

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.

NUMBER 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

TERMS.
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1 50.
Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per square or the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Job Printing, of all varieties, such as Books, Pamphlets, Handbills, Show Bills, Cards, Steamboat Bills, Blankets for Notes, Receipts, &c. executed in the best style and on short notice.

T. W. MOORE.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Fruit, &c. No. 1, Ferry Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

MARSHALL & LOCKWOOD,
Attorneys at Law. Office up stairs in the Tammany Hall building, north of the Postoffice's office.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c. No. 121, Chesapeake, Erie, Pa.

JOHN H. MILLAR,
County and Borough Surveyor; office in Exchange Buildings, French St., Erie.

E. N. HILBERT & CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND Dealers in Lumber and Coal, Salt, and Produce generally. Particular attention paid to the sale of Produce and purchase of Merchandise.
No. 3 & 4 Cornhill Square, South Wharf, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN GRANT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office No. 2 State St., opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Office on French street, over S. Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie, Pa.

I. ROSENZWEIG & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. No. 1, Fleming Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

GALBRAITH & LANE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

G. LOOMIS & CO.,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Millinery and Fancy Goods, No. 7 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, &c. corner of State Street and the Erie St., opposite the Eagle Tavern, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Shoemaker, Tailor and Undertaker, State Street, Erie, Pa.

D. DICKEY & CO.,
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 Public Square, Erie, Pa.

JOSEPH KEISEY,
Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron ware corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie, Pa.

LESTER, SENNETT & CRISTBERG,
No. Founders, and Retail Dealers in Groceries, No. 10, Hollow-ware, &c. State Street, Erie, Pa.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Fine Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 3, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. No. 111, Chesapeake, Erie, Pa.

GOODWIN & TRUESDAIL,
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.,
Wholesale and Commission Merchants; 109 French Street, Erie, and at 8th Street Canal Basin, also dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

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

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

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

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books; Stationery, &c. No. 111, French Street, Erie, Pa.

P. A. R. BRAGE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Prairie du Chien, W. T. practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa. W. T. in Clayton county, Iowa Territory.

MCGIFFERTS series of school books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St. Erie, Pa. May 6, 1847.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
On State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel. G. LOOMIS & CO. are now receiving from New York and opening at their new store an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable JEWELRY, embracing the latest style of work in watches, Clocks, Pistols and Britannia Ware. Fine Cutlery, Silver Trimmings, Champagne and Star Lamps, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens, together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. Call and see what you will see. June 26, 1847.

Cash for Flax Seed.
Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House.

SUGARS.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified, Porto Rico, Havana, New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1, Ferry Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

WESTERN HOTEL,
The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public generally, that he has leased for a term of years this new and commodious house, situated at the Eighth Street Canal Basin. This location renders the "WESTERN" the most convenient and desirable stopping place for all either doing business or traveling on the Canal. There is, also, attached to this establishment a large and convenient Stable for the use of Boatmen and others having horses.
No pains or expense has been spared in fitting up this house for the convenience, comfort and pleasure of guests, and the Proprietor trusts with strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
Erie, April 24, 1847.

THE TRUST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend—
Of all we ever had the chief.
A friend who watches from above,
When'er in error's path we roam,
Still sought us with reproving love,
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of life,
Whose wisdom's love doth solace send,
When other friends forsake the strife.
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And we'rely we onward plod,
Still smiles every heart that grieves,
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
To such unchanged, unshaken trust!
If man's true path we seek,
And love his Maker, and be just,
Yes, there is a friend, a constant friend,
Who never forsakes the lowliest soul,
But in each need, His hand doth lend,
That friend, that true friend, is God!

It was a clear, frosty Thanksgiving day. The clock upon a certain village church tolled forth the hour of eleven as the Rev. James Anderson glanced into a pocket mirror to assure himself that his person and face were in a praiseworthy trim—slowly elevating his portly figure from behind the crimson velvet hangings of a high and somewhat antique pulpit, took one solemn and deliberate view of the thinly scattered congregation—drew out his long sharp features to a still greater length—raised his eyes imploringly to Heaven—spread out his thin, soft white hands, as if to embrace in the arms of his paternal love the few representatives of his numerous flock; and, in deep and thrilling tones, uttered the words, "Let us Pray!"

With a simultaneous movement the congregation arose and bent their heads reverently to unite with their pastor in that prayer which immediately precedes the sermon: a solemn in which it was supposed that he would exert the utmost power of his eloquence in his fervent pleading with the Almighty. Parson Anderson commenced; his deep base voice resounded through his almost vacant church like the subdued peals of distant thunder. In long accustomed and well measured terms he described the high and holy object of their adoration; expressed the most unbounded gratitude for the privilege of again offering up their hearts' devotions—implored the divine blessing upon Christians throughout the world, but especially upon those of his for the rulers of "our beloved and highly enlightened land"—desired that the gospel news of salvation might be spread among the "slaves of this free and noble country"—and most earnestly besought the Lord to visit with mercy and retributive justice the haunts of poverty, degradation, and vice, with which our cities abound.

More the Reverend gentleman paused from pure necessity; his voice, in the excitement of the hour, had forgotten its solemn and legitimate bass, and ascended step by step, as if, during the prayer, the Almighty ear had receded farther and farther from the mouth of the preacher—he had at length terminated a beautifully rounded sentence in a sharp shrill scream. Here, as we remarked, he paused, lighted one long, full breath, and, with a cambrio of spotless purity, removed the perspiration from his brow; and he proceeded—
"We bless thy name, O Lord, that amid the numerous bounties of thy Providence, we are not forgotten; upon this day, especially, we open our hearts to feel for the sufferings of the poor, the sick, and the forsaken—incline us to seek them in their own homes, to relieve their distress, to console the mourner, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to smile upon the objects of thy compassion, O Lord, and to share equally with them the luxuries which this day affords."

At this period of the service, a bonnet in the front pew was slightly elevated, and a pair of black eyes peeped cautiously round to the words emphatically pronounced! These eyes belonged to the parson's honored lady, who was noted far and wide for the peculiar and far-reaching shrewdness with which she contrived to eke the two ends of her husband's moderate salary.
As usual on Thanksgiving day, only a simple and ordinary dinner had been prepared, the fire extinguished, and the good lady with her son and daughter had followed the devout preacher to church at an early hour. While inhaling spiritual food so abundantly, she nevertheless reserves a thought for the more worldly luxuries with which she had reason to know that their wealthy parishioners were supplied, and on which experience had taught her to anticipate an ample share; it was, therefore, a very natural thing that a pleasant, though somewhat sanctified smile should creep over her round dimpled face, as she met a few glances quickly thrown from surrounding eyes—assurances that she was not doomed to disappointment.
Among this bowed and worshipful congregation, one alone, a young man of twenty, the only son of the Rev. Jacob Anderson, stood proudly erect, his arms gracefully folded across his broad chest, his glossy black hair slightly curling, brushed carelessly back from his noble brow, and his large eyes full of sparkling brilliancy, bent earnestly on his father's face. His falling collar was knotted with a band of dark silk, his frock and his boots were of that degree of polish that indicated self-respect rather than an extreme anxiety for the world's opinion.
Laurens Anderson had been, for years, deemed a wayward and ungovernable boy by his rigidly pious father, and the narrow compass of whose study would have borne witness to many acts of discipline, both temporal and spiritual, designed to guide his untamed feet into the narrow and well beaten track of pop-

ular orthodoxy. But, as yet, all these efforts had proved unsuccessful, and Laurens had reached the age and stature of manhood, almost purely a child of nature.
Thoughtful, sagacious, independent of creed, careless whom he pleased or displeased, but noble, generous, and affectionate, he loved to trace out what he considered to be the numerous inconsistencies between his father's creed and life—his professions in public and his domestic short-comings. It was a fruitful source of agony to the reverend gentleman to be thus commented on to his face; but neither brute force nor persuasive eloquence had accomplished an iota in checking this leading characteristic of his son, and, latterly, it was, nevertheless, frequently effective of good results.
"At the close of the long and eloquent petition, a peculiar expression curled the features of the young man, and he sat down with a promptitude that indicated some new and sudden resolve.
"At length the congregation dispersed to their various homes; and soon the tables of Parson Anderson began to groan beneath the rich presents poured in from every quarter. The Divine was in his study, Mrs. Anderson busy with the kitchen-maid, her daughter entertaining a guest in the parlor, and it fell to the lot of Laurens to receive and arrange these gifts.
Without any hesitation he threw open the door of a large cupboard; tumbled its contents into the smallest possible space, and, with a sharp knife, quickly severed each article about its center as possible, placing one half in the cupboard and the other at the disposal of his mother when the proper time should arrive.
No sooner had these presents ceased to flow in, than Laurens filled an immense basket overflowing with his reserved halves, and set forth on his benevolent errand. Many a lone and sorrowful heart, many a deserted and degraded outcast was that day cheered by a morsel from his basket; as, with unweary patience, he plunged into the dark alleys, nooks and corners, where lived those sons and daughters of poverty. Blessings, sincere and unobtrusive, were profusely showered upon his head, and his dark, lustrous eyes beamed with inward joy as he turned his steps homeward, where the annual dinner was waiting his return.
"Mrs. Anderson," said the parson, as, with solemn dignity, he raised the first cover, "what is this? Half a Turkey! Is it possible that my prayer and sermon to-day have been less acceptable than formerly, and that half the usual offerings are refused?"
"It is equally a mystery to me," replied the disappointed and somewhat angry lady. "Being quite busy, I deputed Laurens to receive the gifts and thank our friends. He went out immediately after sending me word that all had arrived; you may judge of my surprise to find every thing in halves."
"Every thing!" echoes the divine, hastily rising from his seat and catching off the various covers and napkins.
A quiet and intelligent smile sat upon the features of the son, and when the disconcerted father had resumed his arm-chair at the foot of the table, Laurens slowly clasped his hands slightly raised his handsome face and with a subdued emphasis repeated the words of the morning prayer: "Incline us to seek them in their homes—to feed the hungry—and to equally share with them the luxuries which this day affords."

"Do not open pray as you understand it," continued their reprobate son, "but I sometimes assist in procuring answers to the prayers I hear. You sir, believe in the prayers of the mouth—it may be in that of the heart—I believe only in that which followed by immediate and corresponding action. You have prayed for the hungry—I have fed them."
The parson felt the justice of the act, and smothering his vexation beneath a look of extreme gravity, replied:
"The poor minister is one to whom it is commanded to give."
"But the servant of the Lord ceases to merit such gifts when the table is laden with silver and china," pursued the incorrigible son, bestowing a deliberate glance upon the well appointed dinner set. "Say no more, I beseech you sir; you will continue to pray, and so often as it lies within my power, your prayers shall be suitably answered. A slice of that turkey, sir, if you please; my walk has given a sharp appetite."
With a fiery scowl, the father seized the carving knife, while the scheming Mrs. Anderson bit her lips and bent her eyes upon her son with a sharp look which plainly said "What was the use of giving away those nice things?"
But the domestic clouds at last disappeared beneath the cheering influence of a Thanksgiving dinner, and the conversation turned upon a select party, which they were to receive that evening, and which for the first time, was permitted to displace the accustomed meeting for prayer and exhortation.
Shortly after dinner, the rooms were properly lighted, the evening refreshments in order, fresh fuel heaped upon the glowing coals, and Mrs. Anderson's smiling face was every where visible, while the parson occupied his arm chair in stately dignity, enjoying the scene far more than he thought proper to allow. Laurens had not been seen since his hasty departure from the dinner table, but his absence excited no surprise.
The scope was becoming more brilliant—From respect, to their minister, boisterous mirth was restrained, but there was a refined gaiety among the elegant and wealthy parishioners, who alone composed the party, that rendered it sufficiently attractive to all.
"Where is your son?" inquired a lady of the parson. "I hope you will not deprive us of his society this whole evening."
"I cannot answer for him, madam," repli-

ed the spiritual guide, "his waywardness will break my heart."
At this moment the clergyman's daughter entered and whispered something in his ear which caused an angry flush to overspread his sharp, pale features, and, without delay, he hastened from the room.
Arriving at the kitchen, he was surprised, and for a moment, dismayed, to find that Laurens had returned with somewhat more than a dozen persons, who, moving in the humbler walks of life, had been considered unworthy of invitations to the ministerial party.
"My friends, my dear friends, sir," exclaimed the young man, without giving his father an opportunity of speaking; "let me introduce them;" and, quickly presenting each by name, they proved, without exception, to be members of that society which he was wont so fondly to term his flock.
"I have been gathering the lambs, the long-neglected lambs of your fold, sir," continued the son, "and I have brought them here that for once they may feast upon the goods of this life and be merry."
The parson was desperate—the lady was beside herself; to admit these persons among their aristocratic guests was not to be thought of, and yet the character of a "good shepherd" must be sustained.
"My son," gravely commenced the latter, drawing him one side, "it will never do to introduce these people among our visitors—they would consider it a personal insult; still, as I recognize them as my hearers, I have no wish to treat them rudely. Give them a supper in the kitchen, and dismiss them, I pray you—I command you," he added, with a flashing eye, as he read the refusal on Laurens' ingenious countenance.
"No entreaties—no commands will be of any avail to alter my plan," replied the son, firmly. "Come, my friends," he added, suddenly and smilingly appealing to them, "we will now enter the parlor—do not be disappointed—depend upon me to make you friends."
Presently Laurens Anderson entered the brilliantly lighted rooms with a blooming girl on each arm; one, the daughter of a washerwoman, who officiated in the families of most of the persons present; the other a young milliner's apprentice; delicate and beautiful as the silk and flowers which she daily wore into such exquisite forms. With elegant and easy condescension, Laurens presented his friends to his father's guests, and, despite the freezing coldness, the distant and dignified bows, the smothered sobs, and half uttered ridicule, he continued to introduce his little party, and in half an hour they were merrily engaged in games which attracted the attention of the parson had seized an opportunity to withdraw to his study, a few moments, to gain that tranquility of mind which had twice that day been disturbed. Instantly taking advantage of his absence, Laurens gathered his friends into a back parlor, closed the folding doors, led his sister to the piano, and with a few who consented to join them, were soon whirling in the mazes of a merry dance.
Gradually the voices in the front parlor were more subdued, till silence "reigned supreme"—little by little the folding doors unrolled, with anxiously sympathizing faces peeping through the aperture; then suddenly they flew open and in rushed a multitude to join the revelers, leaving those only who were prohibited from dancing by church membership.
"Ah, this is real enjoyment!" exclaimed Laurens, as, after exerting his sister to play with spirit and without fear of consequences, he seized the hand of the milliner and with her led off the dance.
The unwonted noise at last reached the ear of Parson Anderson, and completely overthrew all his late attempts at equanimity of spirit. Starting suddenly from his easy chair, he descended the stairs with hasty and ministerial steps, and, passing unceremoniously the wondering spectators, intruded his solemn phiz among the wild dancers. With an imperious gesture he commanded his daughter to cease playing, and in an instant all stood silent and awe-struck before him. Laurens—the brave but unchristian Laurens—alone confronted the rage of the pious parson.
"Only a little harmless amusement, sir," said he, as carelessly as though no angry word rested with him. "The Bible, you know, gives us time for dancing as well as praying—come, sir, be as good as to join us—it will cheer you. Go on, Mary—go on," he added, with a meaning glance of his black eye, "and if father chooses to join us, we will make room for him; I dare say he can find a partner among these elderly ladies—go on, Mary; and, in the twinkling of an eye, the parsonage again shook beneath the tread of merry feet. Parson Anderson twice essayed to speak, but his voice was drowned in the wild bursts of his melancholy tone of voice, to those around him, "That boy will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."—Boston Chronicle.

An old con's advantages are numerous. People will not think it worth while to pick your pockets—the ladies will not bother you with their insatiable love—and you will not be teased to take tea with your acquaintances.
The GUERRILLA CHIEF.—In East Smithfield township, Bradford county, the residence of the late Dr. Salisbury, the man who at the instance of the North American, bought and published the falsehoods respecting Messrs. Miller and Perkins, Gov. Smith had in 1844, a majority of 20 votes. In the same township this year, his majority is 40—exactly double. So much for the influence of the Guerrilla Chief at home.—Dem. Union.

Ruin says: It may be proper to state, that the distinguished person known among the ancients by the name of Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as to love affairs.

THE MEXICAN TO HIS MISTRESS.
Sendall, in one of his letters after the battle of Chancellorsville, says: "Another officer came out even plainer than I, Colonel Ross that he thought of her when he left me by, and ran."
"Dearest Rose, dearest Rose,
"The thy lover greets thee so,
From the halls of Montezuma,
From imperial Mexico,
Midst the hurrying bill of bullets,
"Midst the cannon's sulph'rous breath,
Love preserved thy true Hidalgo,
From the jaws of bloody death."
Fiercely charged the northern foe,
With his glittering bayonet,
Fierce combat the mighty war-borne,
Every foot with blood was wet—
All around were dead and slain,
Mangled heaps on every side,
Told, like wrecks, the horrid ravage
Of the battle's gory tide.
"Twas of thee I thought my Rose,
Even in that dreadful hour,
Yea, of thee, forlorn and fearful,
Silent in thy lonely bowers—
"I perish—if I perish—
She will not survive this day!"
Thus I thought, my dearest Rose,
And I turned and—RAN AWAY!

DEAD MAN'S LAKE.
AND SOME INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR CONNECTED WITH IT.
The revolutionary history of New York, and of adjacent ground, resolves itself into the doings of one long year—no calendar year—which comprises the period during which this city was under bondage.
Many brave men, while this bondage endured, did all that could be done to destroy the power and comfort of the king's representatives; and of these brave men, firm old Westchester furnished the majority. Their system of warfare partook of the characteristics of the guerrilla fight, such as was exhibited throughout the factional disturbances of old Spain. We have furnished sketches descriptive of these bands, which were organized for all species of patriotic duty; but more particularly for the discomfiture of the tory "skinner and refugees." The leader of one of these bands was called Nicholas Odell.
"Nick," as he was familiarly denominated, was entirely unlettered; but he was, notwithstanding one of the shrewdest men in the country. Nature had done what education had not, towards making him a formidable and dangerous enemy in the branch of the service he had chosen. He had an instinctive scent of the foe, and seemed to tell the whereabouts of an ambush, with as much certainty as a hound breaks the cover of the fox. Faithful to his purpose of intercepting the scouting and foraging parties of the English, Nick was constantly on his feet, and continued to compose Nick's army, and the force was sometimes cut up into five sections, and despatched, by tens, towards various points in order to learn in what direction there might be an opportunity for the exercise of the prowess of the concentrated band.
The line of the Bronx river was the route always kept in view by Nick and his men, and held, at six several points, places of rendezvous, at which they were generally to be found when off duty, which indeed was seldom the case. One of these places of rendezvous was the banks of about the (then) widest portion of the stream. The water had deepened there to an extent that rendered it perilous to any but a swimmer; it being at least twelve feet from the surface to the bottom. It was always placid with a sort of oily surface, and looked like the above dam of a mill pond. The banks were covered with a very thick underbrush—hazel, winter-green, alder, and vines ingenious to water soil, besides saplings and trees (more especially the willow) innumerable—so that autumn did not, by taking away the leaves, deprive the screen of imperviousness to the optics. The episode in the stream Nick had named for a good and sufficient reason, "Dead Man's Lake." We must explain:
One evening in the depth of winter, Nick had gone a long distance above White Plains to intercept a body of tories who were on their way from Connecticut to the city with considerable booty in the shape of money and valuable taken from the inhabitants in the vicinity of the sound. Nick had obtained intelligence of their movements, and had contrived to gain access to the party (about eighty in number, under the control of a minor English officer, named M'Pherson) by means of a John Valentine, who was a minute man, John, as it was afterwards ascertained, had met and joined the tories with a specious tale, and promised to lead them through the country so securely that none of the prowling rebels would encounter them.
By way of necessary digression we must inform the reader that the "Dead Man's Lake" rendezvous was made complete by a board shanty, knocked up in a hurry, and used to shelter the men from the intense cold of the winter nights.
Previous to starting, John had extorted a promise from Nick that he would remain, the whole of the night in question, in concealment at the lake (without entering the boat, in his turn pledging his word to bring the foe to that spot in such a manner that they would prove an easy conquest.
"Well, by Cain!" cried Nick, as he blew his fagots to quicken the circulation, "a body must endure a great deal for the sake of his country." "It's a rough job, John, but we'll do it—only do you keep your share of the promise."
"Never fear me," replied John; "I'll bring 'em down to the spot, and then you'll consider 'em in your hands. Be about your work, you can hear me, and when I say, 'Hurrah for General Washington, and down with the red coats!' then is your time."
Having reached the lake at nine o'clock in the evening, Nick proceeded to devise his plan of concealment. The cold was intense. It was what the inhabitants of that part of the

country called a still cold—for, although everything was hard frozen, and the breath condensed as fast as emitted, not the slightest show of air was to be experienced. It was a dead land calm. No plan could be devised with satisfaction to the majority. To go away was impossible, for although the expected victims were not sure before two or three hours after mid-night, yet they might arrive much sooner; and besides, Nick had given his word not to leave the place. Like all the servants of the Congress here, Nick and his men were poor. Each had a miserable ragged blanket, but nothing else, as a protection from the bitter assaults of Jack Frost.
"I'll tell you what," growled the old fellow; "we shall be frozen without doubt. My advice is to fix a slow match to a keg of powder there in the hollow, and blow 'em all to the devil. Meanwhile, we can find accommodations among the neighbors."
This novel suggestion was received, much to the astonishment of its author, with a general laugh. The debate proceeded, it was still in progress when heavy flakes of snow began to descend briskly.
"Good!" said Nick, half in soliloquy, as he scanned the heavens with the air of an astrologer; "this will come down at least twelve hours. I have it at last. Boys, no skulking or grumbling now, for I won't leave it; you must do as I am going to order; if you don't we part company."
"Speak out, Nick, we'll stick to you while you've a flint to your gun."
Nick did speak out. Behind the shanty was a swamp meadow. The weather, had made it hard and porous. To this spot the whole body were directed to move, there to spread their blankets, and lie down upon them with the locks of their muskets between their knees, and their muzzles protected by a wooden stopper kept for the purpose. Nick enforced this command by a logical explanation of the advantages of a compliance with it. He contended that the snow, being dry and not subject to drift, would cover them as satisfactorily as a tick of feathers, and keep them quite as warm and comfortable. It would also effectually conceal them at their ease. The porous quality of the ground would, he also informed them, enable them to distinguish the approach of any marching party at a distance, and therefore they could snatch a few moments of rest. Without more ado the arrangement was made, Nick lying down nearest the hut.
Four long hours elapsed, by which time the hardy patriots were completely snowed under, being covered with eight inches, or thereabouts, of the elemental emblem of purity. Nick made each man, previous to retiring, drink freely of eye whiskey.
The keenest eye, or acutest cunning, could not have detected in those undulating hillocks, or the natural irregularities of swampy ground. At about two o'clock in the morning John arrived, as he had said he would, with his devoted followers. They were right thankful for the shelter of the shanty, and M'Pherson swore that when they had reached the city he would report John's generous conduct to Howe's Knipphausen and procure him a deserved reward.
"Wait," said John; "I have not done the half that I intend to do for you."
Nick now arose and placed himself against the hovel so as to be able to hear the signal. In the meantime he had awakened his men, without permitting them to rise, by a process as summary as it was novel. He had felt for the softest part of each carcass with the point of a very sharp bayonet.
The tories, started like sheep in the small area covered by the hut, began to drink. Nick had scarcely done this ere they became valiant and beautiful. M'Pherson, singularly communicative to John, detailed his atrocities on the route with the savagest exultation. Before he had met John they had robbed a farm house, the mistress of which, having refused to deliver up her husband's money, had been "stripped and flogged until she faints." Nick, hearing this, could not suppress an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. Before John could interpose, M'Pherson had gone without to ascertain whether he had really heard a human voice or not. But he saw nothing but snow, (although he stood within twenty rods of fifty mortal enemies), and so returned.
Resuming his drinking and his conversation, the deprecator continued to detail the monstrous villainies he had perpetrated, and to speak of what he intended to do on the downward route. He feared no assault—not he? He was strong enough to repel any handful of half-starved, skulking outlaws. If he caught any of the fellows, he would hang them to their own trees, and manure the soil with the blood of their women.
John had crept to the door by degrees, and now stood with his left hand upon the raised latchet. He applauded the officer's story, and was willing, he said, to aid him in the performances of the deeds he then contemplated. John proposed a toast; and filling a tin cup with liquor, said in a loud voice, "Hurrah for General Washington, and down with the red coats!" The liquor was dashed in M'Pherson's face, and John vanished from the hut. Simultaneous with his departure, Nick summoned his men by a repetition of the toast, and the fifty hillocks of snow were changed, by the wand of Harlequin, into as many armed and furious "rebels."

Before the tories could recover from the momentary surprise into which these curious incidents had thrown them, a volley of powder and shot had been fired through the aperture. Dashing, like a frightened hare into the open air, M'Pherson beheld his assailants. His fears magnified their numbers, and conceiving there was no hope in flight, he summoned his men to follow him in flight. They madly

rushed after him; and forcing themselves thro' the dry limbs or brush that stuck up—the skeletons of vegetation—on the banks of the stream gained the frozen surface. More than one-half the fellows had taken this course, while the rest had either fallen victims to the first fire, or taken to their heels towards the main road at the other side.
"Fire on 'em! Load as fast as you can—give 'em thunder," shouted Nick, as he followed his own advice.
Suddenly there was a report louder than that of a musket; it was accompanied by a splash, and a concord of unearthly screams. The ice had broken; and "Dead Man's Lake" was accomplishing a victory for the handful of American patriots who stood upon the banks.
The result was that over twenty of the tories were taken and sent to head quarters. Only half a dozen were killed by fire-arms. "Dead Man's Lake" was examined at sunrise, and fifteen bodies were drawn from its remorseless bosom. The remainder, M'Pherson among them, had escaped.
Nick had named the water as above in consequence of finding the body of one man, mutilated and murdered by the loyalists. After this event we have rudely sketched, the chilling title to "Dead Men's Lake." It is now called "Willow Hole"—and no man in the vicinity knows aught of its former designation, so far as we can judge, we having lived near it nearly two years without hearing any one else speak of it.
As these little episodes in the drama of the revolution were frequent, they have not, it seems, been considered of sufficient importance to be generally preserved, even in the Indian style—by tradition.
Nick died in the Jersey prison ship.

YELLOW FEVER ANECDOTES.
Under this head, the N. O. Delta, relates the following—
"Doctor," said the dying man, opening his languid eyes, "how long do you think I will live?"
"My poor friend," answered the physician, wiping the tears from his spectacles, "I do not think that you can live more than twenty-four hours."
"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the dying man, don't say that! But, still, if I can't live, I suppose I must bend to the will of Providence!"
The dying man covered over his face with the bed clothes, and the physician not being able to endure the scene was just about to depart when his patient called out to him—
"Doctor, what do you think it will cost for cost me—probably not more than—"
The dying man started up in his bed, and raising his hands as though he was going to exercise a ghost, exclaimed, in the most pitiable tones, "Oh, no, Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay \$25 to be buried. It's higher than other people pay, and I can't afford it!"
So saying, the young gentleman sank back, and wept like Niobe. Although worth some four or five thousand dollars in solid cash, he couldn't afford to die, because his funeral would cost him \$25. The meanness of his disposition striking into his system, drove the fever out, and he recovered.

DACONUS IN THE PULPIT.—Said Mr. C., a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry.
About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequently to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress, and a head of exceedingly red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin who must have been urged on in his devilry by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the young man, about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod in the fire to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitating of a smith in making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time I ever disgraced the pulpit with any thing like mirth.

MARRIAGE.—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the South can shake the little fings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new wedded boy; but when by age and consolation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun and kisses of heaven brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north; and the loud noises of a tempest, and an unyielding break; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and suspicious; inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm, at every unkind word.
After the hearts of the man and wife are enlarged and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artificial pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present; that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.—Jeremy Taylor.

CHIEF.—A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since, and inquired of a young clerk for "crow's." Not willing to appear ignorant nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," says the lady, "that is not what I want."
"Well," replied the boy, "that is the exactest thing I know of."

CHIEF.—A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since, and inquired of a young clerk for "crow's." Not willing to appear ignorant nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," says the lady, "that is not what I want."
"Well," replied the boy, "that is the exactest thing I know of."

CHIEF.—A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since, and inquired of a young clerk for "crow's." Not willing to appear ignorant nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," says the lady, "that is not what I want."
"Well," replied the boy, "that is the exactest thing I know of."