one of his brothern, and, among other naughty things, declared he was not fit to carry swill to the hoge; whereupon M----- had him arrained before the church, on which eccasion he was requested to make an apology. The proper time having arrived. H ---- arose; and addressed the beath . ern as follows:

injured brother M for which I am heartily serry. I did say he was not fit to carry swill to the hoge, and I now take it back, being firmly of the epinion that he is amply qualified to fill that office." . H ...... having made a clean breast, his spelegy was deemed satisfactory, by all but brether M. who

Mr Christian fri eads, I did feel that I have deeply

declares to this day, that he heard H. say in a lew tone, that he was fit to carry swill, and for nothing also. - l'ankes Blade.

#### Making a Conquest.

"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceiled fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your seannintance?"

pearance, I suppose, eli?" "You, very much so. She thinks you'd make a capi-

"Dem'd glad to hear it; fine girl, struck with my ap-