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Red and Blue, with and without
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sies Shoes of all kinds, comprising
Black double soled Walking Shoes,
Red and Blue, with and without
Rider Boots,
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various styles, from 12 1/2 cents to 50. All the
articles shall be sold at extremely low prices,
and we believe in small profits and quick sales.
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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'er light 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 wondrously 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 non-du 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, no, did you not? Then
Lucy, 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 nun-like 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 fifti-
gait, 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.

coming birth-day of the bride. It was there-
fore arranged that Ellen should return, with
Mr. W., to M., to take charge of her 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 high 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 ornaments
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 wringing, 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
alike enraged against W.; but the tears
and prayers of his young wife, the petted
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
honor, 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 their 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 neared 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 El-
len 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 glowed in that fer-
vent 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
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 cars 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 not
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.

SHOVELLING OFF A SIDEWALK.—Yesterday
morning an Irishman, recently landed on our
shores, applied to a merchant on the wharf
for work. Willing to do him a kindness, the
latter handed him a shovel, and pointing to
the back of his store, told him to "shovel
off the sidewalk." Occupied with some opera-
tions consequent upon the arrival of the Irish-
man, the merchant forgot all about the Irish-
man until the lapse of an hour or two, Teddy
thrust his bristling pate into the counting
room, (which was up stairs,) and inquired—
"Mayhap ye's 'ud be havin' a pick sir?"
"A pick; to get the snow off?" said the
merchant, smiling.

"The snow 'ud be af long since," replied
Teddy, "an' the bricks too, for that matter,
but it's the side (soil) 'at sticks!"
In some alarm the merchant ran to his
back window, and sure enough, the fellow
had thrown nearly all the pavement into the
street, and made quite a hole.
"Good gracious, man! I only wanted you to
shovel off the snow!"
"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, "did n't yer hon-
or till me to shovel af the sidewalk?"—*Bost.
Bee.*

A PUGILISTIC GENERAL.—We heard from a
gentleman, lately from Monterey, a good story
about one of our volunteer brigadiers. The
General happened one morning to be present,
dressed in a rather shabby suit, where some
teamsters were harnessing their horses, and
not liking the way in which they fixed things,
interfered, and in a rather authoritative man-
ner, told them it was all wrong, and they didn't
know what they were about. Thereupon, one
of the teamsters told the General that he was
an old ass, and had better go about his busi-
ness, with other complimentary phrases adapt-
ed to the occasion. The General, not used to
let such compliments pass unnoticed, coolly
took off his coat, and said to the aggressive
teamster—"Now, sir, you must fight," and
pitching into him, they—the General and the
teamster—had a glorious fight, but the General
came off victorious. Another teamster, who
interfered in the fight, was next walked into
by the General, and knocked into a cocked
hat in less than no time. It must have been
a salvo to the mortified feelings of the licked
teamsters 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.*

GRUNDFOR LINE.—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.

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 the death of his father, 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 every 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 call-
ed the omnibus for the purpose of an excu-
sion in the same neighborhood. They recog-
nized each other in a moment; mutual explana-
tions 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,
while he was here with the regiment com-
manded by Col. RILEY. He was a practical
printer, and once published a newspaper in
Virginia. We learn that he was seated at
the root of a tree, when a ball struck him,
carrying 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*