THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1848. NUMBER 36.

THE OBSERVER

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

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ish. Blind and Door-Manufacturer and Dealer in Glass, west side of State st, between 7th and 8th sts, Erie, Pa.

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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

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

GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
ttorneys & Counsellors at Law, Office on French street, over S Jackson & Co's. Store, Erie
April 21, 1847. 49

J. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
ealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. &c., No. 1, Flemming Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

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

G. LOOMIS & CO.
ealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, No. 7 Reed House, Erie Pa. 2

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

WILLIAM RIBLET.
binet Maker, Upholster and Undertaker, State Street, Erie Pa

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

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eneral Forwarding, Commission, and Produce Merchants; Red Ware House, east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

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

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n Founders, wholesale and retail dealers in Stoves, Hollow-ware &c. State street, Erie, Pa

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holesale and retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House Erie, Pa.

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ealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. No. 111, Cheapside, Erie Pa.

GOODWIN & TRUESDAIL.
ealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., No. 1, Bonnell Block, State st., Erie, Pa

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

B. TOMLINSON & Co.
orwarding and Commission Merchants; 109 French Street, Erie, and at 6th Street Canal Basin, also dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

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

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

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

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

P. A. R. BRACE,
ttorney 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,
n 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 & 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. 23, 1847. 23

The Celestials

HAVE arrived, and in all the taste of Oriental Costume are locoated 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 lusties, plain do; children's polka coats and hoods, lacies woolen boas, childrens do black lace demi veils, rich Tartan 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 Lustres	25 " "
Plain " "	50 " "
Calicos from 6 to 12 cts per yd.	

All Wool, Red, White, Yellow and Green Flannels, Linens, Tickings, 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; litharage, oils and turpentine, and assorted sized glass, bought at the lowest prices, and for sale accordingly by WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.
Oct 29, 1847. 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, 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.

From the Western Literary Messenger.

THE MINERS OF LORE.*

BY J. CLEMENT.

Priests of Science, Truth diviners,
  Youth may not such gifts implore;
We are miners, humble miners,
  Delving at the veins of Lore.

Mightiest minds of ages olden
  Here have long and tireless wrought,
Casting jewels, bright and golden,
  In thy furnace, burning Thought.

Here too, men of moderate ages,
  Who would wield the wand of power,
Statesmen, heroes, bards and sages,
  Seek their spirit-gilding dower.

Wealth like this—oft meanly rated,
  Yields of joy a bounteous store,
And the mind that here is freighted,
  Holds its treasures evermore,

We will then be thorough miners
  Working every shaft of Truth;
Souls that here are pearl enshriners,
  Heaven will clothe in endless youth.

* Sung at the late Anniversary of the Wilson (Niagara Co.) Collegiate Institute.

STANZAS.

BY M. WHEELER.

Though years have passed, still in this breast
  The image of thy form lives true,
And thoughts of thee that cannot rest
  Recall the past to me anew.

Like vernal flower awhile thou bloomed,
  Then passed away forever more—
The heavenly spirit sought and doomed
  Thee to a brighter, happier shore.

Remembrance of thy life is sweet,
  So bright and beautiful wert thou;
For love and truth were wont to meet,
  And wreathe their festoons for thy brow.

So transient was thine earthly stay,
  And soft the influence of thy love,
Oft in my mind the thought hath sway
  Thou wert an angel from above.

Oh! is it true that souls o'er meet
  In yonder skies no more to part?
Then ceases now that fond regret,
  And dies the anguish of my heart.

Honesdale, Pa., 1847. *Dollar Newspaper.*

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY R. D. C.

PART I.

It was a mild autumnal evening in 1814.—The sun had just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was *then* called the "Far West." Jack Frost, that inimitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, from the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the "coat of many colors," as if determined to have at least one grand display before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nesting birds from its embowered recesses carolled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rude chimney of a small "clearing," in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were, a hardy New England Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter.—The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father at "clearing, breaking, and cropping." The members of his humble family were amongst the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented; and had it not been for the difficulty of paying for the lands they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question, they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without, interrupted their meal, and conversation. Lee, the head of the family, answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested "accommodation" for himself and his tired animal until morning.—He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the fireside of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant of one of our Eastern cities. He was wealthy, and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundreds in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, he had accidently become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations, in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence, in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the "East" aint the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be, where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion I can grow with it, and when I die, leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"O! *first rate*, so far, but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The "shiners," are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afeared sometimes, I'll have to give up the land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it. But never mind, we *must* have troubles or else we wouldn't know what we *could* do, if we tried."

These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress and then nestled closer upon his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I do once in a while, feel something like it; but then, *it'll all come out right*,—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've got to work harder! I tell you, if we don't, we'll get no fodder."

"I reckon we can do our share," resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation, for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply,

"Money aint the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality!"

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose, blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the words upon the opposite side of the "clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice,

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah. The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land Office, to keep, till I came to town! He's gone back to the East but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him, some day."

"God bless him," ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheek.

"God bless him," shouted the boys as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

PART II.

Seventeen years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axes of the settlers; the little-cattle path, winding through the woods from house to house, has been superceded, by the well raised turnpike and county road; the little "clearing," has expanded into the well-improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot, where but a few years ago, stood the humble "Public" of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of yon beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine comfortable farm house! Look, too, at that bursting barn, back of it, with the glistening ice-icles, hanging from its projecting caves;—for it is winter;—and at the sleek, well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm, south side, leisurely "chewing their quid," undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uprear of the greedy swine, contending over their evening potations of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are!—and how thrifty appears yon large orchard, although winter has hung ice-icles, where summer would have had leaves and fruit!—How beautifully the star-light shines upon the frozen surface of that little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow! But come! 'tis Christmas time, and we will find good cheer at the farm house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

Ah! a gathering! We have happened in at the right time! These twenty or thirty young people, are guests;—this is a merry-making, and truly they seem determined upon *making-merry.* Now supper is ready, and in are leaving the sitting-room for the spacious kitchen where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meats of every kind await them, while portly pies, cakes, "dough-nuts," sauce, honey, and homemade preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at them.

That hale old man, with the few gray hairs, at the head of the table, is our old acquaintance, Lee?—'Squire Lee—so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady, pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife; and that beautiful *girl*, with the black eyes, and the long dark tresses freely hanging down upon her round white shoulders, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who when we last knew her was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows, are her brothers, William the eldest, and James—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago.

But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting room.

"Now for the good old game of blind man's buff,"—they were unanimous and soon involved in the "chapter of accidents,"—such as making the "blind-man" fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or perhaps some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the outstretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains *do* venture to object to leaving her bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards his elevated seat by the fireside, he good humoredly gives the order to "form cotillion;" regardless, all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the more bashful young men; as in obedience they sidle up, with half averted face, thumbing their coats at the expense of their button holes, each to his appropriate "flame," asking her to become his "pardner," the next dance.

Jerry looks down from his seat with a complacent smile, as the couples arrange themselves; then, with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a few premonitory scrapes, by way of incantation, he launched forth upon the undulating waves of a regular dancing melody. All is mirth and gaiety, as the dance proceeds; and some of the rustic beaux, forgetting, as they became excited, their former bashfulness, venture occasionally to give an "extra flourish," or a more complicated "wing."

Thus passed the evening. The guests had done full justice to themselves and their entertainers, and now it was time to depart for their several homes. This ceremony was at length accomplished, and after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm house was again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chiming in with the merry sleigh bells, had just died away, when the family of Newton were disturbed by the cries from without, proceeding from James, who had just returned, after gallanting home, the mistress of his heart, who lived at a small distance from the farm house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him, leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic *stoop*, supporting the body of a young man from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried enquiries, to which James could only reply that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger laying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to a momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than to merely thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a warm comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and his wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the gray light of breaking dawn, stealing through the half opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the objects in the room, while the sickly flame of the dying candle fitfully flared in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick, nervous breathing, broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long black hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if striving to account for the strange resemblance, which he fancied he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumber of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in the chain which bound him to other days, yet Newton could not solve the mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on vacancy. The next moment he was calm; but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phrensied imagination, he stretched forth his arm beseechingly, and shrieked—

"Oh! hope, hope,—money and friends—money and friends—money and friends and *hope!*—Despair and death! ha! ha! well you fight, which shall have me! but death shall conquer!"

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"'Tis bitter, bitter cold! well, ha! ha! ha! this clean, white snow bank makes a fine death-bed!—and then, that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace."

He paused a moment, gasping for breath; then less wildly, and in a more melancholy tone he continued:

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless;—has Edward Florence come to this?—Has—

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained; "can this be true?—the son of our benefactor thus deserted?"

"My father! mother! but I forgot you are dead, so you can't help me! no, no,—I'll die here by the road-side."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed upon the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God he has been directed to our roof!" at length fervently ejaculated the wife. "He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband. "Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heart felt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke, the fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive debility indicated that weeks would elapse, before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his sufferings, that affectionate solicitude *could do.* Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bed-side; and when during his convalescence, the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tedium of the "leaden-footed" moments. What wonder then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other.

Edward Florence indeed felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before, death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West, the few acres of land, left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money; sickness came upon him; and on the verge of despair and death, he was rescued by the son of him, whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we can not forbear a single glance more.

Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year elapsed, and it finds him in possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away; the fences surround the fields of waving grain; a cottage, neatly built, smiled from the midst of the little grove, just back from the high road—and—shall we look in? The village clergyman, as he joins the hands of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the fervently spoken words of the old farmer—"Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded."

WHO CAN NOT BE RICH.—A Polish woman, who has a stall in the Franklin market, found herself, about five years ago, a widow with four young children, and an estate of just one dollar and fifty cents in money. She did not, however, turn her steps towards the Alms-house, or spend her time in begging from door to door. Though embarrassed by a very poor knowledge of our language, she immediately invested her capital in some articles which she could sell, and commenced operations, employing the children as she could for her assistance. For a year or two past she has had the market stall. A few months ago, she learned that the owner of a good farm of seventy-five acres, in one of the central counties of the State, was very desirous to sell his farm for money. She examined the farm, found a good house, barn, ect., and fifty acres under cultivation. Her twelve shilings had grown to twelve hundred dollars, all safe in the Savings Bank, and she offered it for the farm, and it was accepted,—for it was all in cash.

The Polish widow now has her country estate, where she has been spending some months; though unwilling to retire as yet, she has returned and resumed her stall. What a fine provision for herself and family has she secured by five years of determined effort!—What proof has she made, that this is the land where all may be rich who have health, and where they only who have it not are proper objects of charity. We only hope that this honorable Polish widow will not be tempted to throw herself and her farm away upon some lazy loafer.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness has no soul.—It is a heart of stone encased in iron. Selfishness cannot see the miseries of the world—it cannot feel the pangs of thirst and hunger. It robs its own grave—sells its own bones to the doctor, and its soul to the devil. Who will fight manfully against a selfish disposition? It grows gradually, and when mutual increases rapidly day by day. Prosperity and good luck feed the passion, silver and gold make it laugh outright. Who has not seen the eyes of the selfish water at a good trade?—who has not seen him leap for joy at the rise of flour, while the poor were starving about him? Selfishness is a passion of hell, and good men should labor to keep it there. An anecdote is told of old Barthe, a French author, which may serve to illustrate this passion. He called upon a dying man, to obtain his opinion on a new comedy, and insisted that he should hear him read it. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Aye!" replied the selfish man, "but it will occupy but half the time."—*Portland Tribune.*

OBITUARY EXTRAORDINARY.—The widow of an eminent composer in her obituary of her departed husband, used this language:

"He has left this life and gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

The widow of an eminent pyrotechnist, pleased with the idea, adopted it on a similar occasion, with a slight variation, and remarked of her war-lord that—

"He has gone to that blessed place where only his *fire-works* could be exceeded."

NOVEL WAY OF CHURNING.—We cut the following from an exchange paper:

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I would'nt keep that babe so full of butter as you do."

"Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter."

"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on your knee for nearly two hours. If it does'nt contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for want of churning."

Calhoun and Benton.

Those who take no part in politics, or who look on the two opposing parties as upon two sides of a pyramid—correcting each other's leanings, and holding the strength of the country between them—are still interested sometimes to know the shape in which the corner stones are hewn—the grain and mark from nature with which eminent men are visible to their fellows. The two great southern Democrats, Calhoun and Benton, figuring in strong relief in the Senate, and, in a memorandum-book, wherein we record any chance approach of ours to the personal orbit of a star, we put ink on the impressions we received of these two, in a week's observation, and herewith we present them to our readers—adding only the conjunctions and prepositions, left out, so universally, in things written to be read when one is beyond responsibilities of grammar.

BENTON is a caricature likeness of Louis Phillippe—the same rotundity, the same pear shaped head, and about the same stature.—The physical expression of his face predominates. His lower features are drilled into imperturbable sauvity, while the eye, that undrillable tale-teller, twinkles of inward slyness as a burning lamp-wick does of oil. He is a laborious builder-up of himself—acting by syllogistic forecast, never by impulses.—He is pompously polite, and never abroad without "Executive" manners. He has made up his mind that oratory, if not a national weakness, is an unpresidential accomplishment, and he delivers himself in the Senate with subdued voice, like a judge deciding upon a cause which the other senators had only argued. He wears an ample blue cloak, and a broad-brimmed hat, with a high crown, and lives, and moves, and has his being, in a faith in himself which will remove mountains of credulity. Though representing a state two thousand miles off, he resides regularly at Washington, paying rare and brief visits to his constituency, whose votes he has retained for more than twenty years—an unaccountable exception to the anti-conservative rotation of the country's gifts of office.

MR. CALHOUN lives in his mind, and puts a sort of bathing dress value on his body.—There is a temporary-looking tuck away of his beard and hair, as if they would presently be better combed in another place—mouth and eyes kept clear only for a brief life-swim in the ocean of politics. He is tall, hollow-chested, and emaciated, and both face and figure are concave, with the student's bend forward. He smiles easily when spoken to—indeed with rather a simple facility—though, in longer conversation, he gives his eye to the speaker, barely in recognition of an idea—with a most "*verbum sap*" withdrawal from talkativeness. When speaking in the Senate he is a very startling looking man. His skin lies sallow and loose on the bald frame of his face,—his stiff gray hair spreads over from rather a low forehead with the semi-circular radiation of the smoke from a wheel of fire-works just come to a stand still—the profuse masses of white beard on his throat catch the eye like the smoulder of a fire under his chin—and his eyes bright as coals, move with jumps, as if he thought in electric leaps, from one idea to another. He dresses carelessly, walks the streets absent-mindedly, and is treated with the most marked personal respect and involuntary deference, by his brother Senators and the diplomatists of Washington. He is a great man—probably an ambitious one—but he indignantly denies the charge of "making tracts" for the Presidency.—*Home Journal.*

ADVANTAGES OF LAW.—A young man who studied law in Connecticut, became acquainted with the following facts, which are very remarkable, though not so very singular: A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm, that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damage. The case was committed from court to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last my friend knew of the transaction was, the man who "gained the cause" came to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs! Then houseless, and homeless, he could thrust his hand into his pocket and triumphantly exclaim—"I've beat him!"

ANTIDOTE TO POISONS.—Animal charcoal (freshly prepared ivory black) is an antidote to poisons, especially those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Thus strychnia and nux vomica, and other poisons of this class, when taken mixed with charcoal are perfectly harmless, provided the charcoal is administered in doses proportioned to the quantity of the poison. Three or four grains of strychnia are neutralized by 1 1-2 or 2 ounces of charcoal. Even the effects of arsenic, are greatly diminished by a speedy administration of charcoal. Corrosive sublimate is more surely rendered inert by the white of eggs. Dogs, that have been poisoned by nux vomica, may possibly be cured by charcoal, though it is quite important that it should be administered early, and in large doses, not less 1 1-2 or 2 ounces. In the absence of animal charcoal, administer freely fine fresh charcoal from the fire place.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.—Women in love always think they can live on twopence a day, and bake their husband's bread, or mend their husband's coat, by way of economy. However much desired a state of society may be, in which their devotion might be gratified and repaid, and the twopence a day be found sufficient, it is, nevertheless; (at the present,) an impossibility. Those who marry on an income inadequate to their habitual wants, are generally reproached for the foolishness of the step they have taken by the very man for whom all this economical discomfort was incurred; and those who do not marry in that way are usually upbraided for refusing.