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Poetry and Miscellany.

PERSEVERE.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Exodus. Forward! why do ye stand still? Mountains tremble on every side...

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE."

"Darest Juliette!"—"Don't be frightened, now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened, or is going to happen, that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can."

her mother—No, she would not go home to her mother. A poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands...

With a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay, years were marshalled before her; through all of which she and her mother were almost overwhelmed...

"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor. Mrs. Warren's heart sunk. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar, this morning."

"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out. "Well, if that isn't a pretty piece of work!" said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors...

boldly forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in. With glancing eye and trembling fingers, she snapped open the purse before him...

"The land, Miss Warren!" said old Betty. "If I was as sick as to go to bed, I am sure I wouldn't sew." "O, I must; I cannot afford time to be sick."

At this time, also, she formed another plan, which was a comfort to her. She determined to lay by every cent which she could possibly spare from her earnings, hoping to collect at least a small sum towards assisting her husband in setting up in business...

One morning Mrs. Warren was presiding, as usual, at her cheerful breakfast table. She looked to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.

THE MANIAC'S VISION.

BY MAJ. G. W. PATTER, U. S. ARMY.

"They say I'm mad, because I try With music to calm my brain; And when I dance, I know not why; They bind me with a chain; Avarice hurls I will be gay; Grief counts but a mere trifle; Since I have wept my tears away, What is there left but mirth?"

"The only care of the government seems to be to get these people off their hands as fast as possible, and another method has now been hit upon in finding a ready market for thousands of the convicts, and thereby relieving the exchequer of the expense of maintaining them; and I presume the man that first devised was made a baronet by the British Government."

"On the other side, any Australian lady, verging on fifty can be supplied, if she require it, with as youthful a husband as her heart can desire. There are before her men of every age and condition to select a partner from—parsons, doctors, clerks, tradesmen, and laborers; few will hesitate a moment when she breaches the subject. The vast majority, to get out of Government power, would marry the Witch of Endor herself if that would accomplish it."

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

The Paris Constitutional, of January 28th, published the following curious article on the Russian Empire, which it credits to the Journal de Frankfurt.

In a political point of view, this year reckons an amount of acquisitions, foreign as well as internal, exceeding perhaps, everything of which the present chief of the great Empire has a right to be proud. On the side of Asia, the Russian frontiers have been better protected than heretofore; and the efforts attempted to augment commercial relations with this part of the world, have been crowned with the greatest success.

Though Russia has conducted the last war without a loan, and with her own resources, and although the imperial family has latterly made very expensive travels abroad, as well as in the interior of the country, the condition of the finances has not been sensibly weakened. The severe economy in the administration, the increasing revenues of the gold and silver mines, &c., counterbalance the expenses. The immense territory of Siberia has been, in the same manner as the countries of the Caucasus and of the south-east, more intimately incorporated in the system of centralization, by the establishment of a Siberian-committee at the seat of government.

"Baby carts on narrow side-walks, are awful bores, especially to a hurried business man." "Are they? Suppose you and a certain pair of blue eyes, that you would give half your patrimony to see, were joint proprietors of that baby? I should not dare to stand near you, and call it a nuisance. It is all very well for bachelors to turn up their single blessed noses at these little dim Cupids, but just wait till their time comes. See 'em the minute their name is written 'Papa,' pull up their dickies, and start off down a street, as if the commonwealth owed them a pension. When they enter the office, see their old married partner (to whom babies have long since ceased to be a novelty) laugh in his sleeve at the new fledged dignity with which that baby's advent is announced. How perfectly astonished they feel that they should have been so infatuated as to be so near to a perfect cypher till he is at the head of a family. How frequently one may see them now, looking at the shop windows with interest at the little fat, coral beads and baby-jumpers. How they love to come home to dinner and press the velvet cheek to their business faces. Was there ever any music half so sweet as the first lisp of 'Papa?' Oh, how closely and imperceptibly, one by one, that little plant winds its tendrils around the parent stem. How anxiously they hang over its cradle when the cheek flushes and the lip is ever parched, and how wide and deep, and long a shadow in their happy homes, its little grave would cast. My dear sir, depend upon it, one's own baby is never a nuisance. Love heralds its birth."—Fanny Fern.