

# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVII.

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their customers and those that are buying  
clothing, that they are now opening direct from the  
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and in variety, extent and cheapness, will ex-  
ceed any assortment in this city, comprising all  
the latest styles of goods, purchased since the very  
beginning of the season, which will  
enable us to offer extra inducements to purchas-  
ers.  
October 10, 1846.

Write for the Erie Observer.  
TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY ARCHETPAUL.

When dark conflicting sorrows tend,  
And, one by one we lose a friend,  
Ah, who can tell, save those whose hearts  
Have felt affliction's bitter smart,  
How sweet it is again to trace,  
In faded mirror, some low face,  
Whose warm smile of sunny sheen  
O'erlight and bless our midnight dream.

Thus, Lucy, oft in lonely hour  
On fancy's wing I'm borne to thee;  
Nor yet regret the mystic power  
That spreads a shadow thus o'er me,  
For sweeter thoughts within my breast,  
And purer feelings makes me blest,  
Until, too soon, alas! I find,  
'Tis but a vision of the mind.

But even so, how great the bliss,  
To feel thou art where thou art not;  
For every vision sweet like this,  
Still adds a pleasure to my lot.  
Ah, would it were the same with thee,  
That in thy memory I may dwell,  
How fondly would I bless the spell  
That brought so rich a boon for me!

From the Golden Rule.

**A NIGHT OF YEARS.**

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

MY READER: I have sat some minutes,  
with my pen suspended in the air above my  
paper. I have been debating a delicate point  
—I am in a position. You will perhaps re-  
collect that one of Fanny Forester's exqui-  
site sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."  
Now it happens that the real name of the  
heroine of the "lover true tale" which I am  
about to do myself the honor of relating to  
you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall  
I rob her of her birthright—compel her to  
wear a *nomen d'guerre*, because my sister-au-  
thoress accidentally gave the true name to  
one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice  
truth to delicacy? that's the question!—  
"No," you said, "did you not? Then Lucy  
Dutton, let it be."  
Some forty years since, in the interior of  
my beautiful native State, New York, lived  
the father of our heroine, an honest and re-  
spectable farmer. He had but two children  
—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen,  
a rear or two younger. The first named was  
winningly rather than strikingly beautiful.  
Under a manner observable for its seriousness  
and a naive serenity, were concealed an im-  
passioned nature, and a heart of the deepest  
capacity for loving. She was remarkable  
from her earliest childhood for a voice of  
thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipodes of  
her sister; a "born beauty," whose prerogative  
of prettiness was to have her irresponsibly  
own way, in all things, and at all times.  
An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an  
idolizing sister, had all unconsciously con-  
tributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first  
remarkable for strength, or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartless-  
ness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness  
so detestable, as in a beautiful woman!  
Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her  
parents were well reared New Englanders,  
she and her sister were far better educated  
than other girls of their situation, in that  
half-settled portion of the country. In those  
days, many engaged in school teaching, from  
the honor and pleasure which it afforded,  
rather than from necessity. Thus, a few  
months previous to the commencement of our  
sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time  
her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school  
some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while, her letters home were ex-  
pressive only of the happy contentment which  
sprang from the consciousness of active use-  
fulness, of receiving, while imparting good.  
But anon there came a change; then were  
those records for home characterized by fiftiful  
gaiety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes  
and fears seemed striving for supremacy in  
the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved;  
but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while  
she knew not that she was loved; so, for a  
time, that beautiful second-birth of woman's  
nature was like a warm sunrise struggling  
with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could  
not soon be forgotten in the home of the ab-  
sent one—a letter traced by a hand that  
trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultu-  
ously with happiness. Lucy had been wooed  
and won, and she, but waited her parents' ap-  
proval of her choice, to become the betrothed  
of young Edwin W.—a man of excellent  
family and standing in the town where she  
had been teaching. The father and mother  
accorded their sanction with many blessings,  
and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit  
from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an ab-  
sorbing, and yet what a revealing of self is  
a first passion—what a prodigality of giving,  
what an incalculable wealth of receiving—  
—what a breaking up in there of the deep wa-  
ters of the soul, and how heaven descends in  
a sudden star-shower upon life! If there is a  
season when an angel may look with intense  
and fearful interest upon her mortal sister,  
'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the  
bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood,  
and taking to its very core the fervid light  
of love, glow and crimson into perfect woman-  
hood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and wel-  
comes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W.—  
gave entire satisfaction to the father, mother,  
and even to the exacting beauty. He was a  
handsome man, with some pretensions  
to fashion; but in manner, and apparently  
in character, the opposite of his be-  
trothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again  
leave home, until after her marriage, which  
at the request of the ardent lover, was to be  
celebrated within two months, and on the

coming birth-day of the bride. It was there-  
fore arranged that Ellen should return with  
Mr. W.—to M.—to take charge of his sister's  
school for the remainder of the term.  
The bridal birth-day had come. It had  
been ushered in by a May-morning of sur-  
passing loveliness—the busy hours had worn  
away, and now it was night sunset, and neither  
the bridegroom, or Ellen, the first bridesmaid  
had appeared. Yet, in her neat little cham-  
ber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing  
fearing. She was already clad in a simple  
white muslin, and her few bridal adornments  
lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen  
her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed, affec-  
tionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from  
childhood, was arranging to a more graceful  
fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept  
her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of  
her companion, respecting the absent ones,  
Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied:  
"Oh, something has happened to detain  
them awhile—we heard from them the other  
day, and all was well. They will be here by-  
and-by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assem-  
bled, and yet the "bridegroom tarried."—  
"There were whisperings, surmises and won-  
derings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally  
passed over the fair face of the bride-elect."  
At last, a carriage drove rather slowly to the  
door. "They are come!" cried many voices,  
and the next moment the belated bridegroom  
and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried  
and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr.  
W.—muttered something about "unavoidable  
delay," and stepping to the sideboard,  
tossed off a glass of wine, another, and an-  
other. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed  
"Better late than never, young man—so lead  
out the bride."

W.—strode hastily across the room,  
placed himself by Ellen, and took her hand in  
his! Then, without daring to meet the eye  
of any about him, he said:  
"I wish to make an explanation—I am un-  
der the painful necessity—that is, I have the  
pleasure to announce that I am already mar-  
ried. The lady whom I hold by the hand is  
my wife!"

Then, turning in an apologetic manner to  
Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that  
I had never loved, until I knew your second  
daughter!"  
And Lucy? She heard all with strange  
calmness, then walked steadily forward and  
confronted her betrayers! Terrible as pale  
Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and  
her look pierced like a keen, cold blade into  
their false hearts. As though to assure her-  
self of the dread reality of the vision, she laid  
her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide  
down her arm—but she touched not Edwin.  
As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy  
wife first gazed full into her sister's face:  
and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her  
cheek, the dilated nostril—the quivering lip  
and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered  
her own face with her hands, and burst into  
tears, while the young husband, awed by the  
terrible silence of her head wrung, gasped  
for breath, and staggered back against the  
wall. Then Lucy, clasping her hands on her  
forehead, first gave voice to her anguish, and  
despair in one fearful cry, which could but  
ring forever through the souls of that guilty  
pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their  
feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed  
to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the  
room beneath. The parents and guests were  
all engaged against W.—but the tears and  
prayers of his young wife, the petted  
daughter and spoiled child, at last so softened  
somewhat the anger of the parents, and an  
opportunity for an explanation was accorded  
to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gen-  
tleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's  
lovely face had weakened the empire of her  
plainer sister over his affections. Frequent  
interviews had completed the conquest of his  
loyalty; but he had been held in check by  
honour, and never told his love, until when on  
his way to espouse another, in an unguarded  
moment he had revealed it, and the avowed  
had called forth an answering acknowl-  
edgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order "to have  
peace to Lucy," and prevent opposition from  
her—and to secure their own happiness, to be  
married before her arrival at C.—  
Lucy remained insensible for some hours.  
When she revived and had apparently re-  
gained her consciousness, she still maintained  
her strange silence. This continued for many  
weeks, and when it partially passed away,  
her friends saw with inexpressible grief that  
her reason had fled—she was hopelessly in-  
sane! But her madness was of a mild and  
harmless nature. She was gentle and peace-  
able as ever, but sighed frequently, and seem-  
ed burdened with some great sorrow which  
she could not herself comprehend. She had  
one peculiarity, which all who knew her in  
after years, must recollect,—this was a wild  
fear and careful avoidance of men. She also  
seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest.—  
She could not, she would not be confined,  
but was continually escaping from her friends,  
and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their  
watchful care and unwearying efforts, in some  
measure controlled this sad propensity; but  
when they died, their stricken child became a  
wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy sum-  
mers, and golden autumns, and tempestuous  
winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest  
for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.  
I remember her as she was in my early  
childhood, toward the last of her weary pil-  
grimage. As my father and my elder brother  
were frequently absent, and as my mother  
never closed her heart or her door on the un-  
fortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour  
or two by our fireside. Her appearance was

very singular. Her gown was patched with  
many colors, and her shawl, or mantle, worn  
and torn, until it was all open-work and  
fringe. The remainder of her miserable  
wardrobe she carried on a bundle on her back,  
and sometimes she had a number of parcels of  
old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bon-  
net was profusely decorated with those which  
she gathered in the wood, or by the way-side.  
Her love for these and her sweet voice were  
all that were left her of the bloom and music  
of existence. Yet no—her meek and child-  
like piety still lingered. Her God had not  
forsaken her; down into the dim chasm of her  
spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed  
faintly—in the waste garden of her heart  
she still heard his voice at eventide, and she  
was not "afraid." Her Bible went with her  
everywhere,—a torn and soiled volume, but  
as holy still, and it may be as dearly cher-  
ished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now ly-  
ing on your table, bound in "purple and gold,"  
and with gilding untarnished upon its deli-  
cate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother re-  
late a touching little incident connected with  
one of Lucy's brief visits to us.  
The poor creature once laid her hand upon  
the curly head of one of my brothers, and  
asked of him his name. "William Edwin,"  
he replied with a timid upward glance. She  
caught away her hand, and sighing heavily,  
said, as though thinking aloud, "I knew an  
Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted."

This was the only instance in which she  
was ever known to revert to the sad event  
which had desolated her life.  
.....  
Thirty years from the time of the com-  
mencement of this mournful history, on a  
bleak autumnal evening, a rough country  
wagon drove into the village of C.—. It  
stopped at the almshouse. An attenuated  
form was lifted out and carried in, and the  
wagon rumbled away. Thus Lucy Dutton  
brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for some months,  
and the miraculous strength which had so  
long sustained her in her weary wanderings,  
at last forsaken her utterly. Her sister had  
died some time before, and the widowed hus-  
band had soon after removed with his family  
to the far West—so Lucy had no friends, no  
home but the almshouse.

But they were very kind to her there.—  
The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart,  
even the hourly contemplation of human mis-  
ery could not harden, gave herself with un-  
wearying devotion to the care of the "quiet  
sufferer." With the eye of Christian faith,  
she watched the shattered bark of that life,  
as borne down the tide of time it heaved the  
great deep of eternity, with an interest as in-  
tense as though it were a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of  
her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly,  
and those about her looked for her release al-  
most impatiently; but at night she was evi-  
dently better, and for the first time, slept tran-  
quilly until morning. The matron, who was  
by her bed-side when she awoke, was startled  
by the clear and earnest gaze which met her  
own; but she smiled, and bade the invalid  
"good morning!" Lucy looked bewildered,  
but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she  
exclaimed,  
"Oh what a long, long night this has  
been!" Then glancing around inquiringly,  
she added,  
"Where am I?—and who are you? I do  
not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind  
of the matron—the long lost reason of the wan-  
derer had returned! But the good old wo-  
man replied calmly and soothingly,  
"Why, you are among your friends, and  
you will know me presently."  
"Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen,"  
rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh,  
I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that  
they were married! Only think, Ellen mar-  
ried to Edwin!—it's strange that I should  
dream that!"

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a  
rush of tears, "that was not a dream—'twas  
all true."  
"All true?" cried the invalid, "then Edwin  
must be untrue—and that cannot be, for he  
loved me—we loved each other well, and Ellen  
is my sister. Let me see them—I will  
go to them!"  
She endeavored to raise herself, but fell  
back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean?" said she,  
"what makes me so weak?"  
"Just then, her eye fell on her own hand—  
that old and withered hand! She gazed on it  
in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight,"  
she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks  
to me like an old woman's!"  
"And so it is," said the matron, gently,  
"and so it is; and yet we had fair, plump  
hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do  
you not know me? I am Maria Allen—I was  
to have been your bridesmaid!"

"I can no more—I will not make the vain  
attempt to give in detail all that mournful re-  
vealing—to reduce to inexpressive words the  
dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow."  
To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty  
years were all as though they had never been.  
Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the  
slightest remembrance, since the night when  
the recreant lover and the traitress sister  
stood before her, and made their terrible an-  
nouncement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the  
sad narrative of her poor friend's madness  
and wanderings, but the invalid would say  
with fearful calmness, "go on, go on," though  
the beaded drops of agony stood upon her  
forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron  
replied:  
"She has gone before you, and your father  
also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit  
with a sickly ray of hope.  
"Your mother has been dead for twenty  
years!"  
"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh  
God, my cup of bitterness is full!" And she  
wept aloud.

Her friend, bending over her and mingling  
tears with hers, said affectionately:  
"But you know who drank that cup before  
you?"  
Lucy looked up with a bewildered expres-  
sion, and the matron added:  
"The Lord Jesus, You remember him?"

A look like sunlight breaking through a  
cloud, a look which only saints may wear, ir-  
radiated the tearful face of the dying woman  
as she replied:  
"Oh, yes, I knew Him and loved Him be-  
fore I fell asleep."

"The man of God was called. A few who  
had known Lucy in her early days, came also;  
There was much reverential wondering, and  
some weeping around her death-bed. Then  
rose the voice of prayer. At first, her lips  
moved, as her weak spirit gazed in that fer-  
ent appeal—then they grew still and poor  
Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired  
youth!

But those who gazed upon that placid face,  
and remembered her harmless life and her  
patient suffering, doubted not that the morn-  
ing of an eternal day had broken on her Ninety  
of Years.

Too Late.—Some men are always too late  
and, therefore, accomplish through life not-  
ing worth naming. If they promise to meet  
you at such an hour, they are never present  
till thirty minutes after. No matter how im-  
portant the business is, either to yourself or  
to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a pas-  
sage in the steam-boat, he arrives just as the  
boat has left the wharf, and the care have  
started a few moments before he arrives.—  
His dinner has been waiting for him so long  
that the cook is out of patience, and half the  
time is obliged to set the table again. This  
course the character we have described al-  
ways pursues. He is never in season—at  
church, at a place of business, at his meals,  
or in his bed. Persons of such habits we  
cannot but despise. Much rather would we  
have a man too early to see us, and always  
ready—even if he should carry out his princi-  
ple to the extent of the good deacon, who in  
following to the tomb the remains of a hus-  
band and father, hinted to the bereaved wid-  
ow, that at a proper time, he should be happy  
to marry her. The deacon was just in season;  
for scarcely had the relatives and friends re-  
turned to the house, before the parson made  
the same proposition to the widow. "You are  
too late," said she, "the deacon spoke to me  
at the grave." Scores have lost opportuni-  
ties of making fortunes, receiving favors, and  
obtaining husbands and wives, by being a few  
minutes too late. Always speak in season,  
and be ready at the appointed hour. We  
would not give a fig for a man who is im-  
punctual to his engagements, and who never  
makes up his mind to a certain course till the  
time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate  
and tremble—who are never on hand for a  
journey, a trade, a sweetheart, or any thing  
else, are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to  
get a living in this stirring world.

**A Romantic Love Tale.**

That the course of true love never did run  
smooth, has been proven again, by a circum-  
stance which with you were made acquainted  
a few days since. For some time back a wid-  
ow lady has resided in the upper part of our  
city, whose quiet and retired manners led her  
to avoid society almost entirely. She was  
only known to her neighbors, and by them  
but slightly. She had no children, was  
scarcely thirty in appearance, and was re-  
markably good-looking, with a face of mourn-  
ful cast, which novelists so often choose for  
their heroines, and which lends such a charm  
to the features of the pensive order. It was  
known of her that she had been married to a  
man much older than herself, who had died  
and left her in comfortable circumstances.—  
About two weeks since the Lawrenceville  
omnibus drove up to her door, and she stepped  
into the vehicle, with the purpose of visiting  
the village. There was but one other pas-  
senger, a gentleman about the same age as  
herself.

A few minutes after the omnibus started,  
the gentleman made a remark which attracted  
the attention of the lady, and, throwing back  
her veil to answer, enabled the stranger to  
catch a glimpse of her features. An ejacula-  
tion expressive of surprise escaped him, and a  
scream from the lady proved, also, that she  
was startled in no slight degree. "Mary!"  
"Charles!" and in a moment a scene rarely  
witnessed off the stage, was performed in the  
omnibus. The people who had entered in the  
carriage as strangers, were in each other's  
arms, the lady in tears, the gentleman exhib-  
ing by his voice and caresses, the extreme  
of joy.

In two days from that time, the widow was  
no longer a widow, nor the stranger a bachel-  
or.

The secret of this sudden change of cir-  
cumstances is thus explained. Some twelve  
years ago, the two persons whose names we  
have given as Mary and Charles, resided in a  
little town in Western Pennsylvania. The  
former was the belle of the village, and the  
latter, some two or three years her senior, her  
lover. The match was perfectly satisfactory  
to the friends of both parties—the young man  
bearing an excellent character. Before the  
time fixed for their marriage, however, mis-  
fortune came on the lover, reducing him from  
comparative affluence to penury, and at the  
instance of her relatives, the engagement was  
postponed and finally broken. Depressed in  
spirit, by this double misfortune, the youth  
left his home, no one knew whither.

A year or two afterwards, our heroine, still  
disconsolate for the loss of her lover, attracted  
the attention of a rich old fellow who resided  
near the city. He was a bachelor, and had  
neither child nor child of his own. Indiffer-  
ent as to what became of her, the girl suffered  
her relatives to dispose of her hand, and she  
made what is called a successful match in  
marrying the rich old bachelor. Three years  
after her marriage, her husband died, leaving  
her very dollar of his estate. Independent  
now of the world, she determined to spend the  
rest of her life single—a mourner for the for-  
tune which had so destroyed the happiness of  
her young love's dream. She removed to this  
city, where she has resided seven years, un-  
known and unknown—living in the world of  
a mournful memory, enlivened only by an oc-  
casional thought that she might yet meet with  
her heart's chosen.

By a singular coincidence he happened to  
be in the city, where he arrived a few days  
before from New Orleans, and was about pay-  
ing a visit to the garrison on the day she called  
upon the omnibus for the purpose of an excu-  
sion in the same neighborhood. They recog-  
nized each other in a moment; mutual expla-  
nations ensued, he was still unmarried, and  
her wildest hopes were realized by her union  
with the husband of her girlhood's choice.

We have the names of the parties in this  
little romance, in our possession, and would  
give them were it necessary. The bride-  
groom had gone to the South, success had  
crowned his efforts, and he is, by this time, on  
his way with his bride to his plantation in  
Louisiana. Their history affords material for  
a dozen novels, with proof that romantic at-  
tachments are still extant in this hum-drum  
world of ours. We hope the parties may en-  
joy, through long years of happiness, the re-  
ward of the fidelity to their vows.—Pitts-  
burgh Com. Journal.

**CAPT. ALBURN.**—We are pained to find  
the name of this worthy officer among the slain  
at the investment of Vera Cruz. He gained  
the esteem of all who made his acquaintance,  
whilst he was here with the regiment com-  
manded by Col. RILEY. He was a practical  
printer, and exhibited a newspaper in  
Virginia. We learn that he was seated at  
the root of a tree, when a ball struck him, car-  
rying away nearly his entire head. The same  
messenger of death, after leaving him, broke  
a drummer's arm, and took off the leg of a  
private.—Buff. Republic.

**A STRONG LINK.**—There are two sis-  
ters in Massachusetts, twins, who are so  
much alike that each of them occasionally  
mistakes the other for herself.—N. C. Della.  
One is now dead—shocking to relate. She  
saw her sister daily at the table, and suppos-  
ing herself to be partaking of food, she did  
not discover her error till she finished and  
died. It is said that her sister now lies di-  
vided upon the grave, declaring that it is herself  
in less than no time. It must have been  
a salvo to the mortified feelings of the licked  
teammates to discover, as they very soon dis-  
covered, that they had been effectually whip-  
ped by a Brigadier-General in the United  
States Army.—N. O. Delta.

**GRANDWOLF.**—The Independence Ex-  
positor says that the ink used at the Santa Fe  
press in printing the account of the Bracte  
fight, was made from gunpowder. The devil  
had a hand in preparing it.

**Incidents of the Battle.**

The following letter from Saultillo we copy  
from the New Orleans Delta:—  
Saultillo, March 23, 1847.  
In a letter which I wrote a few days since,  
I gave you a very full account of the sanguin-  
ous affair of Buena Vista, (pronounced *Buena  
Estas*), and will now give you a few scenes  
which I have witnessed, not mentioned in that  
letter.

The first view that we caught of the enemy  
was when they had turned the left flank of our  
lines, and were pursuing the Flying Infantry  
and Horsemen. Column after column suc-  
ceeded, until they formed a dense mass num-  
bering something like 12,000 men. No words  
can convey to you even a faint idea of their  
imposing appearance. Their arms, brillian-  
ly burnished, reflected a million times the  
dazzling rays of the sun—their rich and gaudy  
uniforms stood out in bold relief against the  
soiled and tattered garments of the "suffering  
Volunteers"—their Cavalry (Lancers) drawn  
up in beautiful style, in numbers from 2 to  
3,000, and in lines the beauty of which the  
most accurate military observer could have  
found no fault with; and, added to this, that  
they were for the time, victors, I assure you  
we did not look upon them with contempt.—  
But when the quick, sharp ringing of our rifles  
sounded, the death-knell of score after score  
of them, three hearty Mississippi cheers  
told full well that no cowardly far paralyzed  
that little band. Rushing on, our small force  
would have scattered the retreating foe in all  
directions