THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. ONWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1851. NUMBER 47.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. T. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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Single subscribers by the carrier, at $2.00
Sent out of the office, in advance, 1.50
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Select Poetry.

THE END OF LIFE.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

"He lived all the number of his days, and they were three score years and ten."

An old man sat by the window,
For the spring was drawing near;
And the curse of the dread old winter
Had gone to the tomb of the year!
The sunlight, soft and unclouded,
Streamed in o'er the oaken floor,
And fretted with gold, the dark panels,
Quaintly carved in the ancient door.

The hands of the old man trembled—
His beard was frosted and thin,
And chill as the heart of December
Was the heart that was toiling within;
Like embers half-quenched and dying
On a desolate hearth at night,
Burned the ashes of life in his bosom,
As he sat in the Spring's clear light.

He looked on the young buds swelling,
And a tear o'er his wrinkles strayed;
He thought of the wife of his bosom,
Who slept in the valley's green shade;
He thought how her steps had faltered,
Midway on the journey of life;
And how on death's bosom she rested,
When weary and worn with the strife.

The forms of his innocent children
She nightly had folded in prayer,
And laid on the soft lap of slumber,
With tender and motherly care;
Rose up in the old man's vision—
He saw that one tired and wept,
Like a lamb, by the side of its mother,
Where a willow leaned over and wept.

One son had since wandered from virtue
The father in spirit had yearned
To grant him forgiveness and blessing,
But the prodigal never returned;
Another had wedded with Mammon,
And worshipped the Prince of this world
And one 'neath the Cross had enlisted,
And fought where its banners unfurled.

A daughter, the fairest and dearest,
In loveliness walked by his side,
Nor envied the lot of her sisters,
Who dazzled with beauty and pride;
Her voice was her heart's sweetest music,
When from the blest volume she read,
That brightens the valley of shadow
And smooths down the path of the dead.

For all his affliction and sorrow—
For all his misgivings and grief—
For the night of his doubting and darkness,
He found in its pages relief:
His life had been checkered with badness,
And as it drew near to its close,
He longed for that home of the weary—
The land of immortal repose!

The old man sat by the window—
As the sun dropped low in the sky;
His spirit, with silent rejoicing,
Went up to its mansion on high;
Another green hillock in summer
Received the tenant of clay,
And down, in the dust of the valley
He rests by the tender and true!

Choice Miscellany.

ELLEN LAWTON.

A TRUE TALE OF LIFE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM HENRY WOOD.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

In one of the New England States, the little Church bell in Chester village, rung merrily in the clear morning air of a bright Summer's day. It was to call the people together, and they all obeyed its summons—for who among the aged, middle-aged, or the young, did not wish to witness the marriage ceremonies of their favorite Ellen Lawton? Ere the tolling of the bell had ceased the grey-haired man was leaning on the finger-worn ball of his staff, in the corner of his antiquated pew, the hale, healthy farmer came next; and then the seat was filled with rosy-cheeked boys and girls till the dignified matron brought up the rear at the honorable head. The church became quiet, eager eyes were fastened upon the door. Presently a tall form entered, that of a handsome man, apparently about thirty years of age, on whose arm was leaning, in sweet childlike smiling trust, the young and loved Ellen Lawton, whose rose-cheek delicately shaded the pale face, and who looked more beautiful in her angel loveliness than ever before, even to the eyes of the humble villagers, to whom she was ever but a "thing of beauty," and "a joy for ever." If thus she looked to familiar eyes, how transcendently beautiful must she have appeared to him, who this hour was to make her his own chosen bride, the wife of his bosom, the pride, the priceless jewell of his heart. They stood before the altar; he cast his dark eye upon her—she raised her's, beaming in their blue depths, all full of love and tenderness, and as they met his, the orange blossoms trembled slightly in her auburn tresses, and the rose-tint deepened on her cheek. The voice of the man of God was heard, and soon Frederic Gorton had promised to "love, cherish, and protect," and Ellen Lawton to "love, honor, and obey." As it ever is, so it was *there*, an interesting occasion—one that might well cause the eye to fill with tears, the heart to hope, fearfully but earnestly hope, that that young girl's dreams may not too soon fade, that in him to whom she has given her heart she may ever find a firm friend, a ready counsellor, a kind and forbearing spirit, a sympathyzing interest in all her thoughts and emotions. On this occasion many criticising glances, were thrown upon the handsom stranger, and many whispers were circulated.

"I fear," said one of the deacon's good ladies, "that he is too proud and well-willed for our gentle Ellen," and she took off her spectacles, which she wiped with her silk handkerchief, as if she thought they were wearied of the long scrutiny as her own eyes were.

Is there truth in the good lady's suspicion? Look at Frederic Gorton, as he stands there in his stateliness, towering above his bride, like the oak of the forest above the flower at its foot. His eye is very dark and very piercing, but how full of tenderness as he casts it upon Ellen's upturned face! His brow is lofty, and pale, and stern, but partially covered with long dark hair, with which a lady's finger had never toyed. His cheek was as if chiselled from marble, so perfect had the hand of nature formed it. His mouth—another space of Ellen's unpenetrating discernment, would have been reminded of Shakspeare's

"O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lips!"

There was about it that compression, so indicative of firmness, which while it commands respect, as often wins love.

A perfect contrast to him, was the fairy thing at his side; gentle as the floating breeze of evening, trusting as as true-hearted woman ever is, lovely, amiable and beautiful, she was just one to win a strong man's love; for there is something grateful to a proud man, in having a delicate, gentle, confiding girl place her love and trust in him, and make all her happiness derivable from his will and wish. Heaven's blessing rest upon him who faithfully that trust reposed in him, but woe unto him who remembers not his vows to love and cherish!

The marriage service over, the friends of Ellen pressed eagerly around her, offering their many wishes for her long life and happiness. The gray-haired man, an aged mother in Israel, laid their hands on the young bride's fair head, and fervently prayed "God bless thee," and not a few there were, who gave glances upward to Frederic Gorton, and impressively said—

"Love as we have loved the treasure God transcends to thee."

The widowed mother of Ellen gazed upon the scene with mingled emotions. Ellen was her eldest child, and had been her pride, her joy and delight, since the death of her husband many years before. She was giving her to a stranger, whose reputation as a man of talent, of worth, and honorable position in the world was unquestioned; but of whose private character she had no means of acquiring a knowledge. It was all uncertainty if a stern, business man of the world, should supply the tenderness and devoted love of a fond mother, to her whose wish had been hitherto scarcely ever disregarded. Yet it might be—she could only hope, and her trust was in "Him who doeth all things well."

For the two previous years Ellen had been to a Female Boarding School in a neighboring State, on the anniversaries of which she had taken an active part, in the examinatory exercises. Frederic Gorton, who was one of the Board, was so much pleased with her, that he made of the teachers minute inquiries in regard to her character, which were answered entirely satisfactorily—for Ellen had been a general favorite at school, as well as in her own village. Afterward he called on her frequently, and on her final return home, Frederic Gorton who had ever been so confident in his eternal old bachelorship, accompanied her, and sought her from her mother as his bride. Seldom does one so gifted seek favor of a lady in vain; and Ellen Lawton, hitherto unsought and unwon, yielded up in silent worship, her whole heart, and had involuntarily bowed itself in his presence, and became as a child in reverence.

But Frederic Gorton had lived nearly thirty-five years of his life among men. His mother had died in his infancy, his father soon after, and he an only child, had been educated in the family of an old bachelor Uncle.—The influence of woman had never been exerted on his heart. In boyhood he had formed, from reading works of fiction, an idea of woman in perfection in all things but as he grew in years and wisdom, and learned the falsity of many youthful ideas and dreams, he discarded that which he had entertained of woman, and knowing nothing of her, but by her general appearance of vanity and love of pleasure, he cherished for her not much respect and regarded her as an inferior, to whom, he thought in his pride, he at least, would never level himself by marriage. He smiled scornfully, on learning his appointment as Trustee of the Female School, and laughingly said to an old bachelor companion—

"They will make me to have care of the gentle weak ones, whether I will or no."

"O, yes," replied his friend, who was somewhat disposed to be sarcastic, "classically speaking *pulchra faciant te prole parentum.*" Depend upon it this will be your initiation; you will purely, upon attendance there, be caught by the smiling graces of some pretty Venus—but, be careful; remember there is no escape when once [illegible] shall soon see in the morning daily—"Married, on the 22th, Hon. Frederic Gorton, of M——, to Miss Isabella, Mary, or Ellen Somebody," and then, be assured my best friend, Fred, that I shall heave a sigh *ista pactore*, not for myself alone, but for you."

Some prophecies, jestfully uttered, are fulfilled—so were these of Frederic's friend, and when they next met, only one was a bachelor.

But, we will return to the bright morning when the bell had rang merrily—when Ellen Lawton had returned from the village church to her childhood home as Ellen Gorton, and was to leave it for a new home. After entering the parlor, Mr. Gorton said—

"Now, Ellen, we will be ready to start in as few moments as possible."

"Yes," answered Ellen, "but I wish to go over to Aunt Mary's just to tell her good bye."

"But, my dear," answered Frederic, "there is no time," looking at his watch.

"Just a moment," pleaded Ellen. "I will hurry,—I promised Aunt Mary; she is sick and cannot leave her room."

And, as Frederic answered not, and as Ellen's eyes were brim full of tears, she could but half see the impatience expressed in his countenance, and hastily departed.

But, Aunt Mary had innumerable kisses to bestow, upon her favorite, and many words and wishes to utter brokenly, in a voice choked with tears; and it was many minutes ere she could tear herself away, and on her return she met several loiterers from the church, who stopped her to look, as they said, upon her sweet face once more, and list to her sweet voice again. She hurried on—Mr. Gorton met her at the door, and, taking her hand said sternly—

"Ellen, I wish you not to delay a moment in bidding adieu to your friends—you have already kept me waiting too long."

There was no tenderness in his voice as he uttered this, and it fell as a weight upon Ellen's heart, already saddened at the thought of the parting with her mother and home and friends, which must be now, and which was soon over.

As the carriage rolled away, Ellen grieved bitterly.—Mr. Gorton, who really loved Ellen sincerely and fondly, *encircled her waist with his arm, and said kindly*—

"Do you feel, Ellen, that you have made too great a sacrifice in leaving home and friends for me?"

"O, no," *answered Ellen, raising to his her love-lit* countenance, "no sacrifice could be too great to make for you; but do you not know I have left all I had to love, before I loved you. And they will miss me too at home, I shall be thinking of you only. Think it not strange that I weep."

Nevertheless, Mr. Gorton *did* think it strange. He had no idea of the tender associations clustering one's home. He had no idea of the depth, and richness, and sweetness of a mother's love, of a sisters yearning fondness, for they ever had been denied him; consequently the emotions that thrilled the heart of his bride could find no response and met with no sympathy in his own. It was rather with wonder, than with any other sensation that he regarded her sorrow. Was she not entering upon a newer and higher sphere of life? Was she not to be mistress of a splendid mansion? Was she not to be the envied of many, and many a one who had feigned every attraction and exerted every effort for the station she was to assume; and should she weep with this in view!

Thus Mr. Gorton thought—as many often reason.

After having proceeded a little distance, they came within view of an humble cottage, when Ellen said—

"I must stop here Mr. Gorton, and see Grandma Nichols, (she was an elderly member of the church of which Ellen was a member,) and when I was last to see her, she said, as she could not be able to walk to church to see me married, I must call on her, or she should think me proud. I will stop for a moment—just a moment," she added, after a pause, observing he did not answer.

They were just opposite the cottage at that moment, yet he gave no orders to stop. With a fresh burst of tears, Ellen exclaimed—

"Please, Mr. Gorton, let me see her. I may never see her again, and she will think I did not care to bid her a last farewell."

But Mr. Gorton said—

"Really, Ellen, I am very much surprised at the apparent necessity of trifles to make your happiness. You went to see your Aunt after I had assured you there was not time. I wish you to remember that your little wishes and whims, however important they may seem to you, cannot seem sufficient importance to me, as to interfere with my arrangements. What matters it if my bride do not say farewell to an old woman whom I never heard of, and I shall never think of again, and who will soon probably die and cease to remember that you slighted her."

And he laid Ellen's head upon his shoulder, and, wiping the tears from her face, wondered of what nature incomprehensible she was.

But, it *did* matter to her in more respects than one, that she was not permitted to call at the cottage. A mind so sensative as Ellen's feels the neglect and the slightest reproof, and is equally pained by giving cause for pain, as receiving. Besides, how much was expressed in that last sentence of Mr. Gorton's accompanying the denial of her simple request. How much contained in that denial, too! How plainly she read it in the future—how fully did it reveal the disposition of him by whose will she was herself to be hereafter governed.—Though her mind was full of these thoughts, there was no less of love for him—love in Ellen Lawton could never change, though she wondered, too, how he could refuse what seemed to her so easy to grant. And so they both silently pursued their way, wondering in their hearts as to the nature of each other. This, however, did not continue long, and soon Ellen's tears ceased to flow and she listened, delighted, to the eloquent words of her gifted husband, spoken in the most musicial and rich of all voices.

Woman will have love for her husband, so long as she has admiration, and Ellen knew she would never cease to admire the talents and brilliant acquirements of Frederic Gorton.

After several days travel through a delightfully romantic country, they reached the town of M——, where was the residence of Mr. Gorton. It was an elegant mansion, the exterior planned and finished in the most tasteful and handsome style—the interior equally so—and furnished with all that a young bride of most cultivated taste could desire. The eye of Ellen was delighted and surprised, even to tears, and inaudibly, but fervently in her heart, she murmured, "How devotedly will I love him, who has provided for me so much comfort and splendor, and how cheerfully will I make sacrifices of my feelings, "my wishes and my whims," for him who has loved me so much as to make me his wife;" and she gazed into her husband's face through her tears, and kissed reverently his hand.

"Why weep you, my Ellen, are you not pleased?"

"O! yes, but you have done so much for me. I can never repay you, only in my love, which is so boundless I have not dared to breathe it all to you, nor could I."

Gorton looked upon her in greater astonishment than before. Tears he had ever associated with sorrow, and surely, thought he, here is no occasion for tears, and he said—

"Well, if you love me, you will hasten to wipe away those tears, and let me see you in smiles. I do not often [illegible] myself therefore the more need for my lady to do so. Moreover, we may expect a multitude of callers; and think, Ellen, of the effect of any one's seeing the bride in tears."

Calling a servant to conduct her to her dressing room, and expressing his wish for her to dress in her most becoming manner, he left her.

It is unnecessary to say that Ellen was admired and loved by all the friends of her husband, even by his brother Judges and politicians. Herbert Lester, the particular friend of Mr. Gorton, whose prophecy had thus soon been verified, came many miles to express personally his sympathy and condolence. These he changed to congratulations, when he felt the influence of the grace and beauty of the wife of his friend—and he declared that he would make an offer of his hand and heart, could he find another Ellen.

Meanwhile, time passed, and though Ellen was daily called upon to yield her own particular preferences, to Mr. Gorton's, as she had done even on her bridal day, she was comparatively happy. Had she possessed less keenness of sensibility, she might have been happier, or had Mr. Gorton possessed more, that he could have understood her, many tears would have been spared her. Often times, things comparatively trifling to him, would wound the sensative nature of Ellen most painfully, and he of course would have no conception why they should thus affect her.

Occupied as he was mostly with worldly transactions and political affairs, Ellen's mind often, in his absence, reverted to the scenes of her youth, and her childhood home, her mother, and the bright band of her young sisters, and longings would come up in her heart to behold them once more.

Two years having passed without her having seen one member of her family, she one day asked Mr. Gorton if it would not be convenient soon to make a visit to Chester. He answered that his arrangements would not admit of it at present—and coldly and cruelly asked her if she had yet heard of grandma Nichol's decease. Ellen answered not, and bent her head over the face of her little Frederic, who was sleeping, to hide her tears.—Perceiving her emotion, however, he added—

"Ellen, I assure you it is impossible for me to comply with your wish, but I will write to your mother, and urge her to visit us—will not that do?"

Ellen's face brightened, as with a beam of sunshine, and springing to her husband's side, she laid her glowing cheek upon his, and then smiled upon him so sweetly, that even the cold heart of Frederic Gorton glowed with a warmth unusual.

Seven years passed away, leaving their shadows as the sun does. And Ellen—

"But matron care, or lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished.
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder deeper,
As if in dreams some visioned wo
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper."

Never yet, since that bright bridal morn, had Ellen looked upon her native village, though scarcely three hundred miles separated her from it. Now her heart beat quick and joyfully, for her husband had told her, that business would call him to that vicinity in a few days, and she might accompany him. With all the wilful eagerness of a child, she set her heart on that visit, and from morning till night she would talk with her little boys of the journey to what seemed to her the brightest, most sacred spot on earth, next to her present home. And the home of one's childhood! no matter how sweet, how dear and beloved the home the heart afterwards loves, it never forgets, it never ceases most fondly to turn back to the memories and the scenes and the friends of its early years.

One fault, if fault it might be called, among so many excellencies in Ellen's character, was that of putting off "till-to-morrow what should be done to-day." This had troubled Mr. Gorton exceedingly, who, prompt himself, would naturally wish others to be so also, and notwithstanding his constant complaints and Ellen's desire to please him, she had not overcome her nature in that respect, though she had greatly improved. The evening preceding the intended departure, Mr. Gorton said to his wife.—

"Now, Ellen, I hope you will have every thing in readiness for an early departure in the morning. Have the boys and yourself all ready the moment the carriage is at the door, for you know I do not like to be obliged to wait."

Almost before the stars had disappeared in the sky, Ellen was busy in her final preparations. She was sure she should have every thing in season, and wondered how her husband could suppose otherwise, upon an occasion in which she had so much interest. Several minutes before the appointed time, Ellen had all in readiness for departure, the trunks all packed and locked, the children in their riding dresses and caps; and proceeding from her dressing-room to the front hall door, she was thinking that this time, certainly, she should not hear the so oft repeated complaint—

"Ellen, you are always too late!"

—when to her dismay, she met Georgie, her youngest boy, dripping with mud and water, from the brook, whence he had just issued, where, he said, he had ventured in quest of a goose, which had impudently hissed at him, which insult the young boy, in his own conception a spirited knight of the regular order, could not brook, and in his wrath had pursued the offender to his place of retreat, much to the detriment of his dress.

Ellen was in consternation; but one thing was evident—Georgie's dress must be changed. With trembling hands she unlocked a trunk, and sought for a change of dress, while the waiting-maid proceeded to disrobe the child.

Just at this moment Mr. Gorton entered, saying the carriage was at the door. Various things had occurred that morning to perplex him, and he was in a bad humor Seeing Ellen thus engaged with the trunk, as he thought not half packed, various articles being upon the carpet, and Georgie in no wise ready, the cloud came over his brow, and he said, harshly—

"I knew it would be thus, Ellen, I have never known you to be in readiness yet; but you must know I am not to be trifled with."

And with this, not heeding the explanation she attempted to make, he seized his valise and left the room. Jumping into the carriage, he commanded the driver to proceed.

Ellen heard the carriage rolling away, in astonishment. She ran to the door, and watched it in the distance. But she thought it could not be possible he had gone without her—he would return; and she hastened the maid, and still kept watching at the door. She waited in vain, for he returned not.

The excitement into which Ellen was thrown by the anticipation of meeting her friends once more, may be readily imagined by those similarly constituted with her, and the reaction occasioned by her disappointment, was. Her heart had been entirely fixed upon it, and what but cruelty was it in her husband to deprive her thus so unreasonably of so great an enjoyment—to her so exquisite a pleasure?

In the sudden rush of her feelings, she recalled the last seven years of her life, and could recollect no instance in which she had failed doing all in her power to contribute to her husbands happiness. On the other hand, had he not often wounded her feelings unnecessarily?—Had he ever denied himself any thing for her sake, he required of her the sacrifice of her own wishes—me?

The day wore away, and the night found Ellen in a burning fever. The servant who went for the physician in the early morning—and she had raved during the latter part of the night. As the family physician entered the room, she said, mildly—

"O, do not go and leave me! I am all ready—all ready. Do not go—it will kill me if you go."

The doctor took her hand; it was very hot; and her brow was terribly throbbing and burning. He remained with her the greater part of the day, but the attack of fever on the brain had been so violent that no attempt for relief was of avail.

"O, do not go, Mr Gorton, do not go and leave me!"—her spirit took its flight.

And the morning dawned on Ellen in her death-sleep—dawned as beautiful as that one, when the bell rang merrily for her bridal. Now the dismal death-notes pealed forth the departure of her spirit to a brighter world. Would not even an angel weep to look upon one morning, and then upon the other?

The birds, from the cage in the window, poured forth their songs; but they fell unheeded on the ears they had so often delighted. The voices of Fred and Georgie, ever as music to the loving heart of the young mother, would fall thrillingly on her ear no more. She lay there, still and cold—her dreams over—her hopes all passed by—the sun of her young life set—and *how*?

People came in, one after another, to look upon her—and wept that one so young and good should die. They closed her eyes—they laid her in her grave-clothes, and folded her pale hands—and there she lay!

And now we leave that chamber of the too-early dead Mr. Gorton's feelings of anger soon subsided. In a few hours he felt oppressed with a sense of the grief Ellen would experience. His feelings prompted him to return for her. Several times he put his head out of the window to order the driver to return, but, his pride intervening, he as often desisted. Yet his mind was ill at ease. He also involuntarily, reviewed the period of his wedded life. He recalled the goodness, and patience, and sweetness, which Ellen had ever shown him—the warm love she had ever evinced for him; and he heart seemed to appreciate, for the first time, the value and character of Ellen. He felt now unjust and unkind he had often been to her—he wondered he could have been so,—and resolved that, henceforth, he would shew her more tenderness.

As he stopped for the night, at a public house, his resolution was to return early in the morning. Yet on business must be attended to. It was a case of emergency. He finally resolved to entrust it with a lawyer acquaintance, who lived a half day's ride distant from where he then was. Thus he did; and, about noon of the following day, returned homeward. He was surprised at the trembling emotions and quickened beating of his heart, as he descended the steps of his carriage, and ascended those to his own door. He passed on to the room of his wife. The light gleamed through the small opening over the door, and he thought he heard whispers. Softly he opened the door. O! what a terrible, heart-rending scene was before him! The watchers left the room; and Mr. Gorton stood alone, in speechless agony, before the being made voiceless by himself.

The sensibility so long slumbering within his worldly, hardened heart, was aroused to the very keenness of torture. And Ellen, gentle spirit that she was,—how would she have grieved to have seen the heart she had loved so overwhelmed with grief, regret, remorse, despair!

"Ellen! my own Ellen!"

But she could not hear!

"I have killed thee, gentlest and best!"

But the kindness of her heart was not open *now*!—"I forgive thee," could not fall from those lips so pale! "I love thee," could never come upon his ear again—*never*—and "NEVER!" thrilled his soul, every chord of which was strung to its intensity!

If any thing could have added to the grief inconsolable of the man stricken in his sternness and pride, it was the grief of his two motherless boys, as they called on their mother's name in vain, and asked him why she *slept* so long.

Few knew why Ellen died so suddenly and so young, but, while Mr. Gorton preserved in his heart her memory and her virtues, he remembered, and mourned in bitterness and unavailing anguish, that it was his own thoughtless, but not the less cruel, unkindness, that laid her in her early grave

Never came the smile again upon his face; and never, though fond mammas manœuvred and insinuated, and fair daughters flattered and praised, did he wed again; for his heart was buried with his Ellen, whom he too late loved as he should have loved. His love—

"It came a sunbeam on a blasted flower."

Washington Irving, in his beautiful "Affection for the Dead," says: "Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded. Console thyself, if thou canst, with this simple, yet futile tribute of regret, and take warning by this, thine unavailing sorrow for the dead, and henceforward be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living!"

Mis-placed Confidence.

Jones is in general a good husband and [illegible] man. Occasionally, however, his conjugal letter betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. Jones. A few nights since he was invited to "participate" with a few friend at Florence's, by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbors. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the "wee short hour ayont the twal," he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Sadded, he was heard to remark soliloquently, "I think, Mr. Jones, you were never quite so tight before."

He reached his home finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between two points, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited him from Mrs. Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones. Barring always his primal transgression, he got into his house, found children gone into his chamber without "waking a creature, not even a mouse." After closing his door, he cautiously paused, to give thanks for the "conscience undefiled" which secured to Mr. Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers, which had prevented her taking notice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much dispatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering consort. After resting a moment, and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of his domestic life—"when Mrs. Jones riz right up in bed, and, said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, "*Jones, you ain't tarn over, you're drunk clean through.*"—*Post.*

The Destiny of the United States.

The rapid increase of ocean steamers, the immense accumulation of travel between the Old and the New World, the simultaneous building in England and America of screw steamers to obtain a reduced rate for passengers and freight, and above all, the increasing progress of the friends of Ocean Penny Postage are making in England, bid fair to produce a mighty change in our relations with the old continent. The scheme of Ocean Penny (two cents) Postage was first propounded in England by Elihu Burritt, the American learned blacksmith, and has met with such singular success and favor, that we have every hope to see this plan in operation at an early day. Not only in England France and Germany, but Holland, Belgium and other European countries, aware of the benefits to be derived by cheap and communication with the United States, are making the most strenuous efforts to complete and increase their steam powers. In fact, ere long, we do not despair of seeing a steamer daily leaving New York for the Old World.

The result of this, together with the effect already produced by the high tone adopted by our government on the Hungarian question, can lead to but one end—the increase of our power in Europe, and the inevitable accomplishment of that object for which America was discovered and peopled—to be *the arbitress of the destinies of Europe* and consequently of the world.

Our foreign population has of late years enormously augmented, and is for the most part composed of men who have not, as is the case of many of the settlers in the Austrian colonies, "left their country for their country's good," but of men who were in the advance of the age. These patriots, by giving advice and assistance to the patriots of Europe, are fast preparing the road for that great struggle between Liberty and Despotism, which is not far distant; while the presence of these men here give a tone to the increasing desire of Americans to see the whole world as free as themselves. Thus the good work prospers, and the "beginning of the end" is at hand!—*New Yorker.*

Vegitable Affinities.

A Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* suggests that the low condition of morals among the French is attributable to the national fondness for, and use of onions. This vegetable contains more than any other, an amount of sulphur and phosphorus. The writer contends that a people moving in an atmosphere of sulphur, an atmosphere in which the great Father of Evil is supposed to be most at home, cannot be as susceptible to moral impressions as others. Just think of the morals of the community rising and falling with the price of onions, and the milder and higher graces of humanity growing out of a short crop of these infernal bulbs! Imagine the mistake of a steak with onions!—Think of sipping sin with sage!

An Evidence of Ill-breeding.

There is no greater breach of good manners—or, rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation, *while speaking*—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed.—No well-bred person ever does it or continues a conversation long with one who does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined, by the former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion which never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such person strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, easy, or even graceful, a person may appear for a short time, if you find such individual guilty of this practice, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting, insipid, and coarse. It is one of the surest, and most infallible tests ever applied for any purpose whatever. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the generality of their manners, and putting forth no little effort to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this particular.

A New Invention.

We yesterday saw a drawing of a new invention, in the manufacture of which India-Rubber is the principle article employed. It is especially for the use of gentlemen with long mustaches, and is remarkably simple—It is merely a strap with a string at each end. Then he attaches a spring to each mustache, passes the strap behind his head, and eats his soup without the trouble of parting his mustaches to obtain ent