

Crie Weekly Observer.

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Poetry and Miscellany.

LITTLE CHILDREN. BY WILLIAM M. GALLAGHER. Little children! Little children! How the riddle, life, appears in the looks, and ways and questions.

Circumstantial Evidence.

One Saturday afternoon, some years since, about the bar-room of the public house in the little village of S—, on Lake Erie, were gathered a number of gossipping idlers, sea-faring men and farmers.

and then, with a start as if the determination had a spice of the desperate in it, he ascended the stairs and entered the office. An elderly man, with a bald head and wrinkled face, was seated at a table surrounded by books and papers.

"The full moon came out, making the scene light almost as day, and a gentle breeze springing up, I took my coat, fastened it on the broken seat, and with this for a sail, drifted, near as I could make out by the stars, in a north-easterly direction.

When he had finished recounting his strange escape, the lawyer rising abruptly caught him by the arm, and pointed to the open window. They looked and saw a gaunt figure, with sunken eyes, pale cheeks, and long gray hair, in the gloom of the evening, more silently along.

"You've come at last," he growled, as the clergyman approached his bed, took from beneath his cloak, a book, and began the duties pertaining to his sacred mission.

"You've come at last, I thought I'd go down before you got here."

It was time, the village of S— grew to a city. Many of its old citizens had emigrated, or were dead, and among the remaining, the events I have narrated had faded almost into an uncertain legend, when, one sunny afternoon, an elderly gentleman of stand, respectable appearance, accompanied by his wife and children, made his way from the evening steamer to one of the principal hotels.

"Can it be possible? I never forget a face, and yours I saw in a frame work that night that ought to impress it upon my memory for ever. But I thought you dead years ago. Sit down—sit down, and tell me all."

"By morning the wind had somewhat subsided, but so exhausted was I by fear and fatigue, that I was forced to lie down, and soon was sound asleep. When I awoke the sun was setting, and far as I could see on every side, was a dreary waste of water. Strange as it may sound, I was greatly relieved. I feared nothing so much as falling again into the hands of that terrible mob.

"Perhaps no scene ever painted itself on the canvas of real life so startling, weird and strange as this. While the stout-hearted skipper steered the bark, the convict, assisted by four of his companions, led W— to the open boat, and the preacher, kneeling upon the deck, was heard between the puffs of the thunder, far above waves and wind, calling upon Heaven to bless their unholly act.

"The open lake was gained and the wretched man, regardless of his entreaties and screams, was given to the foaming waters. In a glare of lightning, that was followed by a deafening peal of thunder, they saw their victim rise upon a huge wave that plunged into darkness and death beyond.

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A PORTRAIT.

A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face, And slightly melancholy, Which seems to claim a middle place Between one's love and one's hate.

A WAR INCIDENT.

It was at a bloody and critical period of the war in the Peninsula, that Morillo, then commanding the fifth Spanish army, about four thousand strong, in conjunction with Ponce Villemor, passed down the Portuguese frontier to the Lower Guantama, intending to fall on Seville as soon as South should advance to the succor of Badajoz.

Just then, one of the inferior officers returning to his tent, after giving some order to the men, was interrupted by a boy apparently ten years of age, who, seizing his hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, brought him, with piteous entreaties, to procure him admittance to the general.

"You shall see the General, boy, since you wish it," said the officer, in reply to the child's passionate entreaties; "but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas but these French dogs have given us too much trouble already."

"The officer explained his relationship to one of the prisoners about to be executed."

"The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate there was no hope, and that he must begone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the General, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him, with a look of calm resolution worthy of a martyr.

"I will, to save my father!" answered the boy, convulsively.

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Morillo's eyes flashed. The heroism of a child compelled his admiration; but unmoved from his cruel purpose, he smote off the other ear with his still reeking sword.

Female Affection. Capt. Ross was an officer in the English army during the American Revolutionary War. He was much attached to a young lady, whose engagements to him her parents refused to ratify.

They departed together for Philadelphia, where they were immediately married. But alas! the perfect happiness they enjoyed was not of long duration.

It was soon discovered that her lover had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and the venom percolated all her blood. Her husband watched over her with the most tender solicitude; and as he saw one remedy after another fail to restore the health that had been so affectionately sacrificed for him, his hopes gradually settled into despair, and he died, broken-hearted, in the spring of 1778.

Two instances of a similar kind are recorded in history in which the victims were perfectly aware that they sacrificed their own lives to save their husbands.

All the World Admits It. "Admits what? Why, that drinking makes a man a fool, and that a drunken man will do anything. If a man commits a preposterous piece of folly, such as makes a brute seem amazed, without any other evidence, all cry out as with one consent, 'What won't liquor do?'"

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