

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

“THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.”

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Buildings, French st., Erie.

JOHN B. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his Office to the Public Building
near the Court House, up stairs, in the room
occupied by the Sheriff and formerly under the
Commissioner's Office.
Promotions will be given to all business en-
treated to his care. 50

E. N. HULBERT & CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND PRO-
DUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND Dealers in Lard, Oil, Coal, Salt,
and Produce generally. Particular atten-
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street, over S. Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie,
April 24, 1847.

O. L. ELLIOTT, SURGEON DENTIST,
Has permanently located in Erie. Office at his
residence on the corner of Seventh and Peach
Streets. 49

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c.
&c. No. 1, Flemming Block, State Street,
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GALBRAITH & LANE,
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Sixth street, west side of the Public Square,
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ver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Glass,
Iron and Fancy Goods, No. 7 Reed House, Erie
Pa.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
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Nails, Leather, Oils, etc. etc. corner of State
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WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker, Upholster and Undertaker,
State Street, Erie Pa.

S. DICKINSON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, office on Seventh street,
west of the Methodist Church, Erie, Pa.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission, and Produce
Merchants; Red Ware House, east of the Pub-
lic Bridge, Erie.

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

LESTER, BENNETT & CHESTER,
Iron Founders, wholesale and retail dealers in
Stoves, Hollow-ware &c. State street, Erie, Pa.

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C. M. TIBBALS,
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GODWIN & VINCENT,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. No. 1,
Bonnell Block, State St., Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye,
Stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6 Reed House, Erie,
Pa.

B. TOMLINSON & Co.,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants; 109
French Street, Erie, and at 6th Street Canal Ba-
se, also dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

HENRY CADWELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries &c.
east side of the Public Square, and one door east
of the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

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

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

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday
and Class at School Book; Stationary, etc. etc.
No. 111, French Street, Erie, Pa.

P. A. R. BRACE,
Attorney and Counselor 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, But-
ter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Pro-
duce. H. CADWELL,
June 6, 1846.

HARDWARE—Shells, Hardware and House
Trimming can always be had very cheap at
the cheap store of S. JACKSON & Co.
November 21, 1846.

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED—The sub-
scribers will pay cash for good clean Tim-
othy seed. B. TOMLINSON & Co.

M'GUFFEES series of School Books, 1, 2,
3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St.
Erie, May 9, 1847.

REMOVAL
G. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock
Goods, etc. No. 5, Peoples 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.

G. LOOMIS—We have the best assortment that
will be in this market of all kinds, including
Stewart's self imported black and fancy Kid,
lacy and variegated Silks and China Linen.
April 26.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.

THE MAD-MAN'S LAMENT.

Written for the Erie Observer.

BY DYLAKE.

Oh! why am I shut in these walls—
Made fast by clanking chains,
A shaggy old man, with a
And child's my weary brain?

The waning moon is in the sky,
And shines between my bars,
And all the twilight stars
The bright and twinkling stars.

A dreadful gloom enshrouds my cell—
Open eye that iron door
Oh! hear me, keeper—'tis well—
Alas! he hears no more!

I loved her once, and loved her true—
Believe I love you,
And hear her light step coming, too—
Believe, my heart, believe!

But hold!—it is the keeper's tread—
The rusty hinges creak—
My soul is filled with fear and dread—
I hear his voice now speak!

He tells me that I must be still—
Oh! keeper! I'm not mad—
He bids me list the neighbor's trail—
But ah! my heart is wild!

Once more he's gone, and left me here,
In this lone dark, gloom—
Again upon my face the tears
Beats down in sorrow's flood.

HONOLULU, AUG. 1847.

The Outlaw of the Sacramento.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

"Would that the Californian character were
as lofty as the Californian mountains!" ex-
claimed I, extending myself almost breath-
less upon the loftiest summit of the chain
which edges the Sacramento Valley.

"Not so," returned my friend, quietly; "it
would be too hard to climb."
Harry South was one of those men who re-
veal only to their intimate friends a marked
peculiarity of character. There are many
such; all indeed may be really so, for every
man convinces those who know him best that
he possesses a true and full individuality; but
more than any other of my acquaintance, my
friend managed to mask a dreary poetical
imagination and a glowing heart under the
appearance of a mere fashionable and high
spirited man of the world. His wealth and
connections in society, of course secured him
the position of a gentleman. Nobody sus-
pected him of a poet; yet though he never
wrote lines, he always thought poetry. Be-
tween the ages of fifteen and twenty-three
he served in the navy as midshipman and
lieutenant, and then left the profession to suc-
ceed to a valuable estate, and consult his own
pleasure by travelling as a gentleman at ease.

At Yerba Buena I first met him, and our ac-
quaintance soon warmed into friendship, so
that before many days past, we found our-
selves travelling together on a half hunting,
half exploring expedition along the beautiful
Valley of the Sacramento. Every hour re-
vealed some new trait in his character. A
peculiar freshness, not of inexperience, but
the vivid glance that never dulls by often
looking, seemed to form his ideas upon every
subject, and made especially delightful our
conversation upon the most delightful of all
topics, love and woman's heart. Hitherto
untouched by the gentle passion, he had set
up for himself an ideal model, not moulded, as
he was wont to exclaim, after any form of
material clay, but one which rose within his
mind in dim yet lustrous beauty, like a tran-
slucent mist before the dazzling sun. Such a
character he conceived to be Miranda, the
"Tempest," and looked upon it as a lovely
vision, never to be realized, yet ever before
him with a delicious, tantalizing presence.—
Indeed, so often did he rhapsodize upon Mir-
anda, that before two days had elapsed I be-
came heartily sick of my friend's poetical
hobby, and sought every occasion to draw
him out on other things. In this way we ar-
rived at the edge of that immense valley, and
ascended the loftiest mountain to catch a fair
view of the scenery around us.

"Yes," said Harry, "it would be too hard to
climb. You are ambitious, and can never be
satisfied; you must either move onward or
else keep out of sight. If I were disposed to
compliment, I might say, so is the sun; but
the source of light would be degraded by com-
parison with a merely ambitious man. For my
own part, I would simply take the gods for
the gods provide me, and glide through a hap-
py life, in cultivating, not so much my pa-
ternal acres, for I confess myself no farmer,
as my own heart. The little society I would
have must be associates, not rivals nor infe-
riors. But you would struggle, and prefer
rising above the ignorant weak to being sur-
passed by the educated strong. This is your
country. The Californians are too indolent
to strive with an energetic man, and will qui-
etly allow him to overtake them, provided he
is not rough shod. They have all the pride of
Spaniards, half the quick intellect of French-
men, and more than the terrible-revengeful-
ness of an Italian bravo. At this time, the
laziest Turk that breathes through life in a
cloud of smoke would open his eyes at these
lumps of Californian clay, for ever asleep.—
Look from this mountain top, and say, are they
worthy of their country? The air that
breathes delicious health through others' veins
nourishes them. These noble mountains, that
we love to climb with soul as well as
body, only arouses in them a lazy horror of
the troublesome ascent, as they stand below,
dully gazing upward. But, by Heaven! there
is one below us who is not gazing upward in
dullness! That attitude is ostentatious and de-
spair itself!"

I sprang to my feet and looked over the
edge of the mountain. Beginning at the spot
where we stood, an almost perpendicular
precipice seemed to slide down full six hun-
dred feet, and then another peak rose aloft,
leaving between a little valley with about fifty
yards of loose rocks, garlanded with verdure.
At that moment I did not notice a rude hunt-

ing-lodge in the middle; my attention was fas-
cinated on two human beings in that remote place.
One of them was very tall, gigantic, of a
Californian, and his herculean limbs, arrayed
in the hunter's finery of his nation, bespoke
him at once a dangerous neighbor in time of
peace. At his feet in an attitude of exquisite
suffering, knelt a young girl, lovely even in
the distance; and so truthful was her pos-
ture, that we almost fancied we heard a plead-
ing voice, broken with sobs and tears. Yet
the hunter stood savage and immovable, look-
ing contemptuously on her for a moment, and
then turning away, he walked swiftly out of
the ravine.

"There is something here for us to do," said
Harry, firmly and rapidly. His words roused
me from a gaze of wonder at that singular
pantomime, and hastily exchanging glances,
we seized our rifles, and descended the moun-
tain in silence.

Some hours passed before we could force
our way through the thick underwood down
the more gently sloping side, or skirt along the
base. Even there was great difficulty in
searching for the narrow gorge. At last,
however, we found ourselves near the cabin
of the hunter, but our steps were delayed a
moment by a huge dog, the Cerberus of these
regions, which rushed upon us with a
howl that sounded as if the triple-headed mon-
ster of old had opened with every tooth at
once. Our business did not allow of such ob-
stacles, and a shot from one of our revolvers
stretched him upon the grass. We entered
the lodge. In one corner sat the fair suppli-
ant we had seen before, hiding her face in her
hands, and moaning to herself the most mournful
of all Spanish exclamations: "Ay de mi! ah de mi!" She had evidently mis-
taken our shot for the return of the Californian
hunter. Harry spoke a few words of encou-
ragement, but at the sound of a strange
voice she started up with an instinctive scream
and then, to our utter amazement, clasped
each of us in her arms with a shower of tears
and a broken cry of half hysterical joy.

We drew back at this strange reception,
but at the next instant would have surren-
dered a year of our lives to have been in that
delicious embrace again. Strange that that
did not feel it at the time, but when the first
astonishment wore off, there lingered the
idea of a sensation that we might have felt
and remembered to the day of our death.—
But the girl evidently did not intend to repeat
the salutation. She stood wondering at her
repulse as much as we did afterward, but
with better reason. It was a common and
innocent token of friendship among the warm
open-hearted sex of her country, and she, poor
thing, saw a friend in every stranger at that
time. She seemed about seventeen, and her
form exhibited a rare mingling of grace and
voluptuous symmetry that I had before deem-
ed impossible. All Californian beauties pos-
sess the latter, but it is united with a spread-
ing luxuriance of limb that forms a magnifi-
cent contrast to the sylph-like airiness of
some other climes. Here, however, the two
were so connected that it seemed hard to
know to which class of beauty she belonged.
At this time, indeed, no critical thought en-
tered my head; I saw before me only the Cal-
ifornian glancing her dark eyes on us in fear-
ful hope, and wondered that I had ever thought
the phrase "billyow bosom" an extravagant
expression. She came forward again, and
taking a hand of each, pressed them
between her own, saying inquiringly, and
with inexpressible softness of tone; "Amigos?"
Then, without waiting for an answer, she
hurried on. Her father, she said, was a
wealthy planter near the Sacramento river,
herself his only child.

A young man, the companion of her youth,
had been convicted of a capital crime and
sentenced to death; but a few days before the
execution he had escaped, and was supposed
to be lurking near the mountains. He had
once been an unsuccessful suitor for her love,
and his flight relieved her from the load of
fear she had always felt of his character and
designs. But, two days since, she extended
her evening walk too far, and suddenly the
outlaw stood in her path! He stopped for no
vain entreaties; they would be useless; but
placed her behind him on a swift mustang,
and fled for his home in the mountains. No
pause or rest was allowed; in one day, they
crossed the valley, and stopped at last before
his cabin. Here he lifted her from the horse,
fast with terror, fatigue and hunger, and
leaving a savage howl as her keeper, he had
just started forth with his rifle in search of
game. She told this brief story simply and
artlessly, as if conscious that words were not
wanted to color the deed; and then dropping
our hands, stood before us, still in her beauty
and distress.

Excited as I myself was I involuntarily
started at the first word of Harry South.—
His usual calm exterior changed into an ex-
pression of terrible meaning, and even then I
saw that something more than mere compas-
sion and anger agitated my friend. What he
said was broken, and evidently came strug-
gling up from his heart. He promised her
protection and safe return, and without wast-
ing words, urged an immediate departure.—
We turned to go, and our eyes fell upon the
gigantic form of the hunter, terribly lacerated
and dripping with blood, as he leaned against
the doorway for support. He appeared hard-
ly able to stand; but the dull glassy look of
fatigue in his eyes seemed to surround a
fierce gleam of foiled malice. A fearful con-
flict was going on between his wounded body
and the unconquered will of his soul. The
latter prevailed for a moment, as with an ac-
tually blazing eye he rushed towards us, re-
ceiving aloft his clubbed rifle. The blow was
easily ward off, and the exhausted despera-
do fell.

Never did I fully appreciate the womanly
loveliness of Clara, holding the head of young
Marmion to her breast, until I saw the young
Californian girl strive to raise her enemy and
stanch his wounds. We soon found that ho

was not dead; and having carefully deposited
him upon a rude couch, the perplexing ques-
tion arose, "What is to be done?" He de-
serves nothing at our hands but death, yet hu-
manity forbade us even to leave him in that
dangerous condition. We therefore remain-
ed there full four days, while he was balan-
cing between life and death. The cause of
his wounds we could not then enquire, though
they were evidently received in close fight
with some wild beast. During this time, I
acted as hunter and purveyor of food; the Cal-
ifornian, of course, was the nurse; and Harry,
equally of course, elected himself surgeon.

From what the hunter afterward said, it
appeared that he had wandered some distance
up the mountain in search of wild sheep, or
"broad horns," and suddenly found himself in
close proximity to a grizzly bear; almost the
only animal which the bold western hunter
fears to meet. It is nearly impossible for one
to kill it; rifle balls bury themselves in its
body, and seem but to increase its ferocity.—
Knowing that the eye was the only part open
to a mortal wound, he calmly waited until
the fierce monster was just about to rush
upon him, and then fired with deliberate aim.
Vain hope! The bear moved a little at that
instant, and received the bullet in its thick
skull. It was staggered at first, but instanc-
ly recovering itself, it seized the hunter in a
terrible embrace. Nothing but his calmness
of nerve saved him then. Torn and breath-
less as he was, while the monster hot breath
was yet upon him, and the foam ground from
those glittering jaws flew into his face, he drew
the long slender dagger, worn by Californians
for a hunting-knife, and applying it with
steady grasp to the eye, drove it suddenly up
to the haft. The animal's struggle was short,
and the hunter arose, fearfully mangled, but
still alive. He tottered back as well as he
could, and arrived only to find new enemies
in his own home.

At the end of four days, the question,
"What shall we do?" was as perplexing as
ever. The hunter was fast recovering; too
fast indeed for our own wishes, for we could
not expect him tranquilly to relinquish his
prize; and it was accordingly determined by
the council of peace to leave him secretly, af-
ter placing within his reach provisions enough
to last him several days. The next morning
saw us five leagues distant.

During the journey, I had few opportuni-
ties of learning the character of our fair com-
panion. She was mounted upon the same mus-
tang which had carried her before, and Harry,
walking by her side, kept up incessantly
a low-toned conversation, so that I took the
hint and led the way. At the close of the
first day we bivouacked in true hunting style,
and making up a hasty couch for the Cal-
ifornian girl, laid ourselves upon the soft
moss in silence. I was just falling into a
doze, when a single word from my friend woke
me.

"Strange!"
"That you have found your tongue at last?
What else?"
"Why, I never thought to ask her name."
"Perhaps I can inform you."
"You! How did you learn it? What is it?
I exclaimed he, eagerly rising."
"What can it be, but—Miranda!" said I
mischievously.

"No more of that, Hal!" he replied with a
manly blush. "But yet," added he, more
earnestly, "she is Miranda in truth. In a few
words she unveils her whole soul. So innocent,
so child like, and yet so womanly. I
could say to her with Ferdinand:
"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women: never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobler grace she owned,
And put it to the foil; but you, oh you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Her beauty and distress more than interest-
ed me at first, and since that—why should I
not confess it—our conversation has showed
me a fresh, noble soul, and has actually—
as I was about to say, made a fool of me, but
a wiser and happier man."

"Happier! I may congratulate you, then—
But her old lover, he will of course recover,
and her is a Californian. They staid in the
dark."

"True; but a Californian practices grati-
tude as well as revenge. I hardly know
which he feels towards us. We probably
saved him from a lingering death, but at the
same time robbed him of something more than
life. Let us mention him no more. He is a
dark shadow in my path, but thank Heaven!
behind me. I fear him not. Strange that I
never thought to ask her name!"

With this soliloquy, he turned over and I
went to sleep.

The second day gave me no better oppor-
tunity than the first for examining more minutely
into the character of our fair friend. Harry
was still her constant cavalier, and some-
times fancied that his treatment in excluding
me might be aptly termed by the same word,
but situated as he was, it was a point of hon-
or to give him exclusive possession of her
company, especially as we expected soon to
reach her home. Still, as I occasionally
glanced, and marked her free, artless bearing,
or heard the musical murmur of her laugh, I
could hardly help envying Harry, and his
place by her side. Toward the close of the
afternoon we left the valley and ascended the
first hill beyond. When the summit was
gained, a faint outcry of joy from our com-
panion, as she pointed toward a large hacienda,
about half a mile distant, showed that she
recognized her home. We stopped and were
almost instantly seen by a straggling slave
who ran to the hacienda, and in a few mo-
ments, a gray-headed old man spurred toward
us at full speed, with a crowd of servants fol-
lowing him.

"My father!"
"You have another friend to welcome," said

a deep voice at our side, and the tall form of
the outlaw stepped from behind a rock.

"I have waited for you here," he continued,
with singular calmness. "Your companions
I might have waylaid and shot down before
this, but they once spared and even saved my
life, when I expected death from them, and
now, at this our last meeting, I come with
one request. By the memory of our childish
days, by the death of my love for you, grant
it! Let me see you alone for the last time—
forever!"

I hesitated; but—
"It cannot be Herman," was murmured
faintly by the girl, and "it must not be," more
authoritatively from Harry South, decided the
matter.

"Then what I have to say, I will say before
we witness."
He paused, and his fingers worked convul-
sively upon the barrel of the rifle on which he
was leaning.

"Why have I left my retreat and followed
you thus, while I fear for my veins, and my
wounds opened at every step? Need I
tell you? 'Tis the same cause that turbed
my proud nature in boyish days, the same
that drove me forth, the same that gained you
but to lose all. Need I tell you now? You
shrink, and will you may. Forgive me; the
day of violence has passed, and you will seek
peace from another. I must not live to see
this; I have come now to bid you farewell,
and to terminate the existence which torments
me. Farewell! I commend you to the Holy
Virgin."

He held his open hand toward her for a mo-
ment, then suddenly raised his rifle and fired.
I caught her in my arms—dead!

A maddened scream actually convulsed my
friend. He instantly recovered himself and
with a frightful slowness, presented his rifle
and deliberately covered the outlaws heart.

"Fire!" cried he, bearing his broad breast,
you save me from self murder, which would
be hateful to God, and in her sight!"

"No," replied Harry, lowering his weapon;
"thou standest of fallen angels, I will not murder
you. Wounded though you are, you shall
have an equal chance for life, but we cannot,
both live. Imagine the ground measured,"
he added, with a mocking ghastly smile.

He took a pair of pistols from his belt and
handed me one. I received it mechanically,
and gave it to the Californian. They stood
opposite to each other, I counted and at the
last word there was a single explosion.

The outlaw held his pistol in the same po-
sition as before. He tottered, and pressing
one hand upon his bosom, staggered to the
body of his victim.

"Let me die by her side!" he cried, as he
fell. Then looking up to Harry with a hor-
rible smile, "It was a poor shot; I thought
you were a better marksman!" he raised the
pistol to his head and pressed the trigger.

Though years have passed, I never can for-
get that scene; the body of that lovely being
stretched beside her gigantic outlaw lover;
my noble friend gazing on them with life long
agony in his look; and in the distance, a gray-
haired father hastening to his child!

A LAPLAND WEDDING.

The following account of the method of decid-
ing on marriage between young persons in
Lapland, is extracted from Fuller's Worthies
of England:

"Here let me insert a passage of a custom
in this barbarous country, from the mouths of
credible merchants whose eyes beheld it. It
is death in Lapland to marry a maid without
her parents consent; therefore if one bear an
affection for a maid, upon breaking thereof to
her friends, the fashion is that a day is ap-
pointed for her friends to behold the two parties
run a race together. The maid is allowed in
starting the advantage of a third part of the
race, so that it is impossible, except willing
of herself that she should be overtaken. If
the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended,
it being penal for the man to renew the
mention of marriage. But if the virgin hath
an affection for him, though at first running
hard to try the truth of his love, she will,
(without Atalanta's golden ball to retard her
speed,) pretend so casually, and make a
voluntary halt before she come to the mark or
end of the race. Thus none are compelled to
marry against their own will; and this is the
cause that in this country the married people
are richer in their own contentment than in
other lands where so many forced marriages
make feigned love and real unhappiness."

PASS IT ALONG.

Yes, pass it along, whether you believe it
or not—that one-sided whisper against the
character of a virtuous female. You say you
don't believe it, but you will use your influ-
ence to beat up the false report, and pass it
on to the current. Strange creatures are man-
kind! How many reputations have been lost
by a surmise! How many hearts have been
bled by a whisper! How many benevolent
deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a
shoulder! How many individuals have been
shunned by a gentle mysterious hint! How
many chaste bosoms have been wrung with
grief by a single nod! How many early
graves have been dug by a false report! Yet
you will pass the slander along; you will keep
it above the waters by the wag of your tongue,
when you might sink it forever. Destroy the
passion for telling a tale, we pray you. Liss
not a word that may injure the character of
another. If the female has erred, forgive her
and forgive the past. She has wounds enough
without the fangs of slander's tongue. Be de-
termined to listen to no story that is repeated
to the injury of another, and as far as you are
concerned the slander will die. But tell it
once, and it may go on the wings of the wind
—increasing with each breath, till it has cir-
culated through the state, and brought to the
grave one who might have lived and been a
blessing to the world.

DEATH OF SILAS WRIGHT.

BY J. CLERMONT.

My Country's mirth is hushed,
And awe enshrouds her mighty soul;
The hope of millions of her sons is crushed;
Broken the golden bow!

The Roman of the land,
So strong in mind, so pure in life,
Has met the foe whom none may ever withstand,
And fallen in the strife!

The Nestor stem of State,
High o'er his honors towering the star,
And ever on the field of mind did glare,
He calmly kept the van.

Before his manly form—
Beneath the lightning of his eye,
White eloquence he poured in thunder storm,
Knelt Sophistry to die.

O long will Wisdom live
Her sacred limbs in streams of grief,
And greatness be poured in thimble from earth,
From sorrow spun relief.

The "Inevitable Past"
Whose treasures are the radiant stain,
Re counts his deeds, who'er the champion's gave
With pleasure born of gain.

Yet envy not, O World!
The transport which that miser feels,
In comfort turn to glory's gilded page,
The grave not all conceals.

"SHOW YOUR TICKETS."

BY SOLITAIRE.

From the St. Louis Revue.
On the rail cars between Albany and Buffa-
lo, the conductors are frequently changed, dur-
ing a single trip, and as each new one takes
charge, he announces himself in office by the
exclamation—"Show your tickets!"