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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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MURRAY WHALLON,
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Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist—Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, 1st door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond, five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. Erie June 19 1850. 6

Poetry and Miscellany.

"I LOVE THAT RICH BROGUE"

In reference to that Cleveland speech of General Scott, the Hudson Freemen thus touches of its blarney:—

"I love that rich brogue." Now General you're joking,
'Tis cruel at Patrick such fun to be poking,
That "brogue" you've heard two score year every what,
And not loved it before, ad—l a bit.

"I love that rich brogue." You love it how well,
Let your long spoken sentiment honestly tell—
You would welcome us here from Erin's green lands,
But in making yer laws, you'd give us no hand.

"I love that rich brogue." Did you love it when
So indignantly "fired," you snatched up your pen,
In the Astor House parlor, and earnestly wrote,
That Irishmen were not deserving a vote?

"I love that rich brogue." Ah! you loved it indeed,
When you gave your assent to an infamous creed,
When you claimed of that party, the leader to be,
Who would take from the Irish, their right to be free.

Did you love "that rich brogue," when you told us your mind
To repeal all naturalization inclined?
No matter how decient or honest men we,
That Paddy should never a citizen be?

"I love that rich brogue." I know you belong
To the party that always love Irishmen strong
As the day when their votes are wanted draws near,
Although we are but *cattle* the rest of the year.

"I love that rich brogue." When did you begin?
When Greeley told you, you could not get in,
That you never could sit in the President's Chair,
If you could not get Patrick to help put you there.

You love it as well perhaps, you'll be ownin',
Faith after the election day in the morning',
When for President Pierce, it falls on your ears,
That same "rich brogue" in three illigant cheers.

"I love that rich brogue." No doubt, Mither Scott,
Our votes you'd love better still, would you not?
Now General be easy, quit coaxing and taxing,
When Pat's after voting, *its himself he'll be plasing.*

"I love that rich brogue." 'Tis blarney, old fellow,
You can't sugar that pill so Paddy will swallow.
Couldn't be see what you are, he'd indade be a fool,
That same *Native wolf covered up with Whig wool.*

*Native American. SHILLELAH.

TRICKERY EXPOSED.

LETTER FROM THE CATHOLIC PASTOR OF MANCHESTER AND CONCORD, N. H., TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON POST.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 29, 1852

Gentlemen:—In the *Manchester American*, and in other papers, have been published documents, or certificates, numerously signed, and intended as an answer to the letter which I, in conjunction with a few Catholics of Concord, addressed to Mr. White, of Milwaukee, exonerating Gen. Pierce from the charge of inactivity or indifference in relation to the abrogation test.

I *deem it a duty to myself* and to the *signers* of that letter, to show how these counter-statements were manufactured. Before doing so, I must premise—

1st. This is my fifth year in Manchester, Concord, &c., and during that time I have never, in any way, interfered in elections. Yet I attentively watched the movements of the political parties in this state, and particularly, when the *convention for revising* the constitution was assembled. As a Catholic I was interested in at least one measure before that body. Therefore I perused the daily reports of its proceedings. From these, it was evident that Woodbury and Pierce exerted themselves strenuously for the removal of the test.

2d. When Gen. Pierce was so unexpectedly nominated as a candidate of one party, he was at once accused by a certain *notorious partizan*, of being the principal, if not the sole cause of the failure, on the part of the people, to abolish the test. This accusation, so astounding to honest men in this section of the country, who knew Gen. Pierce had labored zealously in behalf of the Catholics, led me to wish that some means might be adopted to disabuse the Catholics of the Union of the false impression which this most untrue charge was likely to create. It was nothing to me how Catholics voted,—but I was not willing that party hacks *should be permitted*, with impunity, to trade upon what they call the Catholic vote.

3d. Yet it seemed to me, that as the Catholic press throughout the country promptly exposed this unworthy artifice for entrapping the votes of Catholics, all had been done that was required under the circumstances. Yet, to the astonishment of all persons here in New Hampshire, who are not totally *blinded* by party ties, the same charge was repeated—for the western market I supposed, as few persons in this quarter would be deceived by the story, unless perhaps, such persons as are not only willing, but determined to be deceived.

Mr. White, of Milwaukee, wrote to some friend in New Hampshire, that this repetition of the charge against Gen. Pierce was *industriously circulated* at the west. A few Catholics who were supposed to know something about the matter, were requested to state what they know. Accordingly they affixed their names to the White letter. But it was brought to me, and I was requested to certify that the names were those of Catholics living in Concord. I not only complied, but as I also knew that Gen. Pierce had been *shamefully* belied in this matter, I added my testimony to theirs. It is true that I do not fully agree politically, with the party which has nominated Gen. Pierce, but I respect the man. I knew that he had done all that man could do in our behalf, and that hence he was grossly calumniated. I saw that the votes of Catholics were made into stock in the vilest of all markets—the *political* market—and apart from the indignation which a Catholic would naturally feel under these circumstances, I felt that common gratitude required of us, the Catholics of New Hampshire, a clear recognition of the fact that Gen. Pierce had truly and zealously labored in our behalf, and if he failed to command the State in this matter, the fault was not his.

I certainly supposed that the matter, so very simple in itself, would rest there. No question would have been raised about it, if Gen Pierce had not been nominated—no question will be raised about it three months hence. It seems, however, that the document signed by me, and the unanimous testimony of the Catholic papers, well nigh destroyed what the *Pilot* calls the trap for Catholic votes. It was resolved to mend the trap. So, Mr. Cooney, of Albany, an Irish Catholic, I believe, visited New Hampshire. His object was to get up a counter document, signed by Irish Catholics. Another partizan, whom I need not name, was also interested in this matter. The result was, that documents, numerously signed, were obtained from Manchester, Dover and other towns. As Brownson, in his number for the present month, speaking of this very matter, says the fools are not all dead yet, and a new brood is hatched every year. The persons who got up these counter certificates regard the Catholic voters as fools, I suppose. I had determined to bestow no attention upon the matter; but upon reading the documents in question, I found, not only that they contained contradictory statements—a thing which did not concern me—but that they were intended as an impeachment of the truth of the certificate signed by me—nay, the documents insinuate that our signatures were not all genuine. Of course my honor was here concerned.

I know something about the manner in which the signatures were obtained in Manchester and Concord. Few, I believe, of the signers are voters. When I state that Manchester is a whig city, that it is supported by corporations—is active with factories, foundries and machine establishments—I suppose that I state no new thing when I say that many of the operatives, in matters of this sort, act under a species of moral restraint.

What inducement sufficed to bring Mr. Cooney all the way from Albany, to help the Catholics of this State to settle their own affairs, I will not stop to enquire. Perhaps he is *personally* interested in the defeat of Pierce. Perhaps Mr. Robinson is—for he, also, although he has no let or part with us, kindly undertook a journey from New York to New Hampshire that we, Catholics, might understand that we had been badly treated by Gen. Pierce—a thing we did not know before, and which we cannot, with all the pains Robinson has taken, understand now.

The counter *certificates* were, I believe, written by Protestants. Perhaps one of them was not. Independently of external evidence, there are phrases and expressions in them which betray their Protestant origin—They may have been and probably were copied by Catholics. An Irish name, as the *Pilot* says, will command any price—certainly any promise from politicians, until November next. Why Protestants betray such a tender interest in our welfare, and why these Protestants happen to be *interested in the coming election*, is a phenomenon which I do not profess to explain.

The person who was employed in this place to obtain signatures from the operatives, is a person of whose equivocal Catholicity I will not now say a word. Few of the signers understood the import of the paper to which they affixed their names. *Some were called upon to sign in the presence of their employers.* Two persons, in one shop—to give only one instance, were morally forced to sign. Some were told that the document was a petition for the establishment of the ten hour system. Others were told that the mills would be stopped, and they, in consequence would be thrown out of work, if Pierce were elected. Some were told that it was a sort of naturalization paper. Others were told that it was a document levelled at English influence. Some were told that it was a *petition for equal rights*. Others signed it, *simply* because they were asked to do so. We need not wonder at all this, Messrs. Editors, for such things occur frequently also among persons who claim to be better informed. The *monster petitions* we so often hear of, are I am persuaded, got up in a similar way. Petition bearers commonly find that the general run of people will *sign any paper*. I am confident, after investigation of the matter, that not more than some half-dozen persons knew *just* what they were *doing* when *they signed* the Cooney document. I know that some here *refused* to sign the paper, and yet found their names appended to it.

Nevertheless there were intelligent and respectable Catholics, whose names were required, but who would not sign the paper. Yet these names were requisite.—So the concoctors, after most of the names had been obtained, changed the whole *document*, as the *first was of* an objectionable character. A few names were obtained to the second document, and then the bulk of the signatures *were transferred*, by the concoctors of the paper, and without leave, to the new document because it differed, in several very material aspects, from the old one. It was a different document. Therefore, nearly all the signatures to the document now before the public, *were forged*. Persons signed the second who would not sign *the first*. Most of the *persons* whose *names* appear never saw the second.

Then the concoctors in company with the editor of a whig paper, came to me to ask me to certify that all the signatures were Catholics. I *could not do* [illegible] least one measure before that body. [illegible] signers to this Manchester document, admitting that all the names appended to it are the names of persons really existing. Secondly, because I would in signing that *paper*, certify to an untruth, inasmuch as no *true* Catholic would be guilty of signing a paper slandering any man, much *more a man* so circumstanced as Pierce is.

I know that, on reflection, the first two names on the first column and the first on the second column of signers will repent, if not before the election excitement is over, at least after, for having endorsed the public *defamation* of a man who has tried to befriend them and theirs—who has been acquitted, after a thorough examination of the charges they bring against him, by the Catholic papers, by Mr. Brownson, who says in the number for the present month, that Pierce is no bigot, and that he is well known to have exerted himself for the abolition of the test; and that he has the most *boundless* contempt for those who try to get votes for Scott by laying on the shoulders of Pierce the blame for the failure of the revised constitution. Archbishop Hughes tells us that both candidates are worthy of *equal* support. Nay, the *respectable* whig papers scorn to notice this new and false issue to Catholic voters, and even the papers which started the story are beginning to own that it is not true.

I have something to say of the Concord document.—To be brief, they who signed it labored under the same misapprehension, and were imposed upon in the same way with those who signed the Manchester rehash.—*Nay, more.* Mr. Cooney is also responsible for the Concord document.—Mr. Cooney, all the way from Albany. Finding that Concord *town record* sustained nothing that Robinson had not already twisted, and after conversation with certain freesoil notables, it was decided that another document should be prepared. By the aid of a partizan postmaster and certain mill agents at Fisherville, a few *Irishmen were morally coerced* to sign the paper. These persons assured me that they knew not what the paper contained. They would have caused the erasure of their signatures, but I did not think it worth while, convinced, as I am, that the document will do no harm.

At West Concord Mr. Cooney and his abolitionist friends finds few Irishmen. The names of John Gallagher and John Lynch were in the Concord certificate signed by me, and two men, also bearing these names, live at West Concord. These were asked whether they signed the White certificates, endorsed by me. No, said they; Go to *Concord*, and you will find another John Gallagher and John Lynch. The *concoctors* professed to know no such men in Concord, and that no such men could be found. So that John Gallagher and John Lynch, of *West* Concord were induced to give an affidavit that *they* had not signed the White certificate. Their oath was an honest one, of course.

The John Gallagher and John Lynch who *did* sign the White document live at *Concord*. I know them, and I know that they signed it. *They are ready to make* an affidavit to this effect.

The Cooney certificate says that one Halpin did not sign the White document. His employer is a whig, and he together with Cooney, persuaded Halpin to swear that he did not sign that certificate. It will be recollected that I did not get up that document. I simply certified that the persons whose *names were* appended to it were Catholics, and that I believed the contents of the letter to be perfectly true. I find upon inquiry that Halpin, when asked to sign the paper, answered, I will, but put down my name yourself. This circumstance, he conceives, justified him in swearing that he did not sign it.

These things prove that the triumph which the Cooneyites supposed they had gained, with reference to these three cases, is no triumph at all.

Cooney went to most of the Irishmen known to be in the employment of whigs, and, as a matter of course, I fear, most of them signed the paper. So far as I know, only one man refused. His name is Connars. The concoctors of the document coaxed and flattered him without success. The amiable and accomplished daughter of the employer of Connars also endeavored to persuade him to sign the paper. This was a hard trial; but Connars, who understood it, would seem, the contents of the document, steadily refused. "I was brought up to be a Democrat," was his constant reply.

With reference to the Nashua and Dover certificates, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but if I be correctly informed, their history is very similar to that of the Manchester and Concord documents.

From the above facts, it will be evident to the public that the Cooneyite papers professing to embody the Catholic sentiment of New Hampshire, with reference to the test (the only matter I have at any time touched upon) must be regarded as the production of a few political enemies of Gen. Pierce. They do not, in the slightest degree, affect the truthfulness of my testimony, as heretofore published. In the language of Brownson, Pierce *is well known* to have exerted himself in advocating the abrogation of the test.

If the democrats wished to rest their case upon the number of signatures, they would, I doubt not have procured an array of signatures that would overwhelm the Cooneyite documents. Perhaps they would now, if they thought it worth while. Respectfully yours,

WM. McDONALD,
Catholic Pastor of Manchester and Concord, N. H.

Gen. Pierce and Gen. Scott.

Hon. C. S. Tarpley, *Chief Justice of Mississippi*, has lately made a tour through the North, and took occasion to make the acquaintance of Gene Scott and Pierce. In a letter to the Mississippian, he gives the following graphic sketch of Gen. Pierce:

"I had the pleasure of spending some days in company with Gen. Pierce, at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, and found him one of the most interesting and fascinating men whose acquaintance it has been my good fortune at any time to make. He is remarkably plain and simple in his habits, dignified and courteous in his demeanor, and at the same time one of the most kind-hearted, unpretending and agreeable companions I ever met with. You would perceive at the first glance, that he was a man of commanding intellect, and of marked character, and as a stranger in any crowd, he would be pointed out as a man of distinction. But while he excites your admiration by his lofty bearing and graceful elocution, the blandness of his manners, the gentleness of his nature and that republican simplicity which characterizes all he does and says, wins your heart, and however indifferent you may have been towards him before, he is sure to take you captive, and make you feel that he is emphatically one of God's noblest works—"an honest man." He possesses an enviable private character, and in all the relations of Son, Husband, Father, and friend, he is "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" The miserable slander of his being a drunkard, like that of his being a coward, is the subject of merriment where he is known, and is so outrageously false as not to merit the dignity of a refutation. Old men in New Hampshire who have known him from his early boyhood, and have been intimate with him in his riper manhood, *informed me* that he has always been remarkable for the sobriety of his habits, and certainly he presents no appearance of intemperance either in his looks or manners. One thing speaks volumes in his praise. I have seldom seen any man so admired and beloved by his neighbors as General Pierce, and no higher tribute could be paid to his moral worth, than the respect and love of those who have known him longest and best. I could at this point make a forcible contrast between [illegible] and cannot find a solitary member of his military family who is willing to support him for the Presidency: while those who have known Franklin Pierce most intimately, are his warmest friends, and will support him in despite of party discipline."

All who know Gen. Pierce will admit that the above is a very truthful and life-like portrait of him. Now let them look at the following picture of Gen. Scott, by the same hand, and mark the contrast. Judge Tarply is a man of high character, and the reader will see that he writes in the happiest vein, which convinces all of the truthfulness of his sketch. He says:—

"Of all the amusing characters I have met with since I have been in Washington, none have contributed so much to my gratification as Gen. Scott—I had almost said the Whig candidate for the Presidency. I will take this back, however. As he has been repudiated by very many of the leading whigs, and barely tolerated by those who are looking with longing eyes to the spoils of office, it would be more proper to call him the candidate of the office-seeking party, or party made up of all the isms from raccoons whigism, down to spiritual rappingism.—But I like the old man, and would not speak of him disparagingly. He is certainly the vainest and weakest man I have met with; but that is his misfortune. His military fame is part and parcel of the nation's treasure, which should be sacredly cherished, and handed down as an inheritance to posterity. Yet with this high appreciation of his military fame, it is obvious to all, that his intellect, habit and mode of thinking, are wholly unsuited to the office to which he aspires. He will point out to you his splendid swords, and descant by the hour upon the services for which they were awarded; his medals, and tell you how costly and splendid they are, and by whom bestowed; the portraits and statues that have been taken of him, and tell you how spirited are the likenesses, how becoming the position, and how easy the grace. He will talk to you about war, battles, Mexico, Canada, Landy's Lane and Chippewa, and you have the delight of listening to the spirited and interesting egotism of a vain old man, whose whole conversation is made up of "I, me, and myself." But when you approach those great constitutional questions upon which depend the destiny of the nation, those delicate, but clearly define relationship *existing* between the Federal and State governments, instead of those collossal thoughts and luminous expositions which fall from the *lips* of Webster, you have the merest commonplace twaddle, made up of thoughts often undigested, and sometimes contradictory, and consisting principally of opinions and prophecies of twenty years standing. Mr Webster never said a truer thing than when he remarked that Gen. Scott had "no political antecedents, and that a Philadelphia Lawyer could not convict him before a jury of the country of being a whig;" and I will take the liberty of adding, of being anything else than an exceeding clever, vain, pompous, old soldier, who knows nothing but to command, and who, if elected, (which God forbid,) will make a military President, and administer the government upon the principles applicable to the command of an army; and yet, the "old man" is so graceful in his egotism, so Bradfordonian (if I may coin a word) in his manner, that you cannot help smiling, and liking him in spite of your contempt for his intellect. His election, however, would be the greatest calamity which ever befel this country."

Eighteen Dollars a Day.—In 1840 the laboring masses were promised, by the Whigs, two dollars a day and roast beef—a promise never realized, of course; and now we have the *Republic*, the prime Whig organ, admitting that General Scott, the Seward whig candidate, gets only eighteen dollars a day, and that that is hardly enough for the "greatest living general," while electioneering to make himself President. Well, if two dollars and roast beef were enough for the masses in 1840, when they were called upon to vote for Harrison—especially when we reflect that they never got it—eighteen dollars a day, in time of Peace and politics, ought to be sufficient for Gen. Scott.—*Union.*

Polygamy among the Mormons.

A volume by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, which has just made its appearance from the press, relates the following facts. Lieut. G was a member of the Exploring Expedition to the Great Salt Lake, under the command of Capt. Stansbury, and had ample opportunities to observe the habits of the Mormons. He gives a very intelligent and candid narrative.

The doctrine and custom of polygamy has been gradually introduced among the Mormons, and may now be regarded as a *characteristic feature of their social* organization. It was at first announced that the founder, Joseph Smith, and those he thought faithful, like the saints of old, David, Solomon and Jacob, should be privileged to have as many wives as they could support, to raise up a holy household for the service of the lord. The privilege, such as it is, seems now to have become universal, and to claim the sanction of a religious principle. It is taught that the use and foundation of matrimony is to raise up a peculiar, holy people of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, and that at the Millenium the glory of the man will be in proportion to the size of his household of children, wives and servants. None, however, but those eligible to the priesthood have a right to marry at all. The woman that marries out of the priesthood marries for hell. Marriage is to be a pure and holy state, prompted alone by religious motives and a sense of duty, sensual motives being held up as an abomination.

It is affirmed that a woman cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven without a husband to introduce her as belonging to himself. The addition of wives after the first, to a man's family is called "a sealing to him." This constitutes a relation with all the rights and sanctions of matrimony. The idea of an exclusive love is derided. The Seer alone has the power of allowing the number of wives to be increased: the suitor must obtain the consent of the parents, then of the lady, and finally of the Seer. Every unmarried woman has a right to demand a man in marriage on the ground of the privilege of salvation; the President, who receives the petition, is bound to procure her a husband; he may command any man he deems competent to support her, and add her to the number of his wives; and unless he can show a just impediment, if he declines the union, he is punished for contumacy. The Seer has also the power to annul the marriage contract, and dissolve the relationship of the parties. In some instances several wives occupy the same house, but it is more usual to board out the extra ones, who are generally able to pay their own way by sewing and other employments. The Mormons assert that this system is the preventative and cure for the awful licentiousness and moral physical degradation in the world; and they make it both a religious and a social custom, a point of personal honor for a man whose wife, or daughter, has been led astray, to kill the seducer; and considering this as a common mountain law, based on the Mosaic code, a jury will acquit the murderer at all hazards."

That the wives find the relation often a lonesome and burdensome one is certain; though usually the surface of society wears a smiling countenance, and to all who consent from a sense of duty or enthusiasm, the yoke is easy. The wife of the prophet Joseph rebelled against it, and declared that if he persisted she would desert him for another, but the only satisfaction she received was, "that a prophet must obey the Lord." When such wives rebel, the proceedings are very summary, and public opinion sustains the cause against the woman. A married another, and therefore is not invited into social parties.

Another method of increasing the household and adding to the glory of the chiefs is by adoption. This consists in taking whole families and adopting them as part and parcel of the family of the chief, and arises out of the humanity of the person so proposing to attach himself to the sacred character of some great dignitary of the Church. The man is called, for instance, "Son of Brigham by adoption," and lives with him, or near by, and acts for him as a child does for his parent, and receives his subsistence, clothing and living, conjointly with the family.

With the prevalence of polygamy, woman, of course, is placed in a position of relative inferiority. The deference to female excellence, which marks a refined state of society, is stigmatized by the Mormons as "gentle gallantry and fashion." To give the post of honor or of comfort to the lady, in the code of "Latter Day" etiquette, is reckoned an absurdity. If there is but one seat it belongs of right to the gentleman, who is bound to lead the way, and let the Mormon dame enter the house or the room behind him.

The most offensive feature in the Mormon economy, as described in this volume, is doubtless the custom of polygamy. Destroying, as it does, all freedom of affection in woman, degrading her to the rank of a cypher in society; and converting the most sacred relations of life into a state of abject dependance, it must seem become an intolerable to the Mormon community as it is odious o the civilized world. Many of the frontiers have already discarded the "sealed" relations, and married half breeds and Potawatamies, preferring a life of reciprocal privileges in the cabins of Nebraska to the decision and ennui of a Mormon seraglio. The young men are also indignant at the invasion of their rights when a daughter rejects their suit in obedience to a minister's ambition, which aims at an alliance with a seer or an apostle, in order to obtain a celestial queenship in the world to come.

"The Last shall be First."

A week or two ago, four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, in the State of Maine. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode, acquaintances all, talking upon everything, except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot, which was three miles from the place where the debtor did business, they found nothing to "put 'em over the road" but a solitary cab, towards which they all rushed. Three got in and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started.

The fourth ran after and got upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to—that he was not worth more than $50, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take $100 for him.—Yes, said he. The "fourth man" quickly paid over the money, took the reins and backed the cab up to a bank—slipped it from the harness and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off "lick-a-ty-swich," while the "insiders" were looking out of the window, feeling like singed cats.

He rode to a lawyer's, got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing. The cabman came too, and bought back his horse for $50. The "sold" men offered to pay that sum, if the fortunate one, who found only property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it in Boston.

But as both parties have told a friend of ours, thinking the story too good to be lost, we feel at liberty to let the cat out of the bag; more particularly so, as it illustrates a passage that we *never heard fully explained* but once; and then by a school master who said: "Scholars, this verse is plain: when you tie up cattle, old Buck gives in first and old Broad next. Broad went in last, but he will come out first, and Buck went in first, but shall come out last."—*Manchester Mirror.*

A Touching Incident.

The affection of Indian parents for their children, and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour, to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully beside me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papoose die," she said, mournfully clasping her hands against her bosom, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her face; "Moodie's squaw save papoose—poor Indian woman much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched up features, and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." She held up five of her fingers. "Brought him all the way from Mata Lake upon my back for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papoose die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No papoose; the mother all alone."

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think, what this woman's love must have been for that dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw some days after, that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home.—[Roughing it in the Bush, by Mrs. Moodie.

Population of the United States.

George W. Smith, in a paper recently read before the Franklin Institute, in speaking of the density of population already obtained in some parts of the United States, referred to a map which represents a curious illustration of this density. He traced the boundary of an area as large as the kingdom of Great Britain, as follows: Commencing on the Atlantic, at the mouth of the St. Croix River, ascending to the head from this point, a line was drawn to the Saco, where it debouches from the White Mountains in New Hampshire, thence [illegible] along this to the Potomac in Maryland thence by the latter river to Washington, thence by a straight line to New Haven, on D C., Long Island Sound, and thence by the sea to the place of begining, in Maine. The included area will be 84,000 square miles, a close approximation to the kingdom aforesaid, and the population of this area, at the present moment including the usual increase since the census, is eight million one hundred and eighty thousand in round numbers, an amount equal to that of Great Britain at the accession of George III, and about one-third of that at the present day. The present population of the American area, within the boundaries just mentioned, is twice as great as the average population of Eastern or Northern Europe, although much less, of course, in comparison, than the British, French, German, Austrian, and Italian countries, &c.

A line drawn from Massachusetts Bay to the Potomac almost in a straight line, passes through more numerous, and more populous cities than can be found on a similar line of about four hundred miles in extent, drawn on any other part of the globe, with the exception of China.—London must also be excepted. The population of New York, with its suburbs on Long Island, New Jersey, &c. included in a circle of twelve miles radius round the City Hall, (as the metropolis of London is in a circle of twelve miles round St. Paul's) is at the present moment, (1852,) eight hundred and sixty thousand. New York by the next census, exclusive of "the outskirts," as Mr. Harris terms the suburbs, will contain more than a million.

A First Trial.—A correspondent of the Liverpool *Albion* says that some years ago, there was a Jerusalem-ite-individual, in Paris, who, in the presence of Dr. Robertson, and all the chemical savans of the day, got into an oven and sang a song while a goose was being cooked. When he went into the oven the pulse was 72, and rose to 130. At the second experiment it rose to 176 the thermometer indicating 100 of Reamur. At the third experiment he was stretched on a plank, surrounded by lighted candles, and then put into the oven, the mouth of which was this time closed. He was there five minutes, when the spectators cried "Enough!" Accordingly, the door was opened, out he came *like the fiery* gulf, and, with his pulse at 200, jumped into a cold bath, and became as cool as a cucumber immediately after.

An Offset to the Candy Story.—The whig papers mention as instance of rare benevolence in Gen. Pierce—his present of a coat to a little boy to buy candy. As a fair set-off to it, the following *authentic