Poeten and Miscellann

THE PLIGHT OF TIME.

BE ALEXANDER SMART.

Days, months, and years glide by.

And each looks shorter than the last.

On viewless wing still rushing on.

Their silent course they ply.

It seemed, when we were young.

Time lingered on the way.

For hope like any syren, rung

. Too beautiful to stay.

So lively and so long,

Impatient to be happy men

And join the busy throng.

Hope's radiance on the heart.

In youth supremely blest,

The brightest and the best.

The ills of life come all too soon;

When life's young droam is o'er,

Nor chide the lingering day.

And fancy's fires decay.

And why should clouds obscure the noon

That warms the youthful breast?

And hope's illusions charm no more.

Then time sweeps on winged speed,

Or like a thief with noisless tread,

Our longing looks we backward cast,

Brood o'er each seens in joy or wo,

Till we grow old-before we know.

THE DEATH WARNING.

A Legend of Saco Island.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Or all the great centres to which strange charac

ters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remark-

able: dery much, apparently, because of the encour-

agement given in it to original taleut. Clever and

and conversable man, We chanced to get upon

the subject of superstition or, rather to speak more

fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been call-

"I expect you love a yarn; I'll just give you one

which is genuine. I'm not a superstitious man, but the contrary. Bit I'll give you an item of

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my

Saco is a small town at a very short detaure from

the sea, in the State of Maine, famous only within

a circumference of a few miles, in connection with

the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an

industrious, hard-working set of chipwrights and

of an Indian village; but local tradition gives more

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a work-

was an old, tumble down shanty, which had been

spent in the house of the shipwright, whose son

lacks had also tended to promote.

ed the night-side of nature.

course of my narrative.

tercors.

That we are young no more.

Sienla all our years away.

Fled like aidream 's the past,

The joyous banquet o'er.

And think on days of yore.

Can transitory joys impart,

And then the winter night,

Went merriment and song:

The live-long summer day-

Oh! sweetly sung of promised bliss.

Too bright for such a world as this-

When round the fireside, blazing bright,

Long were the hours-for we were then

Why flies the time so fast?

And swifter seems to fly:

To join the flight of ages gone,

VOLUME 21.

NUMBER 31.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS. B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1850.

o'clock the boom gave way; the mountains of planks | could not be saved. They could only be lost toand logs brought down by the inuffdation rushed gether. The young man gased at the moonlit isle, madly through, and all communication between the the shore, his father's home, the aged mother kneed-

land, carrying the bridges away with it. The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs, the plunging of masses of One minute, and we part, perhaps for eyer. Rouse of the people, all roused in poor Widow Curtis feel- ture husband, and let the thought give you the enings of terror and alarm; and about numbet she came ergy of a man. Lie down quickly in the cance; lie into the house to old Jacks, and told him that she had still and move not. The fall is swelled by the rain, received a death-warning relative to her last child. and the white rock is hidden. That is a dear girl! Tears streamed down her pallid checks, and her whole mien was that of a broken-hearted woman.-Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her in every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried had heard the never-fulling warning.

"And what was it like?" suddenly cried old Jacks. "A low screech, like the cry of one in pain;" replied the widow.

"Tush, woman, you heard the squaw of Cuth island. She never fails to how! with the tempest." "And who, pray, was the squaw of Cuth island?"

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lighted his pipe; poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous hem, began his story. Before the settlement of the white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians.-An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flouring mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the lay the boat used by the Jacks for fishing under the purchase money, decamped in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to great volume of waters considerably lessened the select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astoniskment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that in the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a . Abel made no reply, but leaping into the boat, self. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eawas acarcely a man, woman or child in Saco, but . "Martha!" he cried in a low, agnoised voice. would declare having heard the mouning of the old

crone before and during the storms. had concluded, "maybe 'tis the squaw has given me but to all appearance lifeless. Abel lifted her hur-

too. I ain't superstitious, nohow, but I've been claimed the victory of youth and nature over death. tried, tob. One night I was at work till late at the "Oh, Abel, how have I been saved?" said the Lower Perry, and after work I joined a merry ma; trembling agitated girl, clasping her lover's two king. It was past twelve when I started home. hands. American friend, as some of them would be difficult no answer; and away I slashes in the bushes with a sky above, prayed to the God of their bearts. precious rage with myself I do own; but I heard it struck out for the shore. The meeting formed a summate their murderous work, plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and most exeiting acone. Tears and questions, and you know the ands of the plank stuck out beyond thanks and laughter, were strangely mingled with the rail to save wring off. What do I see but an each other, and then the whole party returned to old can pity?" old fellow walking along these ends beside me, in Jacks' house. an old silk morning gown . "Good night to you, It appeared that Martha, knowing her mother's fishermen. In the early history of the State of Sam Jacks," said he. I returned his politeness; ing shipbuilder of Saco-z pushing, industrious and ac was the cry you heard. Cheer up, old girl

man, who in times of thriving business, and when a Martha! all right." pressing job was on hand, would work eight days But the widow was not satisfied. The old man's without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house stories rather excited her imagination, and she de- which her mother and lover had both heard. just above the town-the front of which faced the clared that every instant she felt more sure that and at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. with her, to say a few words of comfort.

About a dozen wards distant from their residence "Did you hear that?' suddenly said the poor mothers "If that was not Martha's voice it was her abandoned for many years. A murder had been spirit.'!

Abel had heard the cry; it was a shriel of despair. committed within its walls a long time ago, and peothe said that ever since, noises were heard at mid so clear, so distinct, no man could hesitate or doubt. night around its ruins-a troubled cry of conscience The night was now calm and still, and the moon enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, moored within an indentation of the river, at the Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home. Young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just nuch oftener even than had news; but as bad news towards the came, and to begin rowing with the yesterday, their own legend of Saco Island, did cometimes follow her hints from the other world, energy of midgled lave and despair, was the work of she had sufficient reason for belief. She found her- a single instant. The willow sauk down upon her self at last with only one child, a daughter of eigh- knees on the bank.

teep, who was at service on Cuth Island, in the The river was wide, and the current strong, while in any of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the house of Squire Sheen; and to be near this beloved just below were the rapids. Abel was almost with sun shone brilliant all the time. And there have length the men managed to get up a fore and main child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunt- in their influence, and soon found it necessary to been cold stormy days in every year, when could be storm-stayed, and then the brigatood for a short ed shanty, which to her seared heart had now no pull up stream to woold being sucked in. When seen or heard, for touching something that cheered time bravely up against the heaving ses. But it again he turned the bow of his boat across, the ca- the spirit, or gratified our desire for the beautiful. was evident that even should she succeed in keeping ers. Mr. Jacks was kind to the poor willow, gave her noe was not more than fifty yards above the spot And yet the mist and the shaddows of the darkest to the wild, she must eventually be driven ashore, some furniture, and assistance in various other forms; where he lay, and was coming with extreme veloc- hours were dissipated, and flitted away. The cru- for the power of the in-setting waves was greater and she was grateful. A great part of her time was ity.

"Courage, dear Martha," cried the young man; and the most forious storm soon losses its power to Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, "Abel is at hand."

"I dropped my paddles, Abel, while getting away who was indeed to be his wife that very fall. For

some months the widow had been quiet and happy: from a snag." the thought of her child's advantageous marriage hed driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her Put them in the water. Every inch gained is val- dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heavy to cheerful state of mind the assiduous kindness of the usble."

good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm .- "It is, Martha," replied Abel solemnly, at the illustration them, it kindles the dark cloud into a his face. Saco river was lined with saw-mills, the owners of, same time pulling vigorously. "But silence new." blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to "O, yee, sir; a large ship can enter there." which flosted their timber and planks down by its. The two boats were drawing near, while both its destiny. Despair not then. Never give up waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay were setting down rapidly on the rapids. Martha while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointacross the stream, to check the rafts, and to protect was in a light bark canon, which almost lay on the meat will be realized. Mortifying failure may atthe bridges, which connected Cuth island with the surface of the water. A few minutes more, and tend this effort and that one-but only be honest, two shores. Once in the memory of man a freshet Martha and Abel were parallel to cash other at a and struggle on, and it will all work well, if not in ARGE tot of Bouncie, just received per Express by

J. H. PULLERTON. had carried away the boom; and given passage to distance of a dozen yards. Abel leaged to his feet time, then in eternity

the vast weight of timber, which coming with ter- and looked around. They were within thirty feet rific vidence against the bridges, had utterly de- of the rapide, and two hundred of the falls, in the stroyed hem. The storm on this occasion was fol- very middle of the stream. All hope of Abel's lowed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about 4 catching the cance was now gone. She, it seemed, island and the town was cut off. The timber plung- ing on the shore; while cld Jacks and his mother ed with presitible force over the falls below the is- stood motionless near the threshold of their house. "Martha," cried Abel, in a voice calm and collecte, though husky, "act with courage and spirit .wood over the two cataracts, the running to and fro all your courage, think of your mother and your fu-

Move not for your life! Adieu!" No more words were spoken. Marths, as she was bid, lay at full length in the bottom of the slight bark cance, and the next instant was sucked into the reason; but all in vain; the widow still declared she rapids. Round and round went the freil boat; and ment for his offence, the smuggler had been conthen, entering the centre of the quick-flowing stream. it darted along, and was lost sight of over the falls. Abel pulled like a madmam for the shore, guiding and all hands were called to witness the execution. his boat slightly up the stream.

"My child! my child!" cried the agonized mother, as he leapt out upon the bank.

"By!" said his father, severely, "what have you done with Martha?" "Father, stay me not! Martha is in the hands of

providence. Follow me, and a few minutes will decide her fate! The mother and Abel's whole family ran with the young man along the shore, following the portage of the falls. They soon reached the nock in which cataract. As Abel expected, the high tide and the

height of the fall which was also wider than usual. "Where is my child?" cried widow Curtle once

share of the purchase money of the white man him. pulled across the stream. The two fails, one on each side of Cuth island, made of course a very gerly tasted, and then leaping into her canoc, hur- strong current in this part of the river, but where ried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum the two currents met, the one counteracted the other. had effected her head, or whether age had rendered and the volume of water being very great, three her limbs too weak to contend with the current, backwaters ensued, one going back to the island could not be known, but she was drawn into the point, the other two along shore. Abel pulled for rapids, and over the falls, where of course she the still water in the centre; and in a few minutes drowned. From that tay the island point was be had the intense satisfaction of seeing the frail bark lieved to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there canoelving motionless on the very edge of the eddy.

No snewer was given, and in a few minutes more be was along site. There she lay in the nale moon-"Maybe," said the widow Curtis, when old Jacks light, as calm as an infant on its mother's bosom. riedly into his boat, and sprinkled her marble face "Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and with water. A deep-sigh, allow waiting sound of flummery. And yet I am bound to believe inghosts pain, and then a burst of tears and laughter, pro-

Everything was square and straight until I got to "By thy courage and trust in Providence, dear the road near the churchward; then I distinctly heard Martha," replied Abol in a lew tone; and these two the rustling of a silk dress beside me. "Come out simple, unsupplicated children of nature knelt, and rope." Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and

character, and aware of the influence of a storm Maine, mention is made of Saco Island as the site then he began to ask news of Saco town, and of upon her mind, had determined, as soon as the moon people dead and gone these twenty years. He lose, to cross over and re-assure the widow as to and he knew that he was fatherless! symple details relative to the ejection of the Red seemed surprised when I told him they were all de lies own safety. She took her master's bark cance, Half an bour afterwards the boy knelt by the side Skins from the place. But with this I have noth- parted; and at the end of the bridge we separated, and starting a good way above the site of the bridge, of a ghostly corpse, a single prayer escaped his lips, such a personage as a grandfather on either side .-ing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the Now. Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and began pulting across. When well in the stream, a Then another low, murmuting sound came up from The offspring of parents inheriting homes erected yet old Sam Jacks knows precious well there was beam of wood checked her progress. Eager to push his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew from the proceeds of quack medicines or patent nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, it from her path, she let go her paddles, which she its import. It was a picege of deep revenge. ... blacking are almost equally afflicted with shorter

Oli Jacks warmly commended Abel's presence MIARSHALL & VEXUEAT.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW-Officeup stairs in Tousany Cuth and Saco Island. Abel was his youngest son, towards home, and Abel went along the water-side the calm courage of Martha in following it, while Kinteck statted at the sound, and what had caused "There is, up-town, a very fine aristocratic genwas next to mirarulous. Old Jacks insisted on bis own. Martha's returning no more to service; and taking "Oh, revenge! revenge!" he muttered to bimself. upon himself the duties of patriarch, decided that as he cast his eyes over the foam-creeted waves how he came by his property; but is rather of opinthe matriage should be celebrated two months sooner than was originally intended. A week later, audden storm. er than was originally intended. A week later, sudden storm.

Abel and Martha were man and wife and, to judge The darkness had come as quickly as did the from the criminal. No man was ever found bold shone rightly over the whole scene. A boat lay from their present solid affection and genuine hap-storm and all that could be distinguished from the of a charming girl, who nuhappily lost her memory piness, they have never forgotten their one terrible trial. Abel loves to tall his story, but says that fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash of light. \$50,000 in Norwich and Worcester in a month, as now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of Widow Curtis was as superstitions and fearful as shore the point of the island he saw a small canoe, now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of her neighbors—perhaps even more so—for the firm—and a person standing upright in it—a woman with hearing. "We seen that in print;" a prophecy believed in death-warnings. The once glad moth- her hands clasped, as if in praver. The cance was which I hereby prove to be correct. Old Jacks and er of nine children, she had lost eight, and before hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the the widow are now dead, and Saco be a large place; which had suddenly flashed up among the distant the real news reached her, she always had a warn- rapids. A lover's glance is not easily deceived.- but though our worthy couple have been now fouring. It is true that her signs and tokens came very It was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out teen years married, they remember, if it were

Dark Hours.
There are hours, dark hours that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month

And what a parable is all this of human life, of our to keep hus feet. inside world, where the heart, works at its destiny "Check the same with your bands, dear girl, - labors. Here, too, we have the overshadowings of its very core. But what matters it. Man is born which lies in the back of it." "I am going too quickly, Abel. You can never a hero, and it is only by darknessand storms that One afternoon a tremendous storm startled the save me. Is that my dear mother on the bank?" heroism gains its greatest and best development and asked the captain while a gleam of hope shot across

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

HPULING NARRATIVE

BY SILVANDS CORE, IR.

It was awards night on the 21st of September, should they happen to be there,"

1834, a small English war-brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was laxily set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive creeping from over the heavy menotonous swells me, by St. George I will shoot you on the moment."
just off the coast of Galaway, and on her deck was The brig was shon out before the wind, and Rob being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a
small boat laden with contraband articles, together
ro the belinnman. The bounding vessel soon came with an old min an a boy, who had charge of them; within sight of the raggid crage, and the heart of the captail of the brigs whose name was Deacutt, every man lesped with fearful thrills as they were had ordered that the old amuggler should be but in swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed irons. To this indignity the oldfiman made a stout them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker resistance—and in the heat of the moment he had so and more fearful became the rocks, which raised far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow their heads on every side. which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punish-

demned to die. A single whip was rose at the starboard yard arm, The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small hatch block on the deck. Until this moment not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. \ He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal shot through the "heavens and revealed all the hornoose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook rors around, a load shout was heard from the young his checks, and he sprang forward and dropped up pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards on his knees before the incensed captain

"Mercy, sir; mercy." "For whom?" asked the officer, while a contempt

ious speer rested upon his lips. "For that old man whom you are about to kill." "He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer, while in the performance of his duty, must die."

"But he was manacled-he was insulted, sir," urged the boy.

flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful you don't get the same treatment," said the Captain, in a savage tone.

the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, Storm King took them all for his own.

he raished his head, and while a look of the utmost

tone to one of deep supplication, and said-

the villain up."

In obedience to this order the men ranged them- passed over his countenance, he muttered;elves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me." I got with the rearing cataract on each side, and the placid then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were and fearful in its consummation, had been that "Pito be his executors. But not one sympathising or lots Revenge!" !... of comprehension in our part of the world; but I big hickory stick; all to no good. The rustling of Lettus go to my mother," said Marths, after an pitying look could be trace. Their faces were all give the facts of his narrative exactle as they were sik was still as close to me as ever. I was in a instant's pause; and Abel, without snother word, hard and cold, and they all appeared auxious to con-

"Up with him." shouted the Captain.

moment his father was swinging at the yard arm .- memories are of distressing frequency. Our co-He heard the passing rope and the creaking block.

had forgotten to fasten on the rowlocks, and they Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway memories still: hardly recollecting who their fathers fell into the stream. She caught desperately at the into the water, a visid flach of lightning streamed were. Fashionable citizens who have spent a whole snag, but in vain; and then she gave the wailing cry through the heavens, and in another minute the summer-most agreeably in the midat of a sensible dread artillery of mature sent forth a roar so long and and cordial society in the country, are never able to loud that the men actually placed their hands to recognize a soul of them on meeting them again all felt that under any circumstances, the escape dread in others' bosom sent a thrill of satisfaction to tleman of fortune, made by judicious investments

which had already risen beneath the power of the inn that it was derived from an accident entailment

deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the so entirely, in consequence of her father touching ning illuminated the beavens. "Light, ho," shouted the man forward, and the

next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light Y. Organ.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear,

In vain did they try to lay the trig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until as elest of ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, than that of the wind.

Boy, do you know what light that is?' asked the exptain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging

"Yes, mir," replied Robert; "Is Bullymore's crag." "What is it there for?"

HI, marks the entrance to a little barbor, sir.

"And can it be entered by a versel of this size?"

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Can you take the brig in there in this storm?" shot from his eyes.

"And will you do it," eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions." "Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in peace; and the next that you trouble none of the smugglers,

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Reb

"Port!" shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady-so." "Steady it is."

"Starboard-quick!" "Ay, ay, starboard it-is:"

"Steady-so." "Steady it is."

At this moment the ressel swent on nest an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning him. He stood upon the extreme edge of the yard and held himself by the left. In a moment more he crouched himself down like a tiger after his prey,

"Revenge! revenge!" was all the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

and then with one leap he-reached the projecting

"Breukers! a reef I' screamed the men forward, "Starboard! quick!"

But 'twas too late! Ere the helm was half up, a low tremendous grating of the brig's keel was dis-"Insulted?" repeated the Captain; "who insulted tinetly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the elements, and the heavy "You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face was masts went sweeping away to the loward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shrisk after shrick went up from those doomed men, but they were in the The old man heard this appeal of his son and as grasp of a power that knows ne mercy. The

The next morning a small party of wreckers came defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed- down from the rocks, and moved along the shore.-"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Karl Kintock can It was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and die as well now as at any time-let them do the here and there were scattared along the bruised and mutilated firms of the ship's craw. Among the Then turning to Captain Darcutt, he changed his party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there "Do what you please with me, air, do not hatm was onehe would have found. At length he stopped my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for and stooped over one, upon the shoulder of whom your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the bet- were two golden epaulettes. 'Twee the captein' of the brig-the murderer of his father! The boy "Lay hold every man of you, and stand by to run placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception

A Rad Disease.

We have eften had occasion to lament the epi-"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started demic referred to by our cotemporary, Yankes Doofrom his trembling lid, "is there no one even, who die, viz: the diseased memory so prevalent in certain classes of society. Weak judgments, sleeny consciences, and various other infirmaties, mental Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next and moral, are common enough, but these short temporary, mentions a few examples:-

"There is a proud family in the neighborhood of Washington square, whose heads cannot remember

during the early part of his life in old clothes and reputable haberdashery, who seems quite at a loss in the family."

We have heard of the still more remarkable case to forget a whole circle of more than a dozen of the "dearest invest" the very day she heard of it.-V.

"Can You Est Crow."

Lake Mahopack has been crowded so much this summer, that the farm houses about it were filled with visiters. One of the worthy farmers in the vicinity had been worried almost to death by his visiters. They found fault with the food. This was bad, and that was bad; there was no way of pleasing them.

"Darn it, what a fuse; I can eat anything," said

"Can you eat crow?" said one of his young board-

"Yes, I kin set grow."

"Bet you a hat," said his guest.

The bet was made, a crow caught and nicely reasted, but before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch shuff. I saac set down to the crow. He took a good bite and began to chew away. "Yes," said he, "I kin eat crow, (another bite and an awful face,) I kin eat crow, (symptoms of nausea.) I kin gat crow, but I'll be darned if I

banker arter it." Isaac bolted. How is it to be Bene.

An Itishman, who was very near sighted, about to fight adach, insisted that he should stand at paces mearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at this same time! This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's "Yes sir," enswered the boy, while a strange ligh | perity person, and if the ballet hit him outside the chalk Hae, it was to go for nothing.