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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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NEW ESTABLISHMENT.
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Cash For Flax Seed.
CASH will be paid for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER, Aug. 27, 1847. No. 6, Reed House.

SUGARS.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified, Porto Rico, Havana, New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1, Perry Block, Erie, Pa. Aug. 28.

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. This location renders it convenient and desirable stopping place for all those 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 by strict attention to business to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

Free, April 21, 1847.

SYMPATHY.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

In the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The way and manner I could never see.
Why some such sorrow for their grief have won,
And some, untried, bear their misery.
Are mysteries, which, hushing o'er and o'er,
Has left me nothing wise than before.

What tears of agony have flowed
O'er the bed of some old woman;
How Beauty's cheek beneath those drops have glowed
That dimmed the sparkling lustre of her glance,
And on some lone sick maiden in her room,
Or some rejected, hapless knight, perchance,
All her deep sympathies, until her means
Stuffs the secret sound of living groans!

O, the deep sorrow for their suffering felt,
Where is found something "better days" to prove
What here above their downfall wither not melt,
Who in a "higher circle" once could move,
For such, mankind have never freely doled,
Our full assurance of their pitying love,
Because they witness in their wretchedness,
Their friends grow few, and their fortunes less.

But for some humble peasant girl's distress,
Some real being left to stem the tide,
Who saw her young heart's wealth of tenderness
Betrayed, and trampled on, and flung aside—
Who saw her heart, to make her sorrow less,
To some dim, crowded garret, day and night,
Or in unwholesome cellars underground,
With scarce a breath of air, or ray of light,
Hunger, and rage, and labor all repaid—
These are the things that ask our tears and aid.

And as for their distress, who from the first
Have had no fortune and no friends to fall,
Those who in poverty were born and nursed,
For such, by men, are placed without the pale
Of sympathy—since they are deemed the worst
Of who the humblest; and if want assail
And bring them harder toil 'tis only said
"They have been used to labor for their bread!"

O, the unknown, untried thousands found
Huddled together, from human sight
By bell doors or gnawing famine, bound
To some dim, crowded garret, day and night,
Or in unwholesome cellars underground,
With scarce a breath of air, or ray of light,
Hunger, and rage, and labor all repaid—
These are the things that ask our tears and aid.

And these ought not to be it is not well
Here in this land of Christian liberty,
That honest work, or honest want should dwell,
Unaided by our care and sympathy:
And is it not a burning shame to tell
We have no means to check such misery,
When wealth from out our treasury freely flows,
To wage a deadly warfare with our foes?

It is all wrong; yet men begin to deem
"The days of darkest gloom are nearly done";
A morning, like the first bright golden beam
That heralds in the coming of the dawn,
Breaks on the sight. O, if the dream
How shall we haste that blessed era on,
For there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that shall sympathize with all.

Herbert of Truth.

From Peterson's Ladies Magazine.

THE OLD DEACON.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was a balmy pleasant Sabbath morning;
So green and tranquil was our valley home,
That the very air seemed more holy than on
Other days. The dew was floating in a veil
Of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill,
Where the sunshine came warmly, while the
flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still
heavy with the night rain. The trees which
feathered the hill sides, were vividly green,
and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—
its base washed by the water, and darkened
by unbroken shadow, while a soft, fleecy
cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery
light, floated among its topmost cliffs.

The two villages lay upon their opposite hills
with the deep river gliding between, like
miniature cities, deserted by the feet of men;
not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music
of nature, for it was the hour of morning
prayer, and there was scarcely a heart-stroke
which, at that time, was not made a domestic
altar. At last a deep bell-tone came sweeping
over the valley from the Episcopal steeple,
and was answered by a cheerful peal from
the belfry of our new academy. The
reverberations were still sounding, mellowed
by the distant rocks, when the bell-tower silent
village seemed suddenly teeming with life.

The dwelling-houses were flung open, and
the inhabitants came forth in smiling family
groups, prepared for worship. Gradually
they divided into separate parties. The
Presbyterians walked slowly toward their
huge old meeting-house, and the more
gaily-dressed Episcopalians sought their more
fashionable house of worship. Old people were
out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with
the blossom of the grave on their aged temples.
Children, with their rosy cheeks and
sunny eyes, rendered more rosy and more
bright with pride of their white frocks, pretty
straw bonnets, and little wreaths. It was
pleasant to see the little men and women
striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps,
and school their sparkling faces to a solemn
and respectful bearing.

There might be seen a newly-married pair walking bashfully,
apart not daring to venture on the unprece-
dented boldness of linking arms in public, yet
feeling very awkward, and almost envying
another couple who led a roguish little girl
between them. She—a mischievous little
thing—all the time exerting her baby strength
to wriggle that chubby hand from her mother's
grasp—putting her cherry lips when either
of her scandalized parents checked her bound-
ing step or too noisy prattle, and at last, sub-
dued only by intense admiration of her red
morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like
a brace of wood lillies beneath her spotted
muslin dress.

At length our excellent minister appeared
at the southern entrance, and walked up the
aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon.
The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit
stairs, and with a look of deep and respect-
ful reverence, held the door of the "Deacon's
Seat," while the old man passed in. That
little attention went to the deacon's heart; he
raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a
meek and heart-touching expression of grati-
tude, that softened many who looked upon it
to tears. The minister turned away and
went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate

manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady
footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit,
those who sat in the gallery saw him fall up-
on his knees, bury his face in his hands, and
pray earnestly, and it might be weep, for
when he rose, his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister
and deacon, came two females, one a tall,
spare woman, with thin features, very pale,
and bespeaking continued but meekly-endur-
ing suffering. There was a beautiful and
Quaker-like simplicity in the book's muslin
handkerchief folded over the bosom of her
black silk dress, with the corners drawn un-
der the ribbon strings in front, and pinned
smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair
was parted neatly under the black straw bon-
net, and those who knew her, remarked that
it had gained much of its silver since she had
last entered that door. In her arm the mat-
ron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white
frock, and an embroidered redcap. A faint color
broke into her sallow cheek, for though she
did not look up, it seemed to her as if every
eye in that assembly was turned upon her
burthen. They were all her neighbors, many
of them kind and truthful friends, who had
knew at the same communion-table with her
for years. Yet she could not meet their
eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her
pure cheek, but moved humbly forward,
weighed to the dust with a sense of humili-
ation and suffering. A slight, fair creature
walked by her side, partly shrinking behind
her all the way, pale and drooping like a
crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter,
and the babe was hers; but she was unmar-
ried. A black dress and plain white vandyke
supplanted the muslin that in the days of her
innocence, had harmonized so sweetly with her
pure complexion. The close straw bonnet
was the same, but its trimming of pale
blue was displaced by a satin ribbon, while
the rich and abundant brown curls that had
formerly drooped over her neck were gather-
ed up, and parted plainly over her forehead.

One look she cast upon the congregation, then
her eyes fell, the long lashes drooped to her
burning cheeks, and with a downcast brow
she followed her mother to a seat, but not
that occupied by the old deacon. There was
a slight bustle when she entered, and many
eyes were bent on her, a few from curiosity,
more from an impulse of commiseration. She
sat motionless in a corner of the pew, her
head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on
the small hands that lay clasped in her lap.

After the little party was settled, a stillness
crept over the house; you might have heard a
pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, so the
extremity of that large room. All at once
there arose a noise at the door opposite the
pulpit; it was but a footstep ringing on the
threshold, and not that people entered their
heads and looked startled, as if some-
thing uncommon was about to happen. It
was only a handsome, bold looking young
man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty
step, and entered a pew on the opposite
side from that occupied by the mother and
daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit.

A battery of glances was levelled on him
from the galleries, but he looked carelessly
up, and even smiled when a young girl by
whom he seated himself, drew back with a
look of indignation to the furthest corner of
the pew. The old deacon looked up at these
bold footsteps broke the stillness; his thin
cheek and lips became deathly white, he
grasped the railing convulsively, half rose,
and then fell forward, with his face on his
hands, and remained motionless as before.

Well might the wronged old man yield, for a
moment, to the infirmities of human nature,
even in the house of God. The bold man
who thus audaciously intruded into his pres-
ence, had crept like a serpent to his hearth-
stone—had made his honest name a by-
word, and his daughter, the child of his
eye, a creature for men to bandy jests about.

But for him, that girl, now shrinking from
the gaze of her own friends, would have remained
the pride of her home, a ewe lamb in the
Church of God. Through his wife she had
fallen from the high place of her religious
trust, and now, in the fullness of her peni-
tence, she had come forward to confess her
fault, and receive forgiveness of the Church
it had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children one
by one, until this gentle girl alone was left to
him; he had folded a love for her, his latest
born, in his innermost heart, until all uncon-
sciously she had become to him an idol. The
old man thought it was to punish him that
God had permitted her to sink into temptation;
he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the
church, when, at her request, he called them
together, and made known her disgrace. He
tried to take some of the blame upon himself;
and that he had, perhaps, been less indulgent
than he should have been, and so her affec-
tion had been more easily won from her
home and duty—that he feared he had been a
proud man—spiritually proud, but now he
was more humble, and if his Heavenly Father
had allowed these things in order to chasten
him, the end had been obtained; he was a
stricken old man, but could say, "the will of
God be done." Therefore he besought his
brethren not to cast her forth to her disgrace
but to accept her confession of error and re-
pentance; to be merciful, and receive her back
to the church. He went on to say how humbly
she had crept to his feet, and prayed him
to forgive her; how his wife had spent night
after night in prayer for her fallen child, and
so he left her in their hands, only entreating
that they would deal mercifully by her, and
he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders
have received the stray lamb again, without
further humiliation to the broken-hearted old
man; but it could not be. The ungodly were
willing to visit the sins of individuals on a
whole community. The purity of their
church must be preserved—the penance ex-
acted.

From the time of that church meeting, the
poor father bent himself earnestly to the
strengthening of his child's good purposes.
He made no complaint, and strove to appear
—nay, to be—resigned and cheerful; he still
continued to perform the offices of deacon,
though the erect gait and somewhat digni-
fied consciousness of worth that formerly
distinguished him, had utterly disappeared.
On each succeeding Sabbath, his brethren
observed some new prostration of strength.

Day by day his cheek grew thin—his voice
hollow, and his step more and more feeble.—
It was a piteous sight—a man who had been
remarkable for bearing his years so bravely,
moving through the aisles of that old meet-
ing-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders
stooping as beneath a burthen. At length
the mildew of grief began to wither up the
memory of that good man. When the first
indications of this appeared, the hearts of his
brethren yearned towards the poor deacon
with a united feeling of deep commiseration.

The day of Julia's humiliation had been ap-
pointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it,
was a sacramental one. The old deacon was
getting very decrepit, and his friends would
have persuaded him from performing the du-
ties of the day. He shook his head, remark-
ed that they were very kind, but he was not
ill, so they let him bear about the silver cup
filled with consecrated wine, as he had done
for twenty-years before, though many an eye
filled with tears as it marked the continued
trembling of that hand, which more than once
caused the cup to shake, and wine to run
down its sides to the floor. There was an
absent smile upon his face when he came to
his daughter's seat. On finding it empty, he
stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round
upon the congregation, as if he would have in-
quired why she was not there. Suddenly he
seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness over-
spread his face. The wine-cup dropped from
his hand, and he was led away crying
like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted
man during the next week. They always
found him in his orchard, wandering about
under the heavy boughs and picking up the
withered green apples which the worms had
eaten away from their unripe stems. These
he diligently hoarded away near a large, sweet
briar-bush which grew in a corner of the
rail-fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared
in the meeting-house, accompanied by the
minister as we have described, to be outraged
in the very house of God by the presence of
the man who had desolated his home. It is
little wonder, that even there, his just wrath
was, for a moment, kindled. The service be-
gan, and that erring girl listened to it as one
in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful,
sleepy, not when the minister closed his eyes
and sat down, the stillness made her start.

A keen sense of her position came over her.—
She cast a frightened look on the pulpit, and
then sank back pale and nervous, her trem-
bling hand wandering in search of her moth-
er's. The old lady looked on her with fond
grief, whispering soothing words, and tenderly
pressed the little hand that so impudently
besought her pity. Still the poor girl, trem-
bled, and shrank in her seat as if she would
have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm,
but the paper which contained the young girl's
confession, shook violently in his hand as he
unrolled it. Julia knew it was her duty to
arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the
carved work of the seat, and stood upright un-
til the reading was finished, staring all the
time wildly in the pastor's face, as if she
wondered what it could all be about. She sat
down again, pressed a hand over her eyes,
and seemed asking God to give her more
strength.

The minister descended from the pulpit, for
there was yet to be another ceremony; a bap-
tism of the infant. That gentle, erring girl,
was to go up alone with the child of her shame,
that it might be dedicated to God before the
congregation. She arose with touching calm-
ness, took the babe from her mother's arms,
and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at
first, and a keen sense of shame dyed her face,
neck and very hands, with a painful flush of
crimson, but as she passed the pew where
young Lee was sitting, an expression of proud
anguish came to her face, her eyes filled with
tears, and she walked steadily forward to the
communion table, in front of her father's seat.

There was not a tearful eye in that whole
congregation. Aged, stern men, bowed their
heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there.
Young girls—careless, light-hearted creatures
who, never dreaming of the frailty of their
own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now
wept and sobbed to see her thus publicly hum-
bled. Young Lee became powerfully agitated,
his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly,
then turned very pale, and at last he stared up,
flung upon the pew door, and hurried up the
aisle with a disordered and unequal step.

"What name?" inquired the pastor, bend-
ing toward the young mother, as he took the
child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee stood
by her side, and answered in a loud, steady voice,
"That of his father, James Lee!"

The trembling of that poor girl's frame was
visible through the whole house, her hand
dropped on the table, and she leaned heavily
on it for support, but did not look up. The
minister dipped his hand in the antique China
bowl, laid it upon the babe's forehead, and, in
a clear voice, pronounced the name. A faint
cry broke from the child as the cold drops
fell on his face. The sound seemed to arouse
all the hitherto unknown and mysterious
feelings of paternity slumbering in the young
father's heart. His eye kindled, his cheek
glowed, and impulsively he extended his arms
and received the infant. His broad chest
heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes
seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which
the little creature raised smilingly and full
of wonder to his face. Lee bore his son down

the aisle, laid him gently in his astonished
grandmother's lap, and returned to the pulpit
again. Julia had moved a little, and overcome
with agitation, leaned heavily against the rail-
ing of the pulpit-stairs. Lee bent his head,
and whispered a few earnest words, and held
forth his hand. She stood, for a moment, like
one bewildered, gave a doubtful, troubled look
into his eyes, and laid her hand in his. He
drew her gently to the table, and in a firm, re-
spectful voice, requested the minister to com-
mence the marriage service.

The pastor looked puzzled and irresolute.—
The whole proceeding was so unexpected and
strange, that even he lost all presence of mind.
"A publication is necessary to our laws," he
said, at length, casting a look on the deacon,
but the old man remained motionless, with his
hands clasped over the railing, and his face
bowed upon it. Thinking him too much
agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty,
the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any
one present had ought to say against a mar-
riage between the two persons standing be-
fore him.

Every face in that church was turned on
the deacon, but he remained silent and motion-
less, so the challenge was unanswered, and the
minister felt compelled to proceed with the
ceremony, for he remembered what was, at
first, forgotten, that the pair had been pub-
lished according to law, months before, when
Lee had, without given reason, refused to ful-
fil his contract.

The brief but impressive ceremony was
soon over, and with an expression of more
true happiness than had ever been witnessed
at his late features before, Lee conducted his
wife to her mother, and placed himself respect-
fully by her side. The poor bride was scarce-
ly seated, when she buried her face in her
handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears
which seemed as if it never would be checked.

The congregation went out. The young peo-
ple gathered about the doors, talking over the
late strange scene, while a few members lingered
behind, to speak with the deacon's wife
before they left the church. Lee and his com-
panions stood in their pew, looking anxiously
towards the old man. There was something
unnatural in his motionless position, which
sent a thrill through the mother's heart, and
chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly
tried to marble. The minister came down the
pulpit-stairs, and advancing to the old
man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered
fingers clasped over the railing; he turned
very pale, for the hand which he touched was
cold and stiffened in death. The old man was
feeble with grief, and when young Lee ap-
peared before him, his heart had broken amid
the rush of his strong feelings.

ARMY ANECDOTE.

Gen. Wool is a strict and rigid disciplin-
arian, as well as a gallant and accomplished of-
ficer. The following "good 'un," which
Capt. Tobin tells as happening in camp, must
have excited the fiery little General to a de-
gree. While sitting in his marquee a Mexi-
can was ushered into his presence, whose de-
meanor denoted the importance of some
weighty communication which he wished to
deliver.

The General could not speak Spanish, and
his interpreter was sought in vain. A long
specimen of a dresser, who, from the outer
style of his dress, the General took perhaps
for a ranger, happened at that moment to
struggle past.

"Come here my man," called out the Gen-
eral. "With an air of perfect nonchalance,
the sucker doffed his battered cap and entered
the tent.

"Do you speak Mexican?" enquired the
General.

"Why, General, I rather guess not."
"Well, can you tell me of some one who
does?"

"Yes sir—yes—I just can," answered the man.
"Quick, then, let me know where he is!"
demanded the irascible commander.

"Why, here, drawled the imperturbable
sucker, laying his hand on the Mexican with
whom it was desired to communicate—"He
can't speak nothing else." Capt. Tobin left
just then.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—Last night
just before dark, we were told of a "sky lark,"
whose name, although famous, will never be
stainless; for by his own non-sense and a guilty
conscience, in trying to double his pay, he got
into trouble, himself and illustrious daddy-in-
law.

A man named O'Conner, "no great shakes"
in honor, went out with Miss Brady a nice
little lady, and treated to brandy and sponge
cake and candy, and more things so dainty
and kisses so plenty, at a house not far
kept by Peter D. Shaw.

But at length the sad fellow grew awfully
mellow, and as he was walking and kissing
and talking, a purse full of rhine, (I wish it
was mine, oh!) he snatched from her pocket,
but soon he was taken, while tracts he was
makin'. They were about to assign him
where justice might find him, but the maid,
in his horror, came forward in sorrow
her little heart heaving and tears her eyes
leaving, begging the officer's honor would pity
poor Conner—to which he consented as said
Conner repeated. When off went the couple
with limbs mighty supple, and left as presu-
ming, that maiden so blooming, herself to a
life of much trouble was dooming. For Con-
ner the blackhead, who picked the maid's
pocket, when married were thinking will
beat her like winking.

The old man's heart was broken at the ter-
rible token, for he had raised up his daughter
just as he had oughter, and when his house
wouldn't hold her and a young rascal told
her, he raved like a demon, making more
noise than three men. But as the young
folks were married and together had tarried,
at first not entering the old man's belief, he
dispelled the delusion and on hasty conclusion,
put "rhine in the pocket" of the son-in-law
thief.—Cincinnati Signal.

A Yankee at a Hotel.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Some weeks ago, a very long brown Down
Easter, attired in one of those costumes which
are now nowhere to be met with except upon
the stage, a tall bell-crowned white hat, short
waisted blue coat, with enormous pewter but-
tons, a vest as "yaller" as a barbery blossom,
and a pair of corduroys, whose highest ambi-
tion seemed to be to maintain their ascenden-
cy over a pair of enormous cowhides that had
trodden many a hundred miles of logging-
paths, "might have been seen," jackknife and
shingle in hand, wending his way up Long
Wharf, in the realization of his life-long an-
ticipations of "seein' Boston."

At the corner of Merchant's Row, his progress was arrested
by the lumbering transit of a two story house
on wheels drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen,
with the people inside pursuing their usual
avocation.

"What on airth is that ere?" he asked of a
bystander.

"Oh, nothing," replied the "towney"—"the
folks are all moving—that's all. When we
move down here—we do it house and all."

"Je-rusalem! Wall that beats all natur."
Wall cap'n, what's that ere big stun house
over the left?"

"That's the new Custom House. It's a
mighty bad location—but they're going to
move it next week."

"Thunder and molasses! I'll take all the
oxen in creation for to start her!"

"Oh, they use elephants for moving such
large buildings."

"And how many elephants it'll take?"
"Upwards of a hundred."

The Yankee cut a deep dash in his shingle
and walked on. He next inquired for the Ad-
ams House, for he had "heard tell" of that,
and was determined to progress during his ju-
venility, aware of the impossibility of doing
so at a more advanced age.