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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No 5, Reed House, Erie

Select Poetry.

From the New York Tribune.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

BY LAURA M. COLVIN.

Burn on! burn on! thou lonely flame,
With the midnight's dim profound;
For spirits of immortal name,
Forth from the Past, are thronging round!
They come with hushed and solemn tread,
They come with thoughts serene and high,
Come where thy sober rays are shed,
And wake the dreams of years gone by.

The votaries of science bend
A toil-worn brow beneath thy beams,
Until their minds a radiance lend
Which blesses all where'r it gleams.
Like beacons are they, o'er the waves,
To light the mariner to morn;
Their memory rises from their graves,
In hearts of after ages worn.

And poets gather 'neath thy rays,
A glorious and impassioned throng;
And in their proud, unfading lays,
They wake again the lofty song.
The bard of Midnight and of tears,
And he of Ayrshire's humble home,
And others, from Misfortune's years,
Come forth with bards from princely dome.

A wearied artist sinks to rest,
Forgetting penury and care,
And yet his dreary cell is blest,
Behold the speaking canvas there!
A statue smiles from out the gloom,
A dream wrought from yon pallid brow;
Steal soft, thou lamp-light, through the room,
Break not his sleeping visions now!

Ah, they who burn the midnight oil
Upon the dazzling shrine of Fame,
Are like the lamp that lights their toil—
Life wastes in mind's intenser flame.
Though life may be the sacrifice,
Though want and misery darkly frown,
Still must their rugged pathway rise,
Still must they grasp the victor's crown.

Not as the lamps of festive halls,
Which gleam in splendor o'er the gay,
While pleasure spreads her siren thralls,
Art thou, the Lamp of sober ray.
Thou art where Meditation reigns
With many a mind of mighty mould;
And Genius in thy presence deigns
Do most treasures to unfold.

Choice Miscellany.

THE GOLD-MAN.

A CALIFORNIA TALE.

I have sometimes regretted that the discovery of the metallic riches of California did not occur during my wild excursion in the wilds and pastures of Texas. I was then little more than a boy, having been one of a party which started to go overland from Galveston to New-York, only prevented by a wound in my foot. I should certainly have started off to the diggings via Santa Fe or the Rocky Mountains, as the case might be. Not that I should have gone gold hunting; it is not my vocation. Not having a very clearly-defined notion of the relative value of a sovereign and a shilling, I should scarcely have gone poking about like a geologist for the quartz-embedded metal, nor should I have much coveted the position of a man whose whole day is spent in groping in the earth, with wondrous nature around and the blue sky above to admire. Besides, I am afflicted by weak sight, a hereditary complaint which descends to me from my father, and like the Bayard Taylor donkey which mistook a Yankee speculator's red hair for swamp hay, should have lived in continual apprehension of mistaking bright stones for gold, and hill-side flowers for rich veins.

But I should like much to have started with the first settlers and miners, to have shared their traveling adventures, their hair-breadth escapes, and wondrous but exciting trials, and practically to have let them discern at a future period that a "chiel" had been among them taking notes. The first burst of the golden rumor reached me in Paris, and fell coldly on my ear. I had been five years away from Texas, and over head and ears in the excitement of European revolutions, and the changes almost hourly occurring in that city of wonders, which Frenchmen fondly indicate to be the capital of the world, a place, the site of which, in the ideas of warm patriots, seems to have a great power of locomotion.

My interest in everything American, however, caused me to watch with interest, after a while, the phases of the great event which is destined to have such a vast influence on the future of the whole civilized world—for good, if education progress, and the gentler arts advance with increased wealth—for evil, if the mad hunt for mere lucre check the advance of enlightenment, the only thing which enables us rightly to use temporal advantages. For some time, however, my attention was only attracted like that of all men who watch the history of their own time. It is only within a very short time that the affair has taken a more personal and immediate interest.

My head quarters in Europe have for some time been Paris, a city for which I have a weakness. During the autumn of last year, I received a ticket to a ball to which no persons were admitted except in naval uniform. It was for a charitable purpose, and I originally declined going; a party of English ladies, however, whom I knew, wished to attend, and requested me to escort them. I resolved magnanimously to change my previous resolution and be present. My first difficulty was a uniform. I had no inclination to have a suit made for the occasion, and I had a decided objection to hiring one from a masquerade shop. Suddenly I recollected that I had a relic of my erratic life in Texas, in the shape of a lieutenant's suit of blue. It was old, and the worse for wear, but it was genuine, and could, on a pinch, be furbished up to pass muster for a night. Accordingly, on the evening in question, I found myself under the covered way leading to the Jardin d'Hiver, a party of ladies under my guidance, waiting for a crowd of persons before me to pass ere I braved the crush. My friends had just announced to me that the moment was opportune, when I noticed a dashing equippage draw up. I was about to turn away when my eye was arrested by the sight of a young man wearing precisely the same dress as myself, only perfectly new, who, leaping out of the dashing *coupe*, gave his arm to a young lady of great beauty, and followed in my track. I had scarcely time to notice his own start of unfeigned astonishment at the sight of a Texas navy coat, and then I was compelled to enter the precincts of the gay and brilliant scene.

But already had I forgotten this ball; my mind was carried back several years, to another ball given in Galveston harbor, on board the dismasted brig, by a set of joyous, thoughtless young officers, whose doubtful prospect of a next day's dinner rendered them not a whit less merry. For my own part I had long ceased to think of my privations and sufferings in Texas, to remember only its bright side, and I answered the admiring remarks of my companions but carelessly, as I lived over once more in memory, days which are always pleasant when past, especially when belonging to our first essays in manhood. My friends sat down in a convenient spot, and I left them awhile to look after my strange *sosia*. In an instant we were face to face. He, too, was alone; he had also left his female companion, and was evidently in search of me.

"Impossible!" cried he; "no it cannot be."

"Walter Bruce," exclaimed I, as I recognized a quondam lieutenant of the St. Bernard schooner.

"Well," said he, "I expect this is extraordinary and pleasant too. We parted on the deck of the New-York steamer, bound from Galveston to New Orleans, and here we meet in Paris, to all appearance, in the identical clothes we wore on that day."

I passed my arm through his, scarcely able to speak, and we moved along a few yards in silence.

"What are you doing here?" he said, after a short pause; "quill driving, I suppose? I have been told you have written considerable yarns about Texas since you returned to Europe."

"Yes, my dear dear fellow," replied I, "I am now an author. That is my business, profession, or calling; and you?"

"Oh, I? Why, I've been to California since I saw you, and I'm now on the lookout for a place in old Europe, where to pitch my tent. But come along, I must introduce you to my wife. I have often talked of you to her. You recollect that MS. volume of tales of mine, which I scribbled on board the Jim Bowie, and which you corrected and revised for me? She has them. But here she is."

I was then hastily introduced to a very lovely young woman, about twenty years of age, whose peculiar complexion and hair at once pronounced her to be Mexican, of the mixed race of Spaniards and Indians. She received me with the frank heartiness of her nation, and when I alluded to my not being alone, proposed to join my party. This was readily agreed upon, and as my adventures in Texas have always, I fear, to the sorrow of some of my patient friends, formed an endless topic of conversation, the union proved interesting and agreeable. The fair-haired, and blue-eyed English girls, who composed the juvenile section of my companions, formed a pleasing contrast to the Mexican beauty, and the rest of the evening was spent in company.

Next morning I found myself at the breakfast table of Walter Bruce, who occupied splendid apartments looking out on a fashionable boulevard. All around him bespoke opulence and wealth; his servants, his residence, his equippages were in a style of almost oriental splendor, and I could not refrain from remarking on the wonderful change in his fortunes which had taken place since the day when we lived in a state of semi-starvation on board the old guard ship in the port of Galveston.

He smiled, and promised to explain the whole affair to me, even at the risk of appearing in print. "For," said he, "if I do narrate my adventures, you will not be able to resist the temptation."

After breakfast we drew our chairs near the fire, smoked the pipe of peace, which more than anything else carried me back to my old life, and while Mrs. Bruce went out to make some calls, frankly did my ex-comrade in danger and difficulty relate his adventures and history.

I.

When Walter Bruce left me, he was on his way to join two vessels of the Texan Republic, lying in New-Orleans Harbor, which had been ordered down to Sisal, to assist the Republic of Yucatan against the parent state of Mexico. It would require more space than I can here devote to the subject, to narrate all my friend's adventures, until he found himself one fine morning transferred from the deck of a man-of-war to the counting-house of a merchant in Vera Cruz, a change which, however inglorious it may sound, was really very advantageous. Bruce had originally been educated for the bar, as had I, and like myself abandoned a quiet and settled life, to wander in Texas, carried away by the details of her heroic struggle with Mexico. But an American is generally fit for anything, and Walter Bruce soon captivated the confidence of Messrs. Morris and Franklin, his employers. They had counters at the city of Mexico, at Mazatlan, and traded with California, whence they drew hides and tallow, the very humble but useful products of that now gold-exporting region.

One day, about three months after the entrance of Bruce into the service of Messrs. Morris and Franklin, the resident partner of Vera Cruz called the young man into his private office. Walter Bruce presented himself, and was requested to sit down.

"Mr. Bruce," said the merchant, opening a letter which lay before him, "I am in a slight difficulty, to get out of which I require the assistance of one in whom not only we have confidence, but who is disposed to undertake for the house a task of some delicacy and nicety."

"I am completely at your service," replied the young man.

"Our counter in California is managed by an old Mexican, about whom we know very little, but who has always been very honest and correct in his dealings. He resided much in the United States when young, but for the last twenty years has inhabited California. In this letter he expresses a wish to retire from business. He even hints at approaching death, and strongly urges us to send some one to him in whom we have confidence, to wind up his accounts, and to receive from him some deposit, of which he speaks in terms of considerable ambiguity. I have determined to acquiesce in his wishes, and if you have no objection, I would desire you, Mr. Bruce, to be the agent for this purpose."

"You wish me to go to California?" said Bruce, quietly.

"Exactly. Frankly, we have every reason to be pleased with you, and I know none of our young men to whom I should confide this task with as much pleasure."

"I am exceedingly gratified for your good opinion, Mr Morris, and I am quite ready to start at the earliest opportunity."

The merchant seemed much pleased at this prompt decision, and entered at once into fuller details with regard to his mission. He was to journey by land to Mazatlan, thence by a trading schooner to San Francisco Bay, and after settling the counter, to leave there one Jacob Willis, a plodding old clerk, who was selected to replace the Mexican.

Three days after, Walter Bruce, furnished with credentials, and money, and accompanied by Jacob Willis, took his place in the stage bound for Mexico city. The journey was interesting and delightful, and the young man began his progress with feelings of extreme delight. He was of a romantic and impressible nature; travelling was with him a passion, and the ground over which he had to travel, though not well known to the reading public, was to him new and full of charms. The splendor of Orizaba peak, the delights of Jalapa, the plains of Perote, Popocatapetl, the grand and sublime scenery of the country in general, its varied phases of wild and soft and fertile nature filled with him satisfaction, and created a source of endless reflection for the future. And then Mexico city and its wondrous and vast valley, its lakes and hills, its curious manners and *primitive people*, were all ever-renewing subjects of observation. His orders were to proceed with the utmost rapidity. His companion and himself were well armed, for they had to go through the robber region, itself a fertile source of excitement; but at last dangers and difficulties were past and they arrived at Mazatlan, glad to rest their weary limbs in the hospitable house of Mr. Riley, the agent at that port, one of the most picturesque on the Pacific; and reminding one of the East and of Spain, with its cream-colored houses, its heavy-arched entrances and cool court yards within, its massive cornices and large balconied windows.

Walter Bruce took a few days to rest and refresh himself after his journey, and more readily that the schooner which was to convey him to San Francisco Bay was not yet quite loaded with its varied freight. Besides, it was necessary that Jacob Willis should receive some insight into the nature of the constant transactions which took place between Mazatlan and the agent in California.—At length, however, all was ready, and the young man and his old associate went on board the schooner, bound for California. The journey presented the usual varieties, but nothing worthy of particular notice; and at the end of a somewhat wearisome voyage, during which the young man rather astonished the skipper and crew by his nautical experience, they entered the magnificent bay of California, and anchored a short distance from the land.

This is not the place to enter into any minute description of localities. My friend, Walter Bruce, had little to do on the coast. The counter managed by the old Mexican was up the country, and thither he immediately prepared to journey. The distance was not great, but it had to be performed on horseback, with an Indian for a guide, while a train of mules were to take up the supply of goods which were to replenish the store. Bruce made his preparations with the utmost rapidity. During his long journey his curiosity had become much excited, and he was anxious to see the man of whom Mr. Morris had told him enough to let him see that he was an original and singular character.

It was a fine morning in autumn when Walter Bruce and his little caravan started towards the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, where was situated the little settlement of Pablo Ritters, the name of the Mexican in question.—The weather without being very warm was dry and pleasant; and as the Indian guide knew the road well, the way presented little difficulty. The first night the camp was pitched in a grove of evergreen oaks, which formed an agreeable shelter. Walter Bruce, after supper got into conversation with the Indian, who was communicative and well informed. At length he asked him a question about Pablo. The Indian looked uneasily around as if he feared to be overheard, and then muttered a few words scarcely intelligible.

"You know him?" said Walter, with some anxiety.

"Yes: Pablo medicine man—great mystery—not good talk much about him."

"Indeed! I am very anxious to know him."

"Him Gold-Man; he knows all the secrets of the hill—rich, like ten chiefs."

"Gold-Man!" cried Walter, still more excited, "who gave him that name?"

"Indians. White man laugh; but Indian, know hills full of gold—no use to poor Indian, but white man god; and Pablo know all about it."

"Has Pablo found any gold, then?"

"He no want gold. He medicine man—live without money."

"He seems to be a regular Californian magician," mused Walter, but this idea of the Indians is absurd.—A man who had discovered gold would not have remained up here so quiet. I suppose the eccentric old fellow has frightened the Indians for fear of their proving troublesome. "Does he live alone?" asked he, once more addressing the guide.

"He got plenty servants, and one girl bright as sun and moon, two eyes like stars—great beauty!"

"Ah, ah!" cried Walter, warmly, "this, doubtless is the precious deposite of which he speaks, and which I shall have to escort back to Vera Cruz."

And speculating on the agreeable prospect of charming female society during his journey home, Walter, somewhat fatigued by the day's journey, soon fell asleep.

For several days the march continued through a country of varied character, until at last, about twelve o'clock one morning, the caravan reached the mouth of a secluded and picturesque valley, through which rushed a small stream, that about a mile off was blended with the waters of a larger river.

"Pablo Sancho," said the guide sententiously—pointing up the valley.

Walter Bruce dashed eagerly forward. A marked trail led in the direction of the settlement, which in a few minutes came in sight. A narrow ledge of land between the river and a huge precipitous rock, and on this the house inhabited by Pablo was situated. It was built against the cliff itself, which seemed, indeed, to bear its whole weight. It was of a rather large dimensions, but still did not serve all the purposes of the settlement, for about fifty yards distant lay a number of smaller huts.—As Walter came in sight, a young girl who had been waiting at the threshold of the door of the principle block, hurried in, and very soon returned with a man. By this time the traveller was at the door, and had time to take a hasty survey of his new acquaintance while dismounting.

II.

The man was about sixty, with a thin, hard, wrinkled face, small, grey, piercing eyes, a heavy white beard growing almost all over his face, and withal a worn and suffering air, which was sufficiently painful. A look of suspicion, too, hung over every feature, but Walter Bruce scarcely noticed him, so taken was he by the charms of the young girl beside him.

She was a dark eyed Mexican, of about sixteen years of age, with long curling hair, a mouth which would have delighted a Phidias or a Raphael, tooth white as snow, and a graceful, elegant form, which the young man thought he had never seen equalled. She wore the picturesque costume of a Mexican woman of the middle classes, in strong contrast to the coarse, dusky, and common habiliments of the man who stood beside her.

"Welcome, stranger," said the man, in a feeble voice. "What brings you into these remote parts?"

"I come from Messrs. Morris and Franklin, of Vera Cruz," replied Walter Bruce, "and but precede my caravan by a few hundred yards."

"Enter!" said the old man, with considerable animation, a ray of pleasure illumining his features, "Guadalupe, go bid Maria prepare a repast."

The young girl moved toward the distant huts, and Walter Bruce followed Pablo into the outer apartment of the house. It was a large and almost naked room, which usually contained the goods that formed the matter of barter with the traders of the district. The two men sat down by a huge German stove, that served to diffuse warmth through the warehouse; and Walter at once handed his letters to the agent. The old man took them, put on his spectacles, and read them carefully. Every now and then he raised his looks from the papers, as if to muse on their contents, but in reality to scrutinize with a curious eye their bearer.

"You are warmly recommended by Messrs. Morris and Franklin," said he, presently, speaking in pure English. "Have you been long in their employment?"

"Three months when I left Vera Cruz."

"Three months—short time to learn a man's character in."

"Messrs Morris and Franklin have thought it quite sufficient to give me their entire confidence," observed Walter, a little haughtily.

"Don't be hasty, young man," said Pablo, gravely, "I doubt not you are deserving of their regard; but I have been used to the world, and have been made perhaps over suspicious by circumstances."

"From the moment, that in any transaction I have the full approval of my employers, I suppose that relieves you from all responsibility."

"Certainly—certainly—as far as their business is concerned—but here comes the caravan, and breakfast. We can resume the conversation in the evening."

When breakfast was over, Pablo retired to an inner room to study his letters, and to prepare instructions for Jacob Willis, his successor. He left Walter to the care of Guadalupe. The young people were at an age when acquaintances are rapidly made. The girl had never before been thrown into the society of an educated man, while Walter had rarely been placed in a position since the commencement of his adventurous career, to study so closely the female character. Influenced by the excitement of the journey, by the romantic circumstances of his position, Walter Bruce was before evening deeply in love while, had the young girl questioned her own heart, it is propable she might have made a similar discovery.

After dinner Pablo expressed a wish to be alone with his daughter and Walter. He was very pale and excited, and when he took them into an inner apartment sunk on a chair under the excess of his emotion.

"Mr. Bruce," said he gravely, after a short pause, "I am compelled to be abrupt and brief. My daughter has been kept hitherto in the dark as to the cause of my sending to Messrs. Morris and Franklin. I am devoured by an internal disease and have not many days to live."

"Father!" cried the girl.

"Silence child and listen. Remain up here you cannot, and this is why I begged my employers to send a trusty person to me. Mr. Bruce, I have examined carefully the letters sent me, and they satisfy me completely. I begged them to send a young man, if possible, free from all ties of affection. There is no time for delicacy of feeling or hesitation. Do you think it probable, after one days acquaintance, that you could be happy with my daughter for your wife?"

"Sir," cried Walter Bruce warmly, "I have this day learned to believe in those sudden passions which carry us away in an instant beyond all the calculations of reason. I love your daughter."

"This is better than I expected. And now, young man close that door, and listen to me. Are you willing to take her portionless and without fortune?"

"I am young, in health, and able to work," said Walter, who was vainly endeavoring to catch the eyes of the blushing and puzzled beauty.

"Enough. Walter Bruce, you see before you the richest heiress in America. Surrounded by her children, I had hoped myself to enjoy fortune and its favors. But I have waited too long and I shall never leave this place. Young man, in this country you tread on gold as you walk. The whole land is one mass of mineral riches. But I alone know it. For twenty years I have toiled in secret, at first, for myself, then for my child. The knowledge of what lay around me made me greedy, and the more I collected the more I wanted! Come."

The old man, whose eye flashed with an unearthly glare, seized the lamp off the table, took a key from his breast, and bade them follow. He went a few yards down a passage, and then opened a thick door. He entered with the young couple, who had, by one stealthy pressure of the hand, ratified mutually the contract. They were in a vast natural cavity. The chamber in which they stood was twenty feet high, and as many wide, while across its centre ran a little stream, which fell into a hole, ran under the house, and joined the stream before alluded to.

"Son and daughter," said the old man holding up his lamp, "you are in a gold mine. Above, below, around, every where is gold. It is the same all over the country, but in no place is the mineral more abundant than in the chambers of this vast cave. For twenty years have I ventured alone here, during the long hours of the night, and behold the produce of my toil."

He pointed towards a pile of small barrels occupying one corner of the cave.

"And is all that gold?" cried Walter, almost breathless.

"All gold! Truly, the Indians are right, though they never suspected the truth, I am the 'Gold-Man.' It is gold, and the fortune of Gaudalupe. Young man, you receive from me the sacred deposit of an old man's only child; swear to me, here in this place which has been for years my field of battle, to be a good and kind husband, and a faithful protector."

"But, sir—is it not possible—your daughter, rich and wealthy and beautiful, may wish to find her equal."

"She knows not the value of her wealth. But Guadalupe speak. Wilt thou take this young man for thy husband, to be thy friend and companion when I am gone?"

"Father, talk not thus," said the girl passionately. "I never saw one I liked so much before; but I cannot bear to hear you talk of death."

"Walter Bruce, you hear, she is yours; but let us come away from this; I have much to tell you yet, and much to arrange."

That evening the Gold-Man told his story—the narrative of his wild adventures in California—of his discovery of the precious metal—of his long and arduous labors and of their successful termination. He had been ill for more than three months, but had kept this fact a secret from his child. Alarmed at his expected death, and the difficult position of his daughter, he had partially hinted at his riches to his employers, and had begged them to send him some one to whom he could without hesitation give his daughter.

Walter Bruce went to bed that night, but not to sleep; he was half mad with excitement and joy. He rose feverred and excited, but to find his waking visions still real. The next few days were spent in preparations for their departure. Old Pablo vanquished by the earnest prayers of the young couple, consented to travel, and try the power of medicine. A week later the counter was given up to Jacob Willis, and the caravan set out on its return voyage. A few days later, they reached the schooner, and on the third Sunday from their departure from the dry diggings, Walter and Guadalupe were united in marriage by the joint efforts of the American Consul and a Mazatlan priest. Old Pablo did not survive their union ten days; his disease had grown too powerful, and he was buried, contrary to his expectation, far away from his long cherished home.

Walter and his wife made the best of their way to Vera Cruz, and thence to New York. Guadalupe grieved bitterly for the death of her kind old father, and her husband found it necessary to travel constantly to occupy her mind. He invested his vast wealth in good securities, and after a long peregrination through the United States, took ship for Europe. Both himself and his wife took a strong liking to Paris, as do most Americans; and thus it was I met them. They still make it their head quarters, being less disposed to travel, since the birth of Master Pablo Walter Bruce, which occured about six weeks back. My friend had intended making public his discovery in California, but scarcely had he arrived in New York, when the rumor reached his ears that California was a gold country, a fact which none perhaps ever had better cause to know then the heir of "The Gold-Man."

Poor Boy.—Dont be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you, because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once as poor as you. There is our next door neighbor in particular—now one of the wealthiest men—told us a short time since, that when a child he was glad to receive the cold potatoes from his neighbor's table. Be good my boy, and if you are poor you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.—*Olive Branch.*

THE NEW DRESS.

BY MRS. GROVE NICHOLS.

On Thursday evening, at Hope Chapel, Mrs. Nichols delivered a lecture upon the new costume. The audience was not large (about two hundred persons) and there were three present who were devotees of the Bloomer fashion—one the lecturer, and two ladies who were among the auditors. We are, said Mrs. N., a nation of freemen and Christians. * * * * * Once a year we are told, in Fourth of July addresses, that all men have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and we have come to the conclusion that some women have their rights. Many ladies have taken an active part in this reform; much has been done, and much remains to do. Men generally are favorable to our emancipation from the bondage of dress, which begins with the swaddling clothes of the cradle, and ends only in death. How have gymnasts like the Ravels, and dancers like Elsler been created? Not by encasing them in long clothes, and confining them to a stroll down Broadway, dragging after them a trail of the finest silk and filthiest mud. I do not ask that our women be Ravels or Elslers, but we can learn by them why we are weak, ugly, and ungraceful. * * * * * * * * Said a lady to me a few days since, "Many a rainy day have I come in from the streets, and stepped out of fourteen yards of skirts, a quarter of a yard deep with mud and water." Think of such a burden hung upon a slender and diseased spine. Is it wonderful that nature fails, and that woman's life is but a lengthened pain and prayer for that peace that never comes till life is lost—a life that has never been lived. Was woman made only for this—to be a burden to her husband—a half living being with less living babes—dropping away like withered fruit? The holy name and destiny of Mother has become a mockery in our midst—children are born for death, as mothers are born for misery and pain.

Who is to do the work of reformation—of redeeming woman—who is to fulfil what is left of the mission of Jesus? Woman has been so long in bondage that she is weak as a child. The mass do not think or act for themselves. Man has so long had the control of woman that it has become a grave question whether she is yet able to walk by herself with her God. Without doctors, and ministers, and husbands, what would become of women, I do not attempt to answer the question—slaves will always find masters.

Power accumulates power. This is true in all things from bank capital to the creative power of health—the life of God within us. "Unto him that hath shall be given." Men say with truth that women are cowards.—We have no nerves to be otherwise: our style of dress makes us weak and unhealthy, and consequently craven. All this must be changed. Instead of being a burden women must become a helpmeet to man; instead of being a show-block for clothes, she must dress rationally and beautifully. I have not come here to-night to address the chain-gang of fashion. I come to those who feel that there is work to do in the world, and who are not only willing but determined to do it—those who have freed their lungs from corsets and are ready to enlarge the area of freedom.

We pity those who sweep the crossings for a chance penny in a muddy time, and I give the penny cheerfully. I pity those who sweep the sidewalks all the time in mud or dust, but I cannot assist them any longer. I have done my part. My weary limbs refuse the office of Fashion's scavenger. Who is ready for the reform?—I know enough to make the work sure already, but I ask for more, because I wish the blessings of freedom extended. Women ask for new occupations; the few kinds of business they are allowed to do are overstocked, and everywhere their health is broken. Why has every second woman some female weakness or spinal disease?—The curse, causeless, does not come. They earn their disease honestly, legitimately, what they don't inherit. The weight of quilts and skirts as worn by women, would wear out the strongest man and give him spinal disease. Then the fetter that we carry always round the ancles wearies, and wearies forever. No one is conscious of the extent of the evil till they have thrown it off. And when we hold up these long skirts out of the mud and rain, we run constant risk of indelicate exposure.

People who are called men tell us that we must not wear a dress consistent with health, the dress of innocent childhood, the dress devised by wise women of true modesty and stainless purity, because our outcast sisters wear it. These poor fallen ones wear clothing. Is that a reason for its disuse? They have trailed the costliest silks through our streets, but no word of warning came to us then. We might follow them in an evil fashion and it was very proper. But our nice moralists have suddenly grown sensitive. The truth is, that bad and foolish men want to frighten us, but we are not children—we are grown women who know our rights, and have fathers and husbands and brothers, who have wisdom and strength. The reform involves principles and is based on truths and it cannot fail. Even if it were hindered for a time its ultimate success is certain.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are here."

What we want for women is true freedom. We must come to have a conscience with regard to health and increasing our usefulness. Sin is not a vague intangibility. It is the hurtful act or state from which wisdom teaches us to escape.

The women of America have been rather slow in making their Declaration of Independence. But it is made at last. Change has become an imperitive duty to us. A sacred principle is involved in this change. The enlightened conscience of a woman is to be trusted. We can know no failure in this effort for freedom. Women have been more than once martyrs for principle, but the martyr age is past. Men and women are united in this work, and it may be considered accomplished.—*Extract from Report of New York Tribune of Saturday.*

Business and Sentiment.—We are often entertained, says an English Journal, by the tone of sentiment adopted in advertising a death. There is frequently a facetious mingling of puff and despondency. We will give a specimen of a "death:"

"Died, on the 11th ultimo, at the shop on Fleet street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man, he was amiable, and as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only twenty-four shillings each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of his life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply bonnets at a more reasonable charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality."

Queer Bedfellow—At a ladies' temperance meeting in Newburyport, one of the ladies remarked that the temperance had been a great blessing to her—"for," said she, "I slept with a *barrel of rum* for nine years—but now," she continued, her eyes brightening, "since my husband has signed the pledge, I have a man to sleep with—thank God." Then all the spinsters laid their hands on their hearts and said—Amen.—*Boston Notion.*

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals