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# Erie Weekly Obserner. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR,

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Poetry and Miscellany.

OCTOBER.

BY MISS ALICE GAREY. Not the light of the long, blue Summer, Nor the flowery huntress, Spring, Nor the chilly and moaning Winter, Doth peace to my bosom bring,

Like the hazy and red October. When the woods stand have and brown And into the lap of the south land, The flowers are blowing down.

When all night long, in the moonlight, The boughs of the roof tree chafe, And the wind, like the wandering poet, Is singing a mournful wail;

And all day through the cloud-armies, The sunbeams coquettishly rove— For then in my path first unfolded

With bosom as pale as the sea-shell. And soft as the flax unspun. And locks like the nut-brown shadows . Sa the light of the sunken sun,

Came the maiden whose wonderful beauty Enchanted my soul from pain. And gladdened my heart, that can never, No, never be happy again. For away from life's pain and passion,

Like a pale star fading softly From the morning's golden tent. But oft, when the bosom of Autumn Is warm with the Summer beams, We met in the pallid shadows

That border the land of dreams

For seeing my woe through the splendo That hovers about her above,
She puts from her forchead the glory, And listens again to my love.

## THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

From the Metropolitan.

"A year ago - a year ago; how will I make you confess," s'aid Blanche; "can you remember a year

"Perfectle," replied the student. "This very night?"

"This very night. I remember it more perfectly ccause it was my birthday." "What were you'doing? What were you saying?

What were you thinking?". "Doing nothing. Saying nothing."

"Thinking?" "Yes, I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanch, could be more unlike my last birth-day than my pres--alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know che resided. what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and icave without regret. The charities a burial ground. The very grass feeds on the mor-

"I have never seen death," said Blanche. "And to me the dying and the dead are familiar and daily things," said the student. "Yet since They led him to her chamber, and he saw her consigned to the grave-just such a fair hand had with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I

tal part of the immortal. Nay, do not shadder."

"Do not mention them," exclaimed she: "they are but shadows over our happiness."

"Picture me there in my dismal chamber." My lamp burning-my books pround me. Dust accumulating over my manuscripte, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts must write them. I was always more lonely in the summer than in the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inscrutable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power .-Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffication, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. O, Blanche! beleave me that I rejoice to see that smooth

brow-upruffed and unwrinkled by the toil of thought. "Nay," said Blanche, "is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it rufiled by a frown."

"Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument-women by an instantaneous and just conviction. And indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the to the stretch of mental labor which, through the whole of that last birthday, had I been taking this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, nor exchanged wordswith any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night."

"And then you went to your pillow to dream?" "I did not."

"Then whither?"

"Do not ask me."

"I must know," she answered, with petty way-

"Ask me some other question."

"Yes, but first answer this. On your allegiance." "I went to my dissecting room," he said gravely and sadiv.

Blanche hastily snatched away the hand that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turn-

investigation, and went to illustrate and prove the with the loftier spheres. truth of its results. Believe me that I could not inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with its drudgery while I listened to her voice, its gravest strong holds-because I saw the tears of the orphan and the wife that I had labored through many days and had made it my companion through many nights -for so I hoped to repel it in one of its boldest forms

hand?" Seeming'y Blanche did not think so, for she suffer-

ed him to retain it. "And the result?" asked she.

that I became acquainted with you and all other re- b.ngs?", sults were swallowed up in that."

"An "Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to before h min the din light of the land, his eye fix?" when not at study. A man is thinking even while this?" think when I began to feel. The intellect and pas- ed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon ied him, loaned him a considerable sum of money on at work. Why may be not be thinking of somesions can never rule conjointly. The one must tri- his own heart.

umph at the expense of the other. Man might be earth."

"Another doubtful compliment."

It wanted but a weak of the student's next birthday-that next birthday was to be his wedding day. Blanche had deferred it until then. Women have better tact at compliment than men after all.

They were standing at an open window, a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembling, taking no share in the pastime of the hout, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness which belongs not to joy.

"You are silent?" said Blanche. "Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words."

"Fill them with your thoughts." "They may convey thoughts, but not feelings." "They have done for Eve and all her descendants," said Blanche, with a smile.

"Shall I infer," said he "that women feel less than three, for it was the chamber of death. men-that your feelings are less intense than mine?" future to be sad, and you are not so." "Sad, dear Blanche!"

are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your fully made." eye sees me not, and I watch the gathering thought upon your brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countence, I say to mys If that you I think of what thou art; and those powers of the't were never made for the happiness of this fair world." | which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in I am known!" mine."

"Indeed I was not celfish enough to remembe

"And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own indvidual fault; and yet is it not a law of our comness, for sighing, for sorrow! The Student entered those who had laughed at us. In another moment dezvous for the 24th of June, at the residence of the mon nature always to be anticipating the fature than the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber we were all again in the water, the black and myself absent and now imprisoned Juan Costa. enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will with a noiseless step-the presence of death a swimming some distance from the ship. For two forget the future, (is it not curious to forget what greater mystery than that of living kings, though it successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry has never been?) and be happy in the present."

"I will not be happy now," said Blanche. "And why not?" "Because you are leaving me for a week." "To return forever."

The student had returned-all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arand happy.

Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth locked so gaily, nor the world are that seemed superior to all the happiness of this fright being still fresh in our memories. ent. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on the last world's gladness. existence, when your voice recalled me to my prest day of his return. Never had he felt such buoyancy ent happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling of spirit as when he entered the house where Blan- man sympathies, this softening of the heart, which boat if possible, will get between you and him.-

But suddenly a chill came over him-what and why was all this? The house was darkened, the the form of that young girl? Does he think of the of life warmed not for me. My chamber looks into domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above violated sanctity of death? does he think of the sactheir breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe riligious touch of the despoiler of the grave of the hung heavily over all. The student staggered, sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, the touch of human sympathics press around his and was told that-Blunche was dead!

I know you, I confess that I cannot approach them agaid saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapt in Blanche placed within his own when last they par- ed past me. I soon breasted the black, but I could of Nacogdoches, and stormed every position against rattling of the little handful of mean parth on the shood like the veriest infant. last tenement of the earthly frame! It was night when the Student entered his lonely

chamber. The soil of dust was over his mourning garments, but the quiet, self-collected mein betrayed upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those falls, and they could not lower it. neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidness, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lips that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, ter's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.

of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to lived! torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the him, elsewhere rang with the tarousals of protracted mirthful meeting-the board crowned with plentythe wine flowing-the charm of cheerful voices- kept fast cabs, and boasted on his shooting powers, the ringing of merry laughter; but what were these had several very fine dogs, of which he was particto him, except to force on him the contrast between ularly fond, and allowed the largest liberty. Seated between the hearts overflowing with gladness in all ed around, and at length begun to make very (a its varied channels of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul!

"It is over!" said the Student, "this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions -and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself-have I not been loving, doting?-and gradually has all creation narrowed around me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly sountil the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men-the crowd, the herd-they love and are "I knew," he said, "that I should shock and offend loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthly. you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. The passions chain us down to this lower world, Throughout the day I had been pursuing a laborious but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us

"And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does lightly invade the sancity of the dead, or approach it his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, even as with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the the pious love their God! Science scems a soulless speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale in one cheerful word, to one glance of her by Senator Barnwell, and several of the most influenlaughing eye. One snatch of wild melody from her tial citizens of Beanfort, in that State, in which they lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to solemnly pledge themselves "never to employ any the skies, and marks the broad live of demarcation by a Northern crew, to take any part of (their) probetween the sensual and the sage.

"I will be calm however; are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the "The result," answered he. "Oh, the result was heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throb-

If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely forwholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she titude is true nobleness. There stood the Student makes chains of our passions to bind us down to calm in his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silen the intellectual cast of his head partly revealed .- The heat was intense, so much so that the chief Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, who jection to the mental monarchy.

> count the pulse of dying infancy. I am not yet be- dry, there was nothing left but endurance. Some of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the pas- forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water passions, and I who have nothing to hope, can have with longing eyes. little to fear.

"And now to my task."

The student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one more dark and gloomy. Reader, follow, not if death affrights

The Student had surrendered all human passions, "Because I am too happy both in the present and had immolated all human feelings-a stern pleasure took their place-he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creation-the mysteries of the "Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you human frame-that frame so "fearfully and wonder-

Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when "You make me sad in reality, because I have the strange partnership! "When shall I know even as

Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. . The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, and with the most perfect and clear possession of all his fac- the forecastle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. a fair young girl, in the cerements of the grave, cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the and that the Student stood with the long, sharprangements for his expected bride-his relations had pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from concurred in his views-every thing was hopeful all human symathies, all human passions, and aspi-

But stay; -what means this emotion of the hupasses over the features of the atern antugonist, as Strike ont, lads, for God's suke!" he stands with the glittering steel suspended over heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he has just ers, and heard the most awful of earthly sounds, the a mist gathered before his eyes-the strong man

vestments of the grave?-or was it-could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?

dent's mind returned. He lifted the covering from seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed country. Atterwards he amassed a fortune at the who after long watching and an enforced silence, the face, raised the drooping form, drew around her through my mind with the rapidity of lightning. would gladly have heard the sound of any human his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cere-clothes. voice. But words of comfort and offers of service and then, with long and patient care, and with more seemed alike intrusions on the Student. "My lamp, than a mother's trembling tenderness over the couch lot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with and leave me," in deep sepulchral tones of the mas- of her dying infant, sought to win back the trem- agony. We were now ten yards from the ship; fifbling, the uncertain pulses of life. Who can tell ly ropes were thrown to us, but as if by mutual in-The student was alone-alone in the true sense the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief stinct, we swam for the same. and meaning of the word-and that is not when we breathing-times of hope, despair must have paraare solltary in our dwellings, but when the world lyzed his exertions. But at length-oh joy!-the holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the rope at the same instant a slight strugglo ensua companion. It was the saddest and deepest hour the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche

OF Speaking of dogs reminds me of a capital joke that occurred here, and one too of the coulest sort. E-, a well-known sporting man, one who the festal apartment and his own dark chamber- one day in one of the hotels his dogs wander, miliar with a portly old gentleman, who was busily engaged reading. A moment passed, and the cane of the corpulent one was applied with no light hand to the back af the canine. A tremendous yell called S .-- to his feet, with words the entire reverse of

soft upon his tongue. "Who the d-l struck my dog?"

"I did, sir."

"You, did?" "Yes, sir-I did."

"What the h-Il did you strike him for?"

"Because he's mad!" "Mad? He's no more mad than I am?" ".lin't mad? Well, by the Lord I would be if

any body was to strike me so!" The explusion that followed this icy reply cannot well be described; and S-, dog and all, soon vamosed; but which was the maddest of the two it would not be easy to describe.

## Sectionalism.

The Charleston Mercury publishes a card headed ducts to the city of Charleston or elsewhere."

A swindler put up at a hatel in Baltimore and had an accomplice in Philadelphia to telegraph a.box of goods, and was-diddled!

### A CHIP FROM À SAILOB'S LOG.

IT was a dead calm-not a breath of air-the sails dapped against the masts; the helm had lost its powmomento of time, the noble outline of his figure and er, the ship turned her head now wi ere she liked .mate had told the bratswain to keep the watch below thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with -by what discipline the body was brought into sub- thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drank all the previous "I am calm," said the Student, "calm enough to day's allowance, and now that their scuttles were

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tali, powerful young scamen. "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneousv from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty o joke him and call him Sambo.

me. "Febred of shark, hey? Shark nebber bite him-him run like debbel."

I was tempted, and like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spiriteally are the surface of that expanse of snow, now so polluted Beautifully does light approximate with joy and water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and sym-out, "a shark! a shark?" In an instant every one bol of woe. How undeceiving is the instinct of of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, the child, who trembles to be alone in the gloom of half mad with fright-the gallant black amongst the the night, the season of evil spirits, for sad- rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with all classas flew to arms, appointing a general renbe but in a peasants dust, for the impress of the between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from ulties-but we-Oh! we shudder to think there lay We were both straining our atmost, excited by the voice of the coatswain was herd shouting. "A shark! a shark!, Come back, forGod's sake!"

ring to explore those mysteries which occupied the faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As against a villain, may both my mother and my God mind of the Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleas- yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent curse me! I go for one, and-should you all stay

> "Swim, for God's sake!" cried the captain, was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The

shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the wa- leader!" ter, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; he black was striking out like mad for the ship. "Swim, Ned-swim!" cried several voices, "they

never take black when they can get white." Indid swim, and that desparately; the water foamthe shroud-he was among the company of mourn- blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, first, for we each fancied that the last man would carnage being dreadful on both sides; and fortube taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move the nately, among the slain, was the dead body of the ship appeared as far as ever from us:-We were attrocious Ferdinand Pedras. But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it both powerful swimmers, and both swam the French Such was the debut of Rusk in Texas: and from the fiction of his distempered brain?-did the white way, called la brasse, or hand over hand in English. that day his popularity has gone on steadily inhand move?-did the laintest echo of a sigh strike There was something the matter with the boat's creasing, without even a transitory eclipse, or so

> "He sees you now," was shouted: "he is after you." Oh, the agony of that moment!-I thought A moment and all the noble energies of the Stu- of every thing at the same instant, at least so it yet all this time I was striking out madly for the

ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pi-"Hurra! they are saved!-they are alongside!"

was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped ed; I had the highest hold. Regardless of every thing but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed, roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea: nor. I believe, has Sambo been ever again heard to assert that he would swim after a shark, if he met one in the water.

## Watts Street.

A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make me inquiries of his whereabouts. Mon fren, wat is ze name of zis street!"

Well, who said 'twen't?" "What you call zis street?" "Of course we do!"

"Pardonnez! I have not ze name you call him."

game o' me."

"Mon little fren, vere you lif, ch?" AF The Tom-fooleries enacted in Boston in hon-

ton Post: "THE REAL THING!-We have heard that a mu "THE REAL THING!—We have heard that a mu sical amateur, being present in a room where Jenny Lind was the "mark of all observers," saw a fly the bounds of the planet which we inhabit! A trialight upon her cheek. Jenny brushed it off, the tumph only to be transcended when the planets shall gentlemen's eye followed the fly till he saw it alight on a window; there he captured it; and pouring from of approach. And now will my touch pollute your win me from that noble philosophy which mounts conster owned by a citizen of the North, or manne! his snuff box its contents, he put the fly therein, raised the box to his lips, and then reverently place it in his besom. The buzz of that fly was sweeter

than a flageolet." GOOD ADVICE .- Resolve to edge in a little readhim that his wife was ill. He made arrangements ing every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you The Student laid his watch before him-melan- to return, but must get his goods packed up. On gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt "Shall I thank or chide you for that compliment? choly thing whereby we measure life!—he laid it returning to supper, another dispatch came that his at the end of a year. Regulate your thoughts thing that is useful!

## RISE OF SENATOR RUSK

The tragedy of Nacogdoches, and the romantic incidents which led to the Texan war of Independence, find their parallel only in the Roman history of Lucrotia and the elder Brutus, Juan Costa was a person of great influence and bravery to the wild forests, but he fell under the displeasure of Santa Anna, and his minion Pedras, the commandant of Nacogdoches, was sent to arrest him. He arrested the father at his suppor table, attended by his only daughter-a young girl of surprising beauty and intelligence. He loaded him with chains and cast yond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant him into prison, notwithstanding her teats and entreaties. Finally he proposed to free the father, if the daughter would consent to sacrafice her innocence and honor. She rejected the infamous proposition with a blow in the face, when the armed ruffian swore a horrible oath to execute his will on

them both, and then •. • • • With dark eyes, tearless, glassy, fixed as those of jolly good bath when the second mate goes to din- a corpse, yet flashing a double portion of luminous ner." In about half an hour the bell rang. The fire, she mounted a horse and hurried away wildly around the country. She halted at every house, no sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck | matter whether Mexican or American, and rehearsrousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast- ed in tones of thrilling horror, her father's wrongs of-Africa nigger, of the name of Leigh; they used and her own. All timid modesty, all weakness had vanished from her tongue, utterly consumed by the "You no swim to-day, Ned," said he-addressing scorching thirst for revenge. She painted in passion's fiery language, and with awful minuteness, me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after the facts of the damning deed; she bared her virgin bosom, and showed the livid marks of the ravisher's fingers among the mazes of those azure veins, along the black leading. We had scearcely been in the and soiled, but before pure as the gleam of an an-

gel's wing. And still, wherever the beautiful maid wandered, a deafening yell of wrath and vengeance rose no against the tyrants. The people of both races and

It was there debated by the people, as to the mode of attack, and who should be their leader; but nothing being agreed on, the whole assemblage bid fair to break up in confusion, when a tall and powerfully built stranger, who had just entered Texas from the States, came forward and addressed the multitude as follows:

"I am a stranger, but I am also a man; and lowe my life, soul, body, Lealth, happiness-all-all to a woman-my mother? And if I turn a deaf ear to "hay sft, and lower the cutter down," then came the prayers of an innocent woman, asking my aid behind-alone to fight Col. Pedras and his armed who ravishers of your wives and daughters!"

The speech was received with three tremendous cheers, and then a general shout, that seemed to shake the solid earth, uttered the first peal of the My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child revolution. "We will go! Death to the tyrants! as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large Freedom for Texar, and the giant shall be our

And then for the first time, was heard in the land of the wild oak, a name destined to become an echo to the pulsation of all hearts—the name of Thomas J. Rush. The next day he led his raw troops to the attack

not head him. We both strained every nerve to be immense odds, after an assault of four hours, the

much as a cloud to dim its splendor. In vain, for three years, Gen. Cos demanded his arrest. Mexico had not soldiers enough to take him, and in 1835 6 he assisted to chase the last of these out of the Texan bar, and was chosen one of the first Senators of the New State annexed-a place which he may hold for life, if he wills it.

Rusk is the only public man in Texas that has never engaged in a duel; and for this single reason, to honorable to himself-he never had a personal enemy in the world. To conclude, he is a Titan in physical force, with the loving soul of a happy child. He is not distinguished by eloquence of speech, but : his laugh is sometimes divine—the clear ring of a

#### heart, sound to the very centre. Girdling the Globe.

A writer in the London Merchant's Magazine, talk's of a magnetic telegraph around the world as among the probabilities. His remarks are oprepos of the attempt to thread the channel between Dover and Calais, by a submerged rope of wire. He eays that an electric felegraph to Calais is not a thing which will stop there. It is a telegraph to Viedna, to Moscow, to Constantinople, to Ispalian, to Delhi, to Calcutta-to the remotest bounds, in short, of Europe and Asia. A few years ago, people laughed when Lord Palmerston predicted at the Southampton meeting of the British Association; that a time might come when the dinl ster of the day, being asked in Parliament whether it was true that a war had broken out in Indie, would reply, "Wait an instant till I telegraph the Governor-General, and I will tell you." What was thought but a good joke Yes, Watts you call it."

"Watts street?"

"Watts street; old feller; and don't you go to make your o' me."

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times

"Will tell you." What was thought but a good joke in 1850, in the course of being actually accomplished, and ere a few years more, is likely to take its place amongst the sober realities of the age. Nor to the old world alone need our views of the ultimate progress of electro-telegraphing be confined; for, since the English channel has been oftin, vill you tell to me ze name of ze street—eh? crossed, the crossing of the Irish must follow; as but "Watts street, I told yer. Yer drunk, aint yer?" lies but a couple of thousand miles of water or so between the old world and the new. The old and new world being thus united, we should then see the dream of the poet even more than realized; the or of Jenny Lind, are thus "taken off" by the Bos- earth "girdled round about"-not in "forty minutes." but in a thousandth part of the time-a single beat of the clock. What would all other tri-

themselves begin to telegraph one another-which is one of the very few things which, in this age of art-miracles, one would venture without hesitation

TAKING ONE'S PART .- A gentleman of some notoriety at the west of the town, was the other day met by a friend who told him he had just left aperson who spoke very contemptuously of him, "Of me?—what did he say!"

"Why he said you were over head and ears in dept, that you paid nobpdy, and as for your word, it wasn't worth a button." "And what," replied the other, "did you say to

"Why," rejoined the friend, warmly, "I said it