THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL, 23, 1853. NUMBER 50.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
Annual, or at the office, in advance, 1,50
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Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

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

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M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted Erie June 19 1852. 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 give them of pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

Poetry and Miscellany.

MY MOTHER.

BY E. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While wildering pleasures madly fire
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing:
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness through the night;
When all was beauty, then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain:
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a beaded knee;
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

(From Putnam's Monthly Magazine.)

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of a Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter;) to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society;" to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us; and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine society ours would be!

This occurred to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly ruminating over our evening fire, with D'Israeli's Wellington speech, "all tears," in our hand, with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across the channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great crisis impending! This democratic movement in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word; the Russian bear watchfully sucking his paws; the Napoleonic empire redivivus; Cuba, and annexation and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent considerations of political economy; dear me! exclaimed we, putting on a fresh hodful of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal-scuttle there was a knock at the door. We said "come in," and in came a neat Alhambra watered envelope, containing the announcement that the queen of fashion was "at home" that evening week. Later in the evening, came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was lying upon the table, and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go of course," said he, "for you will meet all the 'best society.'"

Shall we truly? shall we see all the "best society of the city," the picked flower of its genius, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course. The men who mould the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue, who make Plato, and Zeno, and Shakspeare, and all Shakspeare's gentlemen, possible again. The women, whose beauty and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment and grace, make us understand the Greek Mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the famous women of history. The "best society" is that in which the virtues are the most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, in its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that human nature can be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretence, all coxcombry and foppery, and insists upon simplicity, as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society," which comprises the best men and women.

Had we recently arrived from the moon, we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society," have fancied that we were about to enjoy an opportunity not to be overvalued. We had received other cards, and had perfected our toilette many times, to meet this same society, so magnificently described, and had found it the least "best" of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three classes of persons: 1st, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy; 2d, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and 3 ly, a swarm of youths who can dance dexterously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now these are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to found so profound a social difference as that which exists in American, or at least, in New York society. First, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men, of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot-bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions.—But they are married to scheming or ambitious, or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it, are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet, and which they despise.—Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes? how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities; how many refuse to dream their lives away in a Sybarite luxury; how many are smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti, and dilute their manhood with factitious sentimentality instead of a hearty, human sympathy; how many are not satisfied with having the fastest horses and the "crackest" carriages, and an unlimited wardrobe, and a weak affectation and puerile imitation of foreign life?

And who are these of our secondly, these "old families"? The spirit of our time and of our country knows no such thing, but the habitue of "society," hears constantly of "a good family." It means, simply, the collective mass of children, nephews, nieces, and descendants of some man who deserved well of his country, and whom his country honors. But is the heritage of a great name? The son of Burke will inevitably be measured by Burke.—The niece of Pope must show some superiority to other women (so to speak,) or her equality is inferiority. The feeling of men attributes some magical charm to blood, and we look to see the daughter of Helen as fair as her mother, and the son of Shakspeare, musical as his sire. If they are not so, if they are merely names, and common persons—if there is no Burke, nor Shakspeare, nor Washington, nor Bacon in their words, or actions, or lives, then we must pity them, and pass gently on, not upbraiding them, but regretting that it is one of the laws of greatness that it dwindles all things in its vicinity, which would otherwise show large enough. Nay, in our regard for the great man, we may even admit to a compassionate honor, as pensioners upon our charity, those who bear and transmit his name. But if these heirs should presume upon that fame, and claim any precedence of living men and women because their dead grandfather was a hero, they must be shown the door, directly. We should dread to be born a Percy, or a Colonna, or a Bonaparte. We should not like to be the second Duke of Wellington, nor Charles Dickens, Jr. It is a terrible thing, one would say, to a mind of honorable feeling, to be pointed out as somebody's son or uncle, or granddaughter, as if the excellence were all derived. It must be a little humiliating to reflect that if your great uncle had not been somebody, you would be nobody,—that, in fact, you are only a name, and that if you should consent to change it for the sake of a fortune, as is sometimes done, you would cease to be any thing but a rich man. "My father was President, or Governor of the State," some pompous man may say. But by Jupiter, king of gods and men,—what are you? is the instinctive response. Do you not see, our pompous friend, that you are only pointing your own unimportance? If your father was Governor of the State, what right have you to use that fact only to fatten your self-conceit? Take care, good care; for whether you say it by your lips or by your life, that withering response awaits you,—"then what are you?" If your ancestor was great, you are under bonds to greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn it betimes, and, thanking Heaven that your name has been made illustrious, retire into a corner and keep it, at least, untarnished.

Our thirdly, is a class made by sundry French tailors, boot-makers, dancing-masters, and Mr. Brown. They are a *corps-de-ballet*, for the use of private entertainments. They are fostered by society for the use of young debutantes, and hardier damsels, who have dared two or three years of the "tight" polka. They are cultivated for their heels, not their heads. Their life begins at ten o'clock in the evening, and lasts until four in the morning. They go home and sleep until nine; then they rise, sleepy, to counting houses and offices, and doze on desks until dinner-time. Or, unable to do that, they are actively at work all day, and their cheeks grow pale, and their lips thin, and their eyes blood shot and hollow, and they drag themselves home at evening to catch a nap until the ball begins, or to dine and smoke at their club, and be very manly with punches and coarse stories; and then to rush into hot and glittering rooms, and seize very *decollete* girls closely around the waist, and dash with them around an area of stretched linen, saying in the panting pauses, "How very hot it is!" "How very pretty Miss Podge I oke!" "What a good redowa!" "Are you going to Mrs. Potiphar's!"

Is this the assembled flower of manhood and womanhood, called "best society," and to see which is so envied a privilege? If such are the elements, can we be long in arriving at the present state, the necessary future event of parties?

"Vanity Fair" is peculiarly a picture of modern society. It aims at English follies, but its mark is universal, as the madness is. It is called a satire, but after much diligent reading, we cannot discover the satire. A state of society not at all superior to that of "Vanity Fair" is not unknown to our experience; and unless truth-telling be satire; unless the most tragically real portraiture be satire; unless scalding tears of sorrow, and the bitter regret of a manly mind over the miserable spectacle of artificiality, wasted power, misdirected energies, and lost opportunities, be satirical; we do not find satire in that sad story. The reader closes it with a grief beyond tears. It leaves a vague apprehension in the mind, as if we should suspect the air to be poisoned. It suggests the terrible thought of the enfeebling of moral power, and the deterioration of noble character, as a necessary consequence of contact with "society." Every man looks suddenly and sharply around him, and accosts himself and his neighbors, to ascertain if they are all parties to this corruption. Sentimental youths and maidens, upon velvet sofas, or in calf bound libraries, resolve that it is an insult to human nature—are sure that their velvet and calf bound friends are not like the dramatis personæ of "Vanity Fair," and that the drama is therefore hideous and unreal. They should remember, what they uniformly and universally forget, that we are not invited, upon the rising of the curtain to behold a cosmorama, or picture of the world, but a representation of that part of it called "Vanity Fair." What its just limits are—how far its poisonous purlieus reach—how much of the world's air is tainted by it, is a question which every thoughtful man will ask himself, with a shudder, and look sadly around, to answer. If the sentimental objectors rally again to the charge, and declare that, if we wish to improve the world, its virtuous ambition must be piqued and stimulated by making the shining heights of "the ideal" more radiant; we reply, that none shall surpass us in honoring the men whose creations of beauty inspire and instruct mankind. But if they benefit the world, it is no less true that a vivid apprehension of the depths into which we are sunken or may sink, nerves the soul's courage quite as much as the alluring mirage of the happy heights we may attain. "To hold the mirror up to Nature," is still the most potent method of shaming sin and strengthening virtue.

If "Vanity Fair" is a satire, what novel of society is not? Are "Vivian Grey," and "Pelham," and the long catalogue of books illustrating English or the host of Balzac, Sands, Sues, and Dumas, that paint French society, any less satires? Nay, if you should catch any dandy in Broadway, or in Pall-Mall, or upon the Boulevards, this very morning, and write a coldly true history of his life and actions, his doings and undoings, would it not be the most scathing and tremendous satire? if by satire you mean the consuming melancholy of the conviction, that the life of that pendant to a moustache, is an insult to the possible life of a man?

We have read of a hypocrisy so thorough, that it was surprised you should think it hypocritical; and we have bitterly thought of the saying, when hearing one mother say of another mother's child, that she had "made a good match," because the girl was betrothed to a stupid boy whose father was rich.—The remark was the key to our social feeling.

Let us look at it a little, and, first of all, let the reader consider the criticism, and not the critic.—We may like very well, in our individual capacity, to partake of the delicacies prepared by our host-ess *chief*, we may not be adverse to *pate* and a myriad *objets de goût*, and if you catch us in a corner at the next ball, putting away a fair share of *dinde aux truffes*, we know you would have at us in a tone of great moral indignation, and wish to know why we sneaked into great houses, eating good suppers and drinking choice wines, and then went away with an indigestion, to write dyspeptic disgusts at society.

We might reply that it is necessary to know something of a subject before writing about it; and that if a man wished to describe the habits of South Sea Islander, it is useless to go to Greenland; we might also confess a partiality for *pate*, and a tenderness for *truffes*, and acknowledge that, considering our single absence would not put down extravagant pompous parties, we were not strong enough to let the morsels drop into unappreciating mouths; or we might say, that if a man invited us to see his new house, it would not be ungracious not insulting to his hospitality, to point out whatever weak parts we might detect in it, nor declare our candid conviction, that it was built upon wrong principles and could not stand. He might believe us if we had been in the house, but he certainly would not, if we had never seen it. Nor would it be a very wise reply upon his part, that we might build a better if we didn't like that. We are not fond of David's pictures, but we certainly could never paint half so well; nor of Pope's poetry, but posterity will never hear of our verses. Criticism is not construction, it is observation. If we could surpass in fashion's way every thing which displeased us, we should make short work of it, and instead of showing what fatal blemishes deform our present society, we should present a specimen of perfection, directly.

We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much of every thing. Too much light, and eating, and drinking, and dancing, and flirting, and dressing, and feigning, and simpering, and much too many people. Good taste insists first upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potiphar given this ball? We inquired industriously, and learned it was because she did not give one last year. Is not it then essential to do this thing biennially? inquired we with some trepidation. "Certainly;" was the bland reply, "or society will forget you." Every body was unhappy at Mrs. Potiphar's, save a few girls and boys, who danced violently all the evening. Those who did not dance walked up and down the rooms as well as they could, squeezing by non-dancing ladies, causing them to swear in their hearts as the brusque broadcloth carried away the light out-works of gauze and gossamer. The dowagers ranged in solid phalanx, occupied all the chairs and sofas against the wall, and fanned themselves until supper-time, looking at each other's diamonds, and criticising the toilettes of the younger ladies, each narrowly watching her peculiar Polly Jane, that she did not betray too much interest for any man who was not of a certain fortune. It is the cold, vulgar truth, madam, nor are we in the slightest degree exaggerating.—Elderly gentlemen, twisting single gloves in a very wretched manner, came up and bowed to the dowagers, and smirked, and said it was a pleasant party, and a handsome house, and then clutched their hands behind them, and walked miserably away, looking as affable as possible. And the dowagers made a little fun of the elderly gentlemen, among themselves, as they walked away.

Then came the younger non-dancing men,—a class of the community who wear black cravats and waistcoats, and thrust their thumbs and forefingers in their waistcoat pockets, and are called "talking men." Some men are literary, and affect the philosopher; have, perhaps, written a book or two, and are a small species of lion to very young ladies.—Some are of the *blase* kind; men who affect the extremest elegance, and are reputed "so aristocratic," and who care for nothing in particular, but wish they had not been born gentlemen, in which case they might have escaped ennui. These gentlemen stand with hat in hand, and coats and trowsers most unexceptionable. They are the "so gentlemanly" persons, of whom one hears a great deal, but which seems to mean nothing but cleanliness. Virgian Grey and Pelham are the models of their ambition, and they succeeded in being Pendennis. They enjoy the reputation of being "very clever," and "very talented fellows," "smart chaps," &c., but they refrain from proving what is so generously conceded. They are often men of a certain cultivation. They have traveled, many of them,—spending a year or two in Paris, and a month or two in the rest of Europe. Consequently they endure society at home, with a smile, and a shrug, and a graceful superciliousness, which is very engaging They are perfectly at home, and they rather despise Young America, which in the next room, is diligently earning its invitation. They prefer to hover about the ladies who did not come out this season, but are little used to the world, with whom they are upon most friendly terms, and who criticize together very freely all the great events in the great world of fashion.

These elegant Pendennisses we saw at Mrs. Potiphar's, but not without a sadness which can hardly be explained. They had been boys once, all of them, fresh and frank hearted and full of a noble ambition. They had read and pondered the histories of great men; how they resolved, and struggled, and achieved. In the pure portraiture of genius, they had loved and honored noble women, and each young heart was sworn to truth and the service of beauty. Those feelings were chivalric and fair. Those boyish instincts clung to whatever was lovely, and rejected the specious snare, however graceful and elegant. They sailed new knights upon that old and endless crusaded against hypocrisy and the devil, and they were lost in the luxury of Corinth, nor longer seek the difficult shores beyond. A present smile was worth a future laurel. The case of the moment was worth immortal tranquility. They renounced the stern worship of the unknown God, and acknowledged the deities of Athens. But the seal of their shame is their own smile at their early dreams, and the high hopes of their boyhood, their sneering infidelity of simplicity, their skepticism of motive and of men. Youths, whose younger years were fervid with the resolution to strike and win, to deserve, at least, a gentle remembrance, if not a dazzling fame, are content to eat, and drink and sleep well; to go to the opera and all the balls; to be known as "gentlemanly," and "aristocratic," and "dangerous," and elegant;" to cherish a luxurious and enervating indolence, and to "succeed" upon the cheap reputation of having been "fast" in Paris. The end of such men is evident enough from the beginning. They are snuffed out by a "great match," and become an appendage to a rich woman; or they dwindle off into old roues, men of the world in sad earnest, and not with an elegant affection, *blase*; and as they began Arthur Pendennises, so they end in the Major. But, believe it, that old fossil heart is wrung sometimes by a mortal pang, as it remembers those squandered opportunities and that lost life.

From these groups we passed into the dancing room. We have seen dancing in other countries, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so easily, gracefully and well as the American. But the *style* of dancing, in its whirl, its rush, its fury, is only equalled by that of the masked balls at the French opera, and the balls at the *Salle Valentino, Jardin Mabille, Chateau Rouge*, and other favorite resorts of Parisian Grisettes Lorettes. We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain young ladies of the corps-de-ballet. Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a *decollete* state, and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room, induced a little sobriety upon her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart.—Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head. We watched the various toilettes of these bounding belles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and shrewd observation, said, with a sneer, for which we called him to account, "I observe that American ladies are so rich in charms that they are not at all chary of them. It is certainly generous to us miserable black coats. But, do you know, it strikes me as a generosity of display that must necessarily leave the donor poorer in maidenly feeling." We thought ourselves cynical, but this was intolerable; and in a very crisp manner we demanded an apology.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Picture Sent.—One of our coast packets (which we will not say) was hailed on her downward trip to New Orleans by an old lady, standing near a convenient landing, who gave the usual signal to round to and take on a passenger. The boat was accordingly headed to shore, the engine stopped, the plank was run out, and the ancient maiden, with many signs of trepidation, tottered aboard.—Her first querry was, "You haint none on ye seen anything o' the cap'n round here, have ye?" The "cap'n was pointed out to her. She hobbled up towards him, gave him a deeply reverential look over the rims of her silver-bowed spectacles, and following dialogue ensued:

"Be you the cap'n of this boat?"

"Yes, madame."

"Be you gwine down to Orleans?"

"That is our present intention, madame."

"Well, cap'n," (producing a small bundle from under her shawl) "here's elveing eggs, and I want you to trade 'em off for me in Orleans, and git me one spool of thread, one skein of silk, and the rest in beeswax. And cap'n would ye be kind enough to wait a leetle minute. You see the old hen is on the nest now, and I want orfully to git another egg to make up the dozen."

The City of Jerusalem.—Bayard Taylor, who has very recently visited "The Holy City," thinks it is a confounded dirty hole. "Jerusalem" he says, "internally gives no impression but that of filth, ruin, poverty, and degredation. There are two or three streets in the western or higher portion of the city which are tolerable clean, but all the others to the very gates of the holy sepulchre, are channels of pestilence. The Jewish quarter, which is the largest, so sickened and disgusted me, that I should rather go the whole round of the city walls than pass through it a second time."

Sentiment.—When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air, with cheeks like roses, and heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in serenity beneath their silken lashes—we always wish she was near a mud puddle, and we had to help her over.

Could'nt Come It.

"This is a counterfeit bill, sir. I cannot take it," said the Captain of the Knickerbocker, on her way to Albany one night last week, to a huge-fisted hoosier looking man, who had offered the said bill in payment for his passage.

"Not is it though!" asked the hoosier, seeming surprised. "Well, I got it put on me, and I must get it off somehow. Could not you get it off for me?"

"No, sir, I would not attempt to pass it on any account."

"Just in the way of change—I don't care how you get it off, so long as it goes, and I ain't stuck with it," said the man.

"I tell you no!" said the Captain. "I must have a good bill in the place of this from you, so hand it over.

The man saw plainly that it was no go, and reluctantly gave the Captain good money, and put the bad bill in his pocket, muttering that it "must be got off somehow."

When the clerk came to count over the money he had received at the supper table, he found a bad bill and immediately informed the Captain of the fact, but was unable to recognize the man who gave it to him. Upon examination by the Captain, it was found to be the same, and of course he knew his customer.

On ascending the upper deck in search of the hoosier, he received a slap on the back that came near pitching him on his face, and on turning to ascertain who his assailant was, he encountered the hoosier, who, with his face beaming with smiles, confidentially informed him that he "passed the bill, and it was all right."

"Indeed!" said the Captain.

"Yes, by gosh, I done it slick as grease. I gave it to the victualler down in the cellar at feeding-time. He never winked at it," said the hoosier, evidently much pleased at the success of his villainy.

"I know all about it, and was looking for you—here is your bill, I will again trouble you for good money, said the worthy officer.

"Oh! git out, that's a regular swindle on me. I didn't know that the feller down in the kitchen was connected with the up-stairs fixens, no how, and I believe it's a set game between you, to humbug good money out of me any how," said the dumfounded country-man as he exchanged the bill. "But somebody's got to take it anyhow".

Beautiful Thoughts.—God has sent angels into the world, whose office it is to refresh the sorrows of the poor, and to lighten the eyes of the disconsolate. And what greater pleasure can we have than that we should bring joy to our brother; that the tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out of his prison of sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and slowly begin to melt into showers and refreshments—this is glory to thy voice, and enjoyments fit for the brightest angel. So I have seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north, and the waters break from their enclosure and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise from little graves in the walls, and dance a little while in the air, to tell that joy is within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshments, become useful to mankind, and sings praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man: under the discourse of a wise comfort he breaks from the despair of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and He blesses thee and he feels life returning.

Awkward Mistake.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy, to the verse of scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of the society, the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

A Precious Youth.—We were rusticating a few days since at a farm house, says a western editor, and invited a young lady to favor us with a tune on the piano. Her music book being in an adjoining room, her brother, a young gent of about fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few minutes he returned and placed an egg on the music stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel," and that the composer was singing in honor of the production in the fowl house. The next train brought us home.

☞ An old lady, sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, let fall her Bible, with a clasp to it; and the noise partly waking her, she exclaimed aloud, "What! you've broke another jug you slut, have you!"

☞ "Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his mistress.

"Phoo, phoo," said she, "so you'd say if you did not think so."

"And so you'd think," he answered, "if I did not say so."

☞ The man who returns good for evil, is as a tree which renders its shade and fruit even to those who cast stones at it.

☞ The diamond fallen into a dunghill, is not the less precious; and the dust raised by high wings to heaven, is not the less vile.

☞ Be slow to choose a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all, intimate with few; scorn no man for his meanness, nor humor any for their wealth.

☞ A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their lawsuits.

☞ A widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent her during a hard winter.

☞ The man who is always behind-hand has recently purchased several bottles of ketchup.

☞ A country newspaper, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says—"Although he can't see, he can saw."