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A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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TETTER PASED

Poetry and Miscellany.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

Walk with the Lord at morn-While every scene is fair, While opening buds the boughs adorn, And fragrance fills the air. Before the ro-y dawn awake, And in thy being's pride, In the young blush of beauty, make

Ounspotence thy guide. Walk with the Lord at noon, When fervid suns are high, And pleasure, with a treacherous boon, Allureth manhood's eye; Then with a diamond shield of prayer, Thy soul's opposers meet. And crush the thorn of sin and care

That bind the pilgrim's feet, Walk with the Lord at eve/ When twilight dews descend, And nature seems a shroud to wear As for some smitten friend. As slow the lonely mountains glid On mournful wings away, Press closer—closer to His side, And he will be thy stay. And should'st thou linger still,

Till mednight spreads her pall, And age inments, with become chill, Its buried earthly all! Thy wathered eye, a signal bright Beyond the tombe shall set-For he who was thy morning light-Thy God—shall walk with thee

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

The stery of the Gold Sovereign, related to me by Judge N., a gentleman of wealth and influence in western New York, is well worth repeating-not for artificial interest which it does not contain-but for the admirable lesson it conveys to young persons commencing

I regret that I am unable to reproduce the spirit and sumor with which the inimitable Judge graced his simple story; but will do my best to remember his, own words.

When I was only eight years old, said Judge No my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen chilfarmer in the town of F., who designed making a plough-

Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service; for although he was an honorable descen, and a olorably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and anderstood how to avoid speiling them by indulgence.

So k had plenty of work, and an abundant lack of indulgences to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune-circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the age of eleven had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favored fow.

Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years beore I knew the color of any coin except vile copper.-By an accident I learned the color of gold. This is the tory I am going to fell you.

age, lying on the road side.

I picked it up to examine its contents without the less suspinion of the treasure within. Indeed it was so light and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly engoected that I was the victim of an April fool, although it was the mouth of June. I tere epetr the folds of the paper, however: and discerning nothing, was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when upon a stonę.

I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, coin of incalculable value, and that if I did not wish to lose it. I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my nockcoin. Provided I found none. I thought it was honestly streets crying: "Who's lost?"

I went home with the gold in my packet, I would not have the deacon's folks know what I had found for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my Miss discovered in the back parlor, vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest ave.

These troubles kept me awake half the night, and pro jects for securing my treasure by a safe investment for the other half. On the following morning I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast ta-

Netartled and trembled, thinking the next words would "Where is that piece of gold you have found and wick-

edly concealed to keep it from the rightful ewner?" But he only said. "I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-

morrow." I felt immensely relieved. I left the house and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty .-Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and Lalimost wished I had not found the sovereign Would I not be called a thick if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found as to take the same amount originally from the ewner's

pocket? Was not the defrauded same. But then I said to myselfan evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking that I was not half so well pleased with

my immence riches as I had been with a rusty copper ed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; Journal and't had been happy as a king, or as a king is commonly supposed to be. Mr. Baldwin was not at home, and I returned to the

Descon's house. I saw Mr. Wardley's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable, and I thought he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over covardice, and I good books, not forgetting the best of all; there is more made my appearance at the house. The denon leaded true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every

Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me

of finding the gold.

But he only ecolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimend so willingly. His covere words sounded sweet. I had expected something se much more terrible.

I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wen der descen Webb did not suspect something. I stepped se eften to see if the gold was really there; for much as the persession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to by it down on the roadside; again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it. I wondered it ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable

At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's and having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of rebbers; it seemed to me that any body could rob me with a clear equecience, because my treasure was not mine. got home and went trembling to bed.

Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us, I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who had a lurge family to support by hard work .-Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful and besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from these who employed

Well, at the brankfast table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork so that he might eat and go to work as soon as possible.

something was said about the "news." "I suppose you have heard of my misfortune," said Baldwin.

"Your misfortune?" "Yes."

"Why, what has happened you?" asked the deacen. ·· I thought everybody had heard of it, replied Baldwin You see, the other night when Mr. Woodly paid me. gave me a gold piece,"

I started, and felt the blood foreaking my checks. All eyes were turned upon Baldwin, however, so my

trouble was not observed. "A sovereign," said Baldwin, "the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that if I put it in children's children elimb his kase unchecked, no frewn my pocket, like a cent or half a dollar I should lose it .-So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe, the hand" of the prodigal, "shoes on his feet," and the father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children being poor, with half a dozen children better than myself to take care of, I was given to a discount of the product it in or fatted calf killed" for all. As the marriage knot was taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prefarmer in the town of F., who designed making a plotting to the sheltering reof of boy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of vent its making any noise when it fell. I discovered my infancy, when the trembling hand of blessing was laid lose when I got home, and went back to look for it, but somebody must have picked it up."

"Whe could be so dishonest as to have kept it?" asked the descon.

I felt like sinking through the floor. "I don't know," replied the poor man, shaking his head eadly; he's welcome to it, whoever he is, and I here his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is werth, though heaven knows I want my honost carnings."

This was tee much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pecket. I resolved to make a clean bregst of it, and be hencet in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the geld in my trembling him, the old man opened the door of the ark for the rest-

"Is this yours, Mr. Baldwinf"

My voice was so faint that he did not have one. So ! tory I am going to fell you.

On Saturday night Mr. Webb went me to the village repeated my question in a mere courage tone. All eyes of love, and plenty reigned in place of famine, and joy demanded where and when I had found the gold. I burst into tears and confessed everything. I expected

> "Don't ere about it William. You are an honest boy if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be daughter; " and tenderly the little feet were led across

happy with a clear conscience." But I cried still-for joy. I laughed, too, the deacon was on the point of throwing it into the diten, when something dropped out of it and fell with a ringing sound had so touched my heart. Of what a load I was relieve the mind had o'er-mastered the body, returning at eve ed. I felt that honesty was the best policy.

glitering, too bright and too small for a penny. I felt of half the money, for Suding it; but I wished to keep clear it. I squeezed it in my fingers. _1 spelled out the inserting of the troublesome stuff for a time, and I did-I would tions, then something whispered to me that it was a gold not touch his offer, and I never regretted it, boy as

Well I was the descent's feverite after this. He was at. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest canhad to take it out and look at it. But whenever I met dor and good faith; and thet has made me what I am .somebody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Same- When he died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with how, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothmine, by right of discovery, and I comforted myself with ing to do with my story. That is told, and all I have to the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the add is. I have never regretted clearing my conscience of Job Baldwin's severeign.

Scene IN Bracon Street Life .- Wealthy Father-Boarding School Miss-Count Dizzweitzki. Count and Count.-Ah! Adorable Belinda, star of my soul, and

apple of my eyes, permit me to offak you me han' an' fortune. (Kneels and covers her needly chalked hands with kisses ind mustaches,)

Miss -Dearest Count, rise, I implore you. What if Pa should come! Count.-What! me rise? Novah! (Places his right

hand carefully upon the left pad of his vaietcoat.) Cruo! charman! I swear by all the goddessee, I will nevel Father - (Entering.) Then I'll kick you, by all the

gods! (Count resumes his perpendicular.) What is the meaning of all this, you harry-lipped adventurer! What do you want of that baby of mine? Count. -Pardon, sir. It was a momentary fit of week-

Father .- Weak-knees, was it? Well, Monsbeer weakknees, perambulate. Vamose. Take away your hair. Count. - Be the goddesses, I will go a-shoot miself. Exit, behind his hair, for the Rovers House, Belinds faints. Wealthy Father haw-haws and calls for soap suds.) - Yonkes Blade.

ET. A good anecdete is related by Mr. Eaten in his Annals of Warren, of one Boggs who introduced the first Block of sheep into that place. He brought them from Why, if I don't know who the loser is how can I give Permagnid by water, and while sitting on the windless him his meney? It is only because I am afraid Deacon one day, got sleepy and began to nod. The patriarch of Webb will take it away from me, that I central it; that's the flock, taking it for a challenge, drew back and knockall. I would not steal gold, and if the loser sheald sek me | ed him sprawing upon the deck. Whereupon, Boggs, for it, I would give it to him. I apolegized thee to my- more pugnacious than wise, seized the old fellow by the self all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house, but after all, it wool and chucked him overboard. But he get more than would'nt do. The gold was like a heavy stone, bound he bargained for by this counter movement, for the whole to my heart. It was a sort of unkappy charm, that gave flock, feeling bound in all cases to fellow their leader, popped over after him; and Boggs, being several miles from land, was obliged to beave to, and with much difficulty recovered them again. He concluded that he had which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claim- the warst of that battle, at both unda .- Kenneber, (Me.)

II It is said that the re are people in the "Mountain District" of Kentucky, so green that they followed a wa ones."

Rice, brathe the morning air,

GET UP BEFORE THE SUN.

Get up before the sun! This encozing in a feather bed, Is what should not be done Between sunrise and breakfast, lade Twill make you look so bright, my lads, Twill make you look so fair.

"Get up before the sun, my lade,

Get up before the oun, my lade; Shake off your sloth-arouse! You lose the greatest luxury That life has, if you drown letween sunrise and breakfast, lade Arise then, do not lose

By lying in a snooze. Get up before the sun, my lads, And in the garden boe. Or feed the pige, or milk the cow, Or take the scythe and mow Twill give you buoyant spirits, lade

The key to health and happy

And these rich blessings claim. The Good Old Man. Speak not harshly. Much of care Every burnan heart must bear: Enough of shadows sadly play Around the very sunniest way-Enough of sorrows'darkly lie

Give vigor to your trame-

Then rise before the sun, my lade,

Veiled within the merriest eye. By thy childhood's grishing tears, By the griefe of after years, By the anguish thou doet know. Add not to another's wee."

"That is an Orphan Asylum, is it not?" said I to friend, as I cast my eye upon a large handsome house, in front of us, from whence little heads could be seen al-

nost at every pane of glass. He smiled significantly, saying, "Do you see that old patriarch sitting at the lower window, Bible in hand?-Well, that is old Daniel Day; and he sits there just as calmly as if the fourteen children he reared and faunched upon the world, had not all made shipwreck of themselves and come back again, and cast anchor at the old homestead. Yet not one was ever made to feel the bread of dependence bitter, no repronches ever passed his lips; at their merry gambols, no crushing word to the heart, crushed by misfortune and adversity; but a "ring put on tied, and each passed from under the sheltering reof of on such annuy head, his parting words were, "Remembeg, my child, while your father lives, this is a refege

for you in the storm as well as in the sunshine." And when the first fair girl (for whom life's premises had been all unkept,) came back with tearful eyes, and wasted form, and broken heart, the old man drew her gently to his breast, with a "God forbid you should wanta welcome here, my child;" and in the little room where she had so often slept the untroubled sleep of childhood. she laid down to rest. And when months passed by, and no tidings came of the truent bushand, and her heart still. yearsed for the unworthy one, and with the fergiving. self-eacrificing heart of woman, she would again seek leas dove, and sent her forth with a blessing. Patiently and untiringly she teiled, till she wen him from the wine-cup—till the vacant eye were again the old familiar look

Again,-The oldest son was ruined by disastrous speculations. Insanity followed the overthrow of his worldtidings to the old man, he looked calmly up from his Btble, and said, "Room enough, and love enough here, my honest, my son; and if you do not grow rich, you will be the threshold, and the vacant eye of the father, rested, not on the prison walls of a mad-house, but on the loving and-four weeks. - Cin, Commercial. faces of friends; and harmlessly he wandered about, till to his old seat by the hearth-stone, soothed and com-As for Mr. Baldwin, he declared that I should have forted by the holy hymn, whose melodioussweetness had charmed his infant ear.

And when the hour of evening prayer brought them all together, and the laughing voice of childhood was hushed, and the active limbs, "tired of play" nestlad gladly in a mother's loving arms, and the white-haired old man very kind to me, and trusted me in everything. I was knott in the midst-when the widow missad from her side, him, upon whose faithful breast the green sod was pressing, when the orphan felt no longer the circling arm, or the touch of the soft hand upon his head, when the poor maniac, amid dim visions of the past, murmured as incoherent prayer, then each lone and tempest-lost heart was remembered in melting tones of love and pity, by the aged patrierch; and with kind "Good nights" sleep came balmily to supplicating eyes, and peace to prayerful hearts.

And when the eld man shall lay saide his pilgrim staff, and sleep the sleep that knows no waking, his name shall be remembred (not for the dellars and cents he shanks of sugar, buches of raisins, &c. hearded, while his own flesh and bleed were struggling against fearful odds, with temptation and adversity) bu for the raiment he gave the naked, food to the hungry, and words of cheer to the serrow-stricken; and under standingly shall his grateful children read these words of Hely Writ, "Like as a father pittieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear him."-Olive Branch.

A Timely Paragraph The following beautiful passage, by Washington, in the "Home Book of the picturesque," might almost make a November day cheerful:

And here let me say a word in favor of those viciss tudes of our climate which are too often made the aubject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasional ly by changes from het to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful-climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sanshines of the south of Enrope, the fresh vendure of the north. They fleat our auximer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints of floory whiteness and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom, It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirting enow storm; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshines when the snew clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intersect lestre, or the meon floods the who Jandecase with her most limpid radiance; and then the jayous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, rebundant with vegitation, and vociferous with life!-and the splendors of our summer-its mern ing voluntuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and ile gasts of tempest of almost tropical grandenr, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the suitry atmest phere-and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent pomp of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forcets the golden serenity of the sky; surely we may say that in our climate, "the heavens degon that happened to pass that way, twenty miles, "just clare the slory of God, and the firmment showeth forth mass whether the hind wheels would evertake the fore His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

ET HUM MILER'S ADVICE TO WORKING-MER.-Road LT Love is a sweet contagion, which attacks people true philosophy in the Bible then in every work of every less received and the state of the house supplies and the state of the house supplies that ever wrote, we should be all miserable creating and flates, and looks with horror, on "biled porh" and some more miverable than you.

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house copy in the Bible than in every was that the doctor never and flates, and looks with horror, on "biled porh" and looks in the lady is an old maid.—Sandy Hill Hortest it, and note miverable than you.

River Life.

Every avocation of life, no matter what it may be, has its eccentric features, and "characters" are always found whose peculiarities mark them with an especial stamp, Among our river men-whose lives are more varigated than any other-this feature is particularly prominentfor, thrown into all ports of society, mingling in friendly communion with all grades of people, from the prince to wise, the rough and the reflued, their opportunities to read nature mountainize above all that philosophers ever have written. Show as the captain of a western steamer, who cannot assert the precise location of a man's soul by his eye, and see as though he were a sheet of glass: and this faculty, which he has acquired by practical experience, and the instinct of association, enables him to make himself easy anywhere among men, and accommodate himself to the varied notions of a varied people-In fact, he is and is not like the chameleen -he is, so far as his individual intercourse with men goes, in assuming their colors, but is not, so far as the fabled existence on air is concorned, as that don't pay the wood bills.

There are some quaint characters on our waters. their anecdotes of river life would make an amusing collection—such an one as would be worth the attention of quaint old captains out-hood Hood himself; and contain more of the material of humor than would furnish texts for a prolific author's lifetime.

There was once a steamboat coming up the Mississippi one dark night, and the captain according to "time honored usages," was playing cards in the social hall .-The mate stepped in: -

"Captain, out of wood-not enough left to make the ater hot enough to shave with." "Ring the bell," replied the captain. "Show a light nd scare some up along the shore."

The mate went out and the captain went on with the game. In a few momnete the mate returned. "Found a boat, sir." The captain left the table, and went out.

"How do you sell your wead?" shouted the captain to he people at the yard. "Two and a half."

"Too much," said the captain. "However, take ord or two, and look further." A couple of cords were taken in, the game was reanmed in the social half, and the boat went on. A half an henrelapsed, when the mate again appeared.

Out of wood, sir." "Bell and light-my deal." The orders were obeyed, and the mate again announ

ced a wood yard. The captain went out. "What's the price of your wood?" "Two and a half."

"Two high, but will take a couple of cords till we can better." As before a couple of cords were taken in, and not

twenty minutes elapsed before the mate again appeared. "Ring the bell." "Better take more this time."

"Show a light." "It's done sir."

Is a few moments a wood yard was again "rung up," nd the etenmer B ---- went in.

"Hew do you sell your wood?"

"Two and a half." "Two and a haif be d-"Well, captain," answered the woodman, "we will put it to you at two and a quarter, as this is the third time

you have wooded with us to night!" The captain had nothing to say; but took the wood, and the descen would whip me to death. But he patted my ly hopes, and when his gentle wife came with the ead unable to stem. The B--- was so "solemnly slow" got quickly out of that stiff current, which the boat was that the captain himself used to say she must have been

intended for a bearse. She is the same boat which the newspapers once said made a trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days

Kind of had Him foul. Some people have a very ugly way of laying hands on small articles that don't belong to them; which they don't think of paying for. Now it is very well known tha groceries pay about the smallest profit of any other merchandes, hence the habit some folks have of going into goods to be put up, they amuse themselves by a mouth- since!" ful of augar, gormandize an apple er two, or guzzle a bunch of raisins, figs, slice of cheese, plug of tobacco biscuit, or whatever else lies round tempingly exposed to view. You may rest assured that neople don't frade and traffic for the fun of it, and if you gouge the grocer he will be instified in keeping square with you by sending you light weight and scaut measure. A facetions old mercantile friend of ours up town, was thus bleed by customer who used to come in daily to order something or other in the grocery line, and who having an amazing sweet tooth in his head, thought nothing of subbling

One morning Nibble came into the store, before breakfast, evidently disturbed in mind. "Mr. ---. you sout my quarter bill last night."

"Yes, sir, I did." "Well, there's one item. I don't understand-nibbles, three months, daily, \$3, what the dickens do you mean

by that?" "You keep a dry goods store, Mr. ?" "You, I do."

"Now suppose I come in every day to buy two or three hillings' worth of goods, and each time I should levy n a speci of cotton, a paper of needles, a piece of tape, which I never of course thought of accounting for----"Oh, ah, yes, yes; I take the force of what you are about to say; those little things do count up. You've'go

me now." The bill was paid. The dry-goodist did not take the natter as an insult, and what is still more strange—he

bas quit nibbling.

Your Babies not my Babies. About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, in this county, a certain Dr. T. who became very much ensured of a boautiful young lady who see sided in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one vening talking of their approaching nuptials, when the

doctor remarked: "I am thinking, my dear, of the two events which I shall number amongst the happiest of my life." "And pray what may that be. Doctor?" remarked the

"One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time."

"And the other!" "It is when we shall present our first born for hap-

"You, my dear, sprinkled." "Never a child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, ha?" "You my love." "Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies wen' be my babies. Se good night, eir."

Origin of Coal.

The immense beds of bituminous coal found in the ralley of the Ohio, fill the mind with wonder, Age after age, the successive growths of plants, springing up a the same region, were entombed beneath thick strain of shed- to the depth of more than 1000 feet ; while beneath the whole lay a bed of an ocean, flooded with fossil salt. Indications are found at intervals across the the pasper, the wittess and the witty, the foolish and the great valley, from the Zolegheny to the Rockey Mountains. It is found near the sur-ce in Kentucky, Ohie, Indians, Illinois and Missouri, and without doubt may be found beneath the extensive territory accessits, which from the substatum of the great praries in the sentral and northorn parts of the Western States. As low down as New Madrid, on the Mississippi, coal was thrown up from beneath the bed of the river, by the great earthquake of 1812, a sufficient proof of its continuation in the most depressed part of the great valley.

That the coal is of vegetable origin, no one who has, ead much on the subject, or personally examined the coal beds, will dony. Time, was when it was considered a peculiar mineral product, formed in the same manner and at the same time with the rocks that surround it .-The product of its chemical analysis, being altogether vegetable, and the artificial formation of coal from wood. any outerprising collater. Some of the "yarne" of these by Sir James Hall, have ellenced all doubts on the subject. The only mystery now is, how such vast quantities of vegetable matter could be accumulated and grown on the spot where they were buried. That they grew in general on the surface now occupied by the coal appears certain from the perfect state in which the most delicate leaves and stoms are preserved. Had they been transported by corrents of water, and especially from any distance, it is hardly possible that they should not recive more damage. The climate at that period must have been more humid that at present, as many of the plents are of those families, which now grow only in the tropical climaies, and as the laws of nature never changes, this may be deemed a correct inference .- Silleman's Journal

A Good Shot.

A bear, for some time past carrying on an improper in-timacy with the young hogs belonging to the settlers in Queen's bush, closed his career last week in rather asiagular manner. From a litter of nine in an industrious man's hog-styr, the bear had at divers times abstracted four, and one night on repeating his visit, the sogs screamed so furiously at the abstraction of one of their number, that the settler became alarmed, and loading ais gun in all trepidation, hastened out to the stys, and seeing the grizzy moneter a few paces from him, with the porker in his tusks, he let fly with the musket, but the recoil was so violent that it threw him several feet backward, with his head under the fence. Believing that the blow had been deait by the bear, and that the shaggy monster was upon him he roared out hideously, and was of course immediately joined by his wife, who disabased him of the idea that anything else but herself was near him. He then got up, and found his monsterautagonist pierced through the nuck to the hog-stye by the ramrod of the gun, he having forgotten in his hur-: ry to abstract the weapon, and thus the recoil became so great as to upset him. The bear died immediately, and his carcase amply repaid for the loss of the pige, and the fright of being turned into greaselin the bowels of a grizzly bruin - Gult Canada Reporter.

BJ "A lively little Frenchinau," writes a Jerseyman," "came over to this country after the revolution of '30, and settled down in the western part of the great Sinte of New-Jersey as a tavern keeper." The politeness of the favorite resort of the young and the gay from all the country side for many miles around. Our joily Frenchman was always in the habit of assisting the lady-visitors to alight, and he invariably accombanied his aftentions with a good hearty kiss. It was generally understood that this last was very-well rederved by all the 'daughters of Eve.' Late one sparking winter night. after he had received, kissed, and dismissed several sleighloads of rosy girls, a merry jingling was again heart in the distance. Meattime the moon had set, but our host sallied out in the darkness to welcome the new-comers. One after the other he lifted the ladies from their seats. saluted them as usual, and conducted them to his oldfashioued parlor, where the fire was blazing brighty .-What was his dismay, on coming to the light, to find that a store to purchase ten or twenty-five cents' worth of the whole party was composed of culligr'd pussonal groceries—te be sent home—and while they wait for the The thille Frenchman' has never kissed a 'dark ladye'

A Wife in Trouble.

Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of all those

"Oh such diagrace!"

"Why, what diegrace?" "Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certajuly it looked more like Mrs. "Is that all? What harm is there in a wife's opening

ner husband's letters?" "No harm in itself. But the contents such disgrace!" "Auything disrespectful to my wife?" "Oh, no. . It is conciled in the most chaste language

But the contents! Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchinf and commenced subbing aloud, when the husband engerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the spintle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for nine years sub-

Posing a Pedagogue.

"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?" "No, thir, I can't do it." "Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your ago, I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that can't!' for there is no sum that can't be done. I tell you." "I think, thir, that I know a thun that you can't thifer

"Ifu? ha? Well, well, Sally, let's hear it, and we will "It ith third thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thuch will it take to make barrel of thweet thider, thir?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your passing les-FOLLY OF FRATTING-Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the freet. One of them came to console with the other.

"Ah!" cried he. "how unfortunate! Do you know.

neighbor. I have done nothing but fret over since! But. bless me, you seem to have a fine crop coming up; what

"Why, these are those I sowed immediately after my "What, coming up already?" said the fretter.

"Yes," replied the other, "while you were fruiting was working. anked by one of the recrutung officers, "Well, sir, when you get into battle will you fight or run?" "By faith!" replied the Hibernian, with a comical twist of the countenance, "I'll be afther doin," yer henor, as the the major-

ity of yo does " GP Girls never run away from your perents till you are sure the young man you clope with don't run away from you. This advice is worth a year's subscription. but you will give it gratis.

EF Some bearts, like-evening primresess heantiful in the shadows of life.