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ing Block, State street, Erre.

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ARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by

Poetcy and Miscellany. AUTUMN THOUGHTS. BY MARGARET SMITTIL Gove bath the Spring, with all its flowers, And gone the Summer's pomp an I show, And Autumn, in his leafters howers, Is waiting for the Winter's snow

I said to Earth, so cold and gray, "An emblem of myself thou arti" "Not so," the Earth did seein to say, "For Spring shall warm my frozen heart." I snothe my wintry sleep with dreams

Of warmer sun and sefter rain, And wait to hear the sound of stream And songs of merry birds again. But thou, from whom the Spring both cone. For whom the flowers no longer blow, Who standest blighted and forlors,

No Spring revive thy wasted flowers.

and THE WEDDING GARMENT

A Tale of Truth.

gence di its energies, in man becomes a ferocity; in wopatience support, or submission subdue-but death can OLIVER SPAFFORD, 1

Bookseller and Stationer, and Manual currenof Brank Books and Writing Inv. concer of the Diamond and is ath steel.

Writing Inv. concer of the Diamond and is ath steel.

blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around should have been wished, or of whom, as Christians, we blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around should have been to forgive. dares that of a woman.

Whotzaik and Retail Desier in Family Groceries, Creckery, son with her mother, and Jooking at them, I assure the a passing cloud; yet, did it not on that account, cosm the EP. The lughest price paid for Country Produces, Co. was passessed by the Marquis of H-, though the ive- But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. There. Marchant Tatter, and Habit Maler.—Finer, No. 5 Reed's Block, rice fell from under his arctocratic manuel vibrations, there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild togand ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, round sing of the arms, the agonized wringing of the hands

poor has, and the excellent state of morals of our poor. the effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors mother. Start not! This is an unexaggerated fact .himself must have felt pity to behold. This was the too much sovereignty over her. dark, the dangerous part of her life. She, looked at her wailing infant-she saw it press the unfilled, the flaccid, milkless becom, and she winsed it dead. How he lived is neteriously avaricious. It is sheft whist, a terrible through these three years of rags and wretcheduces she provocation of short tempers. She and her partner are never could tell: she was not vet nineteen when her really playing admirably-yet they recriminate. Mrs. misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her C's money and good humor are fast gong—there is the husband lay ill on the last stage of a rapid decline. — latter is entirely gone —that last hand did the business. While the man was dying, two parishes, each of which the crowds of the well fed and the gay, to seek reduces at You will parden me, sir, but I never saw any one play the hands of the magistrate, against the inhumanity of worse," the overseer. The day was bright and sunny, she was and were I to quit this whimpering brat, I am not wenty humble in mind, and the meek in carriage. -my beauty may return—I can shift for myself were I quit of him!". It was a diabolical thought. She was in some emphasis on the word lady? "I have lest-to yes just a crowded thoroughfare-she did not attempt to losse fifty-three severeigns this evening." him-no, I will never believe it, I am myself a fatherbut she was carcless, abstracted and reckloss. That roplied mildly, "I am roall very sorry for it." night she was a widow and childlese.

blame to themselves-magnanimous souls! They had money as you have sorrow at winning it." notides the case was one of extremity. However, they were pious folks; their pows at the parish church were decorated with crimsoned curtains moving upon bright brann reds; consequently they teld the widow that "God bitter aloes to Mrs. C; she took, however, no notice of it. fort, but she could not; her little Alfred! Whether the parish outhorities were very assiduous

-he was never found; but this we know, when Mr. Blosler, the overseer, met Mr. Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening, in the well formished apartmonts of the master of the workhouse, they congratuisted each other and the parish over an excellent bottle of port, at the expense of the said parish, at their good buck in getting rid, in one day, of two such encumbrances as the father and the son. God had, ne doubt, "taken" them both-so they pronounced it a God-'soild."

Let us pass rapidly ever the next filteen wars of Ana life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter stankles, a middle walk through fire and water without, a muscle quivering aged batheler, neard of her stern, so he took Ara upon are all ever nerve when they come to a card-table. De trist, as his housemaid. Her bequity returned, if panel- not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Bankles."

ble, with increasing splendor. Sir Peter, after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well: afterward an education; as he said he intended her to succeed his housekeeper; he was his own steward. So she was play." taught dancing, music, French and Italian, in order the better to be able to check the bakers' and butcher' bille. The old housekeeper opened her eyes; she however. opened them egain in quiet staisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his dminterduces. Now it was well known that everybody who knew Sir Peter, and everybody who knew Aus, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of the journeyman baker, so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said "that it was improper and scandalous," and they dared him to do it; he did it-only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper-

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just clear of her first year of widowhood, resplendant in beauty, stepping into her well appointed carringe, in order to make one at a dinner party in Brunswick Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Candersom, of the Honorable East India Company's alien for your acquiescence-let the stakes be but five very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of my friends, or forgive my enemies', and if you are those of whose intimacy—it is the moral we wish to in- going to give so largely to a charity, I sincerely wish you so almost repentant in the countenance of the hosters. culcate—we about beware. "I never forget my friends. Buyshon, when opportunity permits the full indal- and never fergive my enemics," was continually in her of the poor, she commonced playing by placing her large mouth, and, at last, the leatter part in her heart. For the man malignity. The former carriage may overcome, first cluuse of her creed, I never know that her friends four kings into her lap. Her opposent saw it. were very grateful; how she acted on the second will only relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve shortly be shown. To apply her apporism to herself, I only relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve shortly be shown. To apply her apporism to herself, I beautiful—bless fish bright eyes!—do it daringly and desus did I say? No, the breath of that baneful passion know no one whose actions so much forgetfulness ought perafely, with a frankness that is quite charbaily. Oh!

wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

it. That person is brave who can conscientiously say. Let us how suppose Mrs. Colonel Canderson to have he four the resentment of no man—but he is a fool who filled her two drawing rooms with her evening party, in their souls for heaven, cheat piously and secretly, in or addition to her dinner guests; that she has left the task Bonnly, thou art a dangerous but a bright mantle- of making the "comfortable"-a word not yet explored there is fire, too, in the brightness; for sometimes, like in Brunswick Square-to her toady, and has mude herthe slim of Dejmira, thou art fatal to the wearer-some- self so at her whist table, for she has got a shrivelled, times, like a flower that is withered up by the sun, do- adult, reguish lawyer for her pattner, and Lady Rankles structive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson is all smiles, but they good or for evil, Anni Wilkins had more than a mertal's are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond the ali-benutiful appearance, of Lady Rankles, was, on parents of her father she knew little-he disappeared that memorable night not beyond alk description, for I when she had attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no could describe it-but I will not. I held the rememdoubt in some of those gullies of wretchedness that per- brance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of forate the heart of this metropolis-he was heard of no his affigueed in his bosom, not to be obtruded on the eye more. Hor mother, a practical political economist, she, of the inquisitive, the cold or the worldly. There is in the neighborhood of Paddington, verified one of the nothing like training after all-for who would ever imprircipal dogmas-the turning into the utmost profit agined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that their residum, the caput mortuum of the raw material—so agitate the beasons of the beholders, once agitated the she gained her livelihood by sifting the cinders—a dirty, einder sieve. The expression of her countenance is but certainly an honorable employ-and, thanks to the that of a subdued joyousness. Once, or perhaps twice U. BIEGEL.

Carelespiecs of our metropolitian menials, not altogether, in the course of the day, a little obsence of manner, and Legacie. Fight, &c., &c. Circuit of French and Path Streets. Mrs. Wilkins' inquisitorial researches.

Till Ann was carele specs of our metropolitian menials, not altogether, in the course of the day, a little obsence of manner, and

and glowing, with eyes that could madden, and lips that "My Alfred, my little angel!" And in the darkness of senid saids away valuess. At fourteen her companious the night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, began to treat her as a woman; she no longer sifted, the icy hands of retribution lay heavy on ber heart, and shooless and stockingles she gave herself airs, and beg- then the childless mother felt the borrer of heightgod people to behave genteelly-had a smart dress, clean aned by the dread of death. How often did she gean white cotton stockings, and protty sandaled shops, for over every moment of that fatal morning, how fearfully Sandars-that, was a foot-never mind-why should exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in 18. MERVIN SAliffi.

Atherwix at Law and Justice by the Peace, and Agent for the key Store Natural Life Insurance Company—Orace I doors thinking of her hand.

We see that affinity between strong contrasts.—

W. M. KNOWLTON & SON.

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts.—

tion for what she wished, but could not call her passive to the could not could not call her passive to the could not could not call her passive to the call her passive to the could not call her passive to the call her pa crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of eighteen years of age, saw, and loved. They both were fire upon her brain, that when she missed the Mark Son. the cheek -ch! that beared him! -and exchained, "Good ber distanced mouth, and she fell in a paroxysm on the powdered profusely—there was sympathy in that—the gry sobber from her side, she did not look back until she difference was in the color. Owing to our excellent hoped, until she knew, that looking back was fruitless .- My door, door Lady Rankles, it has been a just altogher. on one of his knees, and wiped carefully away the small She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams-"Oh! God. I did not walk faster-I did not committed the great mistake-marriage-and Aun Wil- | walk faster," "The flattering unction" would not lie kins as was, and Ann Rout as is to use the Padding upon her soul-and the horrible word infanticide, would T. W. MOCORIO.

DEALER in Grocerics. Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, ton palois, was at a little more than the age of fifteen, a quiver upon therdips. Then when her compunction was at a little more than the age of fifteen, a quiver upon therdips. Then when her compunction was at a little more than the age of fifteen, a quiver upon therdips.

The when her compunction was at a little more than the age of fifteen, a quiver upon therdips. of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, for The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy. | uncounted hours, uttering only these words, "My poor, was fast stakings down into the sickly, and the dowdy, poor, hungry Alfred!" But these paroxyems were not dirty mother of for life. Then came the parish medical of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under audidance, and the begrudged relief, and the obtained them. They were gradually brought on by sceing chilgin, when food itself was attainable; the lowering look, dren of about the age of the one she had look, weep.the heavier blow of the boy husband. His time was Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and out, and his employment precarious. What God inten- that was in repentance and prayer. It made her think of own house, for the next day, again kined her tormenter, ded Ann to be, it would be impiety to presume, but what heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, she was-what man had made her-even the evil out had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have beld

This levely being is now playing whist against her hostess. The stakes are rather high-Mrs. Canderson

"Mr. Odit," says Mrs. Canderson, flinging down her was disputing who should not be incumbered with his less with with much asperity, "I think if you cannot hanbenes refused relief. Things were in this state when die parchment better than you do pasteboard, you coght Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through not in conscionce, to undertake any man's law business.

"Madam," said the lawyer, howing sarcastically, "the thrust hither and thither by better-dressed people, she blame of my loss, this evening, lies between three parties new shops overloaded with delicate viands-her child myself dame fortune, and my partner. Of the three, I cried for them-that cry irritated her, she was berself really can exenerate myself." Mrs. Canderson was going very, very hungry. Ye who have never hungered, be to reply, but seeing a titter upon the countenances of the merciful in your condomnation. On that day, at that standers by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite moment her heart hardened; she who had, through all vituperative tilting, would be only kicking against the misery, never yet bean selfish, now entered her soul .- pricks; so, she like all cowardly spirits, turned round with She said to herself: "Yes, be will die, and she was glad, her phiel of wrath britisful, to pour it on the head of the

"Lady Rankles," said the hostroes, with a most omi-

"If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs. Canderson," "Gives me pain indeed! I should not have though of Then people were kind to her. The overseer took it-I believe I had not just as much pain at lesing this

> "Never said a trace, word, by Japros," said a from the erowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankies whenever she went in public. This was wormwood and me my revenge at ccurte?"

> 1. Why, really, I had almost made a vow never again to and it is late; but as I see that you he see your mind upon it, we will have a game on two." "Then, I assure you, i' must be for very high stakes,

> or I shall held you or aven; come, you have wen between fifty and sixty " ounds of me, twenty pounds a game." "Oh, pe , no!" en?" and "ne hestoes began to shuffle the cards with

onlaires." 'sea, indeed; it would go against my conscience.' "An conscience; well some esasciences that would

. "I ferrently hope not. It really dose go against my her youth, the expression is correct, for at no time did life passed in the vicinity, she never lost sight. She onesisnos, and I had already made up my mind to give she feel more voudiful. the sum that I have won to-night to some charity. So, you con, if you win this back of me, your are winning place, with splendid privacy in Mrs. Canderson's draw- quaintance. She kept the secret inviolably from all but from the poor and the unfortunate; really I am loath to ing-room; how anxiously she paces, from room to room.

"Well, as you please, Lady Rankles," said Mrs. Canderson, with a fiendish mulignity; "but in return for your money to a charity, but take care that it to the Foundling shows her how otherate have been all the preparations,

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed Kady Rankies, she could not have been more horrorstruck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this very dreadful weman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be, was like the blast of lightning. Yet, with a wonderful offert, she prevented herself from fainting; and though deadly pale, she bow-Sir Peter had his roward-she made him an excellent ed her head as in submission to a chasticement from Heaven, and acarcoly a thought of her mortal tromentor, said her drink her fill. Oh!" said she solemnly, "sufficient with humility, Mrs. Canderson, I will play for whatever you please."

The hostone again mantling her face over with artificial smiles, said, "Well, then, in deference to your scruples, that I really respect, I will meet you with considerservice; rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty and not guiness. I am a plain honest woman that never forgets may double your gaine." And in her real for the good that it was a fearful thing even to look upon it. She then white handkerchief on the table and dropping two of the

> Ladies cheat at cards-sometimes. The young and they avow it, and laugh at you. An excellent one, if it did not cout us poor "masculine hamans" such an imprortal deal of money. Elderly ladies who are preparing der that they may put two chillings into the plate at the doot of the chapel or church, when they have a charity sermon, instead of one. The devout, onse dost secretly, because they know that they are speaking of their good decde, "not to let the right hand know what the left doeth So praiseworthy an end sanctifies the means, Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes.

Lady Rankles soon lest all that she had won, and few nounds over. Play had ceased in the other quarters of the room. Many had already left and almost all that had remained had collected round the two antagonists,-The loser rose—the winner grew angry, and again began to be sarcastic. She still kept her seal and continued shuffling the cards. Lady Rankles' nationce and for bearance were first giving way to the attacks of the other; at length, after one more rade than the rest she said with great dignity, "Mrs. Canderson, while I hold any of your money, I permitted you to get it back in your own manner, but I can go no farther. I cannot rick my own money with a lady, who, every deal, of accident course by drops one or two cards into her lap."

"Women," said the tigree, "it is falic!" "It is true!" said her ladyship, and approaching her ppenent, enderfored to remove the handkerchief that lay parily on the edge of the table, and parily on her lap, band, and your descried son!" Something like a scalle ensued. Mrs. Canderson areas

kings. There was a dead silence for half a minute. At feefich Mrs. Candaroon come up the Lady Rankles, and winepering in her ear, attered these words-"Card dranping se not, after all, so bad as child dropping!"

It was then that Lady Rankies appeared to be the guilty party. Who staggered to her chair, and seemed ready to faint. Mes. Camierion was a great general; she knew time to give way to indigustion, she ran up to her lady-Not one farthing of the money that you think that you have lest at courte, was ever intended to be taken. Come here. Miss. Crums. and tell Lady Ranking if all this was ant a niemand thing!"

The leady advanced and explained with see ance, "To be suce it was a plaumed thing."

"A planned thing," echoed the guests, who under moniously departed. Lady Rankles returned the kies of peace, took back ber meney, laughed at it, with the room with her hostess; gave her, and twe or three and took ber leave.

When they both found themselves alone, one, said, "Gracious God! dees she know my secret?,Impessible inpossible! Yet she must not be preveked." The other. "I never forget my friends, nor forgire my one miss," with bitter emphasis on the four last words.

It was not long scfore Mrs. Canderson recovered that estimation in her ewa set, that the transaction of the memorable night had taken from her. However, the two have not yet called me-'ma her!" windows became incoperable .- Nothing that attention fluttery, or soul could do was left undone by Mrs. Canderson to win the affection of Lady Rankles. ' She succeed ed. About this time Mrs. Canderson invited to her house a Captain Templetower, a five, handseme youth of oneand-tweery, gentle in his manners, manly in his beating, and, "with all good graces that do grace a goatleman." He was Mrs. C's nephew, her only nephew: and andoubtedly her favorite, and heir to her very considerable property. Lady Mankles admired from the first moment she beheld him. Young Earnest | was equally struck with the rich and beautiful widow; and though years were certainly not in her fever, in youthful appearance they assured nearly south. They were a hap py trie Young Barnest was all gratitude and love, and develon-Mrs. Canderson all affection; her sature seemed to have wadergone a campe-her escanional asper ity of manner to be entirely subdaed-oven whist and courte had lost for her half their attraction. All he ener- a few gords, merely to eatisfy the curious. She had had, gies were concentrated in premoting the hapiness of her neuhew and her friend; Lady Rankles had accepted him. Sue now began to taste a happiness at once projonate and pure; dearly she loved that boadcome, youth, and richly was the generous love deserved ...

But no one new apparered so in rous as the aunt. The bridel was fixed. "me ha" souled an ample allowance upon tier neple ew so male, indeed, that she would, to carry it ato effect, much straighten her own circumstanwilled everything for the best," and bade her take com- "But, perhaps her ladythip will have the goodness to give to best," and bade her take comwould so it.-Her friend and her nephew happy, was Lappiness enough for her; let an old woman have her in their search after the lost little pasper, we know set play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it. ewn way; but one thing she must insist, that she alone should provide the "wadding drass." This of course was readily granted; but as the day grew near, no one, not evan the bride was allowed to peep at it. There were several young persons at work at Mrs. Canderson's, but it seemed as if they had been sworn to secrecy; for not a behind. She watched her down the long street, and novwerd respecting this wenderful dress could be extracted from thom.

It is the wedding morning, . The ceremony is to take examining that everything has a bridal appearance! La- | ces might make it necessary. dy Rankles arrives; two coaches and four at the dooreverything looks brilliant. The bridegroom and Mrs. very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me Charderson receive her. The somewhat agitated heeto give you a piece of excellent moral advice. Give the | tess hurries the bride through the various apartments, what care has been bestowed to make the decerations worthy of the occasion and the parties. She is taken to the windows and again made to observe the apleador of the equipages, a present from her to her dear nephew. which dear nephew begins to grow a little impatient! "Why, dear aunt, expetiate so long apon these mer

banhba?" "Boy," said she, "Lady Rankles may never again have such sweet feelings, such numixed enjoyment-let

to the day shall we find the evil thereof." "This is an unluckey quotation, however, aunt; hough from so excellent a book, for my bridal morning. The bride, etrack with something excessively singular a the manner of Mrs. Canderson, said, "God in his mercy grant that it may not be appropriate!" "Lady Rankles, I cannot say, amen."

There appeared new an expression so deeply sorrowful, continued-

"Follow me, Lady Rankles, and you, Extrest, come with us I am about to present to your affinced bride her wedding dress. It may not be so splendid as she expects, but it is one that she will never forget

As they proceeded towards Mrs. Canderson's boudoir her gaiety had apparently returned. She used some sparkling impertinences that are so common-place or narriage mernings, that both her followers conceived that the dark cloud had passed from her. Here would l pause; but I have imposed a tax upon myself, and bitter as it is, that task I will complete. Behald the three in the boudoir, the door of which the owner has carefully closed. She grew very pale, and appeared to be terrified at the act which she was about to commit.-Twice she strove for utterance, and twice nothing but an instinctive murmur escaped her lips. At length a shrill anatural voice burst from her, and producing a common ooking did deal box she spoke thus;

"Lady Rankles, this is your wedding day. I have onceived it-I have labored for it-I have prayed for it -and I have achieved it-I never forget my friends, on FORESTE MY ENEMIES!-This day you shall be welded, but wedded to misery inexhaustible.* "My dear annt?"

"Gracious heavene! what do you mean!"-were the imultaneous exclumation of her alarmed auditors. "That I never forgive my enemies. This madam, i

your wedding day! And that !- throwing at her feet some rage that formed, apparently the dress of a child in very hamble life, "that is your wedding dress; and so sure as God will punish meditated infanticide, and so sere as I stand here an avenged woman, so care is the bridegroom that is trembling there before you. Alfred Runt, the owner of that dress, at enge your afficinced hus-

"Aye, moneter, if you will! The curse of God and of outraged nature lies between you and year loves; but still she may make you a very decent mother, though she did abanden you to starve in the streets. But beware of the motherly hiss, of the filial embrace, there may be in them an unboly fire. I say, young man, beware!"

Intherio had the agonised mother preserved a silence that appeared like stapefaction, yet was not. It was the that her reputation was at stake, and, before surprise had awfal concentration of all direful fancies, of all horrible thoughts; but the frame could no longer bear this intensity of suffering. One long, wild chrick, escaped from hoavened! I trust that I have not corried the joke too far! | floor. Alfred rushed to support here he held her head streams of blood that issued from her nestrile and the corners of her mouth, and eace kissed the clammy and insensible forehead of his apparently dying parent; while the pale witch, her executioner, stood ever the group, and extending her long, skinny fingers towards him again croaked out her sepulchrai "Boware!"

Notwithstanding the dangerous symptoms of her fit, Larly Rankies slewly recovered. She rose, she railied. and with the awful dignity of anutterable misery, sho bursting heart, as an excellent joke, walked up and down thus addressed her turtuper: "Woman! you think I am. going to curse you. God, in his unspeakable goodness, who were near, an invitation for a dinner party at her forbid! I am a humbled a debased a guilty creature; yet massch; I will pray for you-I will blees you! Sec me here, in unfeigued humility kneel at your feet, and revereatly kies the hem of your garment, for showing me this great mercy in thus stopping me short of lacxpiable crime. God bless you for it! and may be turn your wicked heart. Come, my son, my son. My little Alfred, let us leave this wretched woman. Do you know, my boy, that I am nearly forty? How could I have been so deceived? You really look very, very young. You

"My dear mother!" said the distracted youth, kneel-

ing before her. "Do you see that?" said the triumphant parent, "my boy kacels for my blessing! and what demon shall stand by and say, that I shall not bless him and embrace him?" and then, with uplifted hands, she prayed silently over him for a space, blessed him andibly, and placed the maternal kies spon his cheek. "Now, my son," she continued. "led me from this wretched place." As Alfred was leading his mether reverently away. Mrs. Canderson called out to him, "Captain Templetower, I wish not to quarrel with you."

"I know you no more," was the 'iriof and stern roply. We have finished. We detect winding up. The mother became happier than the wife would probably have been, the son than the husband. Mrs. Canderson could not tell the story to her own credit. How she come with Alfred for a nephew, she could not tell at all; we will in many years ago, some, passages of love with the late Col. Canderson. 'He was about to leave her when he was a lieutenant, and she but a miss, in a delicate situa- ines he seen the family of a shepherd who is distributing tion, as she was pleased to say. He was horogable, and her affirmation procured her a hasty marriage immedi- "Tree." ately before he sailed for India. She duly wrote bim tidings of her safe delivery of a fine boy, &c., charges of housekeeping and nursing were heavy, and he as duly bashful temperament, acrewed his courage to the sent remittances to meet them, and, some four years afterwards he was expected home daily, and the child that she then, as Mrs. Runt, would have so willingly given and over her snow-white dress. Of course she im-

On the unhappy meraing for the then miserable Ann. Mrs. Canderson had marked her unquiet eye, her faltoring step, her haggard features, she saw the child trailed unwillingly after her, and too willingly allowed to lag er doubted for a moment, from her whole demeaner, that she intended to leave it to its fate. The child, as see our narative, or we would gladly before mentioned, was subsequently cried, and bills were expeliate upon the benetiful, the noble character of young | posted, that fully sequalated Mrs. C. who were the par-Ernest Templetower, of the entrancing facility of his onts, and she satisfied herself upon every particular conweeing, and of the many excellencies of heart that this corning it. The boy was sent into the country to name, ness state of feeling elicited from our old friend Ana. but Mrs. Canderson remained on the spot, almost a Now, for the first time, at thirty-fire, she began to enjoy neighber to the mother, of whom, as all the events of her a Wheeling paper.

therefore traced her through all her gradations, and when she removed farther from lier, contrived to form her asher kusband, intending to act, no doubt, as circumstan-

The Colonel loved the child dearly, and believed it to be his own. He quarrelled with his wife one fine daya thing naturally to be expected-and she, acting up to her rule of always revenging, strack a deadly blow at his peace of mind, by telling him the truth about the child, se so much loved. As there was entailed property in the family, he was too principled to wish to continue the deception to the injury of the heir-at-law; but he treated him still as son, though that name was changed late nephew. All the property that could be legally deviced to Alfred, the Colonel left him. May be long live to enjoy it!—London Metropolitam.

After a Pile. "Look here, you, " said a new gold hunter the other lay, as he planted himself in one of our case seat chain 'are you the editor of this 3 x 4 sheet?"

We drew eurself up with a severe attempt at dignity. and signified that we had that henor. "Then you are jist the feller I want to talk a spell

We metioned to him to proceed, and after setting his hat down, and turning the other end of the stick he was whittling, he drew one eyelid dewn into a most significant

wink as he remarked: "I'm after a rick, stranger.",

We nodded our assent. "And I want to get it in the little shortest space of

time." added he. We ventured to state that most se California, desired to effect the same object.

"Well, I reckin they do," said he, "but the deraid cols go cuttin' round in the gulleys and pirectin through the criks, and prospectin in the monte banks, but I'm a mite too cute to go a foolin any time arter sich notions. Your see, I'm a married man, stranger, and hev get mx children, and the hull lot of 'em are awful emart; and my old woman aint slow, I reckin. She was a daughter of old Nathan Peabody, of Lowell; year knew Nathan don't roou! What! yeon did ut know him? Well, he was a esperate smart old man. He used to make about the best ginger beer your ever put in your stemic. Well, as I was sayin, my wife was his eldest gal, except his son Hezekish, a propper smart young feller he was, tow -he need to go down South every year, and the way he used to sunke in Uncle Sam's far his tin ware war'nt slow. Your know him, I recken-if you'ev ever him South your seed him. No: you did'ut know? Wall. du telt! Guess your hain't bin round the States much. Well, as I was tellin, I sloop with his sister; and in obout the last seven years, we her bin gettin along rite charp in the way of increasin the family; and my wife says to me, says she, "Zockil, do you knew what I'm longin for?" Well I knew if she was a longin for anything I had better get it, for I always had to do it-be yeon a married man stranger? oh! yeon be-well then, said I, what in the airth do yoon want, Grace? said I.

"Well," said she, "Zook, I want a few specimens." I looked around on the children—I believe I teld your I had six-well, I looked at 'em; and said I Grace, I reckein I've given yeen a pooty good share of em; enough tew staisly any reasonable warman." Save she "go long: I don't mean nothin of the kind-I want some Californy specimens."

She blurted it right out, and I know if she was langing arter them she had to hev 'em, so she has just gin me six months—that's a month for each child—to cum went here and geta pile; so now yoou tell me where it kin be raked up in a lectle the shortest space of time. I'm arter it with a sharp pick and a hot shovel; and son press fellows know where it can be got, if you'll only toff."

We ventured to reccommend the Scerpion Guich. "No yeon don't stranger," said he; "I aint gain' te my place to git bit with varmints. Wher's the Mary

We endeavored to direct the route. "It sint no grant to a Mexikin gal of that name, is it?"

manired be We enswered him it was not.

"Well, then, I'm arter Mary Peser's apocimen's: but wouldn't go and dig in her gulch of she owned it under Mexikin grant, for my owld woman made me promise to keep out of them sonoritta diggings. Good bye," said he, "of I get the pile, I'll christen the next specimen F have at home, arter you: I'll be darned if I dentify and away dashed our eastern friend, in search of that pile!-Stockion Cal. Journal.

Meyer Give a Kick for a Hit.

I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where steed many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereapon, the neighbor Licked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the care some freety morning." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my shildren; remember how the fight in the yard began. Nevar give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

The Cow Tree.

On the parched side of a rock in Verezuela, grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely ponetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shewer, its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at ausrise that the vegetable foretain flows most freely. At that, time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spet, while others carry them beme to their skildren. One imagthe mil's of his flock. Its name is Palo de Vaca, or Cow

AWKWARD,-A fellow, the other evening, of sticking point," as Shakspear says, and actually dared to "pop the question, to a young lady, who, in accordance with costom, immediately fainted. he had been so lavish in supporting, had yet to be sought In his hurry and agitation he seized a bottle of ink, for. Mrs. Canderson, stole from Lady Rankley, what mietaking it for cologne, and dashed it into her face mediately "came to," and the awkward fellow had the felicity of being kicked out by her big brother. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip,"

Awrut, -John Openauffer fell into the large coolng tub, containg hot swill, on Friday, at a distillery Easton, Pa. He remained in the boiling liquid three minutes. In taking off his clothes and shops, all the skin was removed from his body, and the nails from his toos. He was so terribly scalded that his hair fell out. He lived in this condition until the next morning, retained his souther to the last.

IT The Wheeling, Va., Gazette, asks—"Why is a coachman like a citera?" "Because he halds the ruins." ft is probably stolen, as the communication is too gapti. for