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Poetry and Miscellany.

PERSEVERE.
"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."
Forward why do ye stand still?
Meditate them on every side,
But we'll cross each toiling bill,
Perseverance for our guide,
Though the way be long and drear,
Winding through a barren plain,
Faster not, nor yield to fear,
Onward in the course again.
Though the night may lower dark,
Hanging o'er a pathless sea,
And the wild winds drive thy bark
On the waves tempestuously,
Forward! morning soon will break,
Through the clouds of doubt and pain,
And the sun of hope will take
These into part again.
Stand not still; that once begun,
Must not perish by delay;
Onward! let to-morrow's sun
Find the further than to-day.
In the varied course of life,
There's a bright goal to be won,
Be thou fearless in the strife,
Let thy given part be done.
Wouldst thou have this honored name
Shine in history's bright page,
And the lustre of thy fame
Live from passing age to age?
Then, though difficulties rise,
In thy way as mountains tall,
Seeming 'e'en to reach the skies,
Forward! thou wilt conquer all.
T. D. W.

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.
"My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day, when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I'd sell out. He wanted to buy, and offered me a fair price. 'But what shall I do with it?' 'Go to California,' says he; 'there's a splendid chance for you—a ship sails next week.' He said so much that I took up with his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your house-rent for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over, which I enclose for you. It will answer for the present. You can, by and by, let your house and go home to your mother, if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this I shall be far on my way, if we are prospered.
I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes, mainly, that I have taken this step—You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. Keep up a good heart, now; depend upon it I shall come home a rich man;—Gold is as plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. I have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her if she will do well by you while I am gone. Believe me, that I am still yours affectionately,
HARRY WARREN.

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then, again, she would soften down over him, like that of the children, who moaned over him as over one dead. Between them and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely; with coaxing and scolding, she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some little corner of her brain, about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back as rich as Croesus that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune—was that the man for it—that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in the house or children. She gave money to Betty, and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had anything to eat, it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out nor saw any one at home. Her time was spent between the sofa and bed. If she tried to divert herself with anything, it was with very light reading; but generally that required more effort than she desired to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; they could bear no noise, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still, she had been so long in seclusion in her family, that she was not much interested; they were accustomed to do without her.
One day, Betty came in as usual for money. Mrs. Warren went to her purse, and, to her utter amazement, found that she had but one ten-dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and, with the empty purse in her hand, she sunk down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse; and who was to refill it? She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What should she do? Where should she go? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind began to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought thought, in wild confusion. She would go home to her mother—She would not go home to her mother. The children would kill the old folks. But she must go home to

her mother—No, she would not go home to her mother. A poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands—the shame of it would kill her; she would beg first. But what could she do? Here gaped before her an empty purse. "What can I do! I'll keep school!—O! I should die, shut up in a hot room, with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders. What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while! I hate house-keeping; I cannot bear care!" Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down, and herself, too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and I must get it for them." Ah! now these tears fell for them; the first tears which had fallen for any one but herself. They softened her parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.
"I will not go home!" said she rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I believe that I can, and I will, support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will set about it before my last dollar is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.
Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character when Henry Warren wooed her. The seeds of her future misery, however, had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If anything siled Juliette, it was a great affair. She was nursed, and tended, and babied, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor feelings; so that when, after her marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen, she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood must come forth to Juliette Warren. That kind heart and strong arm, which had so long supported her, had been taken away.—Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.
"I will take boarders." This was settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week-day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren sat down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer, and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard.—Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks, at least, for preparation; she knew she must get used to effort; but here it was—she must take the boarders at their time, or lose them. She decided to take them.
Betty was so glad to see her mother, that she would consent to remain, "anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, "to remain and work so much harder." Then she had her own way so long, would she bear a mistress? If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew everything they had, and where it was kept." Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance.—She would have to go to Betty to ask about everything. Indeed, she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand or foot without Betty. Yet, if she would do, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was—her boarders were engaged. More than anything else she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much because, woman-like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time pressed. So she wound up her resolution once more, and called Betty.
"Mama!" said she.
"I want you to see a few minutes, Betty."
"I am busy now; I'll come by and by."
"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."
The unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.
"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."
"The land! Well, I've been expecting it this some time. I s'pose, now, you will go home to your mother!"
"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; "and you think I am going to take care of you and the children, and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you? I tell you, Miss Warren, I won't slave myself to death so for nobody!"
"I did not think you would," said Mrs. Warren, slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go to the office now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to tush her the way round, won't you?"
Betty looked thunderstruck; she could not immediately speak.
"And you sick all the time!" said she, at last.—"You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and seeing to dinner, with one of your headaches, I should like to know!"
"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty; but I cannot help it—it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with me a fortnight, won't you, I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long; let me see, now, ever since Henry was born; you seem like one of us. Still, I must do the best I can. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break in a new hand. I will go right out, now, and see what I can do."
Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.
"Well, if this isn't a pretty times!" said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew hoarse. "Do you think, Miss Warren, that I am really a going off to leave you in such a pickle? I guess I can work well as you, any day; if we can't both of us together get victuals and drink for the children, why, we'll give it up. When I am gone, you can get another girl, if you are a mind to it."
So Betty remained, and took hold of her new la-

borer courageously. This was an incalculable relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful whether she could have gone on without her.
Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied exertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indolence and indulgence, she came off conqueror. She found out there was such a thing as keeping ill-humors confined within their proper sphere—that is to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to obey as well as rule. At those times when, if left to the dictates of her own poor feelings, she would scarcely have dragged one foot after another, she found out that she could step about her day's work, and briskly too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found out there was no doctor for her like Dr. "Hercules." Her cheeks became rosy and her eyes bright, and her mind awoke to cheerfulness and activity, in the pleasant society which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a few months, was very much changed, as all would have seen, could they have gone with Betty to her chamber, when for the first time since the day the boarders came, she carried up a meal to her, and found her on the bed with her mending-basket by her, thimble on, work in hand, trying between the paroxysms of pain to eat a few stitches.
"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."
"Well, now, if I shall not give it all up! What do you think Mr. Warren would say, to see you now? I'll bet he wouldn't believe his own eyes."
Mrs. Warren made no reply; but this remark of Betty's went like an arrow to her heart. In an instant a gleam of light shot across the past. As if by a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay, years were marshaled before her; through all of which she and mother, she was almost overwhelmed; she had never seen it so before. Scene after scene crowded upon her mind, in which she had taxed her husband's patience to the utmost. And what had she given him in return for all his kindness? Nothing. His home had been uncomfortable, and his money had been wasted. Now she could see plainly enough why he left her. Now she felt how deeply she had wronged him. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. All her early love for him revived in its intensity. "O, my God!" she exclaimed in a burst of grief, "spare him, O, spare him to return, that I may make some amends for the injury I have done him, and that he may know my penitence and love!"
For many days after this, Mrs. Warren carried nothing but a heavy heart. It required a prodigious effort for her to make exertion, in this state of feeling; but it must be done. Even sorrow could not be indulged in selfishly.
She sought some comfort by writing to her husband, stealing time for this from her sleep. These letters, by the way, never reached him; neither did his reach her.
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, should he come home as poor as he went.—This gave her a new motive for exertion. She gave her whole mind to her business. Her house was popular; her table was filled to overflowing; her affairs were well managed. She was, as she deserved to be—for there were not ten ladies in the city who made more effort—she was successful. Her children were put out to the best schools. They improved rapidly in mind and manners. Henry was a great help to her; he was a manly little fellow, with his father's kind heart.
Betty continued to rule in the kitchen, though a stout girl was brought to serve under her. The boarders were kept quiet by Betty's cooking—no one else made things taste quite so well; so she kept on the way, doing her full share of the fretting and scolding, and her full share of the work, too. She never let her mistress go ahead of her; on her feet she would stand "as long as Miss Warren, she knew," if she was tired enough to drop.
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.
"Well, if that isn't a pretty piece of work!" said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors; "and you think I am going to take care of you and the children, and a house full of boarders into the bargain, do you? I tell you, Miss Warren, I won't slave myself to death so for nobody!"
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So Betty remained, and took hold of her new la-

borer's forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in. With glancing eye and trembling fingers, she snapped open the purse before him, and showed to him her little treasure of hoarded gold, hoarded for him alone; she poured it all out into his hand, while the tears, big tears, rolling down his swarthy cheeks, dropped upon it. He, sweeping over a little heap of yellow dust, who, in California's mines, had gathered it by the spade-fall! Yet not California, with all her golden treasures, could have purchased for the grateful man what this had given him.
We must not linger over the opening of the old chest, which was so well freighted with native ore; enough for all, Betty included, and enough, we presume, to have set Mr. Warren up in that very handsome store where last we saw him.
Juliette Warren is still in comfortable health, an energetic woman, and first-rate housekeeper. If ever she finds herself "running down," as they say, she takes to her old Doctor Hercules; and if no necessity is laid upon her for exertion, she lays it upon herself. Long life and happiness to them and their children!
Should there be any wives who have not yet been able to find out what sent their husbands to California, Juliette's history may give them a little light on the matter.
Married and Given in Marriage.
An Australian correspondent of the Alta Californian gives quite an interesting account of the British convict system in Van Diemen's Land, and thus describes the marrying mania which exists among the convicts who are out of service, and the reasons thereof. He writes:
"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 this was a baronet by the British Government. It is neither more nor less than encouraging between the convicts and the free portions of the inhabitants, 'matrimonial alliances.' In these, young ladies affianced themselves to old men, and young men marry old women. I will explain: A female convict, by becoming the spouse of a free man, is entitled to all the rights and privileges of a free woman. As long as she keeps with her husband, the bonds of matrimony are the only bonds to which she is subject.
"The same with a male convict. By marrying a free woman, he becomes by virtue of his office as husband, as free as the Governor himself, as long as he conducts himself to the satisfaction of his betters. The consequence of this clever stroke of policy is that marriages of this description are continually coming off with wonderful rapidity. Any old man can get in this accommodating country, as young a wife as he wishes for, provided that he is not over scrupulous as to her past character—which is never in Van Diemen's Land, by the way, taken into consideration. He has many to choose from, not one of whom will spurn his offer. So anxious are they to escape from Government, that I question whether one of them could be found who would refuse her hand, even to Old Nick himself.
"On the other side, any Australian lady, verging on fifty can be supplied, if she requires 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."
A Doctor.—When old Deacon B. got into a bad passion, he was very expert at crawling out of it. Though quick tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He wouldn't in a sober moment, utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in cider. At the close of a rainy day, he was milking in his barnyard, on one side of which was a dirty slop, and on the other an old ram, that in consideration of his unusually quiet disposition, was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was piously humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished the line ending with "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a sudden impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind, that sent him up a short distance into full directly into the slop, where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing. As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulders at the ram, and vociferated, "You—old ass!" but on looking around, and seeing one of his neighbors at the bars looking at him, he added in the same breath, "if I may be allowed the expression."
Punch finds a fertile field for his inveterate wit, in the recent "fare-up" between the "women" of Staffordshire, and their "dear sisters" on this side of the Atlantic, growing out of the Uncle Tom or slavery agitation. Thus, in his last number, he puts into the mouth of the Dutchess of Sutherland a poetic remonstrance, of which this verse is a medium sample:
BY THE LADIES BULL.
Sisters, daughters, wives and mothers,
Ah! our feelings how it racks,
That your sons, wives, husbands, brothers,
Should so badly use their blacks!
Oh, we speak with hearts sincere,
All with love and pity rent;
But why don't you, sisters dearest,
Make your relatives repent.
Then comes a translatic rep. indeed:
BY THE LADIES JONATHAN.
You have slaves far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who no letters know, nor figures,
Victims, destitute, and drunk;
Have them taught to read their bibles,
And repeat their A B C;
Better this than writing libels,
On the nation of the Free.

THE MANIAC'S VISION.

BY MAJ. G. W. PATTER, U. S. ARMY.
They say I'm mad, because I try
With dreams to calm my brain;
And when I dance, I know not why,
They find me with a chain;
Aunt's balls! I will be gay,
Grief counts but little here—
Since I have wept my tears away,
What is there left but mirth?
Bring me companions! Am I mad?
No wonder! I should rave;
They took the only one I had
And hid her—in a grave.
And I'm kept here—a merry thing—
Wherefore fall I know;
—Ha! ha! because I laugh and sing
They will let me go.
I saw the moon come down last night
And dance upon the sea,
Go catch her ere she takes her flight,
And bar her up with me.
The sun, thy eye, at five of day,
He said—'tho' she should not do,
He smiled—and made the hills look gay,
Let him be prisoned too.
And yonder star is quite as bad—
Run, seize it ere it fly;
We'll dance together—all are mad—
Sun, moon and star—add I.
Look! he! make my letters sad!
That image—loose my chain—
'Tis she! she's here!—help! hold her fast!
—Ha! ha! she's mine again!
FORT MILLER, CAL., NOV., 1852.

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. The Caucasian war has been, at the same time narrowed to a space of territory smaller and smaller. Russian policy has gained much ground in Turkey during the latter months of 1852. A powerful rampart has been erected on the western side by the intimate alliance with Austria and Prussia—an alliance accompanied by numerous distributions of decorations to the distinguished men of these States—and by the grand active army extended (echelonnee) on the frontiers of the rest, and having at its head Poland as a *lance d'armes*, directed towards the heart of Germany. Notwithstanding the sympathies of the Russians for the Hungarians, and the revolutionary war of 1848.
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. The same course has been adopted as to the provinces of the Baltic and of Poland.
In consequence of the principle of the Petersburg autonomy tending to level the classes of society, the nobility of the western provinces, (formerly Polish) were subjected in 1852 to a recruitment. New ways have been opened to the petty nobility of the Empire to obtain military and civil employments.—Philosophy has been banished from the Russian system of Education as dangerous to the State. The teaching of the Greek and Latin tongues has been confined to the superior establishments, and to a minimum of hours.
On the other hand, the middle schools, the boarding schools, and scientific establishments, have been modified and enlarged. The defensive system of Russia has been particularly developed in a brilliant manner. The activity of the Geographical society—too little considered abroad—has been considerable; it has made known and prepared several ways of penetrating into Central Asia. The fine arts have made some progress under the wise direction of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg. So, also, as to national history; but the belles lettres have been unproductive, except in Poland.
Russia has erected to the founder of her present greatness—to Peter the Great—a monument on the spot where he constructed the first model of his fleet. But his most monument still that erected on the banks of the Neva; and where, mounted on his galleon, he indicates with his hand the west, as if he wished to invite his people to accomplish his last will. It is everywhere known that his glorious successor has regarded this will only under the point of view of an intimate alliance with the two great German powers for the maintenance of the European equilibrium, and that he has acted comfortably to this point of view.
Fanny Fern on Babies.
"Baby carts on narrow side-walks, are awful bore, 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 perceive that a man is 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 bells, 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.