THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleansed with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

REMOVED.
Laird & Rust have removed their Store to No. 1, "Whight's Block," where they will be happy to see their c'd customer, and all who may favor them with a call.
Erie, April 12. 49

Select Poetry.

From the National Era.

STRIFE AND PEACE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

"The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief;
Then sleep we, side by side."
—Longfellow.

Yes, I shall slee! Some sunny day,
When blossoms in the wind are dancing,
And children at their cheerful play
Heed not the mournful crowd advancing,
Up through the long and busy street
They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else—it matters not—may rave
The storm and sleet and wintry weather
Above the bleak and new-made grave
Where care and I lie down together.
Enough that I shall know it not,
Beneath, in that dark, narrow spot.

For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep
As ever graced a babe reposing,
Awaits me in the cell so deep,
Where I, my weary eyelids closing,
As length shall lay me down to rest,
Heedless of clods above my breast.

Asleep! how still this pulse will lie,
Rid of life's throb that beats so wildly!
How calm will be this restless eye,
Erst bright with tears, now closed so mildly!
For not one dream of Earth will come
To haunt the quiet of *that* home!

O, sweet repose! O, slumber blest!
O, night of peace!—no storm, no sorrow—
No heavy stirring in my Rest,
To meet another weary morrow!
I shall not note no Night nor Dawn,
But still, with folded hands, sleep on,

Sleep on, though just above my head
Prowl Sin and Misery's haggard faces—
For the dull slumber of the Dead
All sense of human woe erases;
Raises the heart and cures the brain
Of every fever throb of pain.

Armies above my rest may tramp—
'Twill not disturb one rigid muscle;
I should not hear their iron stamp
More than a leaf's complaining rustle;
Nay, were the World convened to break
My leaden sleep, I should not wake.

And ye', methinks if steps of those
I've known and loved on earth were round me,
'Twould tame the might of my repose,
Shiver the iron chords that bound me—
Save that I know this could not be,
For Death disowns all sympathy.

Well, be it so, since I should yearn
And weep and watch for their appearing—
Chiding each long'ring, late return,
Forever sad, forever fearing—
Living Life's drama o'er again,
Its tragedy of Hope and Pain.

Then weep not, Friends, what time ye lay
The warm, moist earth above my ashes;
Think that a *Rest* awaits my clay,
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes—
Glad that the wasted form within
Has done at length with Care and Sin.

Think that with her the Strife is o'er,
Life's stormy, struggling Battle ended;
Hope that her soul has gained that Shore
To which, though weak, her footsteps tended;
Breathe the dear Hope above the sod,
And leave her to her Rest—and God!

Marblehead, February, 1-51.

Choice Miscellany.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BODGER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SCENE THE FIRST.—Concluded.

By the road-wagon which the Bodgers joined when they reached the highway, it was three days' journey to Plymouth.

But, although they were gone, Mr. Lobbit did not feel quite satisfied: he felt afraid lest John should return and do him some secret mischief. He wished to see him on board ship, and fairly under sail. Besides his negotiation with Emigration Brokers had opened up ideas of a new way of getting rid, not only of dangerous fellows like John Bodger, but all kinds of useless paupers.—These ideas he afterwards matured, and although important changes have taken place in our emigrating system, even in 1851, a visit to government ships will present many species of parish inmates converted, by dexterious diplomacy, into independent laborers.

Thus it *was*, that contrary to all precedent, Mr. Lobbit left his shopman to settle the difficult place of credit with his Christian customers, and with best horse made his way to Plymouth; and now for the first time in his life floated on salt water.

With many grunts and groans he climbed the ships side; not being as great a man at Plymouth as at Duxmoor, no chair was lowered to receive his portly person. The mere fact of having to climb up a rope ladder from a rocking boat on a breezy, freezing day, was not calculated to give comfort or confident feelings to an elderly gentleman. With some difficulty, not without broken shins, and amid sarcastic remarks of groups of wild Irishmen, and the squeaks of bare-footed children—who, not knowing his awful parochial character, tumbled about Mr. Lobbit's legs in a most impertinently familiar manner—he made his way to the captain's cabin, and there transacted some mysterious business with the Emigration Agent, over a prime piece of mess beef and a glass of Madeira. The Madeira warmed Mr. Lobbit. The captain assured him positively that the ship would sail with the evening tide. That assurance moved a heavy load from his breast: he felt like a man who had been performing a good action, and almost cheated himself into believing he had been spending his own money in charity; so, at the end of the second bottle, he willingly chimed in with the broker's proposal to go down below and see how the emigrants were stowed, and have a last look at "his lot."

Down the steep ladder they stumbled into the misery of a "bounty" ship. A long, dark gallery, on each side of which were ranged the berths; narrow shelves open to every prying eye; where for four months, the inmates, were to be packed, like herrings in a barrel, without room to move, almost without air to breathe; the mess table running far aft the whole distance between the masts, left little room for passing, and that little was encumbered with all manner of boxes, packages, and infants, crawling about like rabbits in a warren.

The groups of emigrants were characteristically employed. The Irish "coshering," or gossiping; for, having little or no baggage to look after, they had little care; but lean and ragged, monopolized almost the good humor of the ship. Acute cockneys, a race fit for every change, hammering, whistling, screwing, and making all snug in their berths; tidy mothers, turning with despair from alternate and vain attempts to collect their numerous children out of danger, and to pack the necessaries of a room into a space of a small cupboard, wept and worked away. Here, a ruined tradesman, with his family, sat at the table dinnerless, having rejected the coarse, tough salt meat in disgust; there, a half starved group fed heartily on rations from the same cask, luxurated over the allowance of grog, and the idea of such a good meal daily. Songs, groans, oaths; crying, laughing, complaining, hammering and fiddling combined to produce a chaos of strange sounds; while thrifty wives, with spectacle on nose, mended their husbands breeches and unthrifty ones scolded.

Amid this confusion, under the authoritative guidance of the second mate, Mr. Lobbit made his way, inwardly calculating how many poachers, pauper refractories, Whiteboys, and Captain Rocks, were about to benefit Australia by their talents, until he reached a party which had taken up its quarters as far as possible from the Irish, in a gloomy corner near the stern. It consisted of a sickly, feeble woman, under forty, but worn, wasted, retaining marks of former beauty, in a pair of large, dark speaking eyes, and a well carved profile, who was engaged in nursing two chubby infants, while two little things just able to walk hung at her skirts; a pale, thin boy, nine or ten years old, was mending a jacket; an elder brother, as brown as a berry, fresh from the fields, was playing dolefully on a hemlock flute. The father, a little round-shouldered man, was engaged in cutting wooden buttons from a piece of hard wood with his pocket knife; when he caught sight of Mr. Lobbit he hastily pulled off his coat, threw into his birth, and turning his back, worked away vigorously at the stubborn bit of oak he was carving.

"Halle, John Bodger, so here you are at last?" cried Mr. Lobbit; "I've broken my shins, almost broken my neck, and spoilt my coat with tar and pitch, in finding you out. Well, you're quite at home, I see; twine all well?—both pair of them? How do you find yourself Missis?"

The pale woman sighed and cuddled her babies—the little man said nothing, but sneered, and made the chips fly faster.

"You're on your way now to a country where twine are no objection; your passage is paid, and your's only got now to pray for the good gentlemen that have given you a chance of earning an honest living."

No answer.

"I see them all here except Mary, the young lady of the family. Pray has she taken ree, and determined to stay in England after all; I expected as much—"

As he spoke, a young girl in a neat dress of a parlor servant, came out of the shade.

"Oh! you are there, are you, Miss Mary? So you have made up your mind to leave your place and old England to try your luck in Australia; plenty of husbands there, ha, ha!"

The girl blushed, and sat down to sew, at some little garments. Fresh, rosy, neat, she was as great a contrast to her brother, the brown, ragged ploughboy, as he was to the rest of the family, with their flabby, bleached complexions.

There was a pause: the mate having done his duty by finding the parochial dignitary's protegees, had slipped away to more important business; a chorus of sailors "ye heave ho-ing" at a chain cable had ceased, and for a few moments, by common consent, silence seemed to have taken possession of the long dark gallery of the hold.

Mr. Lobbit was rather put out by the silence, and no answers; he did not feel so confident as when crowing on his own dung-hill, in Duxmoor; he had a vague idea that some one might steal behind him in the dark, knock his hat over his eyes and pay off old scores with a hearty kick; but parochial dignity prevailed, and clearing his throat with a "hem," he began again—

"John Bodger, where's your coat?—what are you shivering there for, in your sleeves?—what have you done with that excellent coat generously presented it to you by the Parish—a coat that cost, as per contract, fourteen shillings and fourpence—you have not dared to sell it, I hope?"

"Well, Master Lobbit, and if I did, the coat was my own, I suppose?"

"What, sir?"

The little man quailed; he had tried to pluck up his spirit, but the blood did not flow fast enough. He went to his birth and brought out the coat.

It was certainly a curious color, a sort of yellow brown, the cloth shrunk and cockled up, and the metal buttons turned a dingy black.

Mr. Lobbit raved; "a new coat entirely spoiled, what had he done to it?" and as he raved, he warmed, and felt himself at home again, Deputy Acting Chairman of the Duxmoor Vestry. But the little man, instead of being frightened grew red, lost his humble mien, stood up, and, at length, when his tormentor paused for breath, looking him full in the face, and cried, "Hang your coat?—Why I've dyed it; I've dipped it in a tan yard; I was not going to carry your livery with me. I mean to have them buttons off before I'm an hour older. Gratitude you talk of;—thanks you want, you hypocrite, for sending me away. I'll tell you what sent me,—it was that poor wench and her twins, and a letter from the office, saying they would not insure your ricks, while lucifer matches are so cheap. Ay, you may stare—you wonder who told me that; but I can tell you more. Who is it that writes so like his father the bank can't tell the difference?"

Mr. Lobbit turned pale.

"Be off," said the little man: "plague us no more.—You have eaten me up with your usury; you've got my cottage and my bit of land; you've made paupers of us all, except that dear lass and the one lad, and you'd well-nigh made a convict of me. But never mind. This will be a cold, dear Christmas to us, and a merry fat one to you: but, perhaps, the Christmas may come when Joseph Lobbit would be glad to change places with the poor, ruined John Bodger. I am going where I am told that sons and daughters like mine are better than 'silver, yes, than gold.' I leave you rich on the poor man's inheritance and poor man's flesh and blood. You have a son and daughter and will revenge me. Cursed are they that remove landmarks, and devour the substance of the poor!"

While this, one of the longest speeches John Badger was ever known to make, was being delivered, a little crowd had collected, who, without exactly understanding the merits of the case, had no hesitation in taking side with their fellow-passenger, the poor man with the family. The Irish began to enquire if the stout gentleman was a tithe-protector or a driver? Murmurs of a suspicious character arose, in the midst of which, in a very hasty, undignified manner, Mr. Lobbit backed out, climbed up to the deck with extraordinary agility, and without waiting to make any complaints to the officers of the ship, slipped down the side into a boat, and never felt himself safe, until called to his senses by an attempt on part of the boatman to exact four times the regular fare.

But a good dinner at the Globe, (at parochial expense,) and a report from the agent that the ship had sailed, restored Mr. Lobbit's equanimity: and by the time that, snugly packed in the mail, he was rattling along towards home by a moonlight Christmas, he began to think himself a martyr to a tender heart, and to console himself by calculating the value of the odd corner Badger's acres, cut up into lots for his laborers' cottages.—The result, fifty per cent., proved a balm to his wounded feelings.

I wish I could say that at the same hour John Badger was comforting his wife and little ones; sorry am I to report that he left them to weep and complain, while he went forward and smoked his pipe, and sang and drank grog with a jolly party in the fore-castle—for John's heart was hardened, and he cared little for God or man.

His old, fond love for his wife and children seemed to have died away. He left them, though the most part of the voyage, to shift for themselves—sitting forward, sullenly smoking, looking into vacancy, and wearying the sailors with asking, How many knots to-day, Jack?—When do you think we shall see land?" So that the women passengers took a mortal dislike to him: and i being gossiped about, that when his wife was in the hospital, he never went to see her for two days, they called him a brute. So "Bodger the Brute" he was called until the end of the voyage. When they were all dispersed, and such stories driven out by new scenes. John was hired to go into the far interior, where it was difficult to get free servants at all; so his master put up with the dead weight encumbrance of the babies, in consideration of a clever wife and a string of likely lads.—Thus, in a new country, he began life again in a blue jersey and rugged corduroys, but the largest money income he had ever known.

SCENE THE SECOND.

In 1842, my friend Mrs C. made one of her marches through bush with an army of emigrants. These consisted of parents with long families, rough country-bred single girls with here and there a white-handed useless young lady—the rejected ones of the Sydney hirers. In these marches she had to depend for the rations of her ragged regiment on the hospitality of the settlers on her route, and was never disappointed, although it often happened that a day's journey was commenced without any distinct idea of who would furnish the next dinner and breakfast.

On one of these foraging excursions—starting at day-dawn on horseback, followed by her man Friday, an *old lag* (prisoner in a light cart,) to carry the provender, she went forth to look for the flour, milk, and mullet, for the breakfast of those whose appetites had been sharpened by travelling at the pace of the drays all day, sleeping in the open air all night.

The welcome smoke of the expected station was found; the light cart, with the compliments and empty sack despatched; when musing, at a foot-pace, perhaps, on the future fortune of the half-dozen girls hired out the previous day, Mrs. C. came upon a small party which had also been encamping on the other side of the hills.

It consisted of two gawky lads in docked smock frocks, wholly hats, rosy, sleepy countenances; fresh arrivals; living monuments of the care bestowed in developing the intelligence of the agricultural mind of England.—They were hard at work on broiled mutton. A regular hard-dried Bushman, had just driven up a pair of blood mares from their night's feed, and a white-headed, brisk kind of young old man, the master of the party, was sitting by the fire trying to feed an infant with some sort of mess compounded with sugar. A dray heavily laden with a bullock-team ready harnessed, stood ready to start under the charge of the bullock-watchman.

The case was clear to a colonial eye; the white-headed man had been down to the port from his Bushfarm to sell his stuff, and was returning with two blood mares purchased, and two emigrant lads, hired; but what was the meaning of the baby? We see strange things in the bush, but a man-nurse is strange even there.

Although they had never met before, the white-headed man almost *immediately recognised Mrs. C.*,—for who did not know her, or of her, in the bush?—so was more communicative than he otherwise might have been, and so he said,

"You see, ma'am, my lady, I have only got on my own place this three years; having a long family, we found it best to disperse about where the best wages was to be got. We began saving the first year, and, my daughers have married pretty well, and my boys got to know the ways of the country. There's three of them married, thanks to your ladyship, so we thought we could set up for ourselves. And we've done pretty tidy. So, as we were all busy at home, I went down for the first time to get a couple of mares and see about hiring some fads out of the ships to help us. You see I have picked up two newish ones; I have docked their frocks to a useful length, and I think they'll do after a bit; they can't read neither of them—no more could I when I first came—but our teacher, (*she's one my missis had from you,*) will soon settle them; and I've got a power of things on the dray; I wish you could be there at unloading, for it being my first visit, I wanted something for all of them. But about this baby it is a curious job. When I went on aboard the ship to hire my shepherds, I looked out for some of my own country; and while I was asking, I heard a poor woman whose husband had been drowned in a drunken fit on the voyage, that was laying very ill, with a young babby, and not likely to live.

"Something made me go and see her; she had no friends on board, she knew no one in the colony. She started, like, at my voice; one word brought on another, when it came out she was the wife of the son of my greatest enemy.

"She had been his father's servant, and married the son secretly. When it was found out, he had to leave the country; thinking, that once in Australia, the father would be reconciled, and the business that put her husband in danger might be settled.

"For this son was a wild wicked man worse than the father, but with those looks and ways that takes the hearts of the poor lasses. Well, as we talked, and I questioned her—for she did not seem so ill as they had told me—she began to ask me who I was and I did not want to tell; when I hesitated, she guessed, and cried out 'what, John Bodger, is it thee?'—and with that she screamed, and screamed, and went off quite light-headed and never came to her senses until she died.

"So, as there was no one to care for the poor little baby and as we had such a lot at home, what with my own, children and my grandchildren, I thought one more would make no odds, so the gentleman let me take it, after I'd seen the mother decently buried.

"You see this feeding's a very awkward job, ma'am—and I've been five days on the road. But I think my missis will be pleased as much as with the gown I've bought her."

"What," said Mrs. C., "are you the John Bodger that came over in the Cassandra,'—the John B.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"John, the Brute?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I'm altered sure-*ly*."

"Well," continued John, "the poor woman was old Joseph Lobbit's daughter-in-law.—Her husband had been forging, or something, and would have been lagged if he'd staid in England. I don't know but I might have been as bad if I had not got out of the country when I did. But there's something here, in always getting on; and not such a struggling and striving that softens a poor man's heart. And I trust what I've done for this poor babby and its mother, may excuse my brutish behaviour. I could not help thinking when I was burying poor Jenny Lobbit (I mind her well, a nice little lass, about ten years old;) I could not help thinking as she lay in a nice cloth-covered coffin, and a beautiful stone cut with her name and age, and a text on her grave, how different it is even for poor people to be buried here. Oh, ma'am! a man like me, with a long family, can make a head here, and do a bit of good for others worse off. We live while we live, when we die we are buried with decency. I remember when my wife's mother died the parish officers were so cross, and the boards of the coffin barely stuck together, and it was terrible cold weather, too. My Carry used to cry about it uncommonly all the winter. The swells may say what they like about it, but I'll be blessed if it be'ent worth all the voyage to die in it."

Not many days afterwards Mrs. C. saw John at home, surrounded by an army of sons and daughters; a patriarch, and yet not sixty years old; the grandchild of his greatest enemy the greatest pet in the family.

In my mind's eye there are sometimes pictures. John Bodger in the work house, thinking of murder and fire-raising in the presence of his prosperous enemy; and Bodger, in his happy bush home, nursing little Nancy Lobbit.

At Duxmoor the shop has passed into other hands. The ex-shopkeeper has bought and rebuilt the manor-house. He is the squire now, wealthier than ever he dreamed; on one estate a mine has been found; a railway has crossed and doubled the value of another; but his son is dead; his daughter had left him and lives, he knows not where, a life of shame. Childless and friendless, the future is, to him cheerless and without hope.

The True Lady.

The editor of the Portland Electric, in the course of an essay upon the ladies, tells the following interesting and instructive tale, which we commend to our accomplished lady readers.

We once knew a "young lady," who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly. In all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich vein of sentiment, too, and could talk of philosophy, or discuss standard novels—in fact, a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls, that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hand white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by the young men of taste. Yet, somehow, *she never got married.* The "beaux" fluttered around her like flies over a pot of honey, but they were very careful not to be caught as those other insects are apt to do. Their attentions were never so particular as to require some "friend of the family" to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead, "*A Husband Wanted; for particulars inquire within.*" But the husband never to our knowledge came; and we believe that at this day she is a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing, and the chamberwork. From early dawn until late at night, she is a slave.—Well, what woman is our charming young lady's mother? She never sees her daughter's "callers." If by accident she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would hasten out again, with embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes.

Now take a walk with us. In that workshop do you see that hard working mechanic? Two wrinkles are hardening upon his face, and the gray hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head.—He looks anxious, and as though his heart-strings tugged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the *father* of our beautiful "young lady," and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has created. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter.

She moves in a circle above her parents, and, in short, *is ashamed of them.* They live in the kitchen—she in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this. She despises them, and in fashionable gatherings, is among the first to curl her pretty lips at "low mechanics," provided she can do it safely.

Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times—No! We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such, just as we do a superb statue of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; but nevertheless, it is inanimate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing but to *look at.*

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter who nestles herself lovingly into the heart of hearts of her parents—who makes her mother her companion and *confidant*—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heaviest burden upon herself—she is the *true lady.* She may never have heard a poor woman whose husband had been drowned in a drunken fit on the voyage, that was laying very ill, with a young babby, and not likely to live.

Something made me go and see her; she had no friends on board, she knew no one in the colony. She started, like, at my voice; one word brought on another, when it came out she was the wife of the son of my greatest enemy.

She had been his father's servant, and married the son secretly. When it was found out, he had to leave the country; thinking, that once in Australia, the father would be reconciled, and the business that put her husband in danger might be settled.

For this son was a wild wicked man worse than the father, but with those looks and ways that takes the hearts of the poor lasses. Well, as we talked, and I questioned her—for she did not seem so ill as they had told me—she began to ask me who I was and I did not want to tell; when I hesitated, she guessed, and cried out 'what, John Bodger, is it thee?'—and with that she screamed, and screamed, and went off quite light-headed and never came to her senses until she died.

So, as there was no one to care for the poor little baby and as we had such a lot at home, what with my own, children and my grandchildren, I thought one more would make no odds, so the gentleman let me take it, after I'd seen the mother decently buried.

"You see this feeding's a very awkward job, ma'am—and I've been five days on the road. But I think my missis will be pleased as much as with the gown I've bought her."

"What," said Mrs. C., "are you the John Bodger that came over in the Cassandra,'—the John B.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"John, the Brute?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I'm altered sure-*ly*."

"Well," continued John, "the poor woman was old Joseph Lobbit's daughter-in-law.—Her husband had been forging, or something, and would have been lagged if he'd staid in England. I don't know but I might have been as bad if I had not got out of the country when I did. But there's something here, in always getting on; and not such a struggling and striving that softens a poor man's heart. And I trust what I've done for this poor babby and its mother, may excuse my brutish behaviour. I could not help thinking when I was burying poor Jenny Lobbit (I mind her well, a nice little lass, about ten years old;) I could not help thinking as she lay in a nice cloth-covered coffin, and a beautiful stone cut with her name and age, and a text on her grave, how different it is even for poor people to be buried here. Oh, ma'am! a man like me, with a long family, can make a head here, and do a bit of good for others worse off. We live while we live, when we die we are buried with decency. I remember when my wife's mother died the parish officers were so cross, and the boards of the coffin barely stuck together, and it was terrible cold weather, too. My Carry used to cry about it uncommonly all the winter. The swells may say what they like about it, but I'll be blessed if it be'ent worth all the voyage to die in it."

Not many days afterwards Mrs. C. saw John at home, surrounded by an army of sons and daughters; a patriarch,

A Requisition—"Seeing the Elephant."

We find the following in the Milwaukie *Free Democrat.* Some of the *parties* in the act are not *known* in this vicinity:

A rich story of a recent transaction—good enough to be printed—is in circulation, about town. We can't tell it as J———, can, or some others we might mention, but *it is too "delicious" to be lost.*

It seems a gentleman now doing a lucrative business in this city, and who we will call Smith, instead of his *true* name, went to San Francisco, California, some few years ago, with $3,000 in his pocket, which, with a partner or two, he invested in trade. They moved along some time harmoniously, till he became aware that a *little game of "smouge"* was going on, and that his share of profits appeared mighty small, in proportion to the receipts. Fully convinced that something was "in the wind," he took his chance when $5,000 were in his hands, and left on a steamboat just going out—might as well go on that as to wait for the next.

His partners flew around *some*, after he had gone—the Governor of the State being in the city at the time—got Smith indicted, and asked the Governor for a requisition on the Governor of Wisconsin, for the "fugitive."—It not being convenient for him to make out the "papers" just then, he agreed to send them down from the Capital. When he got home, however, such representations were made to him of the affair, that he threw the "documents" into the stove, instead of forwarding them "To Nelson Dewey, Governor of Wisconsin, care of ———H———, Esq., San Francisco." But one———, a wag, lawyer, gentleman, fighter, and "one of the boys," got hold of the big seal and other "tools," and enclosed in a large envelope, representing a poor, ragged, half-starved, bedivilled miner—with a pick-axe in one hand and the tin pans, spiders and culinary utensils, in the other—staring at a huge, outlandish animal of some kind, and out of his mouth proceeded the inquiry—"Is that the *Elephant.*"

This document, so enclosed, and bearing the broad seal of the State of California, was duly sent on "in charge as aforesaid," and one Bill Andrews, of Buffalo, was employed to "come out" and see it served.

He posted straight for Milwaukee, engaged two or three lawyers here to go out with him, and left for the Capital and Lancaster, the residence of the Governor.—Several were gathered around, perhaps let into the secret, and perhaps not, when "His Excellency" opened the mysterious package—examined the hand-writing of the direction—carefully broke the seal—paid particular attention to the quality of the paper, (he's nice about such things,) looked curiously at the design of the impression, and finally displayed the broad caricature in full, to the gaping, bursting, convulsed, and highly tickled crowd. The Governor mildly informed his lawyers who had come to see—"that it *might* be all right *except a little informality!*"

Colonel Crocket in a Quandary.

"I never but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress at which time I strolled about the woods so particular pestered by politics, that I had got my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know, great but it isn't every man can make amends for his folly and fulness by his faculties, I guess. It chanced a man im- was strolling along, considerable deep in c- the first thing that took my fancy was the an- some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree, but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands; so I went, feet foremost, to see *if I could draw* them out with my toes. I hung on, at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hand slipped and down I went more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself almost hip-deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greasiest part of a rainbow, as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth slippery from the rain. Now this was a *real genuine, regular quandary!* If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement, and if they *did* hear me, the *story would ruin* my election; for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he could'nt get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best *to shout for help*, or to wait in the hole until after election, I herd a kind of fumbling and grumbling overhead; and, looking up, I saw the old bear coming down stern *foremost upon me.* My motto is always "*go ahead!*" and as soon as she lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck-horn-hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spuring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

Bed-Bugs.—There is a long article in the Valley Farmer, by which it is established beyond question that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chair boards &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bedbugs. We think it necessary to publish the evidence of the efficiency of this cheap and agreeable preventive of the nuisance in question. The reader will take our word that it is conclusive.

Satisfactory.—A fop of a fellow who was saunntering about a country village, saw a pretty face at the window of a house near which a little boy was at play. "Bub," said he, "who is that fair lady looking out?" "Sis," was the laconic reply. "Will you tell me if she is a maid or matron?" asked the exquisite. "She's a tailoress," answered the lad, resuming his play.

A new way to Mend Broken Tumblers.—The keeper of a groggery, alias "dead fall," happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, and reflecting on his loss, and then turning to his assistant, he cried out—"Tom, put a quart of water in that old Cognac!"

Ashes—Take especial care of all the ashes made on your place—don't permit them to be exposed to the weather, but keep them under cover. Five bushels of ashes, mixed with two double horse cart loads of marsh river mud, muck or peat, will convert the whole into good manure. A hogshead or two of soap suds would do the same thing—therefore, among your other things, save and utilize them.

☞A Cockney conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse