Odds and Ends.

A minister traveling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it!"

The other day the police officers of London, C. W., discovered on board of the cars from Niagara Falls, fifteen rather suspicious looking characters, as they supposed, all armed to the teeth, and promptly arrested them, stripped them of their arms and money, and kept them in the station house overnight. It was then ascertained that they were Pike's Peakers, from N. Y., and they were permitted to go on their way, after the vigilant officers had apologised for their stupid blunder.

News from Utah, to March 15, brings information that the weather was the severest ever known in the Territory, tremendous snow storms having occurred in the South Pass; that four or five thousand persons will leave for the States this Spring; and that a collision had occurred at Provo between the Mormons and the troops stationed there by Judge Cradelbaugh to protect the United States Court. The act of the Judge, in ordering up troops for his support, has created a bitter feeling among the Mormons.

The English correspondent of the Boston Recorder states that what is called the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House of London, the official residence of the first magistrate, was built by fines levied upon Jews and Dissenters, who were then looked upon as dogs and infidels. A Jew was recently elected Lord Mayor, and gave his banquet in that very Hall; and last month a Nonconformist Missionary Society held a meeting in it for the advancing of missions to China, with the present Lord Mayor in the chair.

The Ohio Legislature has past a law making it a misdemeanor to carry a pistol, bowie knife, dirk, or any other concealed weapons, under the penalty of a fine not exceeding $200 and imprisonment not more than thirty days for the first offence; and $500 fine and imprisonment for three months, or both, at the discretion of the court, for the second offence; and in pursuance of the law, the Mayor of Cincinnati has directed the police to arrest and bring before him all persons whom they shall find with concealed weapons.

A few days ago, a couple of fools got into a fight on one of the wharves in Boston. Before they had a chance to injure each other, a very sensible fellow, a clerk in one of the stores, elbowed his way through the crowd and threw a handful of flour into the face of the combatants. The battle ceased very suddenly, and the parties, as soon as they recovered their sight showed some fine specimens of walking, amid roars of laughter from the spectators.—This is the best Boston notion yet. The clerk should be created Lieutenant of the police. They quell mobs in Russia by playing the fire engines upon them.

Some burglars the other night attempted to enter a dwelling house in Troy, selecting a bedroom window at the rear of the house as a point of operations, they awakened Mary Quand, a servant girl sleeping there. She rose, took a wash-basin, went softly to the window, and as soon as the head of the first man appeared she struck it with the crokery, breaking both the head and the basin. The man screamed and Mary screamed—he from pain, she for the watch. The burglar escaped.

A gentleman writes to the New York *Times* that "the confession of Mrs. Sickles, apparently written with a cool and almost heartless deliberation, was indeed the result of a long and severe effort at self-control. She had previously made *three* several attemps at its composition, and failed through the violence of her emotions." The same writer, whose statement the *Times* believes, says that the confession was surreptitiously copied as it lay on the table while the counsel were arguing for its admission by the Court.

In Philadelphia on Saturday a gentleman and lady, fashionably dressed, were walking in Vine street, when a stout individual, also well dressed, appeared and glanced at the couple, and then treated the gentleman to a blow which felled him to the ground and caused him to roll into the gutter. The fallen man regained his feet and made off at a rapid rate. The assailant proved to be the husband of the lady, and took this method of expressing his dislike to his wife's promenading with anybody but himself.

Mrs. Hartung has obtained from the tender mercies of the law that respite denied her by the Executive. Judge Wright of New York has granted the writ of error applied for in her case, and a stay of proceedings. This carries the motion for a new trial to the General Term of the Supreme Court, which commences its session in Albany on Monday next. But it is questionable whether counsel will be ready on the opening of the term, as eight days notice of the motion has to be given, unless that right is waived.

The Western *Times*, with slight misgiving, relates the following incident. A cripple in Oxford, bearing the suggestive name of Hoppin, was the other day sitting upon the heavy end of an old-fashioned well sweep at a neighbor's house, when an Irish girl came to the well to draw a pail of water. Without observing the "man at the stern," down went the bucket, and up went the cripple to the height of some thirty feet. The sudden stop of the sweep, as the bucket reached the water, disturbed the equanimity of the unfortunate aeronaut, and with a lusty shout he toppled off the pole, and rapidly descended to *terra firma*. Fortunately no injury was sustained further than the breaking of a wooden leg! The limb was amputated without the slightest pain, and the fracture promptly attended to by a journeyman carpenter.

A rascally swindle was perpetrated on a young lady in Cincinnati, a few days ago, by a man calling himself George Griffiths. The lady arrived there in a steamboat, on board of which she made a slight acquaintance with Griffiths, who paid her some attentions, she being unwell. He went with her to the Madison House and entered their names upon the register without her knowledge, as "George Griffiths and lady." At her request, he had one of her trunks brought to the young lady, but the second one she has never again seen.—Learning that she had a draft for $200, he proposed to take it to a broker and arrange it so that she could draw the money for it, she gave it to him and he carried it off, soon returning, and handing to her a paper, saying that with that she could obtain her money when she arrived at the place of her destination. He then inquired if she had any money with her, and in what shape it was; she replied that what she had was in bank notes; he advised her to have it changed into gold, and for this purpose she gave to him $220, being all she had. He left her, and was not seen afterwards. Thus she lost $420 and a trunk full of clothing.

The Memphis *Avalanche* has the following interesting reminisiscences concerning the brothers of the late Mike Walsh. The children consisted of four brothers and a sister, of whom Mike was the youngest that had been scattered in all directions upon the death of their father. Mike alone remained with his mother. A most singular fatality befel them all. One of the brothers was shot in a duel, across a table in a Southern city; another fell by the side of the brave Crockett at the massacre of the Alamo; the third brother was burned in the Ben Sherrod, and his sister perished in the ill-fated Lexington. The mother soon followed her children, leaving poor Mike to meet a death, under the circumstances, more terrible than any of the rest.

THE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS—$1 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY MORN'G, APRIL 30, 1859.

State Democratic Ticket.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,

JOHN ROWE.

HOW IT IS VIEWED SOUTH.

One of the favorite charges against the Southern half of the confederacy made by the Republicans and abolitionists, and, because the South is politically Democratic, against that party also, is that there is a deep seated determination among her politicians and people to re-open the slave trade; and they point with exultation to the case of the Wanderer, which, as our readers are aware, succeeded in landing a cargo of native Africans upon our shores at the South during the past winter. That this charge will meet with a moments favor from any one who takes the trouble to investigate it—or, in fact, from any one whose reading extends beyond the columns of the New York *Tribune*, and papers of that ilk—we do not imagine. It is so perfectly preposterous and absurd that it carries its own refutation with it among all men of reflection. And yet it is well, perhaps, that the "solid men" of the South should, as they have upon several occasions, let their position upon this question be known. One of this character, in a recent number of the Savannah *Republican*, in a communication entitled, "*The African Slave Trade, its Policy and Morality*," shows that under every aspect in which the subject can be viewed that trade is not only totally indefensible, but the writer holds it up to public reprobation in language equally as earnest as any Northern abolitionist or Republican could wish. Any project for the re-opening of the traffic is declared to be, both in its principle and its effects, in the highest degree impolitic, inhuman, immoral, and unchristian. The interests and feelings of the common country are appealed to in confirmation of the writer's opinions.—He presents arguments and considerations addressed to every sentiment of patriotism, North and South, conceiving the general feeling to be the same in both sections in regard to "this iniquitous traffic," and believing that it would be sure to introduce in its train dissensions, distractions and disasters, fatal to the continuance of the Union, and destructive alike, therefore, to the welfare of every portion of the land. Nor do we think the writers oversteps the bounds of truth when he charges that, if this trade could be re-opened, "all the African inlets and rivers would soon swarm with Down Easters, equally clamorous and cunning in the traffic of human beings," &c. Just show the abolitionists of New England how they can make money out of the negro, even if it is by taking him from his native jungles, and transplanting him to the rice and cotton fields of the South, and our word for it we should cease to hear those unearthly "shrieks for freedom" which are wont to come up from that quarter of the Union just previous to an important election. But be this as it may, we think no one can read the article in the *Republican* without entire satisfaction of mind, that it is alike contrary to the principles, feelings and interests of the South, to promote any such infamous project.—The writer sums up his argument by an allegation, for which we make no question he has entire warrant, and which ought completely to allay public apprehension in this quarter:

"In conclusion allow me to assure the friends of law and humanity throughout the country, that a countless majority of the people of Georgia are opposed to all attempts at re-opening the African slave trade."

In confirmation of a statement so broad and so encouraging to the interests of humanity, the writer declares that "the advocate of this new-fangled system of ethics and economy, yclept the African slave trade," are not to be found at the South among those classes of the community who are everywhere accounted respectable.—They include neither the clergy, the judges and jurists of the land, the solid men of work and property, nor the statesmen and law-makers. On the contrary, with few exceptions—

"We find the mass of those who agitate this question, broken in fortune, bankrupt in reputation, disappointed political adventurers, * * * negro traders, Union haters, agrarians, and every other element of opposition to conservatism and the peace and perpetuity of our institutions."

No person, upon reading this description of the Southern advocates of the slave trade, can help being struck with the singular identity between this list and the most uncompromising declaimers *against* the South and its system of slavery at the North. The agitators here are not "negro-traders," to be sure, except so far as they make the negro question the basis for all sorts of trades common to political hucksters. In other respects the schedule is wonderfully complete. And our readers must reconcile it as they may, how it is, that persons of such similar character and spirit, in opposite quarters of the Union, and with professed objects so entirely antagonistic, so forcibly illustrate the adage that—*extremes meet*.

In regard to his own State, the writer cites a noted instance, to show what public sentiment is there:—

"The history of the late Wanderer case fully proves the truth of this assertion.—Under the ban of public opinion, the poor fugitives, in small parties, have been spirited about in secret from place to place without finding purchasers, until by the last reports, almost all had been carried beyond the confines of our State. No one knows who their owners are, neither do they dare to expose them for sale openly. A few such speculations would doubtless serve as effectually as anything else to give a quietus to the whole movement."

A representation like this carries its own argument with it. To make it still stronger, however, as including a State adjacent to his own, which is sometimes falsely imagined to favor the slave-trade, but which in our opinion contains a population able to bear comparison, in a moral and religious point of view, with any in the United States—we refer also to the well-known case of the slaver, the *Echo*. This vessel was ordered to Charleston with her cargo. No disturbance took place, but great humanity was shown to the captured Africans; they were clothed and fed by the good feeling of the inhabitants of Charleston. The vessel which conveyed them to their native land departed in peace. And now we see that a South Carolina Grand Jury has found bills of indictment against all the parties who participated in the voyage of the *Echo*. The same is true also in the case of the *Wanderer*. The ship's company and the supposed owners are held to answer for their offence; and thus the Georgian Grand Jury has performed its duty equally with that in South Carolina. It is to be remembered that these are the only two known cases of attempted importation of African slaves into this country since the Act forbidding the traffic went into operation, more than half a century ago. Surely examples like these, and this state of the whole matter, do not look much like a disposition to re-open the slave trade.

THEN AND NOW.—In 1856 there was hardly a Republican paper in the State, or Union, that did not charge JOHN W. FORNEY with being the author of the most flagrant and shameless frauds upon the ballot-box in the election districts of Philadelphia.—Curses loud and deep were showered upon him from every quarter, and he was stigmatized as the most corrupt and unscrupulous demagogue in the land. But, *presto* change! two years had not elapsed before we find the same papers teeming with praises of this same *Forney* for his independence, honesty and patriotism! *Then* he was the personification of all that was villaneous and infamous in partisanship.—*Now* he is a model of political integrity, veracity and manliness! From being a very devil incarnate he has been suddenly and miraculously transformed into a saint immaculate? Once the arch-conspirator against the "cause of human freedom," and the political schemes of the Republicans, he is now exalted high in their favor and has become a Sir Oracle among them. From being a dreaded enemy he has become their trusted friend. In Pennsylvania it is not asked "what does Greeley advise," but "what does Forney say?" The disciples of "Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Labor and Free Men" have become earnest and admiring *Forney-eaters*. They fawn upon and court *Forney* with all the devotion of infatuated lovers, and it is confidently expected that the marriage ceremony between the parties to this illicit intercourse will be solemnized at the Harrisburg Convention which assembles in June. Whether *Forney* seduced the Republicans or the Republicans seduced *Forney* is a difficult question to decide, but inasmuch as they are about to compromise the matter by a formal union, and father the offspring of their disreputable correspondence, the answer to this problem is of no great consequence.

But what commended *John W. Forney* to the good graces of the Republicans? Certainly not his acquiescence in and adhesion to Republican principles. He disavows anything of this kind. There are two answers to this question, either of which is satisfactory. One is his quarrel with the Democratic Party because he was not elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and was not allowed to dictate to the President what office he should have for himself, or who should be appointed to office under the President. He had expected to exercise a kind of special guardianship over the President and the party, and being disappointed in this, he swore vengeance on both, and has been laboring with might and main ever since to destroy the Democratic party. Another reason is that the Republicans are drifting away from their Platform of 1856. Their hatred of the Democratic Party and the National Administration is stronger than their devotion to their avowed principles, and hence they are eager to join their fortunes with any and every faction which makes common cause against the Democracy.—*Forney* lost the confidence of the Democracy, and that fact of itself was enough to commend him to the "opposition." We wish the mongrel party, yclept "opposition," much joy in their accession, and congratulate the Democracy on their good fortune in getting rid of a turbulent disorganizer. FREMONT, with less of a Republican record than *Forney* now has, secured the nomination of the Republicans for President in 1856, and it would be in accordance with their usual stupidity and want of sagacity for them to make *Forney* their candidate in 1860. They never think of nominating a true man of long standing in their own party, so long as they can pick up some political adventurer and renegade who has been cast off by the Democracy.

WON'T FOLLOW.—The Pittsburg *Post*, Sumerset *Democrat*, Allentown *Democrat*, Perry *Democrat*, Armstrong *Democrat*, and the Monroe *Democrat*, which sympathised with the FORNEY call for a second Convention, *all now* refuse, at *his* dictation, to desert the regular ticket and follow KNOX, HICKMAN and FORNEY in their open treason to the Democratic organization. The Washington *Review*, also, which previous to the exhibit Forney and Hickman made of themselves at Harrisburg, was disposed to follow the lead, now says it will not give its endorsement to the second Convention's policy of opposing WRIGHT and ROWE, the nominees of the party, and repudiates every thing in the proceedings of the "State Mass Meeting," that "squints at disorganization or coalescing with the Opposition." The Clinton *Democrat*, too (edited by Mr. DIFFENBUGH, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth,) says:

"Firmly believing that the interests of the country demand the continual success of the Democratic party, we shall do that (and that only) which in our opinion will be most conducive to such result. We discard leaders—we despise factions—we owe allegiance to the principles of the party only—these can only be maintained by a firm adherence to established organization and rules of action—there we stand, and upon that platform we appeal to every Democrat in Clinton county to stand with us! Our candidates are capable and honest men—neither of whom sympathise with extreme notions or factional movements—and are worthy of the support and confidence of the best men that ever breathed."

Again:—

"Let us then maintain our old organization, support the candidates now in nomination, oppose all who come in opposition, and discharge our duties as Democrats in the good old fashioned way."

At this rate we would'nt be at all surprised if KNOX, FORNEY & Co., would find themselves deserted by PACKER even before October.

Secretary Cobb says the Treasury receipts are far beyond the estimates, and as yet he has not found it necessary to touch a dollar of the Treasury notes authorized by the late law.

Local and Literary.

Every member of the Erie Lodge of Good Templers is respectfully invited to be present on Monday evening next, at 7½ o'clock.

The Painesville *Commercial* announces that peaches were in blossom up there last week. We guess that announcement was a "little previous."

A Miss ROBINSON, of Millcreek, was thrown from a buggy on Sunday morning, near Eagle Village, while on her way to church, and had her leg broken at the ankle.

The project of making a City Hall in the new building now being erected by Messrs. Clemens & Caughey, and Gray & Farrar, has fell through. The Councils would'nt "come to time."

The Editor of the Warren *Mail* brags loudly over "Venango whisky." He says "it will drop it's man at forty rods every pop." What does our friend of the Venango *Spectator* say to that?—is'nt he "piling it on" a little thick!

We would like to see the man that prophesied that April would be a dry month. So far, and its hours are numbered, it has been nothing but snow or rain from one week's end to another. We hope May will be an improvement.

When a young lady catches you alone; lays violent hands on you, expressing "kiss" in every glance—don't you do it.—*Exchange.*

Bad advice; very bad advice! Better, by far, to "do it," and do it quickly, "once, twice, three times, and gone," for fear her brother Bob, or John, catches you at it.

The reader will not fail to appreciate "NICODEMUS NIGHTSHADE'S" experience on the Erie and Buffalo Railroad, as detailed by himself, on our outside this week. He wields a ready and graceful pen, which we are glad to have enlisted for our columns. We hope we shall hear from him often.

The Editor of the Painesville *Commercial* complains that "a single letter in a previous issue made him 'appear ridiculous'"—That is nothing—we know of Editors that the more letters they use, the more ridiculous they appear. Our friend of the *Commercial*, however, is not one of 'em.

The May number of the Great Republic Monthly has been received from the publishers, Messrs. Oaksmith & Co., New York. It is wholly devoted to the best interests of American literature, entirely original and impersonal, and in no wise sectional or sectarian. The present number is an excellent one. It may be had at the periodical depots.

The schooner *A. Scott*, owned by Messrs. Scott and Gallagher of this city, went ashore in a gale on Saturday near Vermillion, Ohio.—She was loaded with stone, for building purposes in this city. She was worth about $5,000—no insurance, and will prove a total loss, excepting her spars, rigging, anchors, chains, &c., &c.

The Crawford *Journal*, says, "there probably never was a season in the history of Meadville when so many improvements have been projected as the present. Old buildings are disappearing on every hand and the work of building new ones has commenced with vigor. A large number of business buildings and dwelling houses are in process of erection, and others will be commenced in a few days."

The Warren *Mail* says the store of Samuel Grandin, in Tidioute, was broken into last Friday night, and goods to the amount of $300 or $400 stolen. No one slept in the store that night, and the thief had full swing. In that section it is suspected that the thief is Charles Williams, who has two or three times been reported drowned. But it is probably only conjecture.

A handsome Canadian girl, dressed from top to toe in men's cloths, was arrested in Detroit the other day for disregarding the statute made and provided against unmarried ladies wearing pantaloons. She said she was on her way to Pike's Peak, which she thought was a little way beyond Chicago. Upon promising not to don the unmentionables again until she got married and go home and until that time be a good girl, she was allowed to depart in peace.

We noticed a short time since the account of a marriage in a jail in Arkansas, between a young lady and a man under sentence of death for murder. A parallel to this case, *almost*, has occurred here—a young woman of prepossessing appearance having visited our jail several times for the purpose of striking up a matrimonial bargain with the condemned FOUST. We learn that she avows her willingness—nay, her anxiety, to marry him, and has even went so far as to consult His Honor, Judge GALBRAITH, in regard to the matter. Here is romance in real life, equal to anything Sylvanus Cobb ever dished up for the *Ledger*.

We like a good joke; and "mine host" of the Reed House tells several, among them the following. He says he was at a tavern not over seven or eight miles from town the other day, and in company with some cronies went up to the bar to drink. The landlord was not in, but had deputised a raw specimen of the *genus home* to officiate as bar-keeper. "I'll take a gin cocktail," said Plara—and so they all said. The amateur bar-keeper placed the gin and sugar on the counter, and then deliberately looking all about, as though he was hunting for something, drawled out—"There's the gin, and there's the sugar, but as I hav'nt been here long, and haint learnt the ropes, I'll be durned if I can tell whether they've got any cocktail or not." It is needless to say *that* brought down the house.

The first direct importation from Europe, we believe, passed through our Custom House this week. It was an invoice of Brandy from France for the enterprising House of CARTER & BOTHER of this city. Whether for medical, or any other purpose, pure liquor is the only kind that should be used, and one can never be certain, in these days of "shams," that an article is in reality French Brandy, or Cincinnati strichnine colored, if it passes through a half dozen hands before it reaches the consumer. Aware of this fact, and determined to have the best of every thing, Messrs CARTER & BROTHER have inaugurated the system of ordering their wines and liquors direct, paying the duty at our own Custom Hsuse, and thus furnishing their customers indubitable evidence that the articles they buy are just what they purport to be—*pure unadulterated liquors.*

What is the fashion, is a query all ladies are propounding about these days, and while the answer is best given by milliners, we cannot resist imparting the following information which we find in one of our exchanges. From this source we learn that bonnets have expanded a little, and have assumed a "Marie Stuart" droop in front, and that their capes have sensibly diminished; and that the principal materials are chip, tulle and crape, with few ornaments. The fashion of robes is less imperative than last year, although the Pompadore seems to be most in vogue—the corsage may be cut in any way the wearer pleases. A new sleeve, known as the Clotilde, has been invented. It is a half-bias flowing sleeve, opened half way up the arm and minuted with a deep fall gathered in a loose bow. There is also the square open sleeve, and the full bias with drop cuff. Skirts are not scanty, and hoops larger than ever. Flowers are profusely provided for evening toilet.

The ATLANTIC for May is received. Its articles generally will fully sustain the high standard of excellence which the Magazine has attained in the opinion of a large number of readers. If it were less sectional in tone and partisan in feeling we should like it better.—The leading article upon Gymnasiums should be read by every one who would know how to fortify or restore health. The story of Bulls and Bears is admirably narrated and gives promise of sustaining the interest of the reader to the end. The Utah Campaign furnishes the most complete picture of the political and social condition of the Mormons, we have yet seen, and is evidently written by one who is thoroughly familiar with the subject. The Autocrat discourses the present month upon theological matters. Mrs. STOWE'S serial "The Minister's Wooing," is a decided success, and bids fair to rank with the best of her efforts. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Our up-town readers are referred to the advertisement of Mr. J. J. FINDLEY's new Family Grocery Store, between 8th and 9th streets, on State. He has a choice stock of family groceries, which cannot fail to attract the attention of customers.

The *Gazette* says there has been three important State elections lately that will probably determine the political complexion of the next Congress, and as yet "the *Observer* has not thought it proper to give them a passing notice." In this statement, as usual, our neighbor is about two-thirds wrong and one-third right. We plead guilty having forgot all about Rhode Island, but as to New Hampshire and Connecticut, we duly proclaimed the brilliant Republican victories achieved therein. In both states, the Republicans escaped by the skin of their teeth, which foreshadows, in our opinion, a Waterloo in 1860.

SENECA says, "There are none more abusive to others than they that be most open to it themselves."

And again, "We should look upon contumelies, slanders, and ill words, only as the clamor of enemies, or arrows shot at a distance, that make a clattering upon our arms, but do no execution."

"It is a part of a great mind to despise injuries; and it is one kind of revenge to neglect a man as not worth it; for it makes the first aggressor too considerable. Our philosophy, methinks, might carry us up to the standard of a generous mastiff, that can hear the barking of a thousand curs without taking any notice of them."

"The malevolent and the envious content themselves only to wish another man miserable." And we say—

Show us a fellow who is perpetually traducing his neighbors; who is ready to charge all manner of wickedness upon those whom his envy prompt him to malign, who is eager to scatter scandal against those whom he hates, and who is as reckless in his vituperation as he is irresponsible in a legal sense, and we will show you a mercenary wretch who has neither honesty, decency, nor social position. A creature who is denied social equality in the households of reputable citizens, whose acquaintance and friendship gentlemen of integrity and self-respect will not tolerate, who is looked upon as a social and moral nuisance, is just the person of all others to fabricate slanders upon his superiors, and brawl loud and long against those whom he has neither the honest ambition to imitate nor the true manhood to respect. Those who have won their way to places of trust and responsibility, and who are surrounded by friends of high character, can well afford to let professional caluminators rail on with all their fury. What signifies it how terribly an angry cur may bark if one is out of the reach of his bite?

Besides, the good opinion of those who can be influenced by a blustering defamer is not worth retaining or securing, and those whose friendship is desirable are not apt to be estranged by unfounded assertions and malignant abuse. The honest and intelligent portion of society generally places a true estimate upon the manifest slanders of habitual traducers.

Reader, do you know there are more ways than one to destroy the harmonious proportion of one's "bread and butter?" For example; when we see a young man applying "hot and rebellious liquors to his blood," and wooing with unblushing brow "the means of weakness and debility," smashing his constitution with "smashes," slinging his health away with "slings," endeavoring to prove he is a "brick" by one in his hat, that he is a "buck" by the size of his "horns," and going the entire porcine animal generally—we feel like whispering in his ear, young man you are licking the butter off your biscuit certain. When we see a young lady flaunting in her bonfire reds, brimstone blues, lurid greens, frillfralls and flubdubs, giggling at the foolishness of fops, waking her slumbering parents, with her "loftiest pigeon wings of sound," rejoicing in the amplitude of her empty surroundings and spreading herself generally "like a green bay hoss"—we feel inclined to whisper in her ear, dear miss, allow us to inform you that your delicate lingual appendage is extracting the oleaginous preparation from your cereal compound with a vengeance. "So mote it be."

The Philadelphia *News*, of Monday, says the Managers of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad were engaged for several days during the past week, in adopting a location for the middle division of the road, which extends from the headwaters of Sinnamahoning creek to Sheffield, the eastern point of the western division, which is now under contract and in the course of construction. A portion only of the middle division was located, the remainder being left for further examination, which will probably be completed in the course of the next thirty days. The route, as located thus far, will take what is termed the Drift wood branch of the Sinnamahoning creek, and follows that stream by way of the K fork of West creek and Elk creek to Ridgway, or a point in the immediate vicinity of that town. The work on both the Eastern and Western Divisons is now progressing rapidly, and it is designed to run the iron horse with accompaniments to Lock Haven, by the first of July next. In the same connection, the *News* says it learns from a private source that the New York and Erie Company were engaged during the last week in making arrangements to extend their road from Little Valley to the city of Erie, thus practically abandoning the great Dunkirk humbug. Our New York friends are becoming alarmed at the prospect of an early completion of the Sunbury and Erie Road. They have good cause to do so.

RUSTICS, NO. VI.

By Wynkyn de Worde.

Niagara Falls one hundred years ago, if the accounts of those days were correct, were such a wonder that they are now scarce a curiosity at all. It was then thought that Niagara would be the emporium of all America! Even as late as 1819 the English considered the St. Lawrence to be the hope of their continent, and hence the chief effort of the first war was to secure that river. It is amusing to read their comments on the plan for the Erie Canal, or "Dewitt Clinton's ditch." They thought it wouldn't amount to much, as "the Lake Erie farmer would find a better market at Montreal" than at New York. Perhaps they know better by this time.

A Swedish gentleman, Peter Kalur, visited the Falls, and gave an account of what he saw, dated "Albany, Sept. 2, 1750." The French at Niagara thought he was an English officer, or spy, and until he showed his passports they put him to about as much trouble as the drivers, and guides, and porters, and prism-carriers do now at the Falls. In visiting the cataract he had the company of M. Joncairo, who three years later was at Venango, as a "redoubtable captain," to swear in Washington's face that he "had the command of the Ohio." Washington no doubt had as much game in the Frenchman as had Peter Kalur. Peter now shall speak for himself:

"When you are at the fall, and look up the river, you may see that the river above the fall is everywhere exceeding steep, almost as the side of a hill. When all this water comes to the very fall then it throws itself down perpendicular; the hair will rise and stand upright on your head when you see this! I cannot with words express how amazing it is! You cannot see it without being quite terrified to behold so vast a quantity of water falling abrupt from so surprising a height! I doubt not but you have a desire to learn the exact height. Father Hennepin calls it 600 feet perpendicular! but he has gained little credit in Canada; the name of honor they give him there is the great liar! He writes of what he saw in places where he never was."

It is certainly very amazing that the water should fall, especially so abrupt and perpendicular! As soon as Peter's hair calmed a little he proceeded to notice the vapor. He says that "every clear and calm morning you see the vapor rising, and you would think all the woods thereabouts were set on fire, so great is the apparent smoke. Several of the French gentlemen told me that when birds come flying into this fog or fall of smoke, they drop down and perish in the water, either because their wings are become wet, or that the noise of the fall astonishes them and they know not where to go in the darkness, but others were of a different opinion." He relates that water-fowl swimming above the fall are gently carried down the stream and when they see where they are tending they endeavor with all their might to take wing and leave the water, but they cannot! To fall abrupt and perpendicular from so surprising a height would hardly leave them in so good a plight as the Indians in Goldsmith's account who, it was said, ventured down in safety!

Peter might have speculated a little for he was told that in Autumn "such prodigious flocks of fowl are to be found here below the fall that a man in a day's time can gather enough of them for several beds, which feathers, they said, came off the birds killed at the fall!"

Marvelous stories were then told of adventurers, though the "celebrated spots" were scarcely so numerous as they are now, when guides can tell you where Webster sneezed or Nick Biddle took a nap or an apple—the guide is not certain which it was. Peter could not be induced to venture any of his experiments. "If the King of France would give me all Canada I would not venture to go upon this island!"—He is careful to hint the half has not been told. "You must excuse me if you find in my account no extravagant wonders."

If these references to things a century ago are of any interest to your readers, Mr. Editor, Wynkyn may rumage among the old attic papers another rainy day.

Last Sunday was Easter, and what a jolly time the little folks had to be sure. There were sod eggs, and blue eggs, and purple eggs, and black eggs, and spotted, and ringed, streaked and striped eggs; and eggs of all kinds, and the little folks laughed, while the older ones looked on and smiled as they thought over the happy days of yore when such joys were theirs, and they had as little care. And speaking of Easter, very few, even among the children of larger growth, know why the egg is used as an emblem on this day, or the meaning of it when used. For the information of such we quote from an exchange the following:

"In this country Easter is known by many as "Pass" or "Pasch," the latter being the correct English word, meaning either the Passover or the feast of Easter. Pass-eggs are in every boy's hand, though why or how they come to be used as a peculiarity of this festival is not clear. The custom has been traced to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Gauls, among all of whom the egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the Supreme Being. The Jews sometimes used eggs at the feast of the Passover, in memory of Noah having been shut in the ark—as life is shut within the egg. And as Christ, being shut into the tomb, and coming from it again, was supposed to have been prefigured by the ark, the early Christians brought eggs to the Easter feast in memory of His resurrection. Among the Christians of Mesopotama, on Easter Day, and forty days after, the children bring as many eggs as they can, and stain them red in memory of Christ's blood, shed at the crucifixion. In Siberia and Russia, Easter Day is set apart for visiting. The people go to each other's houses in the morning, and introduce themselves by saying, "Christ Jesus is risen;" the answer is, "Yes, He is risen," as stated above; they then embrace and give each other an egg. This ceremony continues for forty days after. He that is saluted first is obliged to present the other with an egg; nobody, of whatever condition or sex, daring to refuse the egg or kiss. The people of rank have them covered with gold or silver leaf, or very beautifully painted. They call them pasch-eggs. In the sixteenth century, the custom prevailed more generally. Upon Easter morning large platters of eggs were sent to the priest to be blessed. In the ritual of Pope Paul V., there is a special blessing for the Easter eggs. In the expenses of the household of Edward I., when he was eighteen years old, in the accounts for Easter Sunday is the following item: "Four hundred and fifty eggs, eighteen pence." The egg at Easter is, therefore, supposed to be an emblem of the rising up out of the grave, in the same manner that the chick shut up in the egg is in due time brought to life. In the north of England, children roll them on the ground, and play at ball with them; but the common way is to strike one egg against another, and the one that first breaks is won by the owner of the egg that broke it. So prevalent was this custom of egg-giving, that it has formed the basis of an old English proverb, "I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter."

ANTHELMINTIC WAFERS.—We desire to call attention to an advertisement in another column, of a remedy for worms, known as Anthelmintic Wafers, of which B. A. Baldwin, Erie, Pa., is the sole proprietor. They are recommended upon the highest medical authority for children afflicted with this scourge of childhood. They do not contain Mercury, Colomel, Turpentine, Castor Oil, or any other nauseous or dangerous ingredient, and being a pleasant preparation of sugar, any child will eat them with avidity and pleasure.

Baldwin is also proprietor of the Cathartic Pills, a notice of which will be found with the above. These medicines are sold by the principal Druggists in Cleveland, and by Druggists generally throughout the country. *Daily National Democrat.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF AMUSEMENT. By JAMES LEONARD CORNING, Pastor of Westminister Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y. Phinney & Co.

This neat little volume, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author, does not need our commendation, nor can it call from us indiscriminate praise. There are, in our humble view, a few things in it which were better unsaid, a few exagerations and misconceptions. We give full importance to play in childhood but yet play is not the "great business of childhood." (p. 15) We could name scores of men and women who had an aversion to youthful sport, and studied hard, and some of them took diplomas at sixteen, who did not die of scrofula, nor go to an insane asylum. It seems to us that the chief blemish of the book is, that too much prominence is given to the law of amusement. There are many evils here noticed which do not result from a violation of that law. Even if the law can be laid down clearly the observance of it cannot bring about quite so extended a reformation as is contemplated.

The expression, "God created *all* the instincts of the human mind to be exercised," may be misunderstood. It is true of all instincts created by Him, but there are instincts—appetites at least—which He did not create, and the less exercise of them there is the better. Self-denial is a virtue. We laugh and play right gleefully in our manhood, and hope to do so till the time of old age is passed, but we confess to some evil instinctively within us and would exert every effort to put it down.—This error pervades the book.

With many good points, which the critical reader will not fail to discern and appreciate, there are other features open to just criticism. We cannot admire, for example, such expressions as "the *beau ideal* of gospel believers," "eat enough to make a swine have gripes of conscience," "marvelously religious," "winding up the farce with a pious discourse," "additional yards of christian consistency," "pious whine," and others even worse. They may have created a sensation among his hearers, but to the critical reader they appear in bad taste. It is not necessary to treat religion with disrespect in order to point a satire against sinners. We find sufficient exhortation to amusement, even more than most people will heed, but do not find the "laws of Christian amusement" very clearly defined. How to be, or not to be amused, is still the question. Nor do the arguments appear to us very profound, especially those drawn from trees, clouds lambs and birds, (p. p. 12, 13, 72, 73.) To say that the Psalmist represents the trees as playing when they "clap their hands," is belittling. They are represented as engaged in something infinitely more sublime,—exulting over the glorious coming of Jehovah. Birds, (p. 78) cannot solve a question of religious or social propriety for those who want argument and law. We do do not imagine birds have much intellect, or moral instinct. Our readers may dissent from these friendly strictures and we leave them to the full enjoyment of these entertaining volume.

For Sale at the Post Office News Depot.

THE GREAT SHOW AND ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITION—DAN RICE'S FAREWELL TOUR.—A more pleasing duty has never devolved upon us as Journalists than to speak of our *Great Humorist* in those terms of approbation which his merits so richly deserve. We admire him for his great energy of character and indomitable zeal in always completing whatever he undertakes, and also for the creditable manner in which he has sought to dignify and elevate that class of amusements with which he has been for many years connected. Although the establishment has now passed out of his hands, yet he will be identified with it both in name and person—this being his Farewell Tour. Those who have never seen Mr. RICE can form no conception of the rich vein of humor which runs through his quaint sayings, and should take advantage of the opportunity now presented.

It has been said that "Republics are ungrateful," but if the general sentiment of esteem that pervades all classes at the name of DAN RICE, be a test to the truth of the assertion, we can throw it back as an aspersion upon us, at least in reference to him whose name has now become a household word, and whose fame as a Humorist extends from the Blue Mountains of New Hampshire to the valleys of Mississippi. What more can we say for him than to bespeak for him a cordial reception and an overflowing house? That he will have both, we have not the slightest doubt, for he has spared neither labor nor expense to produce an entertainment that we know will be popular with old and young. The Great Show will exhibit at Erie on Tuesday next, afternoon and evening. The bills are unusually attractive, and all the Artists are first class. Such an array of talent has never been at a single performance in the arena. Mrs. DAN RICE will introduce her splendid chargers Daniel Webster and White Surrey. Mr MURRAY will control six dapple greys together in the arena, in a startling performance that will elicit unbounded applause. The Thorough-Bred Fillies, Rebecca and Rachael, will exhibit their symmetrical bounds and leaps under the guidance of Master FRED. BARCLAY. The Zoological Entertainments will be as much a matter of wonder as amusement, and we can hardly imagine how so large a creature as an Elephant has been taught to *dance the light rope*.—This "Lalla Rhook" will do with perfect ease and grace and some of our awkward ball-goers will learn a lesson. The "Rhinoceros" or Unicorn of holy writ, has been pronounced untameable in all ages, but will be turned loose into the arena, and made to perform various incredible feats. The Goat of Syria and the Educated Mules, will also be another great feature to the evening's performance.

SICKLES ACQUITTED.—The Sickles trial ended on Tuesday, by his acquittal. The jury was sent out a few minutes before two in the afternoon, and at 5 o'clock came in to Court with a verdict of *not guilty*. The scene that took place is thus described by the telegraphic reporter:

The door is opened. The Deputy Marshal calls out to make room for the jury. In they come, one by one, and proceed to take their seats in the box. There is one general movement in the Court room to get a look at their faces. All restraint is forgotten. Benches and forms and tables are mounted by the most excited or most venturesome. "Here they come," is heard hurriedly spoken on all sides. Then there is a succession of cries of "Down in front," "Get off the benches," "Sit down," "Silence in Court," "Order," "Order." But it seems impossible to restore order till the Judge directs the Clerk to call the names of the jury. The uproar instantly subsides, and as the Clerk calls the jurors, and they severally respond, one of the officers call out the number. When the twelfth name is called and responded to, a pin might be heard to drop in the suddenly stilled Court.

The jury are all standing.

Clerk—Daniel E. Sickles, stand up and look to the jury.

Mr. Sickels stood up.

Clerk—