THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 23. | SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1852. | NUMBER 33.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

TERMS OF THE PAPER

[illegible] by the carrier, at $2.00
[illegible] in the office, in advance, 1.50
[illegible] in advance, or within three months from the time [illegible] two dollars will be charged.
[illegible] must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible] preceding 1 lines, one year. $3.00
[illegible] " " 10.00
[illegible] six months, 6.00
[illegible] three months, 3.00
[illegible] advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or [illegible] insertion 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
[illegible] advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, [illegible] allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to [illegible] immediate business.
[illegible] not having other directions, will be inserted till [illegible] charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

VINCENT HIMROD & CO
[illegible] of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, [illegible] State St., Erie Pa.

THOMAS M AUSTIN,
(Late of the firm of G Loomis & Co.)
[illegible] Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical [illegible] Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale [illegible]

JOHN GOALDING,
[illegible] and Hat Maker—Shop on the east side of [illegible] two doors north of Eight, and adjoining J. H. Rib[illegible] Cabinet Ware-Room, Erie, Penna.

JOHN KEENAN,
[illegible] Steamboat Agent, office at R. J. Roger's Hat Store [illegible] street Erie Pa.

CLARK & METCALF,
[illegible] and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Dry [illegible] No. 1 Reed House.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
[illegible] Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and certificates of Deposite. Also [illegible] on the principal cities of the Union, and all parts [illegible] Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of [illegible] and Public Square.
WILLIAMS. S. B. WRIGHT.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS.
[illegible] and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, [illegible]—Also, Foreign Fruit, Nuts, Pickles and Pickled Oys[illegible] Lobsters, Preserves, and Hermetically Sealed articles of [illegible] description always on hand, No 3. William's Block, [illegible] opposite Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa
[illegible] New York. WM. I. MILLS, Buffalo.
[illegible] in their season, Oysters in shell, from J. G. Mills [illegible] New York, which will be sold Wholesale at low prices
A. C. JACKSON, Agent, Erie, Pa.

DURLIN & SLOAN.
[illegible] School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank [illegible] and Printer's Cards, No. 9, Brown's new [illegible]
B. F. SLOAN.

W. POYNTELL JOHNSTON M D.
[illegible] residence on 6th Street, two doors West of the [illegible] Church.

T. W. MOORE,
[illegible] Provisions, Wines, Liquors Candies, Fruit, [illegible] Door below Loomis & Co's State street, Erie.

JOHN B COOK,
[illegible] Stable & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety [illegible] in the City. Cheap Side, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY,
[illegible] Jobbers and retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries [illegible] Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wooden, [illegible] Stove Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Pow[illegible] Cups, Soft Fuse, &c., &c. French Street, oppo[illegible] Office, Erie Pa.
[illegible] Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private [illegible] with any of the above articles with prompt[illegible] cheap

WM. S. LANE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
[illegible] Jackson's store, at North-East corner of the Pub[illegible]

DOCTORS BEEBE & STEWART,
[illegible] Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residences—[illegible] & [illegible] Streets.
[illegible] 6 to 8, A. M; 1 to 3, and 6 to 7, P. M.
J. L. STEWART, M. D.

JOHN HEARN & CO
[illegible] and Commission Merchants, dealer in Coal, [illegible] agent for a daily line of upper lake Steamers, [illegible] Erie Pa

LIDDELL & Co.
[illegible] Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steamboat [illegible] Store, between 7th and 8th, streets, Erie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
[illegible] removed to No 5 Reed Block, State street.
[illegible] closes at 11 o'clock, A. M.
" 3½ o'clock, P. M.
O. D. SPAFFORD, Agent

GEORGE J MORTON.
(Late of the firm of J. Hearn & Co.)
[illegible] Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] Fish, Flour and Plaster

WALKER & TIBBALS.
[illegible] and Commission Merchants, second Ware [illegible] Dock Bridge, Erie Pa.
[illegible] Lath, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime [illegible] Stone, Platings, &c., &c., with unsurpass[illegible] shipping either by Steamboats, Propellers, [illegible] Rail Road.
L. S. TIBBALS.

W. H. KNOWLTON,
[illegible] Repairer, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, [illegible] Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods [illegible] of the Reed House. 17

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
[illegible] Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No [illegible] State street, Erie, Pa.

A. M. JUDSON,
[illegible] Office on Park Row, between Browns new [illegible] Reed House, up stairs.

DR. C. BRANDES.
[illegible]—Office at his residence on Eighth [illegible] French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M SANFORD & CO.,
[illegible] Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of De[illegible] Exchange on the principal cities constantly [illegible] Block, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERON STUART.
[illegible]—Office, corner of French and Fifth [illegible] Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, [illegible] old Apothecary Hall.

RUFUS REED,
[illegible] German and American Hardware and Cutlery; [illegible] Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House.

CADWELL & BENNETT,
[illegible] and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, [illegible] Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, [illegible] pure Stores State Street, four doors, below [illegible] Erie, Pa.
[illegible] Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general [illegible] Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
[illegible] Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for [illegible] Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors [illegible] Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
[illegible] Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and [illegible] attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
[illegible] & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of [illegible] Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
[illegible] RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry [illegible] made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1 [illegible] State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
[illegible] Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building [illegible] Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
[illegible] COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's [illegible] one door west of State street, on the Diamond.

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
[illegible] Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. [illegible] New Boat.

SMITH JACKSON,
[illegible] Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, [illegible] 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
[illegible] Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and [illegible] streets, Erie.

CARTER & BROTHER,
[illegible] and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, [illegible] Glass, &c, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
[illegible] Merchant Tailor, on the public [illegible] are, a few doors [illegible] street, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
[illegible] and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, [illegible] &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

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. Cavities filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to [illegible] pearl clear as [illegible] 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 1852. 5

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The halls of the rich have been famous in song,
Ever since flattery fawned upon wealth;
Feigning, to palaces only belong
Honor and virtue, contentment and health;
But the glad tidings from heaven to earth
Tell of true wealth in Humility's store;
Jewels of purity, patience and worth,
Blest above gold in the homes of the poor.

Yes, the well-favor'd in fortune and rank
Wisely will covet such riches untold,
While the good giver they heartily thank
For the talents of honor and gold;
Wisely such jewels of price will they seek,
Cherishing good as the real Koh-i-noor,
And from the diligent, modest and meek,
Learn to be rich in the poor.

Yet are those homes overcrowded with night,
Poverty's sisters are Care and Disease;
And the hard wrestler in life's uphill flight
Faints in the battle, and dies by degrees!
Then, let his neighbor stand forth in his strength,
Like the Samaritan, swift to procure
Comfort and balm for his struggles at length,
Pouring in peace on the homes of the poor.

Cleanliness, healthiness, water and light,
Rent within reason, and temperate rules,
Work and fair wages, (Humanity's right,)
Libraries, hospitals, churches and schools—
Thus let us help the good brother in need,
Dropping a treasure at Industry's door,
Glad by God's favor to lighten indeed
The burdens of life in the homes of the poor.

Oh! there is much to be done, and that soon;
Classes are standing asunder, aloof;
Hasten, Benevolence, with the free boon,
Falling as sunshine on Misery's roof!
Hasten good stewards of a bountiful Lord,
Greatly to imitate him ever more,
Binding together, in blessed accord,
The halls of the rich with the homes of the poor.

From the Olive Branch.

KATIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

"Run to the door Katie, run quick; it's something for me, I know."

"A boquet miss, and oh! so beautiful!" said the girl, tripping back to the parlor.

"How rare! what perfume. Katie don't you wish you could have such things sent to you? There! place it carefully in the vase—to-night I will wear some of them in my hair. That will do; I'll ring for you when I want you."

"Such great loving looking blue eyes, and such a noble forehead;" mused little Katie as she flew about the kitchen, intent upon her morning work. "Such soft eyes, and such a serious, handsome face—oh! how very dearly Miss Julia must love him.—If I only—but what nonsense," and she burst out into a light, clear laugh. "Little Katies that live in kitchens mustn't expect lawyers or rich men for husbands."

Katie stood that evening behind Miss Julia's chair her little red hands half buried in the rich dark curls that she only had the requisite taste to adjust. The daintiest implements of the toilet laid scattered in profusion upon the marble table, and the mirror, framed exquisitely in bronze and gilt, reflected the beautiful face of the heiress in all its varying moods of expression.

"I declare, Katie," she suddenly exclaimed, "you are almost handsome. I have a mind some time to dress you up and see what kind of a lady you would make: How old are you?"

"Fifteen," answered the child voice, while a deep blush mantled the round cheeks.

"Fifteen," mused the heiress; "a promise of something more in the face—figure slight and graceful—hands, oh! the hands are decidedly too large and coarse! see! who is that? quick, Katie. *He* can't have come yet!"

"A note, Miss Julia."

The beauty read it eagerly, then threw it with an angry toss upon the table. "Provoking!" she muttered; "Frank has been taken ill with a violent head ache. Just now, of all times! My dress hurried for nothing"—a satin robe, richly embroidered, laid in a recess—"and this the first ball of the season."

There Katie, put the ear drops down and just undo my hair again; is it not ridiculous, mother? just for a slight headache to disappoint me so," she exclaimed, her cheeks reddening with two intense red spots; "I am downright angry. If he had only proposed, I declare I'd go."

"But if he is sick, daughter."

"Sick! nonsense—he is a schemer, and I do believe he is trying me in some manner. Any other than Frank should rue it; but I have too much respect for his fortune to affront him now. Well, I suppose I must stay at home—but the idea is so very ridiculous! disappointing me either for jealousy or some foolish notion. I'm angry with him."

Katie unhanded, and uncurled with trembling fingers. It was a new lesson in life, this arrogant bending to circumstances.

It was a new lesson in life, this fashionable "affection of the heart," this love for the purse, not the person; she could not understand it. For a long, long while she sat musing upon it before the fire, in the pleasant tidy kitchen.

Katie was an orphan. She had wept bitter tears above the dying forms of both father and mother; nay! she had held both dying heads upon her bosom, and closed their eyes with her own hands.

She was a girl of rare natural talents as yet undeveloped. Her brain was that of a woman; her manners partook of the innocent simplicity of childhood. She had been nurtured in poverty, yet by noble parents, who had taught her the meaning of the word, duty. Sweetly unassuming, humble, yet with a natural pride that would submit to nothing dishonorable. Katie was almost a companion while she was a servant. Had her lot fallen where she could have been rightly appreciated, she would have been taken to the heart as a daughter, by the right of nobility of character, and gentleness of nature.

"So she will not come; and he calls for her so often—oh! it is cruel;" and the speaker moved hastily through the room, whose splendor was darkened to a twilight sombreness."

"Dear lady, will you let me stay with him?"

"You,—child!"

"I know I am young, but I am strong and not afraid; and if he does not see, he may—think—"

"It is her; so he may—so he might; he is delirious much of the time; the room is dark, too; but my good child, remember it is a contagious fever, and one in which the physician gives very, very little hope;" she cried, clasping her hands with anguish. "I am myself an invalid; we cannot get a nurse for at least a week—and to take you, so young and healthful, to tie you down to a sick room—"

"Oh! say nothing, please madam," exclaimed Katie, "do let me stay. I know I am only a child, but I have seen sorrow and suffering before now—my father—my mother—both died in my arms;" she faltered, and overcome by some sudden recollection, sank weeping upon a seat.

The lady arose, and with trembling fingers herself untied the poor, neat bonnet, and smoothing back the fair hair, said, "bless you, my child—you shall stay; and if my love will repay your devotion you are already recompensed.

"Where did you say Katie had gone, mother?" said Julia, languidly lifting her head from the lounge.

"Over to our neighbor's to inquire after Frank."

"Oh! mother, you will not let her come near the house again," exclaimed the beauty, springing with energy from her seat, "that dreadful fever! Papa says there are six lying dead with it down town."

"I told her if she went she must stay; but she seemed possessed to go, and even hinted at taking care of him; you know they cannot get a nurse."

"Can't they! Poor fellow! I pity Frank; he thought so much of me; isn't it well we were not engaged, mamma—it would have been so awkward in case of his death! He has sent for me, you say; he certainly, if he loves me, does not wish to expose me so frightfully; perhaps it is only in his delirium he calls for me. I hope he'll get well, poor fellow; I am sure I should miss him if he were to die. But it is so strange about Katie! What in the world did she want to go there for?" and sinking back gracefully upon the soft cushions, she placed one delicate hand beneath her temple, and as unconcernedly as though there were no sorrow in the world, continued the thrilling novel upon whose page were marks of tears, shed over imaginary woe.

Far different with Katie. Oh, how tireless she was—a ministering spirit in that sick room. Her hands "decidedly too large and coarse," though Miss Julia had compassionately termed them, moved softly over the fevered forehead of the sick man. Ever at his side was she, with no thought in her loving heart, but how she might ease his suffering. And when the faint light in the room fell upon his closed eyelids, and over that pale high brow, and wasted form, she would kneel at the bedside and implore heaven that he might be saved.

Hour by hour when the fever was high, she bent over him; delighted as a child when he would call her Julia. No romantic affection, no jealousy disturbed her gentle heart; she was doing a good deed for the pure love of goodness—nor once did this humble, beautiful girl think of herself as an equal of either Julia, or the lawyer.

Day after day, though her strength grew less, did she continue devotedly by the sick couch, alternating with the feeble mother in discharging her arduous duties. The crisis came—passed.

"He is saved," said the doctor; "but only by the most unremitting care, under God," he continued, casting a glance of admiration at poor Katie, who, overcome both with watching and joy, fell weeping like an infant into the arms of the grateful mother.

"How delicious this tastes," murmured Frank in very feeble tones; "but mother," he continued, pushing slightly away the plate and the orange, "I may surely see Julia now."

"She is not here, my son," said the lady softly."

"But somebody is here," and with a nervous movement he parted the curtains, before Kate could escape.

"Why, Katie, as I live! Come here child—you are looking pale, Katie," he said, tenderly taking her hand, "you are quite pale, little Katie; your roses are all gone; have you been sick, too? Sit down here, and tell me: tell me all about Julia—is she well? How kind she was to nurse me during all my sickness.

Katie's cheeks were as crimson now, as they were white before. Her lip quivered, too, and she cast a timid look towards his mother. Tears bright eyes were gathering, and they did not escape the young man's observation.

"For heaven's sake, tell me," he exclaimed; "is Julia sick? did she take the fever?"

"Neither sick now, nor has she been," said his mother gravely. "It is best to tell you at once that while you were ill, she sometimes formally inquired for you—attended two balls, and never came near the house."

"Mother! you would not deceive me; surely I saw her; surely she was here by my side—her hand in mine."

"No, Frank, I repeat it; she has not called—scarcely sent here since your first attack. Katie has been your good angel for five long weeks."

He glanced once at the sweet girl; his eyes filled with tears, but his lip was grieved. He drew the curtains silently together, and turned his face to the wall.

After that day he said little about Julia. He would lay watching Katie as she sat by his mother, and very, very often when they looked up, the grieved expression was upon his lip.

New Year's morning came, clear, beautiful, and cold. But within the chamber of luxury only the bright sunlight streamed, and the frost changed from forests into little brooks, and wandered about the window panes in silver circles.

Frank, pale, and spiritual-looking, sat by the window. Now and then touching the white petals of a tea-rose, or glancing over the column of the morning paper, he seemed rather restless, and his eye wandered frequently towards the door.

Presently, in came Katie; and as she drew near to wish him a Happy New Year, a clear light came to the young man's eyes.

"I thank you little Katie," he said, taking her hand and drawing her to his side; "but my child, have you no New Year's present for me?"

Katie started, and embarrassed, looked down.—She, poor girl—why should he expect a New Year's present from her—and she so poor, without parents without a home.

"Dear Sir," she murmured after a pause, "I wish I had; but I—I can only give you my best wishes."

"Katie, if I dared ask you—I know you have that which if you would give me, would make me the happiest of men—but—I dare not."

"Oh! ask it, sir; if I have any poor gift"—suddenly she started—paused. A new revelation flashed upon her soul—his look, his manner! did they mean that?

"Katie" he said again, low and tremulously, drawing her unresting form yet closer to his side; "is your heart free, my little Katie? Can you give me so priceless a thing for my New Year's present? You have cared for me, Katie, when all but my mother forsook me. In this fevered room, with death threatening, you passed the weary hours, you prayed for me—forsook rest for me—oh! I have heard all—and such devotion unmans me. Not that I think you did it for any selfish purpose, dear child," he continued, dashing away the tears; "I know you would have gone alike to the poor man's hovel;—God bless you, noble Katie!"

"My child, my daughter," murmured Mrs. N—, straining the weeping girl to her breast, "you have a mother's blessing; dear Frank, she is worthy of you."

"And now, my child, when you have learned all these things" Frank fondly said, the same evening, "you shall be my own dear wedded wife; but Katie before we say good night, assure me again that the priceless gift is mine. Not many have received so sweet a New Year's present, I fancy."

Of all who heard the news, none were so much surprised, so indignant as Julia, the proud and cold-hearted, but ambitious girl, when it was told to her that little Katie had given to Frank N——, the rich and courted Frank whose fortune she once loved—a very precious New Year's gift.

The Chameleon.

An Officer in Africa thus writes of the habits of this animal:

As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will take the liberty of mentioning a few of them which came under my own observation. One morning, on my return from parade, I saw close to my own tent, a very large Chameleon hanging on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections—which, in the first place, was done by feeding him well, and in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather! I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and in the course of a few minutes I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner with his long and slimy tongue; nor does he ever move from his position; but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within reach, so sure is he caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of water-melon, the whole of which he devoured, and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance the "noble Hamlet's" theory of the Chameleon's dish. Promises would not have suited him at all, being, at the end of each day, considerably more like a crammed capon than an air-fed Chameleon.

It is not true that the animal will change color according to what he is put on; but he will change shade according as he is pleased or displeased.—His general hue is a bright green, with small gold spots over his body; he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in. When angry—and he is very easily made so—his hue changes to a dusky green, almost black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I could never perceive any other color on his body but green, in a variety of shades. The spots enlarge very much when he is in a good humor—so much, indeed, as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal; but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there on the back and side. I carried him to Sicily, where he died, much regretted.

French Women.

We extract the following from *Parisian Life and French Principles*, a very readible work recently published by the Harpers:

A "female rights orator," has asserted that if women had more of the occupations of men they would be more virtuous. By that rule the women of France ought to far excel in that respect their sisters of America. I will say nothing of their laboring in the field, their driving huge carts through the streets of Paris, and other rude labors which soon rub out of them all female softness, and confine myself to the more agreeable duties which they have usurped from man. Indeed, a man is but a secondary being in the scale of French civilization; The "dames a comptoir" are as essential to the success of a Parisian cafe as the cook himself. More hats are doffed at their shrines than before the gayest belles of the metropolis. My boot maker, for the head of the establishment, is a woman; my hatter, also; my landlord is a dignified specimen of "fat, fair and forty;" my porter is of the same sex, older in years and worse in looks; my butcher, milkman, and the old-clothes woman, newsboy and rag-gatherer beneath my window, ditto. They are waiters at the balls, doorkeepers at the theatres, ticket-sellers, fiddlers, chair letters at the churches. They figure in every revolution, and have a tongue and arms in every fight; in short, they are at the top and bottom of everything in France. They have so pushed aside the lords of creation that for some time my sympathies were really alive to know what men had left to do, until I finally discovered that they had the resource of becoming chambermaids.

But there is one discovery the reformist of the sex can make in Paris, to which I beg particularly to call your attention; and that is, how to preserve the freedom of their limbs and their petticoats also.—Bloomerism has no chance of success. A French lady, by slight of hand in lifting her dress, can cross the dirtiest streets, promenade through mud and mire, and bring home unsullied the whitest stocking and purest skirt. She does it too with a natural grace and modesty which is perfectly charming.

☞ Eleven thousand persons visited the patent office and gallery at Washington during the month of November.

KNICK-KNACKS FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY L. GAYLORD CLARK.

When we say that this volume embodies the best things that have appeared in the "Editor's Table" of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, we simply inform those acquainted with that table, that Mr. Clark has given us one of the funniest books ever published in America. It is, too, the amplest repository of truly American fun that we know of in print.

We feel truly grateful for this compilation, which is no less creditable for American journalism than to American wit, and we have no doubt it is destined to have more repute in the literary world than its editor seems to anticipate.

Our readers have had ample opportunities of tasting the quality of Clark's fun, in the extracts which have from time to time appeared in our columns, but we venture to say that in their new costume they will have all the freshness of novelty. We will submit a few specimens as a test; and then if the reader is satisfied with the quality, let him buy the book—it can be had at No. 9, Brown's Hotel, Erie Pa.

ANECDOTE OF IRVING.

"Yon murky cloud is foul with rain" that here at Piermont we see rolling slowly over the hills that environ Sleepy-Hollow, on the other side of the river. Even while we watch it, it begins to shake its skirts, and to sift down upon the fading landscape its "superflux of shower." Looking at this, we cannot chose but think of a memorable excursion which the writer hereof once made with Geoffrey Crayon through the wizzard region of Sleepy-Hollow, a neighborhood which his own pen had made world-wide famous. The morning had been thunderous and showery; nor did it entirely brighten up until the removal of the first champaigne cork at the hospitable table of "Sunny-side;" always a precursor, as the host remarked, of "pleasant weather about this time." After dinner, preceded by the ladies of the household and another guest in the family carriage, Mr. Crayon, in a light open wagon, "toodled" the "Old Knick" over the high eastern hills that enclose the sheltered valley where in their day lived and flourished old Baltus Van Tassel, and his blooming daughter Katrine. The sun came out between the pearl-colored opaque clouds; the birds began to sing in the trees; a bobolink was "rising and sinking on a long flaunting weed" in an adjoining field; and everything in nature was bright and smiling. Now it came to pass, howbeit, that when, beguiling the way with much rememberable converse, we came to the brow of the last hill that overlooks the turn of the road into the valley, one of the aforesaid opaque clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which had been gradually "gathering fatness," suddenly darkened, and presently "opened upon us;" also there were thunderings and lightnings; the trees, singly and in ranks, tossed their plumes of green, and battled with the storm. Moreover, the rain now descended amain; insomuch that Mr. Crayon wheeled suddenly into an angle of a rail fence that skirted an umbrageous grove, dismounted, clambered over, and took shelter under an adjacent tree, holding over his head meanwhile the cushioned wagon-seat, adown which, as from a spout the rain poured from his back. "Why don't you come under here and be comfortably housed, as I am?" asked the Sleepy-Hollow historian, with musing mock gravity: "Whereto thus then." "OLD KNICK." "Doesn't do it, dear sir; I'fraid of the lightning now playing about us; had a near relation once struck with the 'electric fluid' (the kind always mentioned by country newspapers as the most fatal, while standing under a tree; came near dying—but didn't." "Oh!" answered Mr. Crayon, "that alters the case: it runs in the family, eh?"

THE UGLY MAN.

"The west is a great country, friend C——," writes a clever correspondent. "Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen;—Having occasion to pass through the upper lakes last June, I was happy enough to find myself a passenger on board that palace of a boat the "Empire," Emperor Howe commanding. My traveling companion for the time happened to be a thorough-bred "Hoosier," a prince of a fellow; one who feared God and loved fun and the ladies, but who was withall a most formidable stammerer. We hadn't been long aboard, when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. I am not myself particularly handsome, and have seen some ill looking men in my day; but so ugly a man as this had never crossed the scope of my vision. Howe declared him emphatically "the ugliest man that ever lived;" whereupon my friend Tom offered to wager a half dozen that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was at once accepted, and Tom started for his man, who was to be brought up for comparison.—He found the fellow a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and, after the promise of a "nip," nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin door, my friend, with an air of conscious triumph, turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. "*St—st—st—stop!*" said he; "*no—no—none of that!—You st—st—stay just as God all-mighty made you! You ca—ca—can't be beat!*" And he wasn't!

A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

In a certain town in New Hampshire a certain inhabitant thereof required for his comfortable enjoyment at least a pint of "white-faced New England," daily. He had become reduced in his pockets, so that it became necessary for him, like the Israelites of old, to procure somehow a double portion on the day before the Sabbath, that he might quietly enjoy his church, of which he was a constant attendant. On one Saturday he had been very unfortunate; for the shades of evening began to fall, and yet he had not gathered his "spiritual" manna for the day of rest. A neighbor, at that moment, requested him to throw some wood into his shed; and after the small job was completed, gave him a few cents.—He saw that the old fellow looked sad and unsatisfied, and said to him, "Isn't that enough for the work? Why you can get half-a-pint with that money; and can't you keep Sunday on *that*?" "Why, I suppose I *could*, 'Squire, but then," (looking up with a consulate visage,) "but then, 'Squire, *how* would it be kept?" This anecdote, by a clever correspondent, reminds us of another, which we will venture to relate in this connection, though it must needs suffer by the juxtaposition. Mr. G——, who had by degrees become so attached to his cups that he could not comfortably go by eleven o'clock without his "nip" of brandy, and who was yet anxious to avoid the suspicion of being an habitual drinker, was in the habit daily of inventing some excuse to the bar-keeper and those within hearing. He had used up all the stereotyped reasons, such as "a slight pain," "a kind of sinking," not "feeling right," &c. &c. On Satuday, at the usual hour, he called for his brandy-and-water, saying, "I am extremely dry; *I am going to have salt fish for dinner!*" "A bad excuse was better than none," he probably thought.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

The late lamented Henry Inman used to relate, within inimitable effect, a story of an illiterate English Methodist minister at the west, who, one night at a class meeting, mentioned the following affecting circumstance:—"It is but a little while-ah since I was a-traveling along one of your great rivers ah, surrounded by the deep forest; I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side-ah, and there I found a poor family in gre-a-t affliction-ah. They were all sick; their children were shivering and starving; their heads frowzy and dirty; and I was informed by the mother that they had *lost their fine toothed comb-ah!* They were ignorant of the gospel, and did'nt seem to care about it, 'ither; for when I reasoned with 'em-ah; the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine-toothed comb-ah! 'Have you the Bible in your cabin?' said I to her, says I-ah; says she, 'Yes, theer it is, up theer on the catch-all-ah,' pinting to the narrow shelf over the smoky fire-place, 'but we don't often read into it ah; han't read any on't but once't, when our little Bill died with the ager, for as much as few months-ah!' I got onto a die-tub, my friends, that stood in the corner, and reached up and took down the blessed Book, all covered with dust-ah; and what do you think it was that I opened to-ah? What do you think it *was* that I found there-ah, to satisfy the longings of that poor woman-ah? It was the long-lost, the long-wanted, fine-tooth-d-on m-b-ah! O, my hearers, *s-e-a-r-c-h the skripter-ah!* If she had only searched the skripters, how her mind would a been eased-ah!"

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

That was a somewhat cool reply which was given by a boarder to a landlord in San Francisco, when he asked him for the "amount of his little bill." "You have, my dear sir, been boarding with me for a month, and I have not troubled you; but I am now *seriously* in want of the money. Everything I purchase for the house is at a high figure; and I really can't afford to lie out of your bill any longer."—'Can't *af-ford* it!" exclaimed the delinquent; "then why the d—l don't you sell out to somebody that *can* afford it? *That's* your best way!"

AN ERROR IN NATURAL HISTORY CORRECTED.

It is amusing enough to remark the ignorance of town-bred children of the commonest matters of country-life. A friend tells us that a little girl from the metropolis, who had visited a country, town not a thousand miles from New York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl milking a cow. "I didn't know that you did it that way?" *she exclaimed with "round eyed wonder;"* "I thought they took hold of the cow's tail and pumped the milk out of her! What has she got so long a tail for?"

From the Musical World.

Little Mary's Story.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlet, one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving day before papa went to heaven. I am cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep. I want something nice to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mama hear you. Come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fish on the table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa!—(you can't remember papa, Letty)—he was tall and grand, like a prince, and when he smiled, he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and put me on Romeo's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch him when he came up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms. 'He was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving day we were so happy.—We sat around such a table, with so many people—aunts, uncles, and cousins—(I can't think why they never come to *see us now, Letty*)—and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big turkey; and papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of the pudding;—and after dinner, he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' Oh, Letty! I can't tell any more; I believe I'm going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know up in heaven, *that we are poor and hungry now?*"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought. "Hush! mamma will hear!"

Mamma had heard. The coarse garment upon which *she had worked since sunrise, dropped from* her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyebrows. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Dear reader! you sit at your luxurious Thanksgiving table, and see no vacant chair, and number no missing one from your flock. As you lean on the dear arm to which you trust, remember those who, with chilled limbs and bleeding hearts, know of no treasure on earth, save in the church-yard.

FANNY FERN.

☞ It appears by the census, that the consumption of spirituous and malt liquors reaches the enormous quantity of 86,000,000 of gallons annually, equal to six gallons for every adult person.