THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848. NUMBER 37.

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.

City subscribers (left by the carrier) $2 00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1 50

☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged. *No deviation from these terms.*

. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

☞ All communications must be post paid to secure attention.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one year,	$5 00	Three squares, 1 year,	$10
do do six months,	3 00	do do 8 mos.	8
do do three do	2 00	do do 6 do	6

Transient advertisements 50 cents per square for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing *at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more* than three squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

☞ Cards, not exceeding 6 lines, inserted at $3 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HIRAM COOK.
Wolesale and Retail Dealer in cheap wet and Dry Framily Groceries, at No: 5 Bonnell Block, State St. Erie Pa.

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.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron, Nails, Leather, Oils, etc. etc. corner of State street and the Public Squa, 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, Pa

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 Basson, 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.

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

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 a 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.

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 lorcoated 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 notious 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, lacles 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 heretofore 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, '847. 21

COFFEE—Laguira, 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, Sare dines, 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 24

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.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time;
And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who hears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, oh, terrible Remorse?
Who would not cast
Half of his Future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed Past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we always.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent:

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart.
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

AN EXTRACT.

She lived in a miserable court running out of Tottenham Court Road; and as I went up the dark and close-smelling staircase to her second floor, I trembled at finding myself in such a place. When I entered the room, I don't know which struck me most—the wretchedness or the cleanliness of the apartment. In one corner stood a bedstead, and from the thin fold of the sheet, which was turned down over the patch-work counterpane, I knew directly that there was not a blanket upon it. In another corner, her little invalid son lay stretched upon a mattress on the floor, with an old flannel petticoat wrapped round his limbs to keep him warm. Across the room on a string suspended from wall to wall, hung a few stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel, to dry. There were but two wooden chairs; one of them, with its broken back roughly mended with strings, was by the sick boy's side, with a cup on it, while seated on the other, by a deal table, and close to the small shovelful of fire in the grate was the sempstress herself. As she turned her head round to see who entered, I perceived that one of her eyes had been bruised since she was with me, and no sooner did she see me at the door, than starting up, she raised her handkerchief to her face; and observing that the disfigurement attracted my notice, she told me—with such hesitation, that I knew it was an untruth—that she had an accident, and knocked her eye against the door.

"You have come for the work you gave me," she said; "yes, I know I have been very remiss. I ought to have brought it home before, but—the fact is—a—a—"

"You have had an illness in the house," I added, endeavoring to help her.

"No—it was not that—but—" and she burst into tears.

"Come, come, my good lady," I continued, "do not vex yourself; I am not in a hurry for it, and next week, or even the week after that will be time enough for me. Now, come, be candid with me—you are in distress.—Tell me, can I be of any assistance to you."

"No, thank you," she replied, with a quiver of the lip; I can assure you we are not in distress, however much appearances—a—a—, and we do require assistance *yet*."

"Yes, but I know you *do*," I added; "though you cannot bring yourself to confess it."

"Madam, I do *not* require assistance," she replied, rising; "and surely I am not sunk so low that my word cannot be received."

My woman's curiosity was so piqued to learn who she possibly could have been, that I sat there talking about the illness of the child, and twisting the conversation into a hundred different channels, in the hope she would let drop something that would give me a clue to her history. At last, just as I was about to take my leave in despair, her husband staggered into the apartment. He was a man whose courseness and grossness of feature contrasted wonderfully with hers; and yet, notwithstanding his high check bones and unshorn chin, and sodden complexion, there was something in the expression of his eyes and manly figure, that made me fancy that at one time he must have been almost handsome.

"Now, Georgiana," he said, in a husky thick voice, "have you got any tin? cos, if you has, hand it over."

"Don't you see there is a stranger present!" she answered, biting her lips at the idea of my being a witness to the scene.

"Strangers be hanged!" he replied, looking first at me, and then at his wife; "I want some money, I tell you; those cursed skittles has regularly cleaned me out. So, come, hand us over a bob, and take that handkercher from that black eye I guv you for your stinginess last Tuesday. Where's the odds of her knowing on it? She's got a father and mother, I dare say, and understands these matters. There, you need'nt look so plaguy proud—though yer are the *Honorable Mrs. Duggan*. Come, are you going to give me that money, or am I to make you?"

"I have none," she returned with a shudder.

"None of your lies!" he answered brutally; "but hand the money over this minute, or else, s'help me, I'll——" and he shook his burly fist in her trembling face, in continuation of the sentence.

"Here! here, my good man!" I almost shieked out with affright, "here is some money; it is all I have got, but do go—oh! *do*."

"Well, now I've got all I come for, I don't mind if I does," he replied, looking at me.—You see, miss, it's my turn at the Couch and Horses to have a quartern in; and I can't abear, when I been drinking all the morning at other gentlmen's expence, not to do the thing what's right, and be my share towards keeping up the spree."

"Yes, of course—I now," I answered; "but do please to leave us alone here together."

"That's enough, miss! I'm o-p-h," he said. "*So good day to you, miss, and good day to you, the Honorable* Mrs. Duggan"—and out he reeled again.

I could'nt help noticing the struggle that was going on in his poor wife's breast during all this frightful scene. And directly her husband left the room, despite all her exertions the tears flooded her eyes. I rose to console her; and on going up to her, she fell upon my bosom, and wept like a child.

Presently she raised her head, saying, "There, that has done me good; tell me *now* can you guess who I am?"

"I know enough, my poor one," I replied, "to know that you are suffering from some imprudent alliance."

"Imprudent! it was a mad—downright mad one!" she exclaimed, with bitterness. "To think that I, the daughter of an earl, should have united myself to my father's gardener's son! But desperately—idolatrously I loved him; and for him I braved the fearful rage of father—mother—all. And what was my reward? Why, when my husband found every one of my many supplications for forgiveness spured by my haughty parents and even the door of my former home shut for ever against me, then he—seeing how lie had been foiled in the ambitious game he had played, and that instead of the rich heiress he had expected, he had only an expensive pauper for his wife—then he, I say, reeked his vengeance on me, and then began the long series of such sufferings and privations, as even I who have suffered them cannot so much as shadow out to you."

"But wouldn't his father do something for you?" I asked.

"What could he do?" she replied. "Dismissed from his situation—ruined through my marriage with his son (for my father, of course, suspected he had connived at it,) how could we expect support from him? And yet we might have been far beyond want had my husband only permitted me to exercise the accomplishments that had been heaped upon me at home. But to drown the vexation he felt at the fearful mistake he had made, he flew to drink, and soon lost in the bottle, all power of exertion. When he had drunk up all the trinkets I had carried with me in my flight, he began taking my dresses from me one by one, and converting them into more money for mere liquor; until at last I was forced, from the very want of proper clothing, to discontinue giving the lessons which were our only means of subsistence."

"But if he has treated you thus badly," I replied, "why not have left him?"

"I could not—he would not leave *me*," she answered; "*that* was all I wanted—all I asked of him. But no, he knew he was entitled to all I earned, and that I must work if it was only for my child; so as he was too idle to keep himself, he was but too glad to be kept by me. And yet, notwithstanding all this, I could have loved him—aye, and did love him like a dog, even though he beat me like a dog. But when, in the wantonness of his dissipation he *dared* to bring his degraded companions to my home, my whole woman's nature rose up and rebelled against it, and I hated him as intensely—madly as I once had loved him.—And now, you may fancy how gladly I would leave him if I could. But oh, Heavens, I cannot! Often and often have I fled with my child in the night to save myself from further wrong, and my poor boy from the pollution of his father's example; but the hound has tracked me out so soon, that I now see how foolish it is to hope ever in this life to be rid of him."

"Poor, poor lady," I half said to myself.

"Ah, you know not how sweet it is to find one consoling voice," she continued calmly, as the tears flowed anew,—"friends all, have turned from me, and yours are the first kind tones I have heard for years. Indeed, indeed you cannot tell what I have suffered from that man! The very work *you* gave me, he took by force from my drawer, and pawned to get more gin. You may look little lady, but the worst is yet untold. The drink your work procured him only made him mad for more—ay, and he would have it—though I told him he had swallowed every rag that was of any valve to the place. Suddenly the wedding-ring on my finger caught his eye, and even *that* he wanted to take from me—that, the only outward sign I had to distinguish me from his wretched female companions. I told him I would not let him have it. He threatened blows. Still I told him he should not have it. He sought to force it from me. I struggled with him, and the coward finding how tightly I grasped the sole remaining token of my honor, struck me in the face—with what force the bruise still remaining there will tell you—and as I lay senseless on the ground, he robbed me of my ring."

I was so moved by the wretched history I had heard, that I couldn't help weeping with her. And I would not leave her, untill I got her to promise that she would henceforth look upon any little service I might have it in my power to render her, not in the light of charity, but of friendship.

Early on the marrow I went again to see her, to consult with her as to how I could best befriend her; but to my great sorrow I found that she had left shortly after daybreak; but whether to avoid her husband's ill treatment, or my assistance, always remained a mystery to me, though from that time forward I never forgot her fearful history of the unequal marriage.

FAITH.

BY S. S. S. ANDROS.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves.
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tinny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and, last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O, man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have FAITH, and struggle on!

WASHINGTON IN LOVE.

From the Jersey City Telegraph.

In 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situate in New York) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one, used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fire-places, by polished tiles,) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the Patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandsires.

Well, in this house which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader, the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, was achieved.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia—a large, stalwart, well-proportioned gentleman of the most finished deportment and careful exterior, a handsome, imposing, ceremonious and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant, called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fireplace, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Col. Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the Colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dulness?—There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it."

In vain the Colonel argued that nothing had occured to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future hapiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve his mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington, then twenty years before his greatness, leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word—"Mary."

"Yes?" responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well? Does she still abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Philipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Philipse estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical.—Strange as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bedchamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles had burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fireplace, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview? Not mutual love; for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side: the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart, in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result: that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the maiden who dares not trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire to make? No! She respected, although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At last candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington, in set terms, that she loved another! She refused him! The greatest of modern men was vanquished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negess of the household entered to make preparations for the breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only victory ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched! The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first, but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the Commander-in-chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyal American regiment raised in this state, and his son was the Lieutenant Colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of the 'rebels,' and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington. At the same time, the husband of Miss Mary Philipse, Roger Morris, was a prominent tory, and a member of the council of the colony. Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time, in its progress, had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were most intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising tory.—It must not be supposed that the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson river friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Philipse was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grown grey and careworn, would scarcely have been recognized.

Andre was taken and condemned to death, and while under General Woodhull's charge, was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a species of a commissioner which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution, to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming on a score of reminiscence a secret or private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence. Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncrossed by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—

"Now, sir, your business."

"Is," replied Robinson, in a choking voice, "to plead for Andre."

"You have already been advised of my final determination," replied Washington, sternly.

"Will nothing avail!" asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing! Were he my own son, he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say; you will speak of his virtues—his sisters—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances; perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence."

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but, unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent, that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George!*

"*General* Washington, *Colonel* Robinson," responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

"Enough," said the other. "I have one more argument—if that fails me, I have done. Behold my friend!"

"Your friend! Who is he? What is his name?"

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed, fell to the floor and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word uttered with a start by Washington, was *Mary!* The suspense was painful, but brief.

"Sir," said Washington, instantly recovering, "this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Henry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the line's in safety," continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

* The owners of this estate—which was vast—having opposed the American, they became victims to the confiscation act, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The reversionary interest was not affected, however, and in 1830, John Jacob Astor bought it for £100,000. For this Mr. Astor received from the State, 19 years after, the small sum of £300,000.

"IN A HORN."

Some years ago, the expression "in a horn" was in common vogue, particularly among the "b'hoys" of that day. A Frenchman, but lately come into the city, and speaking not very intelligible English, related to an American his sufferings about "in a horn." He said:—"The first day I arrive in your vare fine city, I see one small *sans culottes*, oh! vare small leetle boy wis papers in his hands. I say—

"Leetle *garcon*, where abous be de Park, de Hotel City?'

"He say to me, 'Dam! who you call *goss on?* You find de Park, in a horn.'

"I tink what 'in a horn' mean; but I no find him out my brain in. So I go leetle further, and I speak to one man, in de street, who go thump, thump, wis a big *baton*—you call him one paver. I say—

"'Sare, can you tell me where Broadway street be, for I loss my way?'

"He say, 'You ole ass-jack, you ole quiz, dis be Broadway, in a horn.'

"I tink and tink, but I no comprehend what it mean. What can him be 'in a horn?' It must be some great man, or some great ting in de city; so I stop and ask one tudder man, and I say to him—

"'What mean dis 'in a horn?'"

"He look at me, he put one finger at his nose, and he say—

"'You one dam ole fool, in a horn.'

"Den I get mad—I find my way home, I go quick to my room, and I take my book dictionaire, and I look for 'horns.' *Sacre!* I find him belong to one cow, one goat. Den I recollect I was one dam quiz, and I frow down de dictionaire, I jump on him, and I say—'You go to one devil, in a horn!'"—*N. Y. Atlas.*

HINTS TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestibility—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married too, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfill those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the alter—such men want not dolls for their companions; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletting full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushes out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing—but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a fox hunter—and whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half a quarter of boddice.—*Mrs. Thompson.*

PROFESSIONAL BREVITY.—When Mason was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about two hundred witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted.

"But the man is a witness, a Methodist minister."

"Call him up," said Mason.

Well, Sir, what can you testify?

"I have seen a vision: two angels have appeared to me and told me that Brother Avery is innocent——"

"Let them be summened," said Mason, and resumed his work.—*Chronotype.*

There are three sorts of folks in the world—yea, four: Those that know one thing—those that know everything—those that know nothing—and those that glory in it. The first are the hobby-riders—the one-idea men; the second are the quacks; the third are the believers in the second; and the fourth are unalloyed fools, twenty-two carrats fine.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. 'I'll bet you a quarter,' said Jack, 'I'll make you go ober dis bridge,' and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. 'You take de bet, den,' said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. 'I won dat quarter, any how,' said Jack. 'But how will you get your money?' said a man who had been close by, unperceived. 'To-morrow,' said Jack, 'Massa gib me a dollar to get corn, and I takes de quarter out.

TO IMPROVE THE BREATH.—Take four ounces of fresh prepared water, add one drachm of Peruvian bark, and wash the teeth with water in the morning and evening—before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually destroy the tartar on the teeth, and remove the offensive smell arising from those that are decayed.

Upwards of five millions of acres of public lands in Wisconsin, Florida, &c, embracing every variety of soil, climate, &c., are advertised to be sold by the Government in January and Febuary.

We learn from the Catholic Register for 1848, that the Catholic population in this country is estimated at 1,190,700.