THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1848. NUMBER 34.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT ERIE, Erie County, Pa.

A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,

Proprietors and publishers.

OFFICE CORNER OF STATE STREET AND PUBLIC SQUARE, OPPOSITE THE EAGLE HOTEL.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

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☞If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged. *No deviation from these terms.*
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L. WARREN.
Sash, Blind and Door Manufacturer and Dealer in Glass, west side of State st, between 7th and 8th sts, Erie, Pa.

T. W. MOORE.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Candies, Fruit &c. No 1, Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

MARSHALL & LOCKWOOD,
Attorneys at Law. Office up stairs in the Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's Office. 9

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

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

E. N. HULBERT & CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND Dealers in Lehigh and Erie Coal, Salt and Produce generally. Particular attention paid to the sale of Produce and purchase of Merchandize.
No. 3 & 4 Coburn Square, South Wharf.
E. N. HULBERT, U. DRIGGS.
Buffalo, N. Y. 49

BENJAMIN GRANT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law; Office No. 2 State st., opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, Office on French street, over S Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie
April 24, 1847. 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, Erie, Pa.

GALBRAITHS & LANE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.
J. GALBRAITH. W. A. GALBRAITH. W. S. LANE

G. LOOMIS & CO.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, No. 7 Reed House, Erie Pa. 27

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

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 Public Bridge, Erie.

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

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

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale and retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House Erie, Pa.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. No. 111, Cheapside, 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.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants; 109 French Street, Erie, and at 6th 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 Merchant Tailors, on the Public Square, a few doors west of State street, Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
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 market,) watches, Clocks, Plated and Brittania Ware, Fine Cutlery, Steel Trimmings, Camphene and Solar 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. 6

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.
Aug. 28. T. W. MOORE.

Another Arrival of Groceries At No. 1, Perry Block!

T. W. MOORE is now receiving his Fall and Winter stock of Groceries which will be sold a little cheaper for cash than at any other establishment in the city. Among his stock may be found:

Imperial, Gunpowder, and Young Hyson Teas; Java, Rio, Laguira and St. Domingo Coffees; Loaf, Pulverised, Porto Rico, and N. O. Sugars; Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Cinamon, Nutmegs Mace, Cloves, Rice, Pearled barley, Candies, Pecan, Brazil, Madeira and Pea nuts; Almonds, Filberts, etc.; Fruits—Apples, Raisins, English Currants, and Figs; Sperm and Tallow candles; Summer and Winter strained Lamp Oil, a superior article, Salad oil, Fancy Shaving, Variegated and Bar soap. Dairy salt, White Fish, Mackerel, Mackinac Trout, Codfish and Herring.

Call and examine Goods and prices at No. 1, Perry Block.
Erie, Nov. 6, 1847 25

New Fall and Winter Goods.

THE subscribers are now receiving their stock of Fall and Winter Goods consisting of
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,
GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
IRON, NAILS, &c. &c.
Also a large assortment of Paper Hanging and Window Paper.

All of which were purchased in New York at the lowest market price. They do not boast of having the largest stock of goods ever brought to this place, but will say they have as good an assortment, and will be sold as cheap as the cheapest, and invite the public to call and examine goods and prices. G. SELDEN & SON.
Oct. 93, 1847. 23

The Celestials

HAVE arrived and in all the taste of Oriental Costume are lococated at the store of the 'Pekin company's Agency,' to hold up a paper of tea and in all their silent magnificence to act as 'standing witnesses' to the fact of exclusive superiority in the Humbug they are designed to nod into notice. The credulous may be taken in by such fancy images, but intelligent persons will be quite as well satisfied by DRAWING some of our fresh Teas and imbibing the delicious beverage as they would be with any notions of 'Yankee' invention to decoy them amongst the various traps which are put in requisition to gull the unsuspecting victim of Patent Medicines or China Illusions.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Nov. 13, 1847. 26

JUST received at the New Store a fine assortment of Ladies cloak and dress goods, such as all wool French green, black, blue, crimson, and drab thibets plain and embroidered; rich dress and pelisse silks; black visite do., cashmeres plaid alpaccas and lustres, plain do.; children's polka coats and hoods, lacies woolen boas, childrens do black lace demi veils, rich Tartar long shawls; cravats, ribbons, crewels, hosiery, gloves, and other rich goods too numerous to mention—which the ladies (who are the only judges of rich goods) are invited to call and see at
Dec. 18. ALLYN & COIT'S.

Great Reduction of Prices

ALLYN & COIT will sell after this their entire stock of Dry Goods, at 25 per cent: less than they are sold in Erie. Those purchasing are invited to call and prove the truth of this statement. The following are a few of their goods:

Fine Ginghams, from 12 to 20 cts. per yd.		
Oregon Plaids, richest style	25	" "
M. De Laine,	25	" "
Plaid Alpaccas and Luster	25	" "
Plain " "	50	" "

Calicos from 6 to 12 cts per yd.
All Wool, Red, White, Yellow and Green Flannels, Linens, Tablings, knapkins, Crash, Diapers; Brown and Bleached Cottons very low, and all other goods usually kept in well arranged Stores at very low prices to "astonish the natives"
Dec 18.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE co partnership here ofore existing between the subscribers, under the name of J. Zimmerly & Co, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All the books, accounts and papers are in the hands of A. H. Hitchcock, at the old stand where all those interested are requested to call and settle. J. ZIMMERLY,
Erie, Nov. 2, 1847. A. H. HITCHCOCK.

A. H. HITCHCOCK would say to his old friends and customers and the public, that he will be happy to wait on them at the old stand, and sell them Groceries, as good and cheap as usual.

PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.—By the small or large quantities No 1 extra white lead, red led, Venitian red, chrome yellow; lithrage oils and turpentine, and assorted sized glass, bought at the lowest prices, and for sale accordingly by
WILLIAMS & WRIGHT
Oct 29, 1847. 21

COFFEE—Laguyra, Java and Rio Coffee, at very reduced prices, at No. 5 Bonnell Block.
Dec. 11. H. COOK.

61 Bags Dairy Salt for sale by
Dec. 11. H. COOK.

TANNERS Oil and Lampblack for sale by
BURTON & PERKINS.
Nov. 20.

FISH! FISH!! FISH!!!

WHITEFISH, Mackinac Trout. Irish Herring. Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel. Codfish, Sardines, and Haddock, just received and for sale at No. 1 Perry Block by T. W. MOORE.
Erie, Nov. 6, 1847. 25

TEAS, FRESH TEAS!

PEKIN Company outdone! We can show and sell as fine fresh Tea and at as low prices as any one who claims any connection with the Pekin Company
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Oct. 16. 22

CARPETING.—1000 yards parlor, hall and stair carpeting, at prices varying from 2 and 6 pence to 8 shillings per yard. Also, Floor Oil cloths, at the usual low rates of
MOSES KOCH,
No. 2 Commercial Exchange, French st.
Oct. 29, 1847 21

CABLE Chains of different sizes, suitable for draught chains or saw mills, and will be cut to any length to suit purchasers.
Nov. 6 GEO. SELDEN & SON.

REVOLVING WAFFLE IRONS.—This valuable article is offered for sale at the low price of one dollar, by
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Oct. 16 22

FRENCH MERINO—Black and stone color of the best quality, for sale cheap by
Sept. 25. S. JACKSON.

WINTER Sperm Oil, a pure article, for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by
T. W. MOORE.
Erie, Nov. 6, 1847. 25

ALAPACA—Silk and cotton warp, from two to eight shillings per yard, Black, Brown, drab, plaid, plain and satin striped, for sale by
Sept. 25. S. JACKSON

GIMPS AND FRINGES, in great variety, for sale by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Nov. 13, 1847. 26

FOR SALE.—100 Tons Plaster, 200 bbls. Salt cheap at
Dec. 18. CADWELL'S.

IRON, NAILS, STEEL, &c.—Russia, Swedes and American Iron, flat, square and round, O. S. Nail Rods, round and square rods, Band Iron, Cast, English, American and Spring Steel, Nails Anvils, Vices, &c., &c.
Nov. 6 GEO. SELDEN & SON.

COFFEE, Tea, Sugar, together with a general assortment of Groceries, for sale by
Nov. 6. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Something New.

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public the arrival from New York of *an extensive assortment of Goods in their line,* embracing

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
Plated and Britannia, Ware, Girandoles, Solar and Camphene Lamps, Looking glasses, Bohemian glassware, spectacles, fancy goods and thousands of useful and ornamental articles for the Holydays, which are offered at reduced prices.

Having selected Watches with unusual care from late importations those wishing a good Time piece for little money will do well to buy.

Our thanks are due our patrons for favors conferred in times past, especially for patronage received in our new store on State street, and hope by attention to business to retain our old and make many new customers.

N. B. Particular attention given to the repairing of all kinds of Watches. Watch work, requiring Engines, which generally is done in the larger cites, attended to on short notice.

Goods received by Express every few days from New York during the winter.
G. LOOMIS & Co.
State street, nearly opposite Eagle Hotel and next door to Spafford's Bookstore
Nov. 20, 1847

NEW CONCERN.

H. COOK begs leave to call the attention of the public to a large and well selected stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which have been purchased for cash and will positively be sold lower than articles of the same quality can be purchased in town as all can satisfy themselves by calling at No. 5 Bonnell Block State State Street.
Erie, Dec. 11, 1847. 30

Wines and Liquors.

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block, a good assortment of Wines and Liquors, for Medicines, Sacramental, Mechanical and ALL other purposes, among which may be found the following;

Pale Brandy;	Otard Brandy,
Cogniac do,	St. Croix Rum.
Jamaica Rum,	N. England do
Holland Gin;	Pine Apple Gin;
Port Wine,	Madeira Wine,
Scotch Whiskey	Irish Whiskey.
Monongahela do	Common do.

Dec. 11 T. W. MOORE.

SAVE YOUR HOUSES BY PAINTING THEM.

4677 LBS. Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh White Lead, dry and in oil, pure.

400 lbs. Red Lead,	350 lbs Glue,
450 " French and yel low Ochre,	250 " Pap. Lampblack,
	40 " chrome yellow.
1000 " Spanish whiting	200 gal. Spr. turpentine
600 " Venetian red,	150 " Linseed oil,
250 " Litharge,	55 " Furniture and coach varnish,
150 " French & chrome Green,	200 paint and varnish Brushes,
72 " American Vermillion,	

For sale very low at No 6, Reed House, by
CARTER & BROTHER.
Nov. 27, 1847. 28

TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

B. CRAIN, would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie, and vicinity, that he has opened a Store for the sale of

TOBACCO CIGARS AND SNUFF,

on French Street, between Sierrett and Osborn's, directly opposite the Reed House, where he offers for sale a large and superior Stock of the above articles a little cheaper for Cash than ever before offered in this Market.

For proof call and examine quality and prices.
Erie, Nov. 6, 1847

Fresh Groceries.

JUST received by latest arrival, at the old stand of Hitchcock & Zimmerly, a well selected stock of FRESH GROCERIES, of every description for family use, such as Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Pepper, Alsdice, Cinnamon, loves Nutmegs, Ginger, Molasses, Oils, Fis, Flour, Cheese, Tobacco, Fruit, Nuts, &c., which are offered on terms that cannot fail to suit our customers Please give us a call,

N. B.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for groceries.
Dec. 11. A. H. HITCHCOCK.

PAINTS.

3500 lbs. White and Red Lead and Litharge.
1500 " Whiting 300 lbs., Venitian Red,
500 " French Yellow, 150 " Paris Green,
100 " Chrom's Yellow, Green & Vermillion.
Indian Red, Utica Marine Blue, Prussian Blue Drop Black, Virdigris, Lampblack, etc 6 bbls. Spirits Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Varnish, etc., for sale by BURTON & PERKINS,
Nov. 20. Old firm of J. H. Burton & Co.

DYE STUFFS.

44 BBLS. Dye Woods,
500 lbs. copperas,
800 " Alum, 600 madder,
800 " Blue Vitriol, 200 ex. Logwood,
700 " camwood, 200 oil vitriol,
100 " Muriatic Acid.
30 " Indigo, Bengal and Caraccas,
20 " solution tin, 10 cocheneal,
20 " Annetto,
For sale low by
CARTER & BROTHER.
Nov. 27, 1847. 28

DYE STUFFS.

GROUND Logwood, fustic, camwood and Brazil wood, copperas, madder, extract log wood, sulphuric acid, cochineal, indigo, cudbear, tin water, etc., at wholesale and retail, by
Nov. 20. BURTON & PERKINS.

BRUSHES.

HAIR brushes of all varieties and prices, teeth do, paint and Varnish do, flesh clothes, hat shaving, comb, scrubbing, blacking, window, hearth, counter and bottle brushes for sale by
Nov. 20. BURTON & PERKINS.

OLIVE OIL—A superior article for family use for sale very low by H. COOK.

SUGAR.—Pulverized, Crushed, Muscovado, Porto Rico and N. O. Sugars lower than ever at No. 5 Bonnell Block.
Dec. 11. H. COOK.

MATS—A good assortment of buggy, gate and door Mats for sale cheap by
Dec. 11. H. COOK.

On Hand

A good supply of Salt, Plaster, White Fish, Lime and Sole and Upper Leather, for sale as cheap as the cheapest by
Dec. 11 WILLIAMS & WRIGHT

Cash! Cash!!!

WE wish to purchase the following articles for which the highest market price will be paid:
50 tons Pork 20 tons of Lard,
20 do Tallow, delivered at our store or Oil Factory. W. C. & R. P. HULBERT.
Dec. 11

MARKING INK.—David's, Payson's and Ede's Indeliable Inks, for marking linen, &c., for sale by.
Nov. 20. BURTON & PERKINS.

LUMBER WANTED.

A Quantity of 5-8, 3-4 and 1 inch Whitewood Boards—also, Chair and Bellows Planks, for which the highest market price will be paid
Dec. 11. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Toys! Toys!

ANY quantity of Toys, suitable for Christmas and New Year presents, to be had at No. 1, Perry Block, T. W. MOORE,
Erie, Dec. 11, 1847. 30

BLEACHED Whale and Elephant Oil, superior to Lard oil for winter use, for sale by
Nov. 30 BURTON & PERKINS.

GLASS AND PUTTY.—3600 feet window Glass of various sizes and manufacture.
Nov. 20. BURTON & PERKINS.

A NEW YEAR POEM.

INSCRIBED TO HIS PATRONS BY THE CARRIER OF THE ERIE OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1848.

A *strange* old man is father Time,
For though his locks are thin and gray,
Yet lithe as boyhood's glorious prime,
No trembling steps his age betray.
He saw the sun first ope his eyes,
The sun and moon begin their rule,
And e'en the Morning Stars arise
To start their infant singing school.
His eye admired the earliest flower
In nature's virgin lap that smiled;
His hand was lent in Babel's tower,
His foot its shameful ruins piled.
He helped unhinge the "hundred gates"
Of Thebes's old and rusty town;
And where his hunger Havoc sates,
He once let Tyre and Carthage frown.
He led young Homer by the hand
Along Illissus' shady shore,
And at the blind old bard's command
Still lugs his fame the wide world o'er.
Long has he lived, thus hard has toiled,
And yet he steps as quick and light
As when—the plans of Chaos foiled—
He got the Earth divorced from Night,

A *strong* old man is father Time:
What "dust" wherever he has "swept!"
Where now broad mountains tower sublime,
Crabs, long ago, and lobsters crept.*
There, too, the sea-flower gaily bloomed
Beneath some mermaid's ceaseless care,
And fins of buxom cod *perfumed*
When visiting his scaly "mair."
Where mackerel shine in class-ic hauls,*
And simple clams just learn to pout;
Where Neptune brews his hasty qualls,
And whales like politicians spout;
For ages stood the forest gray,
Ere birds were born to warble there,
While Solitude kept Sabbath-day,
And Deacon Silence led in prayer.
The hand of Time has torn away
The strongest dams by Folly built,
And oceans vast of kingly sway
Like little cans of "emptins" spilt!

A *wise* old man is father Time:
He held in Paradise a seat,
And he rd the slimy Snake of crime
His cunning lies to Eave re eat.
And when the "pair," for sin accurs'd,
Their bower of nuptial bliss forsook,
The "curtain lectures" (woman's first)
He heard, which patient Adam took.
He drank the rich and copious lore
Of Druids gray and ancient seers,
Herd Socrates his wisdom pour
Into the lads of Athens' ears.
He oft conversed with "gran' sir" Faust
Ere Printer's Devils yet had been,
Or "types" the world's deep "shadows" cross'd
And made them beautifully thin!
Time, hand in hand, with *all* the great
Has hurried down each learned lane;
No wonder, then, that his old pate
A heap of knowledge should contain.

A *good* old man is father Time:
How lavish of his laughing Hours!
And if our song with theirs doth chime,
No "milk of human kindness" sours.
He teaches us that if we taste
"Forbidden fruit" on Pleasure's tree,
Our maiden joys will run to "waist"
And all our thoughts ill-shapen be:
That he the waves of Strife who rides
Will get his rigging sadly rent,
While he who sails where Peace abides,
Will have a cargo of content.
Time holds of Infancy the cup,
And steadies Childhood's careless hand;
Conducts the boy to Manhood up,
And lights ambition's flaring brand:
Then, keeping Truth's McAdam road,
Marked out by Reason's "finger board,"
Man bears, in Age, a pleasant load,
And finds, at death, his hopes unfloored.

A *swift* old man is father Time:
Though all the world for freight he carries,
His bell keeps up its merry chime,
And "wooding" aye, he never tarries.
His "car" to us more rapid runs
As burning years the steam increase,
And since with but a few more suns
Our journey here by rail will cease,
For cushioned seats we'll wrangle not
As foolish folks *have* madly striven,
With honor fill the one we've got,
And "take a ticket through"—TO HEAVEN.

*Mackerel, No. 1—2 etc. were known before Carrier Boys.

A STORY OF THE COTTAGE.

From the Journal of Commerce.

In one of the pleasant rides we have had about Saratoga, we found one day a cottage, whose appearance, under a noble elm, and by the side of a brook whose prattling was forever musical, led me instantly to suppose it was worth visiting; more especially as it was very old, and had about it the look of the 11th century. I took a couple of hours the other day to visit it, and having made up my mind that it had a story connected with it, I questioned the old man whom I found in it so closely, that I at length gathered a tale of the life of man, that I thought worth repeating to the *coterie* aforesaid, and which may be worth writing here.

The widow Johnson occupied that cottage sixty-five years ago, and with her lived a son, a noble boy of fifteen, who was the pride of the country around. None was so beloved as he, except his adopted sister, Kate Harden. She was indeed a fairy. Her golden hair seemed to be akin to the winds on which (it floated so freely, and her eyes had won their deep hue from the sky into which she was so often gazing. "Why gazed she thus?" She had a mother beyond the blue above her. A mother who, dying, had left her to the care of Mrs. Johnson, and until her voice failed, charged her to meet her in heaven. Nay, after she had ceased to speak, she held her daughter to her breast with her left arm, and pointing up with her thin, white finger, smiled a holy smile, and sought her home. Mrs. Johnson was not rich in this world's goods.—The few acres which she rented afforded a mere subsistence, and Kate and Edwin assisted her in her labors. It was not strange that these two children, when the one was sixteen and the other seventeen, should love one another. Kate was a strange child: They said she talked with those whom others could not see—and I do not doubt it. I have no doubt she held high communion with her sainted mother. At all events her voice fell on her ear in dreams of day as well as of night, until she could no longer resist in earnest call.

She faded. One by one the bonds that held her to her cottage home; one by one her girlish affections were mastered and suppressed, until one only remained, and then she was ready. That one, love, was the mightiest of all. She did not crush that, for she was thoughtful enough to know that *that* might live when death had passed; for there are affections strong enough to reach from earth to heaven.

The morning of her departure came, with its sweet spring flowers, and atmosphere laden with the odors of the country. All things seemed to be strangely solemn. The sun peered curiously in at the lattice, and fell across the foot of the bed on which the slender form of the dying girl lay. Her bird sang doubtfully in its cage, and the very cat by the earth looked up and seemed to feel that there was something sad going on.

The moment of agony at length came. She had parted with all but him, and now she held his hand between her two, and smiled on his face, (as pale as hers,) and spoke in a low, sweet tone of all the past and the future.—"You will miss me when you go after the cow in the evening, Ned, and the lane will be lonely will it not? And when you sit down here by the hearth with mother, and my chair is empty—you'll miss me brother. You'll sit at the table with her, and have no one at the side of it;" and her voice, broken and faint as it was, fell to a lower tone, as she continued, "go in the twilight sometimes, Ned, and sit down under the tree by the spring, on the red seat. I'll come there if I can."

A moment passed in silence as he leaned over toward her,—then suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "I love you, love you, love you, brother Ned;" and drawing his head down, pressed her lips to his, in the last long kiss of life, and laying his cheek close against hers, smiled a smile of serene and joyful hope, and—Kate was an angel!

Is that all our story? did you ask. Not by a considerable, my dear friend. There is more love to come yet. "What! another love affair after his promised trist with Kate on the green bank yonder by the spring?" Yes, another; but not such an one as you imagine. Don't you suppose a man can love any thing else but a woman a year or two his junior?—Remember that Edward has a mother, and now be patient and I'll tell what became of her.

Mrs. Johnson and Ned had a lonely life, after they had laid their darling Kate in the grave yard over by the church at Milton; and as misfortunes are said to come in crowds, so in their case they were not exempt. That very year the crops failed, the cow died, and a dozen other troubles followed; and the result was that Mrs. J. gave up the cottage and accepted the offer of a home with a kind neighbor, while Edward was to go and seek his fortune.

He went to New York to a brother of his father, who was a sea-captain, and who took him across the Atlantic. After this voyage and two years absence from home, he returned to his mother's side, "and," said the old man, my informant, "I saw him the first night *he was at home, sitting under the elm tree,* out there where you see that green bank, and I heard that before dark that afternoon he had been over to the church and the grave yard.

A few days only and he left his home again. His mother, gladdened by his return, was nevertheless, much more reluctant to have him go than when he first went. This reluctance increased as the day approached. Then she begged him, if it were possible, to stay with her; but he had promised his uncle, and wo'ld not forfeit his word, nor would she have him. "I shall see you again soon—very soon, mother. Why do you feel so badly? This voyage is not to be a long one, and if my uncle does all he promises, I will buy you the cottage when I come back. We shall meet again very soon, mother." "We shall meet again when your father and you, and Kate and I meet yonder, my son," said the mother.—"Why, mother, what makes you speak so?—It will not be a year before I shall kiss you standing just here." "Never again, my son, I know that this will be the last kiss your lips will impress on mine until the Resurrection."

And so that mother and son parted. They met five years ago in Heaven: not till then; not till then. He was older than she as we count years here on earth, and his hair was silvered and thin, when he lay down to die among the sounds of the mighty metropolis. Every year a pilgrim came in the early spring when the first flowers bloomed, and stayed in the cottage here. The afternoon he passed in the grave-yard, but the twilight always found him seated on a bank by a spring. He grew rich until his coffers overflowed. He bought the cottage *but did not come to live in* it. He seemed to have conceived an attachment for business and the city. His annual pilgrimage was the only relief he had from his counting room. He grew old, older, until he carried the weight of three score years and ten to keep the solemn tryst of his boyhood. One winter day he had been too unwell to go from his lordly mansion, and as evening came on he lay on his bed and looked into the grate listening to the roar of carriages in the street without. A young man from his office entered and conversed with him in regard to the day's business, and left him lying thus alone. He had sent his house-keeper and servants out himself.

Who shall say what were the thoughts that filled the mind of the weary old man that night, or what communion he had with the past—the far but unfortunate past? Did he hear the wind rustling the leaves of the old elm tree? Did the gurgling of the spring, the fall of the brook, the song of the birds fill his ear with o'd music? Did his mother's hand press coolly on his forehead, and her voice woo him to sleep with one of her old mountain songs?—What fairy form was that? Did his angel Kate hover around his bed, and did her lips press his, and was her kiss new on his brow? Were those her arms around his neck once more in the embrace of girlhood, and was that melodious voice of hers again murmuring in his ear—"I love you, love you, brother Ned?" And did her cheek, her velvet cheek, lie warmly close to his, and did she draw him closer, closer to him in that holy clasp, and was this all a dream of earth, or was it Heaven?

It was Heaven, for he was there.

FORTURNS OF AN ORPHAN.

From the New Orleans Delta.

It was twenty years ago yesterday! The golden gleams of the royal sun fell with rich lustre on the yellow bosom of the Mississippi. There were then not so many plantations in the vicinity of New Orleans, and where now waves the long green leaves of the sugar-cane, was then an almost uncultivated waste. The banks of the river teemed with cottonwood trees, and the long gray moss swung lazily in the soft breeze of autumn. The "Dirch-Woed," a noble ship from Amsterdam, slowly made her way up the river. She had on board some forty or fifty immigrants. The old Germans, in their long-tailed coats, decorated with many small brass buttons, smoked their pipes complacently, and every now and then grunted, "yaw! yaw!" in assent or reply to some question. The young girls displayed themselves in their brightest kirtles and boddices, and larded their hair in order to make it smooth and bright. There was not one on board that vessel who did not have a thousand thoughts melted into one as the ship reached the levee. One thought, and his memory travelled like lightning, of the little cottage on the banks of the Rhine, around whose porch the honey-suckle grew and the bees hummed—singing, as it were, an insect song of praise to Heaven for its bounty. Then across the mirror of the heart of the immigrant there came the shadow of a sweet, pale face, with eyes moist with tears, and lips as soft and crimsom as the leaves of the moss-rose.—That stolid Switzer—he smoked his pipe in silence—no one saw his tears, for they were wept inwardly, and the eyes of his soul looked upon the green borders of his own blue Rhine, and the sweet face of the pale, tearful girl he left behind him. Standing on the quarterdeck, there was a woman who seemed to be almost lost in thought. She was poor and friendless, and had come to the land of liberty to seek a long lost brother. Ten years afterwards that poor Dutch maiden was the wife of a member of Congress.

Now let's to the steerage cabin of the "Dirch-Woed." In a miserable cot there lay a man who was dying. His wife stood by him, and ever and anon bathed his temples with vinegar, and in her own language whispered *to him some words of comfort.* At the foot of the bed of the dying man a little girl, with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair, was playing with an apple that had been given to her by one of the cabin passengers. Unconscious of the situation of her father, she toyed with her little present, and every now and then a slight laugh would escape her lips.—Just as the vessel touched the wharf of the First Municipality, the wife of the dying man sat down by him. She thought that he had sunk into a sweet slumber—that he would recover, and that in the "new country" she would have his stalwart arm and able judgment to protect her and the little child, the offspring of their love. His face was very pale, and she thought for a moment that the dilation of his nostrils had ceased. Her heart throbbed wildly in her bosom, and going to a little wooden chest, she took out a broken bit of looking glass. Placing it before his mouth, for he was very still, she endeavored to find out if he still breathed. There was no moisture on the glass! There was a slight tremor of the heart of the dead man, that, like a bird, *unwilling to leave its nest, gently heaved his* snow-white bosom, and then all was at rest!

The widowed woman clasped her hands before her eyes, and thought, but dared not look upon her poor little daughter, who still sat playing on the bed where her father died.—It was all gone! The home that she had left—the friends that she had separated from—the vision of the blue waves fringed with silver laces that she had crossed over—the hopes of wealth and happiness in the land of Liberty—the pleasant thought of sending on, when they had got rich, for her own aged mother and the gray-haired father of her husband!—Her husband! She wildly withdrew the thin, white fingers that were clasped over her eyes and saw the placid features of her husband who was cold in death, and her daughter still playing with her little apple! The tides of her heart rose with such velocity that she fell upon the planking, and when some of her companions picked her up they saw that the blood was gurgling from her mouth, that her fingers were clinched and that her wan bosom heaved with tumult.

A few moments more, and her pulse ceased to quiver, and her glazed eyes looked upwards as if to God! She was dead—he was dead, and still the little flaxen-headed, blue-eyed girl sat smiling by those who were her parents. There were two inquests that day, and two rough coffins conveyed the dead wife and husband to the grave! The little orphan thought it a gay thing to take them away, for some one had told her that they were asleep, and then she laughed and clasped her tiny hands. In a little while, however, she commenced crying for her mother, and little tears as bright as pearls trickled down her pure cheeks. A broad-shouldred man, at the time that he was lifting a box out of the hold, saw the little girl, and asked who she was. He learned her history, and with his horny hand wiping a tear from his eye, asked if he could take her. The Captain and those around, glad to get rid of what they considered a burden, assented. He took the orphan by the hand and led her to his home.

"Mary, dear," said he to his wife in tones that told he had come from the Emerald Isle, "it's no childer ov our own that we have, an' since I've been out I've got one for ye! Oh, Mary, she's an orphan—she's like the rose-bud torn from the stem, an' it's me and your own dear silf that will take care of her!"

The good wife of the poor long-shoreman did take care of the little orphan and brought it up as her own. Time made it forget who its parents were, and in a little while it loved its foster mother and father dearly. Fortune was prosperous to the kind couple, and in a few years the long-shoreman had money enough to set himself up in business. In a few years more the neighbors whispered that he was getting rich, and it was true! By industry and economy he accumulated sufficient wealth to live in splendor, and he now, if he wishes, might drive his coach and four.—What became of the little German girl? She grew up to be a beautiful woman—a blessing to her foster parents and an ornament to her sex. A few nights ago a marriage took place in this city, and after the ceremony was performed, a tall, handsome young man and a lovely woman might have been seen going on board a steamboat that was bound up the river. The young man was a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, and the lady was no less a person than the little German girl, who, nearly twenty years ago, arrived in New Orleans a desolate orphan!

A HORRIBLE STORY.

We copy the following from Donnovan's Adventures in Mexico:

On the evening of May 19th, two American officers, belonging to some of the volunteer corps, attended the Cathedral, *where certain services were held appertaining to the nuns of* the Convent of San-Francis, situated in the western part of the city. The Cathedral was filled, as usual, with a large crowd of the faithful, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, when they were dispersing, the two officers lingered in the church, gazing at the expensive ornaments. As they were also in the act of retiring, a nun, who remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was slowly following his comrade, that she desired to speak to him. Returning to the nun, a dialogue ensued, in substance, as follows:

"You are an American?"

"I am, madam, and but recently from that land of Yankees."

"I presume, sir, you are a man of honor and discretion?"

"Those qualities, added to courage, make up the composition of an American soldier."

"Are you willing to render me an important service?"

"You have but to command me."

"I will not conceal from you that the service I ask from your hands, requires not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity.—Knowing this, are you still willing to assist me?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Very well; when you hear the Convent bell strike twelve to-night, be at the side gate; I shall be there to open it, and on your knocking three times, you shall learn what it is that I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?"

"I shall be faithful if I live."

"Well, I will depend upon you, adieu!"

They parted, and the officer re-joined his companion; and as they pursued their way to the American quarters, related to him all that had transpired, and asked him if he should fulfil the appointment. The other advised him to do so by all means, and for fear of accidents offered to accompany him to the gate at the appointed hour. Supposing the affair to end in one of those innocent adventures so common in Mexico, and taking it for granted that the lady had been suddenly struck with his personal appearance, the officer with his companion, *repaired to the gate, according to* agreement, and upon giving the concerted signal, the entrance was opened by the nun. The chosen officer entered, without the least apprehension or fear, and was saluted by the nun.

"You are truly a man of courage and honor, and are entitled to my warmest gratitude."

After conducting him to her cell, where a lamp was burning, she politely invited him to sit down, and producing two bottles, requested him to take a glass of wine with her—a request which a man and a soldier is not apt to treat with indifference. Filling him a glass out of one bottle, she took a little herself out of the other, and after he had finished his, she told him to go to the opposite side of the bed from herself. The officer, still innocent, obeyed, when the nun addressed him:

"Well, we are all alone—is my door bolted—look."

And at the same instant, to his horror and amazement, she discovered to him the dead body of a Monk, whose clothes were stiff and matted with blood while she continued:

"*The favor I require is that you take this* body on your shoulders and convey it beyond the gates of the first court. Obey instantly, or your life shall be in peril, for if you attempt to escape I will shoot you through the head. I know," she added, "that my own life will be the forfeit, but after dispatching you, I have a poinard for myself—the same with which I stabbed that miserable Monk."

Seeing no other means of escape, the officer took up the body, and accompanied by the nun, who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he had entered, and on issuing from it, threw down his horrible burden at the feet of his comrade, who was waiting to enjoy a laugh, at what they both supposed would terminate in a love intrigue.

After recounting to his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged, they both resolved to communicate the circumstances to Gen. Worth in person; but they had proceeded only a short distance from the Convent, when the officer who had brought out the body, began to complain of the most violent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and expired.

☞It is noted, as a singular coincidence, that just thirty-eight years ago, Massachusetts gave a Speaker to the U. S. House of Representatives; and in the same year, Mr. Winthrop, the present Speaker, was born.

☞The New Orleans Picayune says the olive branch has been thrust into the face of Mexico so often that all the leaves are shaken off.