

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1853. NUMBER 41.

Erie Weekly Observer.
A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS
B. F. SLOAN, Editor.
OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

Poetry and Miscellany.

WINTER TO THE POOR.

BY MRS. F. M. KIRBY.

Stormy winter comes again
Bringing snow, and hail, and rain,
Beating 'gainst the window-pane—
Rudely knocking at the door,
Borax holds to-night a roost;
See the shutters bolted stout,
Fasten all the doors about,
Stormy winter is without—
God have mercy on the poor.

On the poor, half clad in shreds,
Through whose low and leaky sheds,
Snow beats down on aching heads,
Pelted on the naked foot,
He that looks may there behold,
Side by side the young and old,
Shivering under the babe and fold,
Oh, how drearily in the cold,
God have mercy on the poor.

Iron-hearted winter comes;
Knocks in vain at cozy domes,
But he searches through the houses,
Scattered on the frozen moor,
There are shutters bolted tight,
Fasten on the stormy night,
Oh, how desolate the sight—
God have mercy on the poor.

See the famished infant pressed,
To the food but empty breast,
While the mother weeps distressed,
Drooping tears upon the floor;
There she hears the raven's cry,
Hark! how down with plying eye,
Send them manna from the sky,
Oh, let birds their bread supply,
God have mercy on the poor.

Hear, that all seemed in gold,
Self-sufficing have grown old,
Who have never felt the cold,
One under your borax's door,
Learn, what ye to learn were loth,
That no luxury of earth,
Half true-bonny 'is joy is worth—
Oh, how desolate the sight—
Hark, the storm is raging yet—
Who beside his fire can sit,
And the sufferers forget,
Shivering on the frozen moor?
Ye, who downy pillows press,
Ye, whose limba soft robes caress,
Pity and relieve distress?
Oh, the storm is pitiless—
God have mercy on the poor!

THE WICKED GHOST.

One night while dozing in my chair,
I started at a sound,
Which seemed to issue from beneath,
The collar under ground.

I started and a voice broke in
Upon the solemn night,
Which made the preparation start,
And hair stand up with fright.

"Alas!" it said, "I am the ghost
Of one long dead and buried,
And now below I have to roam,
And am by demons worried."

"Poor ghost," quoth we, "what was your crime
That you are thus tormented,
What dies in life did you commit,
And die of unrepented?"

"Ah, me!" replied the spirit damped,
"My breath is brimstone vapor,
Because in life I did not pay
You for your spicy paper."

Just then our Rector raised his voice
In honor of the morning,
And toward the wicked ghost—
Let "Patrons" all take warning!

The New Empress of the French.

We are in possession of some interesting details in the history of the lady, who, as is officially announced, was to be united to Louis Napoleon by civil as on the 23d, and by religious rites on the 29th of the last month. These details we have received from a foreign gentleman who is perfectly acquainted with the facts and persons in question; and they may be relied on as authentic.

Beatrice Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually known, Mlle de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy, that of Palafox, and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At that time he became acquainted with Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence. The new-made Empress is the daughter of this Spanish general and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1833, the death of an elder brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been generally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like \$30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters: the elder now bears the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, then which the Spanish nobility can boast nothing more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about 25 years of age, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly fair woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but sculptured nose and a lovely mouth with teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and blue air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with such fluency as to Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four in hand with the most skillful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our heroine to bid defiance to public opinion as the whim might seize her. She used to appear alone in public driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace, inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of the servant, who protested that the Countess wanted to be alone. To her amazement she found that the daughter was missing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned, coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on an errand! On another occasion, the whim takes her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her carriage stops at the door of Senor Escosura, one of the most prominent of Spanish authors, who was some years since Minister of the Crown. "Good morning, my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished literature; "I have come to breakfast with you in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later Escosura gave a dinner to a number of literary men, artists, and actors; at which the Countess was present, without her mother or any other lady as chaperone. She was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest. Among the guests was a third rate French actor, named Laferrriere, who had had a long conversation with him. When the time for leaving came, "well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, and I will take M. Laferrriere to his hotel." The young man was a little abashed at such courtesy from such a lady; but she insisted, and they departed together.

Mlle. de Montijo was also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull-fighters. She was present at all bull fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Mija de Sevilla*, something like that of Mlle. Soto in the ballet of the same name at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large comb at the top of the head, with wreaths of roses falling each side, mixed with hair; a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; a very showy and tight waist, cut low in the neck, and with bare arms; a very short skirt, open worked stockings with colored embroidery, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the circus, she was saluted by the torreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Countess de Teba, I dedicate my love and my prayers!" they would exclaim, waving hands toward the young lady. "Bravo, Antonio! Bravo,

Love at First Sight.

"I always was," said the Major, slowly filling his glass, "what you might call a bashful man" among the women. I am bold as a lion with the men, but somehow when I find myself in the company of ladies, I feel my valor oozing out of my fingers' ends. It's a kind of constitutional weakness of mine decidedly provoking to myself, and troublesome to my friends, and what's worse, I don't get rid of it, and on this account, it was most likely, that I lived to be twenty-eight, and had never made love to mortal woman.

"Well, about this time (when I had celebrated my twenty-eighth birthday) the old gentleman (that is Major senior) had a claim against government that needed 'airing,' and so he sent me on to Washington to attend to it. He gave me letters to serve on several Hon. M. C.'s, with instructions never to stop working 'em till I got the bill passed; as this would probably take some time, he recommended me to a 'quiet boarding house,' where I would find 'all the comforts of a home,' cheerfully furnished at the rate of five dollars a week. The boarders were numerous but select, comprising, I was surprised to find, quite a number of elements besides myself, and all equally sure of success. But a most lovely vision, the very first day at dinner, put all claims and claimants out of my head. Oh, what a radiant, breathing beauty! "The rose," said the Major, falling into a poetical vein, "the rose blended with the lily in her complexion, and her eyes—oh, heavens! I can't describe her eyes. But there she sat right before me, and I had to stare at her, do what I would. By Jove, my boy, just you fall in love, right off, at first sight, as I did, and sit opposite your innamorata at dinner, and—well that you won't eat much, I'll warrant; any how, I didn't that day. That night I didn't sleep much either. I didn't know the lady's name, and I was too fearful of discovering my feelings to ask any one, but I resolved to wait patiently for an introduction, and then, thinks I, 'I'll go in for her, that is if she ain't married, and I'll win her, too.'"

"I had noticed at dinner that a pale, meek appearing little gentleman, who sat beside her, occupied by his affections likely to prove a rival, but I felt that if I could only conquer my foolish timidity, my personal attractions, (here the Major gave an approving glance at the opposite mirror) "would carry the day. The next evening I got an introduction. "Captain Brown," (I was only Captain then,) said the landlady, "allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Triplet."

"Widow, thinks I, and I entered rather timidly into a conversation. I felt all the old awkwardness return upon me, and so I let her do all the talking, simply because I had nothing to say. At length a bright idea struck me.

"Madame," said I, "these are beautiful bracelets of yours," (she wore a pair of braided hair.) "Yes," said she, with a sigh, "it is the hair of my late husband. Your man, he has given me a better one."

"Ah! he thinks I, a widow for sure." Well, I redoubled my attentions, saying "nothing to nobody," so fearful was I of being suspected, and I even carried my caution so far as at all times to avoid the presence of the meek gentleman, whose name even I did not inquire after, and as we never happened to meet at an opportune moment, I got no introduction to him, and this state of things rather pleased me, and so the time passed away, till at length my bill passed also, and I must go.

"The evening previous to my departure, I concocted a beautiful speech, in which, in choice language, I offered my hand, heart and fortune to the blooming widow."

"The next morning, assuming as brave an exterior as possible, in fact, I believe I had all the outward bearing of a lion, I strolled into the parlor, and by good luck, found the object of my affections alone. Like a swimmer who plunges at once into the stream, I began my oration immediately on entering the room.

"Madam," said I, "I hardly know in what terms to—"

"The fact is," said I, "that I'm going off to the morning, and before I leave this spot, I—that is—(oh, Lord! how my head swam,) "You see, prevent me, seized both her hands. The fact is—I love you—I do—love you awfully—there's no use trying to hide it—and I can't cure it—it's worse than fever and chills—it is—Oh, I hope you love me—do you?"

"Young man," said a stern voice, behind me, what are you saying to my wife?"

"I sprang upon my feet in an instant, and saw the little meek man, standing, black as a thunder cloud, before me.

"Why! I cried, turning to the lady, "I thought you were a widow."

"This," she said sweetly, "is Mr. Triplet, my second husband."

"Well," said I, "what did he do?"

"Oh, Lord," said the Major "I don't know what he did, I fainted."

"Gen. Cass, in his speech at Tammany Hall, New York, uttered the following noble sentiment:

"I want to give to the landless and the poor that which they want. That is my doctrine, my friends. I have voted for it, and I mean hereafter to speak and vote for it, again. I should like the glorious sight of a community, stretching along our vast and frontier, each family keeping its own land, and every one with elements of prosperity within their reach. Men are better than land, or rather land is good for nothing without the labor of men; and I do not believe that there is one thing more important than the preparation of a just and patriotic system to give every man a tract of land, where he can live with his family comfortably. You can talk of adding to the wealth of nations, and you talk of elevating human nature in the scale of being; but what would more conduce to these than such a measure? And you talk of the glory of the nation; but it is more glorious for us, or more useful to the Republic institutions of the world, than such a distribution of the public domain of this country. I would require a man to settle on the land for a few years, cultivate it, and show a desire to improve it, but would not give it to him as a mere object of speculation; and after a few years I am for giving it to him freely; and let him hold or sell it, just as it pleases his caprice or inclination."

THE CHILD'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting any thing; until at last he came to a beautiful child. "So," he said to the child, "what do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds, and saw so many butterflies, that every thing was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bedding the trees, ruffling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But when it snowed, that was best of all; they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast, thick like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books; all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orisons; and all new and all true. But one day, of a sudden, the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting any thing, until he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Janus, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or be either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; got cricket and all games at ball; the prisoners' base, hand and hand, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he had lost the child; and after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing any thing, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So he went away with that young man, and presently the came to one of the prettiest girls that

The New Empress of the French.

We are in possession of some interesting details in the history of the lady, who, as is officially announced, was to be united to Louis Napoleon by civil as on the 23d, and by religious rites on the 29th of the last month. These details we have received from a foreign gentleman who is perfectly acquainted with the facts and persons in question; and they may be relied on as authentic.

Beatrice Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually known, Mlle de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy, that of Palafox, and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At that time he became acquainted with Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence. The new-made Empress is the daughter of this Spanish general and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1833, the death of an elder brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been generally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like \$30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters: the elder now bears the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, then which the Spanish nobility can boast nothing more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about 25 years of age, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly fair woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but sculptured nose and a lovely mouth with teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and blue air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with such fluency as to Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four in hand with the most skillful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our heroine to bid defiance to public opinion as the whim might seize her. She used to appear alone in public driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace, inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of the servant, who protested that the Countess wanted to be alone. To her amazement she found that the daughter was missing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned, coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on an errand! On another occasion, the whim takes her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her carriage stops at the door of Senor Escosura, one of the most prominent of Spanish authors, who was some years since Minister of the Crown. "Good morning, my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished literature; "I have come to breakfast with you in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later Escosura gave a dinner to a number of literary men, artists, and actors; at which the Countess was present, without her mother or any other lady as chaperone. She was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest. Among the guests was a third rate French actor, named Laferrriere, who had had a long conversation with him. When the time for leaving came, "well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, and I will take M. Laferrriere to his hotel." The young man was a little abashed at such courtesy from such a lady; but she insisted, and they departed together.

Mlle. de Montijo was also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull-fighters. She was present at all bull fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Mija de Sevilla*, something like that of Mlle. Soto in the ballet of the same name at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large comb at the top of the head, with wreaths of roses falling each side, mixed with hair; a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; a very showy and tight waist, cut low in the neck, and with bare arms; a very short skirt, open worked stockings with colored embroidery, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the circus, she was saluted by the torreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Countess de Teba, I dedicate my love and my prayers!" they would exclaim, waving hands toward the young lady. "Bravo, Antonio! Bravo,

THE WICKED GHOST.

One night while dozing in my chair,
I started at a sound,
Which seemed to issue from beneath,
The collar under ground.

I started and a voice broke in
Upon the solemn night,
Which made the preparation start,
And hair stand up with fright.

"Alas!" it said, "I am the ghost
Of one long dead and buried,
And now below I have to roam,
And am by demons worried."

"Poor ghost," quoth we, "what was your crime
That you are thus tormented,
What dies in life did you commit,
And die of unrepented?"

"Ah, me!" replied the spirit damped,
"My breath is brimstone vapor,
Because in life I did not pay
You for your spicy paper."

Just then our Rector raised his voice
In honor of the morning,
And toward the wicked ghost—
Let "Patrons" all take warning!

The New Empress of the French.

We are in possession of some interesting details in the history of the lady, who, as is officially announced, was to be united to Louis Napoleon by civil as on the 23d, and by religious rites on the 29th of the last month. These details we have received from a foreign gentleman who is perfectly acquainted with the facts and persons in question; and they may be relied on as authentic.

Beatrice Eugenia de Teba, or as she is more usually known, Mlle de Montijo, is the daughter of a nobleman who belonged to one of the most eminent families of the Spanish aristocracy, that of Palafox, and who distinguished himself in the civil war of 1823, under the title of the Count de Teba. At that time he became acquainted with Maria Kirkpatrick, the dashing and handsome daughter of a Scotch gentleman who held the post of Consul of the United States at Malaga. A love affair and a romantic marriage was the consequence. The new-made Empress is the daughter of this Spanish general and Maria Kirkpatrick, who is still living, a widow, and who accompanies her daughter on her present visit to Paris, where she has appeared under the title of Countess de Teba. After the marriage, in 1833, the death of an elder brother conferred upon the Count, along with a score of other titles, that of Montijo, by which name, since her appearance in fashionable life, the daughter has been generally distinguished. She also inherits a handsome fortune, her independent income being something like \$30,000 a year. The father died some years since, leaving two daughters: the elder now bears the title of Duchess of Alva and Berwick, then which the Spanish nobility can boast nothing more elevated.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about 25 years of age, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly fair woman. Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of a little rouge, great electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but sculptured nose and a lovely mouth with teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty, which a languid and blue air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with such fluency as to Spanish. A proficient in exercises of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four in hand with the most skillful.

At Madrid it was the habit of our heroine to bid defiance to public opinion as the whim might seize her. She used to appear alone in public driving her own carriage. She had a separate establishment in her mother's palace, inviting and receiving company without consulting her mother, and once her mother forced her door, despite the remonstrances of the servant, who protested that the Countess wanted to be alone. To her amazement she found that the daughter was missing. For twenty-four hours the young lady did not appear, and when she returned, coolly informed her afflicted parent, who had loudly expressed her fears that there had been an elopement, that she had been away on an errand! On another occasion, the whim takes her to pay a special compliment to literature, and her carriage stops at the door of Senor Escosura, one of the most prominent of Spanish authors, who was some years since Minister of the Crown. "Good morning, my dear sir," was her salutation to the astonished literature; "I have come to breakfast with you in order to have a talk on literature and poetry." A few weeks later Escosura gave a dinner to a number of literary men, artists, and actors; at which the Countess was present, without her mother or any other lady as chaperone. She was the life of the party, making speeches and giving toasts with the loudest. Among the guests was a third rate French actor, named Laferrriere, who had had a long conversation with him. When the time for leaving came, "well," said the Countess, "my carriage is here, and I will take M. Laferrriere to his hotel." The young man was a little abashed at such courtesy from such a lady; but she insisted, and they departed together.

Mlle. de Montijo was also a great sportswoman, and very popular, of course, among the torreadors, or bull-fighters. She was present at all bull fights in Madrid, where she used to wear the most magnificent costume of a *Mija de Sevilla*, something like that of Mlle. Soto in the ballet of the same name at Niblo's, but much more characteristic. A very large comb at the top of the head, with wreaths of roses falling each side, mixed with hair; a profusion of diamonds, necklaces, bracelets and rings; a very showy and tight waist, cut low in the neck, and with bare arms; a very short skirt, open worked stockings with colored embroidery, and very small embroidered slippers. When she appeared in the circus, she was saluted by the torreadors, and exchanged with them the most cordial greetings. "To thee, Countess de Teba, I dedicate my love and my prayers!" they would exclaim, waving hands toward the young lady. "Bravo, Antonio! Bravo,

Love at First Sight.

"I always was," said the Major, slowly filling his glass, "what you might call a bashful man" among the women. I am bold as a lion with the men, but somehow when I find myself in the company of ladies, I feel my valor oozing out of my fingers' ends. It's a kind of constitutional weakness of mine decidedly provoking to myself, and troublesome to my friends, and what's worse, I don't get rid of it, and on this account, it was most likely, that I lived to be twenty-eight, and had never made love to mortal woman.

"Well, about this time (when I had celebrated my twenty-eighth birthday) the old gentleman (that is Major senior) had a claim against government that needed 'airing,' and so he sent me on to Washington to attend to it. He gave me letters to serve on several Hon. M. C.'s, with instructions never to stop working 'em till I got the bill passed; as this would probably take some time, he recommended me to a 'quiet boarding house,' where I would find 'all the comforts of a home,' cheerfully furnished at the rate of five dollars a week. The boarders were numerous but select, comprising, I was surprised to find, quite a number of elements besides myself, and all equally sure of success. But a most lovely vision, the very first day at dinner, put all claims and claimants out of my head. Oh, what a radiant, breathing beauty! "The rose," said the Major, falling into a poetical vein, "the rose blended with the lily in her complexion, and her eyes—oh, heavens! I can't describe her eyes. But there she sat right before me, and I had to stare at her, do what I would. By Jove, my boy, just you fall in love, right off, at first sight, as I did, and sit opposite your innamorata at dinner, and—well that you won't eat much, I'll warrant; any how, I didn't that day. That night I didn't sleep much either. I didn't know the lady's name, and I was too fearful of discovering my feelings to ask any one, but I resolved to wait patiently for an introduction, and then, thinks I, 'I'll go in for her, that is if she ain't married, and I'll win her, too.'"

"I had noticed at dinner that a pale, meek appearing little gentleman, who sat beside her, occupied by his affections likely to prove a rival, but I felt that if I could only conquer my foolish timidity, my personal attractions, (here the Major gave an approving glance at the opposite mirror) "would carry the day. The next evening I got an introduction. "Captain Brown," (I was only Captain then,) said the landlady, "allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Triplet."

"Widow, thinks I, and I entered rather timidly into a conversation. I felt all the old awkwardness return upon me, and so I let her do all the talking, simply because I had nothing to say. At length a bright idea struck me.

"Madame," said I, "these are beautiful bracelets of yours," (she wore a pair of braided hair.) "Yes," said she, with a sigh, "it is the hair of my late husband. Your man, he has given me a better one."

"Ah! he thinks I, a widow for sure." Well, I redoubled my attentions, saying "nothing to nobody," so fearful was I of being suspected, and I even carried my caution so far as at all times to avoid the presence of the meek gentleman, whose name even I did not inquire after, and as we never happened to meet at an opportune moment, I got no introduction to him, and this state of things rather pleased me, and so the time passed away, till at length my bill passed also, and I must go.

"The evening previous to my departure, I concocted a beautiful speech, in which, in choice language, I offered my hand, heart and fortune to the blooming widow."

"The next morning, assuming as brave an exterior as possible, in fact, I believe I had all the outward bearing of a lion, I strolled into the parlor, and by good luck, found the object of my affections alone. Like a swimmer who plunges at once into the stream, I began my oration immediately on entering the room.

"Madam," said I, "I hardly know in what terms to—"

"The fact is," said I, "that I'm going off to the morning, and before I leave this spot, I—that is—(oh, Lord! how my head swam,) "You see, prevent me, seized both her hands. The fact is—I love you—I do—love you awfully—there's no use trying to hide it—and I can't cure it—it's worse than fever and chills—it is—Oh, I hope you love me—do you?"

"Young man," said a stern voice, behind me, what are you saying to my wife?"

"I sprang upon my feet in an instant, and saw the little meek man, standing, black as a thunder cloud, before me.

"Why! I cried, turning to the lady, "I thought you were a widow."

"This," she said sweetly, "is Mr. Triplet, my second husband."

"Well," said I, "what did he do?"

"Oh, Lord," said the Major "I don't know what he did, I fainted."

"Gen. Cass, in his speech at Tammany Hall, New York, uttered the following noble sentiment:

"I want to give to the landless and the poor that which they want. That is my doctrine, my friends. I have voted for it, and I mean hereafter to speak and vote for it, again. I should like the glorious sight of a community, stretching along our vast and frontier, each family keeping its own land, and every one with elements of prosperity within their reach. Men are better than land, or rather land is good for nothing without the labor of men; and I do not believe that there is one thing more important than the preparation of a just and patriotic system to give every man a tract of land, where he can live with his family comfortably. You can talk of adding to the wealth of nations, and you talk of elevating human nature in the scale of being; but what would more conduce to these than such a measure? And you talk of the glory of the nation; but it is more glorious for us, or more useful to the Republic institutions of the world, than such a distribution of the public domain of this country. I would require a man to settle on the land for a few years, cultivate it, and show a desire to improve it, but would not give it to him as a mere object of speculation; and after a few years I am for giving it to him freely; and let him hold or sell it, just as it pleases his caprice or inclination."

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

WINTER TO THE POOR.

THE WICKED GHOST.

THE NEW EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

THE WICKED GHOST.