THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1853. NUMBER 40.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety of any Store in the City. Cheap Side, Erie, Pa.

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Importers, Jobbers and retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c. French Street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.
N.B.—Town and Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private Families will find it to their interest to purchase articles with promptness and cheapness.

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Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M; 1 to 3, and 6 to 7, P. M.
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Blacksmiths, Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steamboat Boilers, &c., &c., State, between 7 th and 8th, streets, Erie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Office Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
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W. H. KNOWLTON,
Watchmaker and Repairer, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods. Store one door west of the Reed House. 17

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No 3, Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR. C. BRANDES.
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Eighth Street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

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Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Beatty's Block, Public Square, Erie.

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Importers, Jobbers, and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
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GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. No. 1, Brown's New Hotel.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

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Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

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

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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

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 10 1852. 6

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 Dentifrice so as to save them of pearl white clean. All work warranted.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

I dread it! I dread it! and who shall dare
To chide me for dreading the dentist's chair?
I would pass it by with averted eyes,
Bedewed with tears, and embalmed with sighs;
For a thousand nerves in agony start,
And its very name will appall my heart,
Would ye know the spell? I've often sat there.
A martyr to pain in the dentist's chair.

'Tis a fearful thing for the listening ear,
Its ominous, rising squeak to hear—
To see come forth from the little drawer
The weapons of torture, you've bargained for;
He scrapes and he cuts, and bores awhile,
Then renews the attack with a horrid file.
No one, though ever so vile, could dare
To wish his worst foe in the dentist's chair.

Those dreadful hours I remember yet,
And who that has known them can e'er forget
The thrill of dread, and the heart's quick beat,
When "appointed" to mount to that fearful seat?
Though covered with crimson and soft to view,
To beauty, or softness, can hope renew,
When the head lies back with the mouth stretch'd wide,
And the dentist stands with his tongs beside.

"Tis past, 'tis past—the pain of to-day,
But its memory still will my spirit sway;
And when age succeeds the days of youth,
I shall still remember that dreadful tooth,
It may be folly—I may be weak—
But though folly it is, from the heart I speak;
They are many and painful the hours spent there,
And who chides me for dreading the dentist's chair.

From the Olive Branch.

CECILE GREY.

"Alas for Love! if this be all,
And naught beyond, oh earth!"

"'Tis a *girl*, sir; my lady has a daughter."

"Heaven be praised!" said the discontented father of six unruly boys. "Now I shall have something *gentle* to love. Small comfort to me, those boys; house topsy-turvy from morning till night, with their guns, fishing tackle, pointers, setters, hounds, spaniels and what not. Tom's college bills perfectly ruinous—horses, oysters and cigars all lumped under the general head of *et cetera*; I understand it all—or my *purse* does! But this little gentle girl! climing upon my knee, and making music and sunshine in the house, with her innocent face and silvery laugh: the little human blossom by life's rough thorny wayside, she'll make amends. I'm not the happiest husband in the world; my heart shall find a resting-place here. She must be highly educated and accomplished. I shall spare no pains to effect that. Ah, I see, after all, I shall have a happy old age."

Very lovely was the little Cecile! She had her mother's soft hazel eye and waving hair, and her father's Grecian profile. There was a winning sweetness in her smile, and grace and poetry in every motion. It was a pretty sight! her golden tresses mingling with those silver locks, as she rested her bright head against the old man's cheek. Even "the boys" could harbor no anger at her quiet reign! she wound herself quite as closely around their hearts. Then it was a new tie to bind the sundered husband and wife together. Something of the old, by-gone tenderness crept unconsciously into their manner to each other. I was THEIR idol! and they pressed her rapturously to the parental heart, forgetting she was but clay.

Tutors and governesses without limit, went and came, before the important selection was made.—Then—so many injunctions! She "must not study so much as to spoil her fine eyes;" she "must draw only a few minutes at a time, lest it should cause a stoop in her shoulders;" she "must not go out in the sun, for fear of injuing her complexion." She was told every hour in the day, of rare perfection; now her attitude—then her eyes—then her shape—she "danced like a fairy"—"sang like a seraph"—in short, needed wings only, to make her an angel!

Every servant in the house knew that his or her fortune was made, if Miss Cecile was pleased, and shaped their course accordingly. If "the boys" were doubtful of the success of a request, Cecile was employed secretly to negotiate. The reins of household government were in those little fairy fingers.

No wonder the little Cecile thought herself omnipotent. No wonder she stood before her "Psyche," arranging with a maiden's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small marvel, that she saw with exultation those round and polished limbs, and pearly teeth, and starry eyes, and tossed her bright curls in triumph, at the hearts that were already laid at her feet. Her mirror but silently repeated the voice of flattery that met her at every step. Cecile was beautiful! The temple was passing fair; but ah! there rose from its altar no holy incense to Heaven. Those bright eyes opened and closed like the flowers, and like them drank in the dew and the sunlight, regardless of the Giver.

It was Cecile's eighteenth birth-day. The most expensive preparations had been made to celebrate it. She was to electrify the *beau monde* with her *debut*. A gossamer robe, fit for a Peri, silvery and light, floated soft as a fleecy cloud around those matchless limbs. Gems and jewels would have been out of place beside those starry eyes. Nature's simplest offering, the drooping lily, blended with her *tresses*. The flush of youth and hope was on her cheek; her step was already on the threshold of that brilliant, untried world; which her beauty was to dazzle and conquer. Other sylph-like forms there were, and bright faces that made sunlight in happy homes; but the peerless Cecile quenched their beams on that happy birth-night.

The proud father looked on exultingly. "Beautiful as a dream,' echoed from one end of the saloon to the other. His eye followed her, noted every glance of admiration, and then he said to himself, "the idol is mine." Say you so, fond father! See, her head droops heavily—her limbs relax—she has fainted! They gather round her—they bathe her pale face and powerless hands, then they bear her to her dressing-room, and she lies on that silken couch, like some rare piece of sculpture. The revellers disperse; the garlands droop; darkness and silence reign where merry feet tripped lightly. The physician sits by the bedside of his fair patient, and with mistaken kindness, he says to the frantic parents, "She will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to-morrow;" and then he leaves her with the anxious watchers.

Morning dawned. Yes, Cecile was "better," so her father said; and she sat up, and put her fair arms about his neck, and called him "her own dear father!" and he smiled through his tears, and parted the bright damp locks from her brow, and said "she should have another ball, gayer than than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother laid a dandeau of pearls across her pale forehead, and said "they became her passing well." Cecile smiled faintly when she replaced them in their case, and then her mother came back again to the bedside. Ah! what fearful shadow, in that momentary interval, had crept over that sweet face? "Cecile! Cecile!" said the dewildered woman, shivering with an indefinable terror; "speak to me, Cecile! what is it?"

"Am I dying, mother? Oh, mother! you never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in the hushed and starry night, long after that bright young head was covered with the violets, rang that plaintive, reproachful voice in the parental ear, "You never taught me how to die!"

FANNY FERN.

A Thrilling Adventure.

A Merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his favored child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests.

Passing through the hall of the easement, he met a servant, who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned, but with out the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle? he inquired, in the utmost alarm.

"I couln't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood," said the girl,

"Where did you put it?"

"Well I'd no candlestick so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the same barrel."

Her master dashed down the stairs; the passage was long and dark—his knees threatened to give way under him—his breath was choked—his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full at the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains with a long burnt wick. This the company struck his ear like a knell of death.—He stood a moment, unable to move. The music commenced above—the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it! the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, pointed towards the object of his care, which as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs, he smiled at his previous alarm—but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed sensseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

Cheerfulness.

O, how we love a cheerful sunshiny face. It is perfectly refreshing to meet a cheerful man with his face covered all over with a broad, honest smile. Such a face is always an index to an honest, generous, and kind heart, within. The very atmosphere in which such a man moves, breathes cheerfulness, and all about him are happier for his presence. He looks on the bright side of the picture, hopes all will be for the best, and rises above misfortune, not suffering small and trifling difficulties to harrass and disturb his mind. To the drooping, moping invalid, the companionship of such a man is worth all the drugs in Christendom, or even a "voyage over the waters." Cheerfulness is the secret of good health. The old saying, "laugh and grow fat," is full of philosophy. The chearful man don't complain and growl because the weather is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but thinks it will all soon be right again, and laughs because he is cold, or, because he is almost melting with heat. If the market is dull, he is glad that he has sold his produce before the prices fell; or, if he has not sold, he thinks there will be a change in the market—the price will be better before he sells. And should it happen that he has to take a low price at last, he laughs at himself for being bit, for it's as well to laugh as cry. Such a man is generally honest, and always generous. He laughs at his own disappointments, rises above trifling difficulties, his mind is not forever employed in lamenting his own troubles and consequently he has time to consider the necessities and sufferings of others—a soul capacious enough to sympathize with those in distress, and a hand liberal enough to supply their wants. It is true a man "may smile and be a villain still;" but it is easy to distinguish between the *sardonic grin* of the villian, and the open, generous, and merry laugh of the truly cheerful man.

FROZEN POTATOES.—The Rural New Yorker says that a potatoe, if frozen, and instantly put into cold water, does not recover, but is totally changed, and becomes a flaccid sack of unsavory, gummy matter, of a very disagreeable odor—its original properties entirely changed or lost; but if, while in a frozen state, they are thrown one by one into water constantly boiling, they are no way affected, and are as edible as when first taken from the earth.—This is an anomaly to the action of the cold which may be true when applied to other vegetables, of which we are unadvised, but it is a fact worth knowing, as it may on some occasion meet the necessities of almost every family, especially in those countries where cellars are difficult of construction.

CHILD OF THE ANGEL WING.

"Oh! sing me a song as I fall asleep,"
Said a little one with a lustrious eye,
"Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods that reach the sky—
That peep in the spring, when the birdies sing,
And the heavens as blue as our Nelly's eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing,
Who walks in the garden of paradise!"

I sang him the song—I told him the tale,
And watched by his couch while we thought he slept,
For his cheek was white as the moonbeams pale,
That stealthy and bright near his pillow crept;
Then my words grew faint, and my voice sank low,
And I said, in thy dreams may the seraphs sing,
But he whispered soft as I rose to go—
"Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing!"

Then I sang again—but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red in his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke.
But he spoke no more of the spring's bright flowers,
And he thought no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone, in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

"My mother," he said, and his eyes waxed dim,
For the sense, with their wavering lustre fled,
And he never knew that she knelt by him
Whose sun went down at his dying bed!
He has gone where the seraphs sweetly sing—
His story was brief as the sunset dyes,
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of paradise!

Dodging a Dun.

Some know how to do it, and can scent a dun at any distance, and dodge him effectively. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience becomes expert, the donne stands a slim chance of escape. The dun becomes equally sensitive in detecting the debtor, and often are practiced between the two manœuvers which would pale the reputation of those even of Napoleon himself.

We heard a good story the other day of old Dr. G——, of Portsmouth, which, though not having any great relevancy to the preceeding paragraph, is nevertheless to the point as regards amateur dunning. For there is a wide difference between the amateur and the professional dunning.

Dr. G—— was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square—exacting everything that was his own, and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for a considerable amount, and whenever he met him, the Doctor was ready, note in hand for the payment of an instalment. It became at last an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly when troubled, as men have been in all ages of the world, with a disease known in financial parlance as "shorts." [illegible] pocket book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all, or enquiring as to the chances of its eventful payment. He knew that the Doctor was honest, and that it would be all right and several payments were thus blindly made.

A greater dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he passed through the town, his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread and avoid him if possible. He succeeded admirably for awhile, and out generalled the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor, from a distant position saw his victim, one day tie his horse to a post and enter a store. He made all the haste he could, and entered the store just as his debtor dodged behind a rice cask.

"Didn't I see Mr. P—— come in here?" asked the Doctor, peeping around the store.

"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, but he has gone somewhere now."

The Doctor said he wasn't in a hurry and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door and thought he must be back before long. The man remained hid and the Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out to the man's great relief, and after some time he himself went out, and was getting into the stirrups, when the Doctor darted at him from a door way.

"Well, Mr. P——," said he, "you need not dodge me any more; that note has been paid these six months, and I have been trying to see you that I might pay you back the twenty dollars that you have overpaid me."

The recollection of hiding behind that rice cask an hour to avoid being paid twenty dollars haunted the man as long as he lived, and among other matters of advice that he gave his children was this, contained in a couplet of poetry, writted with chalk on a dresser—

"Never run
When you see a dun."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The following instance is related by the Edinburg Weekly register:—"The animal belonged to a celebrated chemist, who tried upon it the effect of a certain poison, and upon the next day administered a counter poison, with the effort of preserving the creature's life. The next day another dose was offered him, but he would not touch it. Different sorts of poisonous drugs were presented to him, but he resolutely refused all.—Bread was offered, but he would not touch it; meat, but he turned from it; water, but he would not drink. To reassure him, his master offered him bread and meat of which he himself ate in the dog's presence; and of that the sagacious animal hesitated not to partake. He was taken to a fountain, but he would drink nowhere but from the spot where the water gushed free and fresh. This continued for several days, until the master, touched by the extraordinary intelligence of the poor creature, resolved to make no more attempts upon him with his poisons. The dog is very gay and very happy, but will eat nothing that he does not first see his master touch, nor will he drink except from the purest spot of the fountain.

☞ An Irish Epitaph—

Here I lies,
And my heart at aise is,
Wid the point of my nose
And the tips of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

PADDY WRACK.

☞ A comparison is no reason.

Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unles he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances. The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals, that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to play in the street, he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little, as the child is taught to learn at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry that will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many parents who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children have acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time, they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison, or alms-house.

With the habits of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habit of those older in vice: they may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms and stores, where crowds gather, but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he became thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap book and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who cannot read, and much less write their own names. They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers. We always feel sorry for such young men—their habits are for life: the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived, in laziness and ignorance. Think of it, young readers, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—*Palmer Journal.*

Natural Wonders of California—Natural

A correspondent of the San Joaquin Republican thus describes a natural curiosity in Calaveras:

Four miles south of Vallecita on Coyote Creek, are what are called the Natural Bridges, two of which span the Creek. Imagination cannot picture or form any idea of the grandeur of the scene that here meets the eye of the beholder. Volcanic action has piled rocks upon rocks, and nature seems to be in ruins. Whilst gazing, the naturalist is lost in conjecture. Underneath the labarynths of arches the eye detects imitations of clusters of grapes, cherries, and other fruits; vines and stems are perfectly imitated; festoons and flowers, fret-work moulded in every imaginable shape; all of which have been formed when the substance was a molten mass, and the convulsions of nature hurled it to its present position. On close examination the wonder still increases; the observer beholds the natural outlines of leaves, vines, &c., imprinted on the solid rock, and the interstices expose petrified remains of vegetation.

COYOTE CAVE.—Near the Natural Bridge is Coyote Cave, a deep, semi-circular chasm. The explorer is first lowered down perpendicularly one hundred feet; he then lights his torch and proceeds over shelving rocks, gradually descending from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred feet below the surface, when he arrives at a large chamber called the Cathedral, from the overhanging rocks assuming the appearance of large bells, and when struck, two or more at the same time, produce the varying sound and deep melodies of a full chime. Proceeding one hundred feet further, still inclining downward from thirty to forty-five degrees, we came to a lake, apparently a large body of water, and bottomless, from the experiments made in throwing in rocks, &c.—Judging from the sound, this chamber must include many acres of space, but owing to the damp air our lights burned faintly, and were finally extinguished, when we groped our way amidst darkness and uncertainty to the mouth of the pit, and were glad to quit the lower for the upper deck. All the archways of these subterranean chambers are fringed with overhanging masses of spar, stalactite and quartz, assuming most fantastic forms. As soon as the dry season will permit there will be another, and I hope more successful exploration of these subterranean chambers.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.—The Boston *Post* published the following extract from a letter received from a gentleman who has just returned to this country from a trip to China, relative to the feelings of the Japanese toward the expedition of Com. Perry:

"I was informed by a gentleman—a native of Japan, that the Emperor is all ready for the American expedition. He exhibited a letter to me, which he had just received from one of his countrymen, then on the island of Jeddo. That the people kept a strict look out all over the coast; and their fires were already burning on the mountains at night, in order to be prepared in case the squadron should appear at night. One million of soldiers are ready and at hand. The coast is all set with guns, while in the Bay of Jeddo, where the fleet is expected, there are countless war junks, and the whole bay is surrounded with innumerabl forts. The expedition will find the Japanese much better soldiers than they anticipate. * * * * *
The presents had better been left at home. A trade will not soon be opened with that country, except by force."

☞ "Boy, why don't you go to school?"

"'Cause sir, daddy is afeard that if I larns everything now, I shan't have anything to larn when I comes to the 'cademy."

A Yankee Bugle Player in London.

Some ten or twelve years since, an American bugle player concluded to make a trip to England, to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country. A day or two after his arrival in London, (in which place he was almost a perfect stranger,) he saw an advertisement in the *Times*, for a bugle player in one of the regiments of the Guards. Our American presented himself the next morning to the band master of the regiment, and introduced himself by saying that he had come to offer himself as a candidate for that situation.

The band-master, not thinking that the stranger presented a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him there would be a rehersal the next morning, and he might come and see what he could do, intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, our American made his appearance with his E flat bugle in his hand, and took his place in the band.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece containing a solo for the clarionet, which the performer upon that instrument found great difficulty in executing.

After several failures, the Yankee bugle player requested permission of the band-master to play the solo upon the bugle.

The band-master laughed at him, and ridiculed the idea of his being able to perform it upon that instrument. However, the American being very sanguine, consent to the trial was finally obtained, and the band having performed the prelude, the solo was commenced, but scarcely had our hero sounded half a dozen notes when every body else ceased playing and listened with wonder and admiration at the magic tones!

The solo was concluded, having been executed to perfection. A universal storm of applause shook the building.

The band-master rushing up to the performer and grasping his hand exclaimed—"Who are you?"

"My name is Kendall," replied the Yankee.

"What? Edward Kendall, of Boston? You are not only the greatest bugle player of America, but also of the world," said the band-master.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.

A Matter-of-fact Man.

Here is a very amusing picture of that species of odd fish known as a *matter-of-fact man:*

I am what the old women call "an odd fish." I do nothing under heaven without a motive—I attempt nothing unless there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they won't be granted. I grant no favors when I think they are not deserved. And finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am.—[illegible] young lady some[illegible] I once offered to attend a meant to wait on her [illegible] cepted my offer; I went home with her; and it has ever been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I bade her "good night," and she said not a word. I met her again and she gave me a two hours' talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and could not for the life of her tell why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I would not be offended, and asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she wanted me to call or not.

I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady, and was told she was not at home. I expect she was, I went away thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had not been neighborly. She reproached me for my negligence, and said she thought I had been unkind.—And I since wondered whether she was sorry or not.

A lady once said to me that she "should like to be married," if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy or at least try to. She was difficult to please, she said. I said I should like to get married, too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy. She said: Umph! and looked as if she meant what she said. She did. For when I asked her if she thought she could be persuaded to marry me, she said she'd rather be excused. I've often wondered why I excused he.

A LAUGHABLE NOTICE.—We are indebted to the Warranton (N. C.) News for the following advertisement, which was posted up in a tavern while the legislature was in session. Mine host, it seems, was an honest, well-meaning fellow, who had conceived an idea that the members were the very salt of the earth, and had listened to the complaints of certain of them relative to the doings of a wilder characters, who did not belong to their fraternity.—Here is the notice which he posted up in the most conspicuous place in the house:—

"Look Here!—The following rules or order will hereafter be observed in this Hotel:—Members of the Assembly will go to the table first, and the gentlemen afterwards."

After reading it over he did not exactly like it; it didn't say anything about rowdies and blackguards; so to caution them particularly, he added:

"Nota Bena—Rowdies and blackguards will please not to mix with the members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

THAT BOURBON.—The Rev. Dr. Hawks, who has long and intimately known the Rev. Mr. Williams, bears the following positive testimony to his not being an Indian. Others who apparently know nothing of the matter, aver that he is:

"Whether the historical problem presented by Mr. Hanson be here solved, is a matter which I shall not attempt to decide. The only points of which I would speak with certainty, are two:—Mr. Williams is not an Indian; and secondly, he is not capable of inventing a complicated mass of circumstantial evidence to sustain a fabricated story.

FRANCIS L. HAWKS."

☞ An Irishman in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement.

☞ On Monday of last week, a number of hands employed on the Central Railroad, were engaged in undermining a bank of earth, when it suddenly caved in, and instantly killed four men. The accident happened happened about two miles east of Greensburg.