

# THE HERALD OBSERVER.

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## Erie Weekly Observer.

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

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- DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,** Resident Dentist, Office and dwelling in the Public Square, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold Plates, and on one or more entire sets. Careful teeth filled with pure gold, and treated to health and soundness. Teeth drawn with instruments and identified so as to leave them of a good nature. All work warranted.
- POWDER—104 Key Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by R. T. STURGEON & SONS.**

## Poetry and Miscellany.

### I WOULD NOT STRIKE THE LYRE.

BY MISS BARLEN.

I would not strike the lyre again  
In this cold world of wrong,  
Where so much sorrow, care and pain  
Attends the child of song.  
For mine would make a mournful tone,  
Breathing of joys forever flown.  
When in mine own sweet home,  
Tang in other days,  
A father and a mother dear  
Approved my music here,  
But now, where I may never weep,  
Beneath the spider web they sleep,  
Who prized my simple lay,  
And some are in the cold earth laid,  
And some are far away,  
And sorrow hovers in the shade,  
Where we in joyous childhood played.  
There, flowers of every farm and hue  
I reared with tritler care,  
Which drank at the eye of the summer dew,  
And scented the cold air,  
But they in cold night are laid  
Beneath the spider's web to fade.  
And then the lutes from grove and stream,  
How very sweet they were;  
Never again but in my dreams  
Shall I such glad notes hear,  
And therefore did my music cease,  
They breathe around my own sweet home.

And there were rural scenes of earth  
That on inspired my song,  
The happy circle round the hearth,  
When winter nights grew long,  
But all these joys are scattered down,  
That happy circle broken—gone,  
But where no parting sounds shall come  
In a pure world of wrong.  
I'll be a sweeter, happier home,  
Than I have had in mine,  
Where great shall light and in its strain—  
—L. M. J.

### THE SUPERNATURAL.

From the Home Journal.

The Rev. Mr. E., traveling on a ministerial tour through the south of Ireland, one autumn day, found it impossible to reach his destination, yet distant, many miles distant, before the coming night, which announced its rapid approach by its sombre herald, twilight. During the day, his ride had been suggestive of solitary meditation, as a portion of the country through which he journeyed was, owing to the grandeur and diversification of its scenery, one of the most picturesque in the kingdom. His path had wound through gardens adorned to the rank luxuriance of the thistle and bramble, and past deserted homesteads, the histories of which were rife with tales of violence and bloodshed, and family extinction; and he had of with toll and difficulty guided his good steed through many of those deep labyrinthian glens, and matted ferns, and natural fastnesses in which the land of the shamrock glories.

In the earlier part of his journey, a few comfortable homes and farm-houses had been visible to Mr. E.; but as the day wore on, the way grew increasingly gloomy and disheartening, and glimpses of the human face dimmed more and more rare. At last it became expedient to think of getting lodging for the night, and he passed to reflect and reconnoitre. Not far from him towered the turret of a venerable castle, around which clustered trees of an immense growth and height, whose thick trunks, gnarled and overhanging branches, and sombre foliage, seemed as if anxious to keep out the prying stranger, and the main body of the building from being seen. A sloping lawn led down to a deep, silent lake, so deep and so glossy that not a ripple disturbed its calm surface. Beyond were piled a ledge of mountains, rising in bold relief against the murky sky, adding additional wildness to the landscape. Altogether, the aspect of that place was so repelling, and spoke so strongly of desolation, that the clergyman involuntarily turned away.

Meanwhile the darkness increased apace, and so other habitation was in sight except one—that of a person whom he well knew by report to be an implacable hater of religion and its ministers. Alternative, therefore, there was none, between seeking admission as an unwelcome guest, from which his delicate shyness, and remaining exposed to the fury of a storm which gave warning of being in preparation by hoarse booming of thunder, and the mighty sub-bass of the elements, and lurid gleams of fire: He hesitated for some time, but determined at length to try whether the voice of hospitality might not plead his cause, and gain for him, at least, the shelter of a roof, whatever might be his subsequent treatment and entertainment; any refuge appeared preferable to the peltings of the storm. His horse also began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction at the existing state of affairs, and plainly intimated a disposition to seek better quarters, by impatient stampings and neighings. Mr. E., accordingly, rode up to the door of the house and knocked; a tall, dark, shaggy man appeared. Mr. E. introduced himself, apologized for the intrusion, and solicited accommodation for the night. The gentleman replied that he would with pleasure furnish him with a supper, and find room for his horse in the stable, but regretted that there was not in the house a vacant chamber.

"But are you a coward?" he demanded abruptly.

"I hope not."

"Because, if you are not, you are in the castle across the park, of which I am the agent; no one is in it, as the owner is traveling on the continent. I will not disguise from you, however, that strange tales are told of its being haunted, which was, in fact, the principal reason for the departure of the Earl of L.'s family. If, as you say, you are not afraid, and feel willing to incur the risk of midnight visitants, you are welcome to a bed here."

Not seeming to notice the sneer which accompanied the last words, Mr. E. accepted the offer with thankfulness, remarking that, however he might prefer society, yet, as a minister of the Gospel, he had no cause for fearing even the powers of darkness, should they league against him.

"Very well," said the host, whom my designations as Mr. D., "I will order supper, and whilst you are partaking of it, send servants over to the stable to prepare a room, and light a fire; and let you should be in any doubts as to the sincerity of my intentions, I will accompany you there myself, and assist in searching your room and the adjoining ones."

After supper, having ascertained that his horse had been well attended to, Mr. E. expressed himself in readiness to attend to his bed, as he desired to retire to rest. The rain had not yet commenced, but the flashes of lightning, and the howling of the wind through the stately oaks and elms, presaged its coming violence, and suggested to the imagination of Mr. E., the fitness of just such a night and time for a deed of crime; and he shuddered as they traversed the gloomy park, as many a tale of murdered travelers that he had heard in boyhood came into his mind. To the best of men, sudden death has an appalling aspect, but under such circumstances as these, apart from all that he loved, alone and unaided, it seemed fearful terrible. Then, again, he would think

### ON THE UNEXPECTED HOSPITALITY OF MR. D.

As they drew near the castle, its desolate appearance was not much calculated to reassure him, or calm his drooping spirits. Mr. D. carried a lantern, the faint glimmering of which only served to make darkness visible, as it fell on the grass-grown walks, and old grey stones that paved the court-yard. The noise of the steps and voices disturbed a noisy congregation of owls, bats and rooks, time honored inhabitants of the towers, which started and affrighted, flew about, flapping their wings, and uttering dismal cries at the unwonted invasion of their premises. A chill ran through Mr. E. How he wished for even the neighborhood of his horse, or any thing that had life; the company of a dog would have been invaluable; for he would have stretched himself in the stable; but dressing to awaken the scream of his grim host, he said nothing. They reached the grand entrance. On opening, the door grated harshly and complainingly on its rusty hinges, and a rush of night winds moaned bodily as they entered. While ascending the staircase, dim shadows seemed to gather and troop around them, with fantastic gestures beckoning them onward; a thousand spirit eyes peered inquisitively out of the arches and frets in the ceiling; snippets of faint songs echoed through the corridors; glimpses he had of half-formed faces, flitting about in the corners, and whispers and sighs floated on the air.

Mr. E. again smiled at his own imaginings, and making a strong mental effort, fairly shook off all morose apprehensions. They thoroughly examined the room destined for him, and the adjoining one, and afterwards looked through those below, one of which was a half-magnificent dining-room, superbly carved and gilded in the old style. His companion reiterated his assurance that no living being save himself would be in the castle, and, with an invitation to breakfast at his house in the morning, he bade him good night. Mr. E. attended him to the door, double locked and chained it after him, and then ascended to his own apartment, which he also carefully locked and secured. He certainly was situated very pleasantly. The rain now came down in torrents, but the tremendous peals of thunder above him, and the vivid flashes of lightning which occasionally pierced their way through the heavy damask curtains, only so much the more enhanced the value of his comfortable retreat, and made his feelings those of unmingled satisfaction. A bright fire blazed on the old-fashioned hearth, and two wax candles stood lighted on the elegant inlaid table beside it.

The room was richly furnished in an antique style, and the luxurious couch, to one tired as he was, looked extremely inviting to repose. But the inclination to sleep had quite left him, and a strange wakefulness had succeeded its former almost overweariness. Several notable paintings by the great masters, Guido and Da Vinci, adorned the walls, one of which was the beautiful picture of the Virgin and child, representing him while yet the radiant boy was enwrapped by thorns, and ere the delicate fair cheek had been subjected to the blows of the smiter, or the prayer of prayers had been grasped by those cherub lips. Upon these he mused for an hour or so, and then, according to his custom, opened his pocket Bible, and read and meditated until his excitement passed away, and a sacred calm settled upon him.

Suddenly his attention was aroused by a commotion in the room below. Heavy tables were dragged about, dishes and glasses rattled, chairs pushed violently hither and thither, doors slammed, and in short, he heard every noise attendant upon the laying out of an extensive table. This unaccountable uproar continued unabated for about half an hour, when, all at once, the place became hushed as the grave. Soon after, a slow, heavy step began to ascend the stairs. Could his host have deceived him? For a time he doubted his truth. The ominous step continued to ascend; nearer it drew, and still nearer, until it stopped at his door.

Three sullen knocks.

Mr. E. paused a moment, and then asked:

"Who's there?"

A hollow voice replied, "The Master wants you down to supper."

"Excuse me, if you please; I cannot come down."

The tall, heavy step, descended the stairs, and entered the hall, down below. Mr. E. began to conjecture that a band of forgers or smugglers had made the place their abode, and being aware of his proximity, wished to inveigle him in their power, in order to insure his silence. His sensations were becoming very uneasy; but the pause was brief; for again he heard the steps ascending, if possible, heavier and slower than before; and again the three sullen knocks were given.

"What do you want?"

"The Master wants you down to supper!"

"Tell him I have already supped, and do not wish for more," replied Mr. E., alarmed at his pertinacity.

The step departed as before, and he distinguished angry noises in loud doleful below. Were their designs hopeless—how could he hope to escape? It is curious to note in cases of emergency, how many plausible schemes will present themselves to the mind, which, in placid moments, were never dreamt of. So, many a plan did he revolve in a minute, but to put one in execution was out of the question. He was a prisoner, and clearly in the clutches of his enemies, for such they must be. His heart sank like lead, as his thoughts reverted to his quiet happy home, where the beloved ones were probably at this time very joyously expecting him, but who, mayhap, should never behold him more.

The third time he heard the dreaded footstep approaching, so heavy was every footfall now, that they smote on his ear like cannon balls. The three sullen knocks again.

"What do you want, that you persist in thus disturbing me?" demanded Mr. E., loudly.

"The Master wants you to come down to supper!"

"I come," said Mr. E., and mentally imploring the protection of heaven against all violence, he grasped a candle, and placing his Bible under his arm, opened the door. A grim, gigantic figure, habited in black, from head to foot, stood without, motioning him to follow, led the way to the same splendid apartment in which he had been in the earlier part of the evening. The door was thrown widely back by his sable guide, and he was ushered in. The master of the revels received him with a silent bow, and escorted him to the table, which was covered with a sumptuous banquet, and entirely surrounded by guests, with the exception of one seat which had been reserved for him.

As he seated himself, a burst of hideous laughter plucked out and died away in the distance; he glanced at the company; they were all robed in the same black, and from countenances of livid greenness, the hollow eyes shot forth gloomy flashes of fire as they gazed upon him. All was silence—dead silence! It was appalling. He felt the blood curdle in his veins. The host helped him first, and then the other guests. Demonic grins wreathed their thin lips as they watched to see him eat. But he no longer doubted as to the nature of the company, and touched not the unwholesome food. A dead weight hung upon the atmosphere, almost crushing him to the earth; dense sulphureous vapors floated around, and the lowering brow of the company kept into deeper awe, as they bent out into another fit of Mephistophelian like mirth.

A moment of fearful trial, it is said, occurs in the life of every mortal. Mr. E. shuddered as he felt it had arrived; and what a tremendous ordeal it was—no less than a personal conflict with the powers of darkness. The host signed peremptorily to him to begin. With a

### A FARMER'S BOY.

I should like to guide a plough,  
Cut a furrow clear and straight;  
Run in harrow and bring the cow;  
But my tuckered on a gait,  
Drive the team down the green lane;  
Staple the ridge along;  
Shoot the crows down of the grain;  
Whistle back the blackbirds song.  
Would I mind the frost or snow?  
Not a bit if warmly clad;  
Would I suaver as I go,  
Like an idle, loitering lad?  
No I'd rise with early morn,  
Busy throughout the day;  
I'd hand the pluck a thorn—  
Beneath work's as good as play.  
When I lay me down at night,  
Oh, how soundly shall I sleep!  
Whether it is dark or light,  
Shelley me my God will keep—  
Keep us if I seek his love,  
Rest upon his promised aid.  
What I trust in one above,  
If I rest or if I rove,  
What shall make my heart afraid!

An Alabama Justice.

When the Creek Indians inhabited Alabama, there were several magistrates appointed who had extensive jurisdiction. Their power, and the extent of territory over which it spread, made the magistrates in power, equal to a territorial Governor. One of the magistrates was a well known character, who resided in "Turkey Town," an Indian village on the Coosa river. He had a Marshal, who was known in his tribe as "Moneycrack." The magistrate was remarkable for his contempt of legal opinions, and judicial forms. "Equity" was his hobby, and when his notions or right and justice, came in contact with "law," the latter was forced to give way. He thought the customs of the Indians more "equitable" in many cases than the laws of Congress, and he never failed in such cases, to set aside the latter. "Moneycrack" co-operated heartily with the court, and by their combined efforts they managed to deal out justice with certainty, but sometimes with real Indian severity.

The following scene once occurred in court.

Magistrate—This court is held to try a case in which "Little Chubby," a Creek Indian, is defendant and Tom Dale, a grocery keeper, is plaintiff. Dale claims \$20 from Little Chubby, and Chubby says he paid it in bear skins. "Gentlemen," continued the magistrate, addressing the bystanders, "Injins ain't likely to lie when they owe a white man; but white men will lie when they trade with Injins. This is the experience of 'my court.' Proceed gentlemen with this case."

The attorney for Tom Dale proceeded to make out the case. Dale swore that his debt was just, true, and unpaid. He then introduced a witness to prove that Chubby had caught only ten beavers in the last month—and that he had sold them to the deponent. The Indian had no witness, and the case was thus fully made out.

The attorney remarked, addressing the court, "May I please your honor, I claim a judgment for my client—there is no defence except the avowment of Chubby, and this the court can't regard."

"Gentlemen," said the magistrate "I ain't satisfied, and I ain't going to allow the Injin to be swindled," said he.

Mr. Marshal, handed me that book; I'll take a swear in this case myself, and seeing the action to the word, he kissed the book, and addressing Moneycrack, remarked, "Mr. Marshal, I constitute you my court, and will take a swear in this case. May it please the court, said he, 'there's cheating around this board, and I intend to expose it to the court. I'd rather take an Injin's word than a whiskey seller's any time. But this court can't decide in favor of an Injin without a swear in his behalf, and that swear, I am now, Mr. Marshal, going to take.'"

He then proceeded to state that little Chubby had come to his house, and he'd offered to sell him ten beaver skins. Chubby declined selling them, as he had promised them to Mr. Dale to pay a debt of twenty dollars due him. He saw Chubby go into Dale's and leave the skins and when he came out, Chubby told him he had paid his debt. When he concluded, he resumed his seat.

Dale's attorney protested against his taking a swear in the case, but he was interrupted by the magistrate, who informed him that it was his mode of dispensing Equity. Lawyer—May it please the court, I will take an appeal in this case.

Magistrate—The court is satisfied that the evidence is in favor of Little Chubby, and no appeal will be allowed.

Attorney—May it please the court, I consider this proceeding a damnable farce.

Magistrate—The court considers this a case of contempt, and will fine Mr. M. \$20 for swearing in court.

Attorney—Your court may go to the devil if your honor please.

Magistrate—Mr. Marshal will take Mr. M. into custody till he pays \$20; and unless he pays it, the Marshal will summon a posse of Injins, and tie him up, and thereupon inflict on him twenty stripes, according to Injin custom, and then inform him that it will improve his health, to get out of reach of my court, in twenty-four hours.

Attorney—May it please the court, I will give my note for the fine—if the court will agree to it.

Magistrate—The court will be hard, provided the character of the court is heretofore respected.

This, Mr. Editor, is a slightly colored sketch of the early history of the administration of justice in the Creek country, in Alabama.

### SELF DEVOTION.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In the latter part of the month of February, many years since, a schooner from the state of Maine, which had been to New York with a cargo, and was now on her return home, anchored under Sandy Point. The wind increasing from the northwest to a gale, she parted her cables; sail was got upon her as soon as possible, but not having in much ballast, she did not fetch in the westward of Great Point Light, on the Northern part of Nantucket, and had therefore to go outside or to the eastward of the island. With a comparatively light breeze, and with no cables or anchors, and with a prospect of a snow-storm before him, the captain of the schooner did not think it prudent or proper to be thus forced to go to sea with the wind blowing almost a hurricane.

He made up his mind, therefore, at once, to run his vessel on to Nantucket, which, with the wind at northwest, would make an entire lee, and enable him to land without much danger. All this was effected, the vessel was beached, and the crew, consisting of the captain, a mate, and two young men, on about seventeen, both sons of the captain, were landed in safety, except, perhaps, the incidental exposure and fatigue, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The place of their landing was about three miles from Great Point Light, to which they proposed to proceed, it being, as they supposed, the nearest place where they could find rest and shelter for the night.

The mate took up his line of march first, the captain and his two sons following, and he was not long in reaching the keeper of the light's hospitable mansion in safety. A far different fate was to be the lot of some of his companions.

The captain was a man who was injured from his boyhood to hardship and toil; his was the will and the power which the elements could not conquer. Taking the lead of his sons for the purpose of breaking off as much as possible the force of the wind, he kept them immediately behind him, and thus their journey commenced. One-half the distance, perhaps, was overborne, after incredible anxiety and perseverance on the part of their father, when the younger son begged his father and brother to go on and leave him, as his strength had entirely failed and he could walk no longer.

No persuasion could revive his exhausted powers, and it became necessary to act as the exigency of the case required. The father taking off his own outdoor coat, that his limbs might be more free to act, wrapped it around the less hardy frame of his son, and taking him in his arms, the toilsome journey was again resumed. For half a mile did the father's power of endurance bear up against the violence of the storm with his additional burden; but his cup was not yet full; the other son now showed the symptoms that his exhausted nature was about to give way; and a few minutes after, he sank to the ground, apparently unable to rise.

Laying down the one he had borne so long, the father took up the other, and carrying him some distance, he left him and then returned, and took the younger and brought him to the same point; and thus the old man struggled, alternately carrying one and then the other, and bringing the other to the same place; whispering hope into their ears, which, alas, were fast becoming insensible to their parent's love. It was a sight, it would seem some pitying angel might have relieved.

The younger son was growing very weak and insensible, and when the father laid him down for the last time, he saw that the elements had done their work, and that the poor boy was at rest.

Going back and taking the elder in his arms, he redoubled his exertions to save him; he struggled, and between the flashes of the storm the light could be seen in the distance; but fortitude, energy and perseverance, were of no avail; a single moan told him he was childless.

The old man arrived at the light, and found that in preparation had been made to come out in search of him; tears he had not many to shed. Such people have but few to their call; those few, however, make a father which never leaves the face but with the close of their earthly existence.—Boston Journal.

"My Dear," said an anxious father to his beautiful daughter, "I intend that you shall be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away on any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age; one that can charm you with wisdom and good advice, rather than with personal attractions. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?"

The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be much better."

### ON PAYING SMALL BILLS.

"These small bills are very vexatious," remarked Mr. Chubb to his wife. "I dislike so much the being demanded; that I have almost made up my mind never to contract another debt." "Very well, Mr. Chubb," said Mrs. C., "I am perfectly willing; let us disengage today—and now I think of it, Mr. Chubb, let me have five dollars to pay for that new hat for Harriet." This was putting a new resolution into action too quick for his ideas, and murmuring something about money worth two per cent a month, he left the house, telling the collector, who was waiting at the door, that he had no small bills, and that he must call to-morrow. To-morrow came and the collector called as he was told to do. Mr. Chubb was enraged and rushed to the door. "What in the name of the old Harry do you mean by calling on me at this time? Does your master think I am going to run off, that he dares me this way? Come some other time, I am engaged now, and don't like to be annoyed in this manner!" Mr. Chubb slammed the door in the collector's face. The collector quietly took the affront and passed on to his next customer. He opened the door of the counting-room where Mr. Smith was quietly reading his morning paper. "Good morning, Mr. Smith—I have called for that small bill of \$5 you owe Mr. Jenkins." "You must be crazy to suppose that I pay small bills during these hard times. Tell Mr. Jenkins he must wait." "This bill has been due some time, and Mr. Jenkins is in want of funds; got a note to take up today." "That is just my case; so don't stand there, for I shall not settle it to-day at any rate."

The collector calls on Mr. Johnson next. "I have a small bill of two dollars against you, Mr. Johnson. I wish you would settle it." "On my word, my dear fellow, I haven't so much money about me, and I don't like to draw a check for so small an amount." "I will give you eighteen dollars, Mr. Johnson, and you can give me a check for twenty." "Do you doubt my credit, sir; do you not think me worthy of being trusted a week or more?" "Oh, yes; sir; but I thought, that as I had called on you so often, and never found you with any small bills, that it would be an accommodation." "Leave my counting-room, sir; and tell Mr. Jenkins if he wishes to have my patronage he had better employ a more civil collector."

Mr. Easy is next visited. He is smoking his morning cigar—and as he sees the collector approach he bursts out a laughing and exclaims: "Upon my word you are my ghost, you don't mean to say that you have come from that bill again? I really think that Jenkins is about to fail; why, you were here yesterday." "No, sir," replied the collector, looking at the back of the bill which he had noted the times he had called for it; "it was the 27th of last month, the 1st and 5th of this month, and now it is the 28th." "Well, I may be mistaken; but won't you smoke?" "I never smoke, sir." "Well, what do you think of Lopez? Which side does Jenkins take? Is he for or against the invaders?" "Why, I really don't know. It is too busy to think much about it, having large sums to pay." "Is Jenkins very short?" "He is, sir, and your money would help him amazingly." "Well, then, you may tell Jenkins that if he is short I know how to sympathize with him"—and Mr. Easy settles down in his chair and puffs his cigar with renewed zest.

We have given above, rough outlines of three individuals who dislike paying small bills.—Mr. Chubb, because money is worth two per cent a month; Mr. Johnson, on account of having no change; and Mr. Easy, owing to his dislike to part with money in small parcels. Either of these could have raised five hundred to accommodate a friend; but they are too short to pay their houses debts. Really there is no excuse for such conduct—it is beneath an honest man to refuse paying small debts, and thus force a man to earn his money twice. If the dollars are in his pocket, why not pay them over at once, and thus rid yourself of one annoyance? Why not pay the small bills on presentation, and not skulk behind some shallow excuse? A merchant, who would not let a note lie over at any sacrifice, does not hesitate to refuse the collector who calls for his small bills, and turns him out in the most adroit manner. The principle is the same in both cases, but custom makes the difference. In nine cases out of ten, these small debts are due to persons who want the money, and who from circumstances, are obliged to wait patiently till it comes, for if they attempt to force payment, or insist that they have waited long enough, they become—too often in the eyes of high-minded merchants—very impudent fellows. We will not injudiciously that all men are equal at paying their small bills, but we know that many are; and what is very curious, they are principally men of wealth, who never experience—save in their imagination—any check in their financial dealings. Pay your small debts.—Boston Evening Gazette.

### A Mannerly Youth.

Last week the "Swampscott Dorcas Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and on motion it was voted— "That our patron was on Tony Jones and so if nothing can be done to correct the manners of young Tony." The next day the patron called on Tony, senior, and informed him respecting the object of his visit. Tony answered patiently while the patron rehearsed the object of his visit, to which he replied: "The patron nodded assent.

"Now, see, I'll call him," and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—

"Tony!"

The response was quick and equally loud—"Sir."

"Do you hear that, patron?" said the old man; "Don't you call that mannerly?"

"That is all very well," replied the patron, "as far as it goes."

"What do you mean by 'sir' as it goes?" That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him;—

"Tony!"

The response, "Sir," was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—

"Tony!"

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out—

"You miserable, black, old drunken snob, I'll come there in just two minutes, and mail you like blazes!"

The patron was astounded. The old man was disconcerted for the moment, but instantly recovering himself, he lapped the patron on the shoulder, saying—"You see, patron, my boy has got grit as well as manners. That chap will make an ornament to your society one of these days."

DOUGLASS ROWLAND, FOR MARCY'S OLIVER.—A Washington correspondent of the Herald, tells a story of these gentlemen, which is worth copying. It would seem that during the recent fair at Rochester, a number of gentlemen met at a dinner party, and among the galaxy of bright particular stars, and the distinguished orator of the day, Mr. Douglas and the ex-Secretary of War. The wit and wine flowed apace; and at length, Marcy, with one of those knowing looks of his, arose, and proposed "the health of Mr. Douglas, the able Senator from Illinois." He continued for the next six years to fill his place in the Senate, which he has so much prided in. The meaning of the allusion was evident, and Marcy's eye twinkled with satisfaction at the "hit." No-wisn ashed, however, "the little giant" straightened himself out, and after returning thanks, concluded by giving—"the distinguished ex-Secretary of War, Governor Marcy, with not a spot on his character, and but one patch on his breeches."

"Nurs Low as that yet."—The Cincinnati Non-Parcell notice that during the late excitement in that city, two friends, B's and N's, one a whig and the other a Democrat, in passing along the streets in the evening quite merry, he declared he could tell a whig by his looks as soon as he set his eyes upon him, and to prove it he proposed to go to a meeting of the whigs, and to prove to persons they chanced to meet. Bob had won a number of bets and felt exceedingly happy. "Now thou" said he, "I'll bet you the next man we meet will be a whig." "Dare," was the reply. It was getting late, and there were few people in the streets. At last the two friends discovered a poor devil lying on the pavement fast asleep. They succeeded in waking him, and at length he was made to understand that he must say yes or no, whether he was whig or not. "No sir," said the peevish individual, "I ain't a whig, I haven't got so low as that yet!" Bob paid the bet without saying a word.