THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847. NUMBER 10.

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BY I. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,

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TERMS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. 50

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April 24, 1847. 49

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, etc. etc. corner of State street and the Public Squa, opposite the Eagle Tavern, Erie, Pa.

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Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet-iron ware corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

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EAGLE HOTEL,

By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Pa. Eastern, Western, and Southern Stage office.

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Fashionable Merchant Tailors, on the Public Square, a few doors west of State-street, Erie, Pa.

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Attorney and Counsellor at law, Prairie du Chien, W. T. practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, W. T. and in Clayton county, Iowa Territory.

WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. H. CADWELL.

June 6, 1846. 3

HARDWARE.—Shelf Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACKSON & co.

November 21, 1846. 27

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.—For sale at C. M. TIBBALS.

May 1, 1847. 50

M'GUFFEY'S series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St. Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

REMOVAL.

G. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, FANCY Goods, etc. etc., No. 5, People's Row, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, where they will be pleased to have their friends call as usual.

N. B. A large addition to their stock in trade will be made in a short time.

Erie, May 19, 1847. 1

GLOVES.—We have the best assortment that will be in this market of all kinds, including Stewart's self imported black and fancy Kid, fancy and variegated Silks and China Linen.

April 26. WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE HOPE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Stamford, Connecticut, have made arrangements with the subscriber to secure to any person Life Insurances who may be desirous of procuring the same. This institution acts upon the *mutual principle* and affords inducements to persons to secure a competence to their families against contingencies and uncertainties of life, that none other in this country can. Policies granted, in every instance, makes the insured a stock-holder in the company, to an amount equal to the premium paid, with the almost positive certainty of a return of forty per cent. Again it is only necessary that a small amount, equal to half the premium, should be paid in cash. Balance is paid by the note of the person insured, thereby making actual capital out of the individual's own liability. These are some of the advantages of this company over most others. Any person by calling upon the subscriber can be made fully acquainted with all the operations of the institution, who has made such arrangements that he will forward to the company all premium notes and obtain policies free of postage to any one wishing to insure. As the business of the company increases and nothing more than ordinary mortality prevails, the premium to be paid annually will diminish, and in time will be extinguished by dividends of profits. This is a peculiar advantage in Life Insurances—unlike fire insurances, investments are made all over a country of varied character and healthfulness, and the life of one person is not dependant on that of another, as one piece of property in a city or town may be on the safety or destruction of another. A small saving annually may enable any man to secure a handsome provison for his family. Indeed in most cases the sum thus expended would never be felt, while if sudden death should ensue before a competence by other means is acquired, the funds for future support and comfort is thus realized.

The following are some of the numerous instances of fortunate insurances:

"The Equitable Society of London commenced the business of Life Insurance in England in 1762, without capital, and although the benefits at that time were but little known or appreciated, yet it now has over 8,000 members, with a capital of over fifty millions of dollars, and that in a country where the investment of their surplus fund does not average three per cent. Whereas in this country six per cent can generally be obtained, so that the principal of accumulation would be much greater here than in England.—The report of American companies also strengthen and confirm this position, and a striking illustration of the value of an old policy, we here give, by citing an example from the transactions of the said Society. Its only capital was that of the accruing premiums, it, however, in process of time, became one of the most successful and prosperous companies in Great Britain. Mr. Morgan, the able actuary of this Society, in his address to the general court, in the year 18000, says: "Suppose a life of 35 to have been insured in the year 1763, in the sum of £1,000, at the annual premium of £30, in the course of thirty one years, this sum being laid out annually to be improved at the same rate of interest at which the premiums are computed, would now have accumulated to £1,500. If, however, this policy were now surrendered, the sum of £1,527 would be paid for the value of it, so that the person will have been assured for thirty one years in the sum of £1,000, (exclusively of the addition) not only without expense, but even with the advantage of receiving £27 as a gratuity at the end of the term."

Very many practical examples of the blessings of Life Insurance are continually occurring among all classes of our citizens.—We have only room for the following, which occurred in the city of New York and its vicinity in the course of one year:—

"A merchant in September insured his life for the benefit of his family for $5,000. He died in December following, when his affairs were found in an embarrassed state. The $5,000 which was promptly paid to his widow, left her in comfortable circumstances.

"Another gentleman, who had been unfortunate in business, took a policy in favor of his wife for $5,000. He died shortly after paying the second annual premium, and saved his family from destitution.

"A gentleman, residing in the State of Indiana on the 19th of August last, took out a policy on his life for $3,000—but one payment was made of $102. He died on the 19th of September, and his widow received the sum insured, $3,000.—She was so forcibly impressed with the advantages of Life Insurance, being a recipient of its benefits, that she immediately effected an insurance in the sum of $5,000 on her own life, for the protection of her family of young children.

"A book-keeper in a highly respectable mercantile house in this city, through the persuasion of his employers, was induced to take out a policy on his life, for the benefit of his wife and children in the sum of 1,000, at the annual premium of $25,70; a sudden illness from scarlet fever carried him off in ten days, two annual payments had been made, and his widow in a few days after his death, received $1,000; had it not been for this provident provision, she would have been left in destitute circumstances.

"A young married man in the city of Rochester, in this state, on the 7th of August, 1845, effected an insurance on his life, in the sum of $1,000; but one payment had been made of $23 10, and he died of a short illness on the 21st of February, 1846. His widow, in ten days thereafter, received $1,000, the sum insured.

"A farmer of Dutchess county, State of New York, took out a policy on his life for $1,000, on the 1st of July, 1845, for the benefit of his family. The first payment of $21,70 was made, and he died very suddenly, from an attack of apoplexy, on the 20th of the following January. His family received $1,000 in a few days after.

A gentleman of this city being in the receipt of an income from his wife's estate, to continue during her life, but would cease at her death, very prudently took out a policy upon her life, in the sum of $5,000, at the annual premium of $102; in this case two annual payments had been made; his wife died and he received $5,000 the sum insured.

"A merchant in one of the Southern States had a debt due him of 5,600. Knowing that its ultimate payment depended on the continuance of the life of his debtor, he took out a policy on it for that sum; one year's premium had been paid of $161, 81. Soon after he was attacked with a severe illness, which terminated his life in September last. The Company on presentation of the requisite proofs of his death, paid the sum insured, and by this precautionary measure, he unexpectedly and suddenly realized a doubtful claim.

"A gentleman of New York became security for his friend in the sum of $3,000, by endorsement on his papers. He had the prudence to effect insurance on his life for that amount only; one payment ($36) was made. This was done on the 3d of July last, and he died the 18th of September. The Company paid him the $3,000, which he applied to the payment of his endorsement—thus by this insurance he was released from his liability, which otherwise might have put him to serious inconvenience."

Insurances made by a husband for the benefit and use of his wife, where the annual premium is under $100, will not be subject to the claim of creditors upon his estate at his decease; so too if made for the benefit of any child or children.—Thus the extravagance and indebtedness of the husband will not be allowed to sweep away this provision for the benefit of his wife and children.

Insurance for life, or from year to year, or for a single year may be made.

CARSON GRAHAM.

Erie, June 12, 1847. tf

STEWART'S celebrated Syrup, for table use. Just the thing you read of at the "New Store," No. 4, Cheapside MORTON & Co.

Erie May 22, 1847. 1

GROCERIES.—The subscribers have just received a fresh supply of Groceries, consisting of Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Spices, etc., etc., which will be sold at their usual low prices.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.

May 20, No. 1 Fleming Block.

PARIS Kid Gloves—A beautiful assortment, White and Colored, selling cheap at No. 4, Cheapside; by MORTON & Co.

Erie, May 22, 1847. 1

Written for the Erie Observer.

THE LAST AMERICAN INDIAN.

BY DYLACK.

He stood alone; though round him thronged
Vast eager gazing crowds;
He to another race belonged—
A race beyond the clouds;
Anon he cast his dark eye down
Upon the serried men;
Then with a bitter with'ring frown
Looked back to heaven again.

He stood, the *last* one of that race
Which once o'erspread our land,
But who had vanished from its face,
And slept beneath the sand;
His noble form was proudly raised
Up to its utmost height,
While piercingly his sharp eye gazed
Upon the heaven's light.

"Where! where!" he spoke, "are all those braves
Who once [illegible]ed o'er these hills—
Have they *all* found dark, bloody graves,
Beside their native rills?
Tell me, ye long-knives, where are they
Who trod the forest long,
And sought with stealthy feet the prey,
Or sang the war-path song.

"Oh! where are they, the wild and free,
Who once stretched o'er this land,
Until the white man from the sea,
Upraised his murderous hand.
Where are their proudly bending crests—
Where are their forest trees—
Where is the wampum on their breasts,
That waved with every breeze.

"These broad romantic plains they owned—
These rivers deep and still—
And where the mountain darkly frowned
The Indian's cry was shrill—
The forest was my native home—
Its shade Winona's bower;
But she is gone!—we no more roam,
To pluck the wild-grown flower.

"They're gone! all gone, to hunting grounds
Beyond the distant skies,
Where game, amid the wild abounds,
And swift the eagle flies—
They died not by a slow decay,
Nor with a fierce plague's sweep—
The white man's steel hath swept away
The warriors to their sleep!

"Soon, soon I'll join them in that land,
And chase the flying deer;
And cry the war-whoop with my hand,
Where tall the hemlocks rear.
And soon I'll float upon thore streams,
Whose waters crystal like,
Flow smoothly long, as if in dream,
Beside the mossy dike."

The Indian ceased—a moment gazed
Upon the crowd around—
His well strung bow was quickly raised,
Then cast upon the ground:
"Lay there," said he, "my only friend,
I'll soon beside thee lie—
I feel that now hath come my end—
I fall!—*alone to die!*"

With one dread war-whoop's piercing yell,
He sunk upon the sod:
And as he on the cold ground fell,
His spirit sought its God!
Behind his sable bier they formed—
That concourse vast and wide—
And laid him down to rest unharmed,
By Missi-sippi's tide!

HONESDALE, PA. June, 1847.

*The Indians utter their war-whoop by putting the hand suddenly to their mouth while yelling.

Treasure on Earth and Treasure in Heaven.

Mr. Benedict Percival, one of the wealthiest men in the city, sat reading a newspaper, when three gentlemen entered his counting-room in the formal manner in which committee men usually present themselves—especially committee men appointed to raise a subscription for some public charity. When Mr. Percival opened his newspaper that morning the following paragraph that met his eye was the following:—

"At the town meeting held yesterday a committee of three from each ward was appointed to wait upon our citizens to receive their subscriptions in aid of the sufferers by the late destructive fire in our sister city.—This duty will be entered upon at once. We trust that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge will meet with a hearty reception from our liberal-minded and benevolent townsmen. We may lead the van in the noble work, if we will. Let us do it."

Over this Mr. Percival pondered for some time, with his fore finger upon his lip and his eyes upon the ceiling. At length, as though his action in the matter, were definitely settled, he resumed the reading of his newspaper, and was engaged in that agreeable occupation when the committee of gentlemen alluded to above called in at his counting-room.

"Good morning, Mr. Percival," said the spokesman.

"Good morning, gentlemen," responded Mr. Percival, rising.

"We need hardly state our business," said the spokesman. "You presided at the meeting yesterday, and, having assisted in the appointment of the committees for the several wards, are aware that our duty in this one is to wait upon our fellow citizens for their subscriptions. We have called upon you to get your name at the head of the list. Having that to lead off with, our task will be an easy one, and the result equal to our best hopes. Your subscription we of course know will be liberal, and that will induce other men of ample means, upon whom we shall wait, in succession, to put down large sums. By this plan we hope to make our ward double the amount subscribed by any other ward in the city."

"We can easily do that," returned Mr. Percival. "We have wealth enough. But I must decline heading the list. Let Mr. R—— lead off. He will do it handsomely, without doubt. Or, Mr. S—— will start your subscription liberally."

The committee men urged Mr. Percival to comply with their first request, but he was firm in declining, and ultimately told them that he had made up his mind to place his name last upon the subscription paper.

A week after this interview the rich merchant was again waited upon. The list needed only his name to complete it.

"How much have you got?" he asked.

"We have not done as well as we expected," was replied. "If you had led off we should no doubt have done much better."

"Who headed the list?"

"Mr. R——"

"With how much?"

"*One hundred dollars.*"

"Humph! Let me see the paper."

It was handed to the merchant. He ran his eye over it, saying half aloud, as he did so—

"One hundred—one hundred—one hundred—nothing above a hundred. What does it all amount to?"

"Five thousand dollars."

The merchant took up his pen and wrote his name with a flourish. Opposite to it he placed a numeral and three cyphers, with the dollar mark before them, thus—$5,000.—Then, with a bow, and a glow of self-satisfaction upon his face, he handed the paper back to the gentlemen who had waited upon him.

"Nobly done, Mr. Percival," said the spokesman. "You have saved the credit of our ward. I have strong hopes, now, that we shall lead any two of them put together."

Two or three days after this, the newspapers announced the result of the subscription raised in the various wards in the city. The particular instances of liberality were named, conspicuous among which stood the fact that Benedict Percival, Esq., who was "ever foremost in acts of benevolence," had subscribed the handsome sum of five thousand dollars; had, in fact, "just doubled the subscription of the ward in which he resided."

There lived in the city where this fact occurred a poor widow, in feeble health, who had three children. Her only means of subsistence lay in her ability to do plain sewing. Early and late she sat over her work, often in pain and oppressive weakness, but the result of her labor was ever insufficient for the many wants of her little family.

It was in the midst of a long and hard winter, and the widow's greatest expense for warm clothing for her children, and extra fuel, consuming all of her little earnings, and leaving nothing for the rent. She occupied two small rooms in a retired court, for which she paid a weekly rent of one dollar. She was the under-tenant of a man who rented all the house on one side of the court, and, by letting them out again to poor families, at a weekly or monthly rent, not only saved his own rent, but made from two to three hundred dollars a year besides. Of course, he was a hard man, and would have nothing less than his own, no matter how much others were injured in his efforts to obtain it.

Since the Fall the poor widow had been slow about paying her rent. Sometimes she had only a quarter of a dollar to give her unfortunate landlord, and sometimes she could give him nothing. He had scolded and threatened, and warned her to leave the premises—but still it availed not to bring him his due. Food and fuel the woman must have for her children, and, after these were obtained, there was little or nothing left from her earnings. Thus it went on until seven dollars were due for rent, when the landlord became seriously alarmed lest, in a last resort, which was often made by him at little or no cost of feeling, there should not be enough in the widow's two rooms that the law would allow him to seize, for the liquidation of his petty claim. He at once informed the widow that, unless she paid him what was due immediately, he would sell her out.

"But you know I can not do that," said the unhappy woman.

"Go and borrow it of some one."

The widow shook her head.

"You do sewing for several families. Go to them and tell them that you will be turned into the street if they do not lend you enough money to pay your rent. It will be but a dollar apiece from seven different individuals.—Do it, and the money will come quick enough."

"I have no hope of returning it; and, to borrow under such circumstances, would be dishonest."

"It is just as dishonest not to pay your rent," said the petty landlord, harshly.

The widow answered nothing.

"You can do as you please," resumed the unfeeling man. "But I can tell you one thing—if I don't get my rent to-morrow, I shall obtain it in the quickest possible way, and let these rooms to some one who will pay a deal better than you have ever done. So you know what you have to depend upon."

With this the landlord went away, and the widow was left to her own sad thoughts.—The eldest of her children was a boy between eleven and twelve years of age. The other two were girls, the youngest three years old. The public schools afforded the means of education to these, and it was the mother's aim to keep them together as long as possible, that they might enjoy the advantages so liberally provided for the poor as well as the rich.—Charles, her son, was advancing very rapidly, and in a few months she hoped to see him in the high school, where she meant to strive hard to keep him for at least a two year's course, before he left home to learn some trade or go into a store. The lad was present during the brief interview that passed between his mother and her landlord. His young blood grew hot in his veins, and he wished, for his mother's sake, that he was a man.

Charles went to school with a heavy heart. He clearly understood, from what had been said, the extremity in which his mother was placed. And he also knew that the threat of seizing upon their things and selling them, would be executed on the next day, unless the rent was paid, for more than one distraint had taken place, at the instance of this man, within the past year, and helpless widows and children stripped of their all without compunction, and turned into the streets. Young as the child was, he had been eye-witness to such scenes of distress. No wonder that his heart was heavy.

At school there was a great deal of talk among the boys about the large subscription that had been raised for the sufferers by a terrible fire in a western city, the amount of which had been published in the morning papers. The fact that Mr. Benedict Percival, the rich merchant, had given five thousand dollars was particularly dwelt upon. His praise was upon all lips, and he was spoken of as one of the most benevolent men in the city.

Suddenly it flashed through the mind of the lad that, if Mr. Percival was so rich and benevolent as to be able and willing to give five thousand dollars for suffering in an other city, he would be willing to lend or give his mother seven dollars to prevent her little all from being taken from her, and she and her children turned into the street in the dead of winter. The thought made his young heart beat quicker and his cheek to burn. Until dinner time he pondered this over, his mind feeling more confident each moment, that relief would be obtained if application were made to Mr. Percival.

When Charles came home from school after the morning session, the face of his mother was full of distress. Though the boy tried to eat when he sat down to dinner, he could with difficulty swallow his food. He left the table in a few minutes, and, without speaking a word, took up his hat and hurried from the room. Before leaving school, he had inquired of the boys the direction of Mr. Percival's store, and towards this he now directed his steps.

The public announcement of his great liberality, united, as it was, with high encomiums upon him as "one of the wealthiest and most benevolent citizens," was particularly gratifying to Benedict Percival, Esq. He read the various paragraphs that met his eyes with the liveliest satisfaction, and enjoyed a higher degree of self-complacency than he had know for a long time. It was especially agreeable to him to find that the largest subscription made by any one but himself, was only five hundred dollars, and that this sum was subscribed by a merchant who was reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars more than himself. Here was a triumph not often to be had, and it was richly enjoyed.—Numerous were the congratulations he received for being the possessor of such charitable feelings, united with the means of gratifying them to the fullest extent. It was a happy day for Mr. Percival. Verily, he had his reward in the praise of men. How much treasure was laid up in Heaven by the act, we can not say—we have no means of determining this.

About one o'clock, while Mr. Percivl was sitting alone in his private counting-room, thinking pleasantly of what he had done for the good of his fellow men, and pondering that significant passage of Holy Writ—"Charity covers a multitude of sins,"—a lad entered with a timid look and a hesitating step.

"Well, sir! what do you want?" said the merchant, in a rather forbidding tone, contracting his brows as he spoke.

The child paused suddenly at this reception so different from what he expected, and looked half frightened. But he gathered up his scattered confidence and told his errand thus:—

"My mother has got no money to pay her rent, and the man is going to sell all her things and turn all of us into the street. She only owes him seven dollars. Won't you lend it to her, sir?"

Mr. Percival looked at the lad a moment, really astonished at his assurance, and then said—

"Begone, sir. I never encourage street-begging. If your mother isn't able to pay her rent, she had better take you all to the alms-house where you will be well taken care of."

Saying this, the benevolent merchant took the lad somewhat rudely by the arm, and, leading him to the door of the room in which he had been sitting, thrust him into the one adjoining, through which he had come, where were several clerks, saying to the latter, as he did so, in a rough, peremptory voice,

"Don't let any more beggars in here. You know I have forbidden this over and over again."

"I shall be overrun by all the mendicants in town," muttered Mr. Percival to himself as he resumed his seat. "So much for having one's name up as a benevolent man."

When Charles came to school that afternoon his teacher noticed that he had been weeping, and that he seemed to be in a great deal of distress. But, though he asked him the cause, the lad did not reply directly to his questions. Several times during the afternoon the teacher noticed that Charles wiped the tear from his eyes, and that his mind was so much disturbed that he could not say his lessons. He mentioned this to his female assistant. As Charles was leaving the school-room to go home, on the dismissal of his class this young lady, who had observed him frequently since her attention had been called to him, took him kindly by the hand and said—

"What is the matter with you, Charles? You appear to be very unhappy."

The lad paused and looked up into her face His eyes were full of tears and his lips quivered. He cried to speak, but he could not utter a word.

"Is any one sick at home?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," the lad faintly replied.

The young girl, for the teacher was quite young, stood silent a moment. She knew that the mother of the boy was poor, and, from the peculiar way in which he was distressed, she immediately suspected that something was wrong at home.

"Is any thing wrong at home that you would like to tell me?" she asked.

By this time most of the children had left the room, and the teacher and the lad stood quite alone. The tears that had been blinding the eyes of the latter ever since his teacher had spoken to him, now fell over his cheeks freely; but in a little while he was able to restrain them, when he told of the distress his mother was in, and that, if the rent was not paid in the morning, her things would all be taken away from her and they turned out of doors. He also related, in a most earnest and artless manner, how he had called upon Mr. Percival, without saying any thing to his mother, hoping that he would lend them money to pay their rent. When he told of the cruel and unexpected repulse with which he met, his tears flowed again.

"But the man certainly will not do as he has threatened," said the teacher.

"O yes he will," replied Charles. "He sold every thing Mrs. Ellis had this Winter, because she didn't pay him his rent; and she had to take little George and Mary and go to the poor-House. O yes! he will do it."

"How much rent does your mother owe?"

"Seven dollars."

The young teacher was again silent and thoughtful. If she had possessed the sum required, how gladly would she have placed it in the hands of the boy, and sent him home with glad tidings to his mother! But it took all her salary to support, a widowed mother, in bad health, and she had, therefore, nothing to spare.

"Go home, Charles," she at length said, "and tell your mother that I will come and see her to-night. Something must be done to prevent this man from distressing her."

The boy turned and walked quickly away. His steps was much lighter than it was when he came to school, for now there was hope again in his young heart.

The night that succeeded to this day was very cold. The wind swept round the north east towards evening, and brought a heavy snow storm, that thinned the streets of passengers. After an early tea, the young teacher, with two dollars in her pocket, one received from the principal of the school, and the other her own contribution, set forth on the errand of mercy she had proposed to herself, which was to obtain, from such persons as she knew, and felt free to call upon, a sum sufficient to pay the poor widow's rent. One or two upon whom she called, declined giving any thing, saying that if the woman were not able to pay her rent, she had better go, with her children, to the alms house, where she and they would be taken care of. They disapproved, from principle, of private charities—they did more harm than good. Others gave her small sums, such as quarter and half dollars—and one poor widow put in a dollar from her little store. Those who were most able gave the least. It was past nine o'clock before the sum needed was made up.

With a light heart the noble minded young girl started for the humble abode of the distressed widow. On her way thither, bending in the gusts of wind and snow, she passed the splendid dwelling of Benedict Percival, Esq., the benevolent merchant. He sat in his luxurious parlor, with his family around him, musing upon the act that had for some days engrossed most of his thoughts, more than half inclined to think that the public did not fully appreciate what he had done, and in an incipient state of repentence for having thrown such a large sum of money away, when a thousand dollars would have done just as well. While the young girl hurried by in the storm, her heart already receiving the rich reward that true benevolence is sure to bring—a reward incomparably greater than what comes as the result of deeds of charity, no matter how munificent, done for the praise of men.

Usually, Charles retired early; but this evening he sat up, hopefully awaiting the coming of his teacher. Since seven o'clock, he had eagerly listened to the sound of every approaching footstep, and often had his young heart grown almost sick with disappointment.

"Hadn't you better go to bed Charles?" said his mother, long before nine o'clock.—"It is too stormy a night for your teacher to come out. I am sure she will not be here."

"Oh yes she will! I know she will come," replied the boy. And thus he answered, every time his mother urged him to go bed.

Time had stolen on until near ten o'clock. The wind roared without, and the snow rushed against the windows. The widow looked up from her work, and was about repeating her request that Charles would go to bed, when she observed that he had fallen asleep in his chair. Her heart was touched as she looked at the unconscious boy, and thought of the share in her troubles that he had voluntarily assumed. While her eyes still rested upon him, there came a low rap at the door. On opening it, a young and slender girl stepped in a few paces, saying as she did so—

"I promised your little boy that I would call and see you to-night. I thought to have been here earlier, but couldn't get round sooner. Heaven has sent you, through me enough money to pay your rent to-morrow.—Here it is." She handed the widow a small package of money. "It comes from those who have hearts to feel for others."

Then partly turning away, and before the woman had time to say any thing, she added—

"It is too late, and I must hurry home.—Mother will be uneasy at my staying so long away. Good night. Charles, I see has fallen asleep, but he will know I have been here.—Good night!"

And ere the widow could utter a word of thanks, she was away.

That night, Mr. Benedict Percival lay awake for hours, unable to sleep from thinking of the error he had doubtless committed, in giving five thousand dollars for the benefit of those who had suffered by the fire, when one thousand would have told quite as well upon the public. Moth and rust were already beginning to corrupt the treasure he had laid up on the earth.

The head of the young teacher had not pressed its pillow long, before all her senses were locked in gentle slumber. Sweet dreams accompanied her through the night, and when the sun smiled in at her windows in the morning, she blessed the day and was happy. She had laid up a treasure in Heaven.

LEGAL KNOWLEDGE "OUT WEST."

The Knickerbocker, which is always serving nice morsels for its editor's table has the following anecdote:

A legal member of Congress was one foiled in an important law suit before an Indiana jury, by the adroitness of a pettifogger, who was opposed to him. The "honorable gentleman" was but little acquainted in that region of his circuit, whereas the pettifogger was altogether at home. The former had occasion, in the course of his argument, to make frequent reference to "the common law of England," which made his case quite clear; but his antagonist soon demolished *that* strong-hold. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in reply, "what have *you* to do with the *common* law of England! What have you to do with *any* English law! If we are to be guided by English law at all, we want their *best* law, not their *common* law. We want as good laws as Queen Victoria herself makes use of; for, gentlemen, we are all sovereigns here.—But we don't want *no* English law; United States law is good enough for us; yes, *Indiana law* is good enough for an Indiana jury; and so I know you will convince the wordy gentleman who has come here to insult your patriotism and good sense by attempting to influence your decision through the *common* law of England!" The jury gave the pettifogger his case without consultation.

HOW TO BE A MAN.—When Carlyle was asked by a young person to point out what course of reading he thought best to make *him* a man, he replied in his characteristic manner:—

"It is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man is in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, then and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a *true* soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins at it; all situations have many, and see you aim not to quit it, without doing all that is at least required of you. A man perfects himself by work, much more than by reading. There are a growing kind of men that wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in the present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such be before them."

THE OAK AND THE REED.—An oak, which hung over the bank of the river, was blown down by a tempest of wind; and as it was carried along by the stream, some of its boughs brushed against a reed which grew near the shore. The oak was suprised to find so fragile a plant to remain unhurt after so severe a storm; and he could not forbear asking the reed how he came to stand so secure and unhurt in a tempest, which had been furious enough to tear an Oak up by the roots. "Why," said the reed, "I secure myself by acting in quite an opposite way to what you do. Instead of being stubborn and stiff, and confiding in my strength, I yield and bend to the blast, and let it go over me, knowing how vain and fruitless it would be to resist."

KISSING.—How delightful it must be for a young gentleman to kiss the paint and dirt from the cheek of a smiling lass; and who in the act is transported in an ecstasy of delight and admiration, by the heavenly sweetness, like some little urchin licking "lasses candy!" And how pleasing and delightful it must be to a young lady to have her face kissed by one whose lips are bedaubed with filthy juice of tobacco; and whose breath smells strong of the noxious weed, together with the fumes of alcohol! It must be supremely sweet to them—the—"the nectar of heaven".

TRUTH.—Truth and Justice are immutable and eternal principles—always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances, however urgent, no crises, however awful, can there be an alteration from the one, or a dereliction from the other, without sin. With respect to every thing else, be idle. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive, in exchange for it, liberty and life. Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to Heaven in honor, than, having lingered on the earth, at last to sink to ruin in infamy. In every situation a dishonorable man is detestable and a liar much more so.

HORRIBLE.—The Warsaw (Illinois) Visiter says:—"Some three weeks since Mr. John Wade, of Henry county, was killed by his brother, Washinton Wade. The deceased was whipping his daughter, when the other interfered—this leading to altercation, Washington drew a pistol and shot the ball entering the arm and left breast. He died several hours after the wound. The daughter rushed upon him with a stick to complete the awful work."

RATHER AMUSING.—The National Intelligencer attributes the authorship of President Polk's Inaugural Message, to Gen. Jackson! It is quite amusing to see papers which were trying to make out that Gen. Jackson was incompetent to write his own Messages, while President, now attributing to him the authorship of a Message which was written when the veteran Jackson was on his death bed. Vesily, these Whigs will make Gen. Jackson out to have been a great man, after all.—*N. Y. Globe.*

STRANGE EVENT.—At a recent sacrament at the Seceder Church, at Cadiz, Ohio, while the members were at the table, some six or eight persons were attacked with a violent fever so suddenly that they were compelled to leave the church for home and a sick bed.—The disease spread rapidly through the congregation, and upwards of one hundred members have since been taken dangerously ill—whole families have been prostrated, and a considerable number have since died.