

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847.

NUMBER 47.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

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One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.50
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Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
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WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce, at the lowest prices, H. CADWELL, 3 June 6, 1846.

Wool, Wool, Wool!
This advertiser having been selected for an unlimited number of years, the Woolen factory belonging to his father in Millersburg, being three miles from Erie, and two miles from the Erie Tavern, south from the Buffalo road, is ready to manufacture wool into cloth, shirtings, &c. by the yard for 12 1/2 cents per yard.
Clothing, carding, done for five cents per pound, on short notice and in the best manner.
Cloth Dressing done in the best manner for 25 cents per yard all colors except green, blue & red. Shirts dressed for 15 cents per yard.
The advertiser having been engaged in the business nearly all his life, and having succeeded an old experienced hand, Z. L. Huff, is determined not to be beaten by anything in the Western country.

HARVEY N. HILL,
Millersburg June 13, 1846.

DISSOLUTION.—The co-partnership heretofore existing between the firm of McHaffey & Brown, was dissolved on the 23d inst. by mutual consent. P. S. Brown will remain in the storekeeping the accounts of the late firm. All who know themselves indebted will please to call soon.
THOMAS MEHAFFEY,
JOHN S. BROWN,
Erie, July 4, 1846.

FRESH GROCERIES.—Tea, coffee, Pepper Rice, Brown, Leaf and Crushed Sugar, Molasses, for sale at the store of
MEHAFFEY and BREWSTER,
July 11, 1846.

WRIGHT HALL & PARLOR STOVES.
"Combustion" a little extra in this line will be about 20 days. Those who wish to buy will do well to wait till we get them out.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER,
Sept. 26, 1846.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY G. W. FATTEN.

Brother speak in whispers light;
Tis my last—my last good night!
Nearer more our steps will stray
Through the garden's scented way;
By the homestead of the bea—
'Neath the shady chestnut trees,
By the meadow's winding stream,
Glimmering in the sunset beam,
Gentle Brother! smile and bless—
'Tis my last—my last career.

Sister! with thine eyes of blue,
Hither come and weep "Adieu!"
Let thine arm around me twine,
Let thy cheek repose on mine,
While I gaze into thy face,
Circled in this dear embrace,
Thou hast ever proved to me
All that love could wish to be;
Yet I leave thy heart alone—
Brother—Sister! bless your own.

Mother! thou hast rocked my head
Softly on its cradle bed;
When the storm was raging high,
Sweetly sung love's lullaby—
Yet I part—I part from thee,
Who henceforth will sing to me
When my head aches with pain?
I shall miss that early strain.
Mother! with thy accents mild,
Bless, oh! bless thy weeping child.

Written for the Erie Observer.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY A LADY.

At this time about a dozen of these bullies belonged to the University. They formed a club composed of themselves and a few other students, creatures whom they found convenient as humble friends. Contrary however to usual custom, and to the great annoyance of the peaceful and literary men of the College, the bullies forced themselves into the different clubs, exercising every species of domineering tyranny, and destroying every prospect of comfort or mutual advantage in social intercourse.

There seemed no means of changing this state of affairs, but to wait quietly until these literary ruffians chose to withdraw of their own accord. Many of the members kept their rooms; but even these did not escape the sneer with which the watchful fiends would question why they no longer attended. Nothing but the dread of being put at eight paces to be shot at by a practised marksman, or possibly in some cases, the horror of being forced in self-defence to shed blood, rendered this state of affairs, at the time of which I write, was a mark that no one, except those known to be destined to the church, chose should rest upon their character in future life.

Near the close of autumn there entered a young Oxonian, who seemed peculiarly fitted, if such a thing might be, to pass the ordeal of a continental college acquaintance without personal difficulties. Except a temperament highly nervous and an intellect of the first order, he seemed in every respect a medium. Not an organ of the brain swelled above its proper level—every feature was regular as a model, and each limb proportioned to five feet ten. Good looking, not handsome—agreeable, scarce interesting—mild, but not jovial—easy tempered, but not pleasurable—fearless, apparently, yet prudent—peaceable even to caution, but nervous subsistent—sincere in his piety without a shade of cant, he became, no one knew how or why, a noted man. He was known to all, intimate with a number, but sought the friendship of none; and discouraged the advances of those who would have attached themselves to him by any bond closer than that of social intercourse. It was useless to speak of him, for you met disbelievers in your auditors, and indifference from himself when the expressions were repeated. It was equally useless to defend him, for he seemed to think it unnecessary, and only thanked you coldly in good set phrase. His unaffected good humor, his self reliance, and above all, his indifference to every thing that makes up the eclat of college existence, kept even the bullies at bay for so long a period that he bid fair to live among us unmolested; and the majority began to look upon him with that species of respect which is always forced from common-place characters when an end is effected without the use of apparently adequate means.

A crisis was, however, imperceptibly, but steadily approaching. It was remarked that Burke never went out to witness a duel. When any one was killed or severely wounded in an affair, his bitter expressions of regret that reconciliation had not been effected, caused others to smile and give him a look of warning. Once when he attempted to prevent a meeting, such decided intimations were given that his own courage would be tested if he interfered further, that nothing but a practiced self-control could have enabled him to preserve his temper. All this was noticed by the bully club, and it was determined that Burke should fight or leave.

From an instinctive feeling that the Briton was no trifler, they nominated their boldest and best shot for the purpose; and a series of insults that would have tried the patience of a slave was commenced—at first slight and indirect, they were passed over as unintentional or inadvertent; as they became more indelicate, kept satire or repartee paid them back with usury. Real insult was met by a firm look and a bold reproof. One evening, upon receiving a slight but contemptuous push, he turned on his insulter a glowing eye, and said in a distinct whisper, "my good permits me to defend with death if attacked."

The club were puzzled. Burke would not send a challenge, but no one doubted his courage; and as yet his associates were unbroke. It was finally determined to feign offence, and compel him to accept or refuse a challenge in form. His firm character failed

him not on so severe a trial. "Tell your principal," said he to the second who delivered the paper, "that I fight no cold-blooded duels, and least of all with a noted bully; and tell him further, that I shall arm myself, and if he values his person it will be safer not to molest me."

It was presumed the Oxonian would now leave; he was not educating for the priesthood, and had violated a custom of the institution, which compelled all others to answer a regular cartel. It could not be overlooked; and the Briton was cut by every one, except those whose religious character compelled them to appear openly on the side of peace. The salutations of this body he acknowledged courteously, but sought not their support in his humiliating position. Never was a determined spirit put to a severer trial; every species of insult short of actual violence was heaped upon him. Shunned even by those who had and knew him worthy, he met the shock unsupported by a single student of the twelve hundred whose footsteps daily awoke the echoes of the endless galleries. Custom is law and he had violated customs. He was not however overlooked or forgotten in the mass of physical and mental vigor congregated in those famed halls. We watched with a singular degree of interest the denouement of this singular character. His gloomy brow, his pale cheek, his thoughtful aspect, and the occasional fierce flashing of his blue eye, all told of passion struggling with the restraints of reason and principle.

"Diable!" said a young man whose gallant bearing had earned for him the soubriquet of Count, and who had fought as often as any one rook the trouble to ask him, "Diable! there is madness enough in that thunder-cloud brow to annihilate the whole club; a little French philosophy may make the bull dog show his teeth; I'll try him, and stand second." The Count approached the hall window, against the side of which Burke had been leaning for an hour, looking through the panes of glass at vacancy, with all the energy of an exasperated spirit. With infinite tact the Frenchman stood for some minute near to the proscribed subject, but without attempting common topics began at once in a low voice, "I have come to persuade you into my views if I can; you are open to reason?" The Englishman nodded. "Will you take my arm then, and let us walk in the grounds."

"You will compromise yourself by association with me just now; I have no wish to involve you with this lullish club."

"The club, pooh!" said the Count, with a mocking laugh, "they are little better than a pack of dogs."

"If you fear them not," said the other, "I am with you, and in good sooth I much need a friend."

"Such would I be, and such I will be, let the beer-swilling brutes digest it as they may. But tell me, I pray you, is there not possible hope I may yet stand by you as second?"

"A month since I would have answered decidedly, no; lately, I begin to question whether to inflict summary punishment on a band of men so fiend-like in their mischievous tyranny, would rather be an act worthy of praise—a case may form an exception to general rules."

"Can that rule of moral ethics be right, which would stand in the way of deserved punishment, inflicted, too, in a fair field, and by established laws of the duello? A disciple of Machiavelli would declare that the error lay in giving the wrong-doer a chance of life equal to your own."

"It may appear strange," said the Briton; "yet my principles approach nearer to those of the wily Italian than do yours. I hold it right to punish by laws which guard the innocent from all risk; but these laws deprecate the duello as they do the stiletto, because Justice should ever be unjinxed with passion, and unobscured by personal rancour."

"Call the case an exception to the rule; have you not borne for months the insults, worse than injuries, of this band of ruffians—been marked, deserted and scorned—your associations broken, and your days rendered lonely and bitter? Can justice be meted out by a man who has patiently borne all this, mixed with passion or be influenced by rancour?"

"Nay, but see you not that it is the duello itself, which sustains these same ruffians—were it considered dishonorable and murderous to take the life of another in single combat, men would be restrained from offering an insult, for which no satisfaction could be given other than an apology—it is the apparent justice of an offered satisfaction, called honorable, which restrains general opinion from punishing the insulter."

"I marvel, no man," said the Frenchman, "that while Europe is the theatre of revolutionary madness, and her soil a battle-field for insane soldiers, you can reason so calmly of the force of general opinion and the evils of private rencounter. The time may come, after ages, when men will be restrained by the bully club, and it was determined that Burke should fight or leave."

From an instinctive feeling that the Briton was no trifler, they nominated their boldest and best shot for the purpose; and a series of insults that would have tried the patience of a slave was commenced—at first slight and indirect, they were passed over as unintentional or inadvertent; as they became more indelicate, kept satire or repartee paid them back with usury. Real insult was met by a firm look and a bold reproof. One evening, upon receiving a slight but contemptuous push, he turned on his insulter a glowing eye, and said in a distinct whisper, "my good permits me to defend with death if attacked."

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A hundred or more students might have been seen leaving the University in pairs, next morning, and proceeding to an open space, beyond a grove belonging to the Institution. The parties were already on the ground, and only waited the usual ten minutes after the time appointed, for any who might not have been in time to witness the scene.

Burke wore the appearance of a man profoundly satisfied with himself. He waited in careless attitude, the result of an earnest conversation between the seconds, relative to the propriety of putting up the principals at a distance of less than twenty feet; and though he seemed desirous to preserve the gravity proper to so critical an affair, a smile would flash across his features and brighten his full eye, despite his effort to prevent it.

Had he just left the chamber of her beloved, a successful wooer, his brow could not have expanded more joyously. It was impossible to witness such genuine courage without admiration, yet a feeling of regret came over me, as I felt he must have conquered his own scruples by a decided act of the will. The flimsy excuse that he was contending against oppression, would not in future time, satisfy a conscience, sustained by the judgments of a brain so accurately balanced. For the present the unobtrusive monitor was silent, and the Briton felt happy in his freedom from perplexity of mind, and in his own buoyant and undaunted courage.

The polite pertinacity of the Frenchman conquered, and the distance was measured full six paces. As they placed the principals I turned to observe the German. He was calm but had lost much of his audacity, and appeared unable to understand how one who had borne so much, could rush on almost certain death with entire non-chalance. Unable to read the deeper character of his antagonist, the burly ruffian was altogether in a surprise. So deep was the silence into which the conversational hum of the witnesses had subsided, that I heard distinctly the low whisper of Burke, as he received his weapon. "Count, I'll hit him between the brows." All the fierce energy of his nervous temperament seemed to be concentrated in the glance of the Englishman, as the fatal numbers were counted. The bully was firm, but not quite himself. A moment, and the latter sprang into the air and measured his length on the grass.

A stream of blood slowly trickled down the white neck of the Englishman, but he stood erect. The German moved not again—he was hit between the brows!

"A scratch of the maxim muscle," said the Frenchman, trying to assume a haughty air, "is all that has happened, and he has applied to the bleeding surface. The body was left to the members of the club—the pistols delivered to the bowing valet, and the young men quietly proceeded to the college along with the spectators."

Burke was himself again. He manifested no anger at the previous desertion and coldness of the collegians—he had violated a rule he knew this, and bore the inconvenience. Except that he cherished the Count as a friend, and was less mindful in ordinary intercourse, no difference of manner or feeling was perceptible.

The black patch had not been removed from the Oxonian's neck for a day, ere he received an invitation for a second meeting. The interest was intense, and the concourse of fellows large. The Englishman looked dislike mingled with scorn—the bully, hatred mingled with apprehension. The polite Count with much show of courtesy, proposed again the terrible six paces. It could not be objected to. "You, too, will hit between the brows," said the Rhinelander, evidently intending to be heard. The Frenchman smiled at the abortive effort to create alarm. A mocking enger lingered for a moment round the mouth of his friend. It was only in the moment of action, that all the nervous energy of Burke concentrated itself in his look—it had its effect—his antagonist grasped the weapon with too much force, at the instant of its discharge, and the bullet perforated the beaver instead of the brain of the Englishman. I turned to observe the effect of the latter's shot; there was a body lying on its back on the sward—and the flesh was torn between the brows!

"How are you with the small sword," said the Count, a few mornings after, breaking in upon the studies of his friend. "I have made an engagement for Thursday, and have here the measure; it fits my rapier to the tenth of an inch."

"I have neglected a practice at this day so necessary to one's safety, and am considerably skilful; but have our terrible club confessed their fear of fire-arms; for I presume you did not propose a challenge."

"By no means! Rouke did me the favor to call and ask whether you used the sword; desirous to accommodate, I had the pleasure to inform him that if you did not it would gratify me to take your place, and he would please to consider us one in these affairs."

"In truth," said Burke, "I prefer the sword; to say nothing of my own greater safety, it will enable me to wound, without destroying my adversary."

"Nay, but listen," said the Frenchman eagerly, "some months before you came among us, a young man from the sweet south of France entered here; he was beautiful as a girl and good as an angel. His slender boyish frame, and the trusting mildness of his blue eyes, which seemed to appeal for protection, should have preserved him from the foul fiend himself; but this club of hell-demons scented him, and murdered the boy in cold blood, for sport. I was away at the time, or they should have trampled over my body to reach him. And who, 'think you,' was their instrument? This man who is to meet one of us on Thursday. Aye! this Grimm first tortured the fair-haired boy with bleeding wounds, and then stabbed him to the heart. 'Twas done scien-

tifically he said. By the blood of the innocent, if you feel unwilling to inflict Heaven's vengeance on the assassin, I must take your place, and pray you to stand by my side."

"It does indeed seem but justice to mete him what he has measured to others, and I have gone too far to recede."

It is scarce possible to conceive a look more malignantly exulting than that of Grimm, as his glance fell on his antagonist. Indeed to every one of the class, and all were conversant in this species of encounter, it appeared hardly possible for the Englishman to contend with success against that tall frame with its firm muscle and long arm.

Confident in his physical advantages, the German began the play with a lazy indifference that the Briton met with a graceful ease of fence, that soon convinced the bystanders that the match was by no means unequal. It was a sight for an amateur to observe the watchful eye, the feint, the guard, the momentary clashing rattle, and the dead silence as each waited on the movement of the other. Grimm repeatedly tried his long arm in the attack, but a skill that forced our admiration as often foiled him. A feint of his adversary at length brought the German's sword to his own right, but instead of meeting it, quick as thought, Burke's weapon touched the unguarded left arm, and then threw off, the next instant, the point of his antagonist. The dripping blood warned the bully that it was necessary to close the contest before loss of strength left him at the mercy of the challenged; he made an attack into which all his skill and all his power were thrown; the Briton parried and the blades rang unceasingly. Heretofore always a conqueror, and amused to so obstinate a resistance, the German lost a portion of his temper; a fierce thirst, which a side spring of Burke's rendered harmless, left his own hand exposed, and the upper joint of his thumb felt the smart of a wound. It would now have been safer for Grimm to stake his life on the issue of a game of chess after the loss of his queen. The Count glared at him with folded arms and set teeth. It was but an execution; touch followed touch, and with each came a stream of blood—then the sword arm fell helpless—the Briton seemed to hesitate: "A thrust for Langueoed," shouted the Count, "remember the blue eyed boy;" and true to his feelings and his friend's sword, Burke entered the left breast of the bully. A look of satisfaction rested on the faces of the spectators, for they had not forgotten the bravery of that helpless child.

The leaders of the club were gone, but it still remained bold and arrogant spirits, who they read in the grave sternness with which they were met by their fellow collegians, that nothing less than the total annihilation of the body, and the expulsion of its members from the institution, would satisfy the large mass of the students. To be drove away with scornful hootings and derision, was not to be thought of while their ground could be maintained with the sword and pistol. They judged, perhaps correctly, that if the brothers-in-arms, as the friends were now called, could be in any manner disposed of, they might yet intimidate the large body of students and regain their former position. In the hope that Burke would refuse a challenge to a man so unusual, it was determined to invite a combat with sword, on horseback. If he accepted, they still hoped the invulnerable Briton, whose deadly eye and practised hand had proved so disastrous to their associates, would find himself more than matched by a southern Russ, who had united himself with the club, because of their affinity to his own unamiable character. Had the Count stood alone the club had gained their point—to meet a Cosack on horseback; the manner was unusual, the invitation scarce reasonable. So the Count thought, but he would communicate with his friend.

"Have they forgotten," said Burke, "that English gentlemen follow the hound? that Oxford students ride steeple chases? I want a knight to select a steed and regain my seat; and my dear Count, if you will do me the favor of taking a daily ride, I may give you some specimens of English leaps. Have you ever heard of keeping the saddle true with a silver penny between boot and stirrup?"

"We have heard of such feats, as of English bows that men of other nations could not bend, and cloth yard shafts almost as destructive as modern musketry. France and Britain have met often and may well respect the prowess of each other."

"And will doubtless meet again ere the world be many years older. Should fortune will that I lead a battalion, I pray her to grant me an enemy gallant as yourself, with whom to play the stirring game."

"I second your wish," said the Count, "and in truth, I fear not there will be work enough for both ere long. In mean while I rejoice you can meet this wild Cosack on more than equal terms. I would not that you were out off before we tilt with squadrons in a heady fight."

Had they never met but on horse back, the Russ and Briton had been friends. It was impossible not to admire the native grace of the one, as he curbed the springy, vaulting steed of which he seemed a part; and the practiced manage of the other, who seemed to infuse his own intelligence into the animal he beatrode. They watched each other with deep interest, not unmixt with respect; and the strong attraction of similar liking would have drawn them together, but for the deadly feud, which had forced both from classic and calculations to a formal pastime.

There were no rules to govern a meeting of so unprecedented a character; room for spectators and room for combatants to do their worst on each other, was the only law. For this purpose a fallow field of half a score of acres was obtained, round which on the ap-

pointed morning a thousand students ranged themselves.

I cannot describe the rushing onsets of the Russ, as he came down, dealing a passing blow, that rang on the sword of his adversary like a file cutting into steel, or wheeling the animal ere he had fairly passed, like machinery on a pivot, he made a sweeping stroke, as a bound of the noble creature carried him beyond reach. The blood bay of the Englishman was ever side by side, or head to head with the half-tamed black of the Ukraine. At one of these onsets, Burke started an easy gallop, and turning his adversary's left wheeled suddenly, but not more promptly than the Cosack, and with their fore feet in the air, the high metted couragers were brought breast to breast, their armed hoofs tearing away skin and flesh from their broad chests. Uttering a shrill neigh, the mad brutes bit fiercely at each other, and the words of the scarce less matched riders, and a deadly accompaniment. The Russ was the superior horseman, but he had not learned the use of his weapons in the schools of the west. He veered; he backed, he vaulted forward, more like a contorter than a son of Adam; but he met the preparal guard of the Briton, whose horsemanship was fully equal to a position of defence. Between spirits wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, this hand to hand conflict could not last. A semicircular vault of the Cosack brought them side by side and face to face, and at the same instant that his sword descended on the shoulder of the Briton, a thrust of the latter passed beneath his raised arm through and through his chest.

The obnoxious club was dissolved and its remaining members hooted from the Institution. They had sown the seed of insult and oppression, and reaped a full harvest of indignation and contempt.

For a time they stood up against the torrent of general hatred, and tried again the effort of intimidation, while their dangerous foe was confined to his couch, and the Frenchman dare not risk his own life, now so necessary to his friend. But their challenges were returned unread, and the messenger spat upon. Not a Bully was to be found, when Burke, amid a crowd of congratulating students, with the tender assistance of the Count—himself pale from anxious watching—first mounted the saddle to renovate his debilitated frame.

A YANKEE GHOST.

'Gait or remorse for injuries inflicted upon those whose forgiveness cannot be known, condition cannot be estimated, is the prolific mother of spectral annoyances. Whomsoever we have injured, however weak and despicable while living, becomes formidable by death. I have noticed in our thrifty, money-loving community, that there is a very common notion that the disposal of an estate, contrary to the known wishes of the testator, is the most potent spell of all others for raising a Yankee ghost. Among the many anecdotes which corroborate this opinion, I must content myself with citing one, the scene of which happens to be in an adjoining town.

Some years ago an elderly woman, familiarly known as "Aunt Morse," died, leaving a handsome little property. No will was found, although it was understood before her decease, that such a document was in the hands of Squire S., one of her neighbors. One cold winter evening, some weeks after her departure, Squire S., sat in his parlor looking over his papers, when hearing some one cough in a familiar way, "he looked up, and saw before him a little crooked old woman, in an oil-n colored woolen frock, blue and white top and linen apron, and striped blanket, leaning her sharp pinched face on one hand, while the other supported a short, black tobacco pipe, at which she was puffing in the most vehement and spiteful manner conceivable.

The Squire was a man of some nerve; but his first thought was to attempt an escape, from which he was deterred only by the consideration that any effort to that effect would necessarily bring him nearer to his unwelcome visitor.

"Aunt Morse," he said, at length, "by the Lord's sake, get right back into the burying ground! What on earth are you here for?"

The apparition took her pipe deliberately from her mouth, and informed him that she came to see justice done her will; and that nobody need think of cheating her, dead or alive. Concluding her remark with a shrill emphasis, she replaced her pipe, and puffed away with renewed vigor. The Squire had reasons for retaining the document at issue, which he had supposed conclusive, but he had not reckoned on the interference of the testator, in the matter. Aunt Morse, when living had always been regarded as a very shrewd of a woman; and he now began to suspect that her recent change of condition had improved her, like Sheridan's Ghost, "who wrong was." He saw nothing better to be done under the circumstances, than to propose to see the matter set right that very evening.

The ghost nodded her head approvingly, and, knocking the ashes out of her pipe against the chimney, proceeded to fill it anew with a handful of tobacco from her side pocket. "And now, Squire," she said, "if you'll just light my pipe for me, 'till be a going."

The Squire was, as has been intimated, no coward; he had been out during the war in a Merrimack privateer, and had seen sharp work off Foyal, but, as he said afterwards, "it was no touch to fighting Aunt Morse's pipe." No slave of a pipe bearer ever handled the chi-boguo to the grand Turk with more care and reverence, than the Squire manifested on this occasion. Aunt Morse drew two or three long preliminary whiffs, to see that all was right, pulled her blanket over her head and slowly hobbled out of the door. The

Squire being true to his promise, was never again disturbed. It is right in conclusion, to say, that there were strong suspicions at the time, that the ghost was a reality of flesh and blood—in short, one of the living heirs of Aunt Morse, and not the old lady herself—Whittier's *Supernaturalism of New England*.

A Patriotic Speech.

We make the following extract from the speech of Mr. HANCOCK in the U. S. Senate on the Mexican war.—

"As to the causes of this war, I shall not enter into them; its justice or its injustice, in my opinion, have but little to do with its prosecution, when the aim on all sides is to prosecute it for the sake of a speedy termination. One thing, however, I may in justice remark, that, unless refuted, the assignment of causes made by the President in his opening message must secure to us the verdict of posterity. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain, we are engaged in war with an obstinate enemy, and during its continuance I feel bound by the highest sense of honor to contribute, by every means in my power, to the success of my country's arms, and the humiliation and overthrow of the enemy. I stop not to ask the approval of casuists, when my heart bids me to know only my own country in the contest; and I fervently trust that God may forever crown her eagle banner with victory, whenever and wherever her sons may unfurl it in battle, beneath the broad vault of heaven. Never may its glorious folds dim, and never may it be discolored with the blood of its soldiers, trail in the dust. I should deplore an unjust or an aggressive war as much as any man; I would leave no proper means untried for an accommodation; to secure peace, I would yield everything but honor; but whilst war lasted I would strain every sinew, exert every nerve of the nation to impress the enemy and the world with the terror of our arms. Sir, the hunters-up of conscience cases may approve it or not—I am fully assured that this course it is my duty to adopt and pursue. I would not, whilst the goomy cloud of war hung over the land, say to the enemy—'Go on! You are right—we are wrong! The God of justice is on your side, and his avenging hand will yet deliver to your toils our soldiers bound hand and foot, so that you may flesh your swords in their bosoms!'" Sir, I would not say to our own brave soldiers—'March slow—trail your arms—you are charged in and unjust and unwise war—no I would not paralyze their strong arms and valiant hearts in the hour of battle!'" I would not shrink into the ear of the dying soldier that for him no bright-eyed angels waited above the smoke of the battle—that he must never hope for paradise! No! but I would say to our soldier—'advance your standard! Wave it high in air! Let its flashing folds make music; when the battle is over, let the blaze of victory surround it or let your lifeless bodies be piled in pyramids on the gory field! Onward in this spirit, or dream no more of the proud wife's kiss, or the mother's blessing and the father's prayer! For I must confess I do not comprehend the forecast which proposes the withdrawal of our armies, or the prudence which declares in advance that we must attach no Mexican territory to the Union. I assail no senator's motives—I question no senator's patriotism—I speak only to what I conceive to be an error of policy, when I say that, in my view, the adoption of any such proposition amounts, in appearance at least, to submission; and that whilst on the one hand they are eminently calculated to encourage the arrogance of Mexico, upon the other they will find no response in the bosom of the United States. Our people will indignantly refuse their sanction to any such policy. The slumbering fires of the nation will be roused at the bare thought of humbling the proud