

# THE TRIERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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November 21, 1846.

**CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.**—The sub-  
scribers will pay cash for good clean Tim-  
othy seed.  
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## Capt. Taggart's Dying Words.

BY EMMA.

[In the account of the battle of Buena Vista, it is said that the last man killed in the American lines was Capt. Taggart, of Brown Co. Ia. When struck down by a shot from the Mexican battery, and knowing himself to be dying, he exclaimed, whilst extending his sword to a comrade: "HERE, TAKE IT: I CAN USE IT NO MORE. BUT TELL THE BOYS TO FIGHT ON—OUR CAUSE IS JUST!"

Here take my sword, dear comrade,  
For I am dying now;  
But yet I feel not Death's stern hand  
Upon my parting brow.

I care not, though my heart's rich blood  
Is ebbing fast and free,  
If but hear my comrades shout—  
"Out on to victory!"

My sword, my good old keen-edged blade,  
From many a foe's wave has drank,  
With honor for its food;  
Out beat it on, to battle still,  
Where justice bids it fall;  
The arm that wielded it grows chill—  
My sword! oh, now farewell!

Hence! ye and I have work to do,  
Sword, friends, and comrades, all:  
"OUR CAUSE IS JUST!" then boldly strike  
For Honor—live or fall.

Oh, wield the sword of agart well,  
Amid the thickest fight,  
And think how of us proudly drew  
It in his country's right.

I fall, but oh, "OUR CAUSE IS JUST!"  
I glory here to die;  
I soon a comrade, fighting hard,  
Thought dead in my eye,  
Press on brave boys; nor basely yield,  
Though serried ranks may blaze—  
Stout hearts will nerve each arm to strike,  
And press of triumph raise.

The boom of cannon greets my ear,  
The cloud of thick lower,  
Once more my pulses wildly spring,  
Though numbered are my hours,  
Yet I am victor, and the first,  
My heart with death grows chill:  
FIGHT ON BRAVE BOYS, "OUR CAUSE IS JUST!"  
God AND AN COUNTRY AT ALL!  
New Albany, Ind., July 10th, 1847.

## THE LOTTERY TICKET.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two young stockbrokers, whose capital in trade was rather small, and who daily saw excellent opportunities for making money pass unimproved for want of the means to embrace them, sat conversing about their future prospects. Their names were Felix Granger and Ellis Day.

"If I could only raise five or six thousand dollars somewhere," remarked the former, "I could double it in two years."

"So could I, easily," returned Day. "But that amount of money is not to be picked up readily. One thing, I am making a good living, and slowly improving my condition, and I suppose I ought to be contented. In the end, if all goes on as it has begun, I shall accumulate, I hope, enough to live upon."

"It's too slow work for me. I feel like a man trying to run with 'logs' on his feet. The fact is, I must have more capital from somewhere. I'll tell you what I've more than half made up my mind to do."

"Buy a ticket in the lottery and try my luck. Prizes are drawn every day and why may not I meet with good fortune?"

Day shook his head.  
"What's your objection?" asked Granger.  
"I don't believe any good ever came of meddling with lotteries."

"In the first place the chances are all against drawing a prize. Not more than one in a hundred is successful, and yet the ninety-nine who draw blanks are just as full of hope for the prize as he who draws it; and are just as much diverted from right business thoughts during the time that elapses between the purchase of the ticket and the drawing of the lottery. The loss of the drawer of the blank is not alone the loss of his money. He loses in his business, often seriously, from the diversion of thought that must accompany the suspense he is doomed for a time to feel. Instead of applying himself diligently to the doing of what his hands find to do in his daily employments, he is thinking about the use he will make of his money if he should be so fortunate as to draw a prize. And in the second place, if he should succeed in getting a lucky number, he will be almost certain to lose all he has gained, and more beside, in trying for another and a higher prize."

"Trust me for that," returned Granger. "Let me once get my fingers upon five, or twenty thousand dollars, and you won't find me meddling with lottery tickets."

"I wouldn't say any," said Day.  
"Not even yourself?"  
"No, not even myself."

"Wouldn't you buy a ticket if you knew you would draw a prize?"  
"As that is supposing what cannot be, I will answer neither in the affirmative nor negative. But my own impression is, that money obtained by means of lotteries never does any good."

"Why not?"  
"For this reason: Money is a standard of value, and passes in society as a representative of some kind of property; which is a thing of itself useful to mankind—as houses, lands, produce, manufactures, etc. When we receive money in business, it represents a benefit we have conferred upon another. But when money comes through a lottery, it does not correspond to any benefit conferred, but is actually the correspondent of injury done to others; for hundreds have lost that one might gain. If a man in business accumulate ten thousand dollars, that sum has been received from perhaps more than a thousand different sources in return for wants supplied; but, if a man draw ten thousand dollars in a lottery, he has received from a large number of persons their one, or two, or ten dollars, without making them any return. Nothing has been produced; no want supplied. Society has

been in no way benefited, but actually injured. The whole proceeding, from beginning to end, has been disorderly and detrimental. And I cannot but believe that the money so obtained will prove more a curse to any one than a blessing, and this because I hold that all evil in society react with pain against those who practise them."

"Give me ten thousand dollars, and I will run all such risks," said Granger. "Somebody will get the prize, and I might just as well have it as any one. Come! Join me in a ticket. I have been looking over a first-rate scheme, which is to be drawn day after tomorrow."

"But Day shook his head and said "No," firmly.

"Well, if you won't I will try my luck alone. The tickets are only five dollars."

That day Granger bought a ticket. A dozen times before the drawing of the lottery did he call in to see his friend Day, and as often did he mention what was uppermost in his mind—the prize he hoped to draw.

"If I get ten thousand dollars I will lend you two or three thousand to give you a start," he said on the day before the drawing was to take place. This was spoken in apparent jest, but he really felt in earnest.

Day could not help smiling.  
"You may laugh," returned the other, "but when you see me with ten or fifteen thousand dollars in hand you will not think me the fool you now do."

"If you should be so lucky, I prophesy that your ten or twenty thousand dollars will do you no good in the end. That in ten or twenty years you will be no better off in consequence of your prize."

"I'll risk it."  
"No doubt you are perfectly willing to do so."

"And so would you be."  
"I shall keep out of temptation at least, by not buying a ticket," replied Day. "If I could get more capital in my business in a perfectly legitimate way, I should be glad to do so, for then I could make larger and more profitable operations. But as I see no approved mode of obtaining this capital, I must be content to plod on as I am now going. It will come out right in the end, I don't not."

"I'll furnish you with more capital in a few days," said Granger laughingly.  
"Very well. I'll give you good security and pay you a fair interest," was the laughing reply.

"But won't you be afraid of money drawn in a lottery?"  
"No, not to be drawn in. But I would be afraid to draw it."

"Dividing a hair between north and north west sides. A distinction without a difference."  
"To me it is not. I can see a very great difference."

On the next day late in the afternoon, Felix Granger came hurriedly into the store of Ellis Day. His manners were hurried; he had a look of wild elation.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he exclaimed in a thick voice. "Didn't I say that I would draw a prize?"  
"You did," returned Day, calmly.  
"And I said true. I've got the twenty-five thousand dollar prize as certain as death."

"Indeed!"  
"True as preaching."  
"Twenty-five thousand dollars!"  
"Aye! Twenty-five thousand dollars. Think of that, friend Day!"

And he caught the hand of his friend and almost crushed it in a vice-like grip.  
"Ain't I a lucky dog? I always said I was born under a fortunate star, though I confess that I had to wait long before the right aspect came. But all in good time! I've no complaint to make. Twenty-five thousand dollars! Just think of that! Won't I do business now with a rush! Won't I show some of the 'sleepy ones in the trade' a specimen of tall walking? Won't I?"

And for very want of breath the excited young man panted.  
"What do you think of lotteries now?" he asked, after he had recovered himself a little.  
"Ain't you tempted to try your luck?"  
"I think of them as I always did; I believe I shall not try my luck. I might be so unfortunate as to draw a prize."

"Are you crazy, Ellis Day?"  
"Perhaps I am. But, seriously, I would rather go on as I am going than draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars. For I should be sure will bring all out right in the end; but with twenty thousand dollars thrown suddenly into my lap, I might, no doubt, be tempted to dash ahead at a rate so rapid as to be thrown headlong from my course, and be worse off than I was when I began the world with hope, energy, industry and five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"No! I predict nothing for me. I hope you will be wise and prudent in the use of the large sum of money that has come into your hands."  
"Never fear for me. I know what I am about. Twenty-five thousand dollars is not a sum large enough to turn my brain."

It is worthy of remark that Granger said nothing more about lending his friend a few thousand dollars, as he had proposed in anticipation of a smaller prize than the one he had drawn. Not that he had forgotten his promise, voluntarily made, but ways in which he could use the whole amount of his now greatly increased capital immediately presented themselves, and instead of feeling that he had anything to spare, he felt that his operations would still be restricted within limits that it would be desirable to pass.

When the twenty-five thousand dollars were paid to Granger, which was not until some weeks after the drawing of the lottery, he immediately laid out one hundred dollars in tickets in another lottery, intending if he drew anything to keep his promise to

Day, which he now regretted having been weak enough to make. He drew about fifty dollars—reinvested that in the same way—drew blanks and gave up lotteries. In this he was wiser than some men. Of course Day did not get the promised assistance in his business.

Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash at once enlarged the credit of Granger to from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. All his business operations became greatly extended, and he grew into a man of importance, both in his own eyes and the eyes of others, quite rapidly.

Whenever we begin to think highly of ourselves from any cause, but especially when this increased self-estimation springs from the mere increased amount of worldly goods that may happen to be possessed, we are almost sure to fall into error. The first error committed by Granger was a grievous one. When he drew the great prize he was under engagement of marriage with the daughter of a widow lady named Riker, whose income was small and who was unknown in fashionable society. The mother and daughter lived humbly, and all their time was usefully employed. Emma Riker had received a good education, and was in every way the equal in mental culture of the young man who had sought her hand.

Granger mentioned to Emma the fact that he had purchased a ticket, and talked of what he was going to do in case he drew a prize. When the prize came he hurried off to see her and tell of his good fortune, the news of which she received with calmness, yet evident pleasure.

For a month the young man continued his visits as of old, and felt and acted toward Emma as his affianced bride. After that the idea of obtaining a rich wife entered his mind. It was just as easy now, it occurred to him, to get a wife with twenty or thirty thousand dollars as one without a cent. But then he was under engagement of marriage. This thought produced an unpleasant sensation. The idea of a rich wife, was a seed in the young man's mind, and toward it pride, selfishness, and a love of money, flowed as principles of life, first vitalizing the seed and then causing it to grow sending down its roots in his heart, and putting forth leaves and blossoms that ultimately produced noxious fruit.

The possession of twenty-five thousand dollars, the enlargement of his business, and the reputation of being a young man of great enterprise, enabled Granger to form new acquaintances, and procure him invitations to fashionable parties in a circle where he had never before moved. He mingled with young ladies of high pretensions, and attentions of a more imposing kind than such as were possessed by Emma Riker. Contrasts unfavorable to the latter were constantly taking place in his mind. The final result was a breach of his engagement. This was the first and the worst error committed by the young man.

The effect produced upon the mind of Emma was serious. But she concealed as much as possible from the observation of every one what she felt, and, in the reflection that her lover had proved himself unworthy the earnest and unselfish affection she had borne him, sought to still the painful throbbing of her heart, and banish from her mind the image that had so long filled it with light and happiness. But she had a hard task to perform, and suffered much before it was finally accomplished.

A year from this time Granger led to the altar the daughter of a rich merchant, named Collins who had enough pride, extravagance, and love of show to ruin any man willing to be influenced by her. Her father gave her a brilliant wedding party, and a house furnished in the most costly manner. The young couple started in life with some capital.

No very long time elapsed after the marriage before Granger discovered that his wife had few if any domestic qualities; was self-willed, passionate, full of pride and alarmingly extravagant. Such a thing as consulting his tastes, pleasures, or preferences, never appeared to cross her mind. In spite of the effort he made not to do so, he could not help contrasting these qualities of his wife with the very opposite ones that were possessed in such gentle and unobtrusive yet sweet perfection by Emma Riker.

Not more wisely did this young man act in business. He at once extended all his operations and entered into new ones, employing every dollar of his capital, and using his credit to very nearly its utmost limits. Under this system he found himself, by the end of a year or two, with a weight upon his shoulders that was difficult to be borne. Notwithstanding this, he boasted of having made ten thousand dollars during the first year, and twenty thousand in the second year that followed his improved fortunes; and in opening the business of his third year, he sought to extend still farther all his operations. Through the influence of his father-in-law Granger got into the direction of a bank that was managed by a clique of money jobbers, through which he found no difficulty in passing his father-in-law's note to almost any amount; and Mr. Collins used the paper of his son-in-law quite as freely. Thus their interests and fortunes became inextricably blended.

With such facilities, and the credit of having made a great deal of money and being one of the most enterprising merchants in the city, Granger was able to do a very heavy business; but, from the start, he had over-traded, and was always driven by, instead of driving and rightly guiding and managing his business.

In the mean time Ellis Day was going on as of old, quietly, carefully, and safely. His operations were never very large; but they always yielded a fair profit, and gradually extended every year. He had never been able to get an advance of capital from any one, but this, he felt inclined to think, was all for the

best. More capital might have tempted him into water that was beyond his depth.

Some time after Granger's marriage, Day, who had met Emma Riker a year or two previous, was again thrown into her company, and came into nearer association with her than before. The oftener he met her, the more he liked her; and it was not long before an intimacy sprang up between them that ended in marriage. They went to housekeeping in a neat, respectable, but not very costly style. Emma made a prudent, and loving wife, and grew daily more dear to her husband. Their home was to each the pleasantest place on earth. Different, indeed, was the home of Felix Granger. All day he was in the rush, hurry, excitement and anxiety of business; and he came home at night fatigued and with a weight upon his breast. But there was no sweet smiles there to fall upon him like a sunbeam; no loving words to make him forget the cares of the day. It not unfrequently happened that his wife was out, and remained out the whole evening; or she was in an ill-humor about something, hardly answered him civilly if he spoke to her; or she hurried herself from town until the hour for going to bed in the pages of a new novel. To her husband she was, at no time, a pleasant companion.

The fact was, Mrs. Granger had no true affection for her husband, and did not put herself out to assume a virtue she did not possess. Indifference, coldness and sullenness were not always the only ills which the husband had to bear. He was often made to feel the worse irritation of direct ill temper, that fretted him at times beyond endurance and led to open bickering; usually brief and violent while they lasted. Thus the days of their wedded life passed on; and they were often bitter days to both of them.

Five years from the period at which the marriage of Ellis Day took place, he removed with his little family into a beautiful but not very costly dwelling, which he had just purchased. His business had increased steadily and safely, for he had applied his mind diligently, from the first, to the attainment of a thorough knowledge of every thing that related in any way to the particular branch of trade in which he was engaged. It was rarely that he made a mistake in purchasing, or had doubts in selling. As his experience became more matured, and his means enlarged, he was able to increase his business operations safely and to reap all the advantages of such an increase. The capital which he had would have been an injury to him, rather than a benefit. This he now clearly saw; for it would have led him into an enlargement of his business, while his experience was yet but small, and might have involved him in difficulties from which extrication would have been almost impossible.

On the very day when he took possession of his new house, for which he had a clear deed, every dollar of the purchase money having been paid without disturbing his business by a withdrawal of capital, both Mr. Collins and his son-in-law stopped payment, the former with obligations out for three hundred thousand dollars, and the latter for one hundred and fifty thousand. They had extended their business operations, and stretched their credit, until the foundation upon which they stood became too weak to support them. The father-in-law was older, broader, and less scrupulous than Granger. He took care to save something from the wreck; but the latter came out penniless, and with a heavy debt hanging over him. The beautiful house and rich furniture that had been a part of his wife's marriage portion were seized and sold to the highest bidder, and he turned upon the world, with a family of three children, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket.

Instead of sympathy from his wife in the sad disaster that had befallen him, he met with reproaches for not having made over to her and her children the house and furniture she had brought him, and thus reserved a home for his family. To these cruel reproaches the disappointed, broken spirit had no answer to reply. He felt crushed to the earth, and without the strength to lift himself up again. He had fallen from so high a position that he was nearly disabled by the concussion.

Thrown out of business, turned out of his home, and with nothing to live upon, he was forced, reluctantly, to accept the constrained offer of his father-in-law to go to his house with his family until he could get something to do. Naturally independent in his feelings, this was a painful trial, especially as there was no real cordiality in the invitation, and the addition of his family to that of Mr. Collins was evidently felt as a burden.

Some weeks after this arrangement had been entered upon, and at a time when it was chafing him sorely, Granger called in to see his old friend Day, to solicit from him a vacant clerkship in his store. After their meeting, Day expressed the sincere regret he felt at the disastrous result of his business. With much bitterness the other replied:

"Yes, disastrous enough; but I do not wonder at it, now that I am a slave man again. Ellis Day! Since the hour I drew that cursed prize in the lottery I have been beside myself. I have not acted, in a single instance, with the wisdom and prudence of a man whose mind was well balanced. I believe you now; but I did not believe you when you told me that money obtained the way I obtained twenty-five thousand dollars never does any good. You saw how it would be—you, like a wise man, could force the evil, but I, like a fool, passed on and have been punished; and grieved."

"Parasol—a protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps—an article worn under the boots by gentlemen made of calfskin.

Rites—light frames covered with paper and sent into the air by boys with tails attached to them.—Barre Co.

Foxey Descriptions.—Not far from correct. Parasol—a protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps—an article worn under the boots by gentlemen made of calfskin.

Rites—light frames covered with paper and sent into the air by boys with tails attached to them.—Barre Co.

prudent and thus willing to wait, I might now have been safely advancing toward wealth, instead of being penniless, and with spirits broken, energy gone, and the very light of life extinguished!"

Granger was deeply moved.  
The situation he asked was promptly given to him. But the salary was only eight hundred dollars a year. This small sum was in no way adequate to the wants of Mrs. Granger. She could spend it herself, twice over, in the year, and because she could not get as much as she wanted from her husband, she complained and fretted almost constantly.

Granger remained with Day only a few months, when his domestic irritations became so great that, in a fit of passion and despair, he left the city, and though some years have passed, he has never since been heard of by his family.

So much for a prize in the lottery! We agree, perfectly, with Ellis Day, that no good ever comes from money obtained by this or any other species of gambling, and for the reason already alleged, that it does not correspond to any use in the community; but has actually been obtained from those who have received no equivalents therefor. Other reasons could also be given, but they must readily suggest themselves to the mind of almost every reader.

TO PROTECT GRAIN FROM RATS.—An individual of much practical experience, states that green elder deposited in and about the mows of hay and grain, will prove an effectual preventive against the depredations of mice and rats. These animals are frequently very destructive in their ravages; and if a remedy so simple and easy of attainment is efficacious, it deserves to be known and remembered by all. We have long known that the leaves of the common mullen will drive rats from their haunts. There is something in the odor of this plant that is disgusting to their rapacity, as was the leak to the ancient Pistol; they cannot "abide it."

BRITISH.—The Cincinnati News tells an anecdote of Dan Marble, which curiously illustrates the insane passion for betting which is evinced by persons of peculiar constitution. A man who had lived a lifetime in the indulgence of his favorite passion for gambling, was taken most alarmingly ill: Three or four days passed away, and the disease having reached its crisis, his medical attendant informed him that he stood no chance of recovery.

"What'll you bet?" said the patient.  
"Just as good as a dead man now. You can't live more than an hour."

"An hour! I'll just tell you what it is, I'll bet you an X that I'll live an hour and a quarter—up with your tin, and show your spunk."

Some three-quarters of an hour elapsed, when the dying man, with a convulsive effort, raised his head, and with his last grasp, falling dead upon his pillow, exclaimed:  
"Rake it down!—Rake it down, Doctor!"

ONE OF THE WILLS.—An eccentric gentleman in Philadelphia, lately deceased, left behind him a curious will, from which the following is said to be an extract:  
"Whereas, my daughter refused me a night's lodging in her house when I had no place of abode, I therefore leave her one cent, and to her hen-pecked husband, half a cent, as a man who allows his wife to insult her father in his presence, is no man. To my other children I recommend a perusal of the Fifth Commandment. To my mother-in-law I bequeath six cents, provided she buys thereafter with a halter to hang herself, for having swindled the Elect out of a gold watch she wears, under a pretence of benevolence and Christian conduct and behavior."

INDIAN ELOQUISS.—The red men of the forest sometimes criticize the conduct, sentiments and belief of the whites in a bold and searching manner. The ingenious and cutting reply of Red Jacket to the request to adopt the religion of the whites, must be generally remembered. Not less bold and striking was a remark of John Mitten, one of the Seneca Indians, at a recent council of that nation. The subject of removing these Indians beyond the Mississippi being under consideration, he said that he wished to remain near the graves of his red fathers till the Great Spirit called him home; that he had no confidence in his white fathers; why should he have? His white fathers had murdered their Savour, and what kind of treatment could a poor Indian expect from men who had killed the Son of God!

GOOD RATS.—"Doctor, that errant rat-bane of yours is first rate," said a Yankee, to a village apothecary.  
"I know'd it! I know'd it!" said the pleased vender of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first rate doctor's stuff."  
"And doctor," said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound?"  
"Yes, sir, I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse; and it made him dreadful sick, and I am pretty sure another pound would kill him."—Spirit of the Times.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals: no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—Sir Walter Scott.

FOURTY DESERTIONS.—Not far from correct. Parasol—a protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone. Straps—an article worn under the boots by gentlemen made of calfskin.

Rites—light frames covered with paper and sent into the air by boys with tails attached to them.—Barre Co.

prudent and thus willing to wait, I might now have been safely advancing toward wealth, instead of being penniless, and with spirits broken, energy gone, and the very light of life extinguished!"

Granger was deeply moved.  
The situation he asked was promptly given to him. But the salary was only eight hundred dollars a year. This small sum was in no way adequate to the wants of Mrs. Granger. She could spend it herself, twice over, in the year, and because she could not get as much as she wanted from her husband, she complained and fretted almost