THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

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By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.50

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Attorney at Law—Office on Park Row, between Brown's new Hotel and the Reed House, up stairs.

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Surgeon and Physician—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, one door east of the Apothecary Hall.

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Have constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c., &c.; and sells Wholesale or Retail as cheap as the cheapest. No. 110, Cheapside Erie.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Revolutionary, army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention.
Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's store. Erie Oct. 19.

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RUFUS REED,
Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Alec. Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

W. J. F. LIDDLE & Co.
Blacksmiths, Carriage and Wagon Builders, State Street, between Seventh & Eighth, Erie.

L. STRONG, M. D.
Office, one Door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Doct. A. Beebe, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, on Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

C. SIEGEL,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c., &c. Corner of French and Fifth Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Crockery Glassware, Iron, Nails, &c., Cheap Side, Erie, Pa.
☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce. ☜

J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop, No. 1 Poor People's Row, (next door over A. & J. S. Walters' Grocery Store) State Street, Erie, Pa.

J. W. WETMORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Law Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa

HENRY CADWELL,
Inventor, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c., Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
N. B.—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Erie Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 4 Arcade Block, State street, Erie.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
Broker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c Office, Williams' Block, corner of State st. and Public Square

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building opposite the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond,

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

EDWIN J. KELSO & CO.
General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Austin

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD,
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 3, Reed House, Erie.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a beautiful clearness. All work warranted.

POWDER.—196 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Erie, July 26. E. T. Sterrett & Sons.

500 BAGS Dairy Salt, on hand and for sale at
Nov. 29. W. F. RINDERNECHT.

Poetry and Miscellany.

GOING HOME.

The warriors heart beats wild and high
He cheers his gallant band,
And joy beams forth from every eye
To hear the glad command
The sound of home doth sweetly fall,
Each heart is light as air
And merrily they heed the call
To greet the loved ones there.

"We're going home!" the sailor's cries;
Spread every inch of sail;
Right swiftly now our vessel flies,
Nor fears the coming gale.
All hardy men and rough are we,
And far away we roam;
But never on the stormy sea
Forget the joys of home.

Whence comes the brilliant flame that plays
Around the pilgrim's eye,
And with its bright and sparkling rays
Tells of some refuge nigh.
Though he hath wandered long and far
In this dark world of tears,
He finds at life's guiding star,
The home of early years.

Where shall the faithful christian turn,
When low and weak his frame;
When soon for aye shall cease to burn
Life's dim uncertain flame.
Bright aspirations now will come,
His dying stay to prove,
And softly whisper—going home—
Home to thy rest above.

THE EXPECTANT.

A TALE OF LIFE.

When a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on the gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity: and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less: for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a needy, hard working lad, whose poverty and time worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things coupled with the nervous irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus what we wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shop keepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when he had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a bunch of bread and cheese from home, to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and "bother," as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Midvale. Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion, had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labor of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage; but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce.—Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved; and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts: the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk, have as eager partisans among the knucklers at *taw* as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. "I shall be a gentleman," said he; "if I don't have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it's a bore to be ordered off where you don't want to go—I shall have an official situation under government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and enjoy myself." Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of a London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven years I served and wrought in acquiring the art and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old school-fellow Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped everything from General ———, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their influence to bear upon any suitable birth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S——— House, in case T———, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command, and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes, at least, he felt sure, before polling-day. I could not help thinking as he rattled away, that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of a fiddle-faddle and small talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honor of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an official appointment I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed; the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S——— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labors, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a suddenly conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily; his mother's tenants at Midvale clamored for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears: repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived; and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith; he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that, he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness characteristic of his boyhood, continued his friendship and his confidence. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of £200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life the—settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate—upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son—passed, at her death, into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was their endeavor to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a douceur of £300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged, I cannot tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his £300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character; he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn of, and it was plain that he was painfully economizing the remnant of his funds.

About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight or him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive "b'bang," to recognize under the gold-banded hat and red-collarded coat of that peripatetic official, the gentlemanly figure and features of my old schoolfellow Griffith Maclean!

"What! Griff?" I exclaimed; "is it possible?—can this be you?"

"Well," said he, "I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T——— and I should not have got this had I not well worried him.—He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long; there are good berths in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as anything better offers. But, by George! there is not much time allowed for talking, I must be off—farewell!"

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs: that people did nothing upon earth but write letters; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused at a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in "merry Islington," and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of it was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in any thing, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbors had done the same. The paper testified only as to character, and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful, he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. "Of course," said he, "that is my object; it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force."

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper, I saw him indeed with a long coat oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian file for night duty to his beat in the H——— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I cannot say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated transgression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighborhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few weeks under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge one morning waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large printed he, when my eye fell upon the bearer of the board, whose haggared but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as our eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

"And what," said I, not daring to be silent, "do they pay you for this?"

"Six shillings a week," said Griff, "and that's better than nothing."

"Six shillings and your board of course?"

"Yes, this board" (tapping the placarded timber); "and a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is."

"And do you stand here all day?"

"No, not when it rains; the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover. After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch my legs abit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better."

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified, that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he would imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battle field, determined to defend his colors with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang a huge wooden extinguisher over his shoulders labeled with colored stripes—it would never have done; it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however.—On the first establishment of the street-orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again.—If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original station, or even something beyond * * * * * I hear a gentle knock, a modest, low toned single tap at the street door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. "Squilch!" they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's fane, when "tap" again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street door. The spirit of patience is out side; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. "Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if your engaged, he ain't in no hurry." "Show him in;" and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth.—We parted at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desired appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griff in his glazed hat, and short blouse and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C——— street, city, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation, that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake, with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and air proclaiming to the world that though in the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not *of* it, and vindicating the workmanship of nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily for him, he thinks that fortune has done her worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low.—May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realization.

Bedbugs Unlawful.—It has been decided by an English Court, that a house infested with bugs is not tenantable, and a landlord cannot hold a tenant responsible for the rent, if the latter throws up the lease in consequence of the premises being too densely populated with vermin.

The Race for Life.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF INDIAN JUSTICE.

During the summer of 18—, soon after the difficulties with the Winnebago Indians had been amicably adjusted by a visit of the chiefs to Washington, accompanied by Gov. Cass, a Sioux Indian, while out hunting near the mouth of Root river, shot and scalped a Winnebago, which act he attempted to justify by saying that the Winnebago had wrapped around his person the blanket of an Indian who a short time previous had murdered his brother. The Winnebagoes became indignant at the act, and about two thousand of them assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded of Col. Taylor the procurement and surrender of the murderer. The officers of the Fort, apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this factious tribe, if their demands were unattended to, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly an officer was dispatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up, and he was brought down the river and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the Fort, the Winnebagoes assembled again and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them which Col. Taylor refused to make, but dispatched Lieut R. and Dr. Eluise, the surgeon of the garrison, to have a talk with them upon the subject. At the conference, the Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, and insisted that nothing would satisfy them but taking the life of the Sioux in their own way and by themselves. At length, Lieut R. proposed that the Indian should have a chance of his life in the following manner:

Two weeks from that time he was to be led out upon the prairie, and in a line with him ten paces off, was to be placed upon his right and left, twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tommahawk and scalping knife.

At the tap of the drum the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes free to pursue, capture and scalp him if they could.

To this proposal the Winnebagoes acceded at once, and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison during the two weeks, they believed would prostrate whatever running qualities he possessed. The best runners were immediately brought in and trained every day in full sight of the fort. Lieut R. who was something of a sportsman, and who had warmly enlisted in the cause of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible trim. Accordingly Dr Eluise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating his hours of repose, and directing the rubbing of his body with flesh brushes, twice a day, immediately before he went to the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. In fact, so carefully was he trained and fitted for the race of life and death, that he was timed upon the parade ground, the fourth day before the race, and performed the astonishing feat of twenty-one miles in two hours, apparently without fatigue.

The day at length arrived. Thousands of Indians, French, Americans and others had assembled to witness the scene. In fact it was regarded as a gala day by all, except the avenger of his brother Sue. Lieut R. on the part of the prisoner and the celebrated war chiefs Warkon-shutes kee and Pinetop on the part of the Winnebagoes, superintended the arrangement of the parties upon the ground. The point agreed upon for starting, was upon the prairie a little north of Prairie du Chien, and a few rods from the residence then occupied by Judge Lockwood, while the track lay along the nine Mile Prairie, stretching to the North and skirting the shores of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground accompanied by his guard of soldiers, who were followed by his twenty-four antagonists, marching in indian file, naked, with the exception of the Indian breechclout. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Across the face, alternate stripes of white and black were painted, in parallel lines, extending from the chin to the forehead.

The chain was plated into numerous things, fringed with bells, and tasselled with a red or white feather, while the moccasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot as well as around the ancle, with the sinews of the deer In the right hand each carried his tommahawk while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping knife.

The prisoner was about 23 years of age, a little less than 6 feet in height, of a muscular, well proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body, a wiry and agile command of his muscular powers. His countenance presented a manly and haggard appearance as he stood upon the ground, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse-shoe in white, upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness. Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, to which was appended the scalp he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after they had formed a line, Lieutenant R. came up and took off one of the moccasins of the Indian and showed the chief that he thought it contained a thin plate of steel, and asked if they objected to it; to which they replied that he might carry as much iron as he pleased. Lieut. R. having noticed at the same time that the countenance of the Indian presented a downcast and melancholy appearance, requested Dr. Eluise to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, reported that he was much excited, and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition. Lieut. R. immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance in front of the line, where he asked him through his interpreter, if he was afraid to run; to which he replied, that he was not afraid to run with any Winnebago on foot, but he was afraid he could not outrun all the horses that were mounted by armed Indians. The Lieut. saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere. He intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground and keep near him, and as he was well armed, would see that no horseman approached him with hostile intentions. At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile; his whole person seemed lifted from the ground as he returned to his position in the line with a stalwart stride. The Chiefs and Lieut. R. soon after mounted their horses, and took a position in the rear of the prisoner. Spectators were removed from the front, when Lieut R. gave the signal; the blow had scarcely reached the drum, when the prisoner darted from his antagonists with a bound which placed him beyond the reach of the whirling tomahawk.

When the race was under way many of his antagonists ran with great fleetness for a mile, when the distance between them and the Sioux began to widen, showing the superior bottom of the latter, acquired by the discipline of the white man. At the end of two miles the last of the contending Winnebagoes withdrew from the chase; there was not an Indian horse upon the ground, that could keep up with him after he had gone the first half mile, and at the end of the fourth mile, Lieut. R., finding that his steed was much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, reined up. The Indian did not look behind, or speak as far as he was followed or could be seen, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon the white flags that had been placed at the distances of a half a mile apart, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagoes that he had been shot by one of their boys, who had been secreted by order of War-konshutskee, beneath the bank of the river near the upper end of the prairie. This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who like himself had been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux, who a few years ago was present at the treaty made by Gov. Doty with the Sioux nation.

He had then but recently acquired the rank of chief.—He requested Gov. Doty to inform him where Lieut. R., and Dr. Eluise were at that time, and was told that both had died in Florida He immediately withdrew from the convention, painted his face black, and departed to the woods; nor could he be prevailed upon to come into the Convention until he had gone through the usual ceremony of fasting and mourning for the dead.

"Bury the Hatchet."

"Dear Walter," said Mrs. Gray, "New Year is coming with its warm hearted greetings and festal gatherings to dig the grave for old animosities, polish brighter the chain of friendship, and draw closer about the heart the cords of love for home and kindred. It is very sad to think of the separation between you and your only brother; 'Forget and forgive' said the sweet peacemaker, as she passed her arm caressingly about her husband's neck."

"Pshaw! Emma," said her husband, "women never go to the foundation of anything; you seem to forget the cause of this alienation: you overlook the provocation received; you forget the benefits he has never acknowledged by one word of gratitude, of which he has been the recipient for long years; and then this last affront; I will not bear it;" said Mr Grey, rising and pacing the floor in his impatience, "no, not from my own mother's son."

"No, I do not forget," said Mrs. Grey mildly, "I know you are the injured party, I know he has abused your generous kindness; so much the more magnanimous in you to forgive. If there remain in him a spark of the nobleness you possess, it will be fanned into a flame by your generosity. Remember, you were rocked in the same cradle, nursed at the same breast, lulled to sleep by the same nursery song, repeated your infant prayer at the same knee. Any one can resent an injury, dear Walter, it were Christ-like to 'turn the other cheek.'"

Tears filled the eyes of the loving husband; pressing his lips to her forehead, he murmured, "you are an angel, Mary—it shall be as you say."

In an elegant house in the upper end of —— street, a fine looking man in the prime of life, was receiving with his wife the customary New Year's calls. The warm temperature of the apartments, the fragrance of hot-house flowers, cheated winter of its leafless gloom. Softly fell the skillfully arranged light on the delicate work of the artist and sculptor, lending a richer glow to the cheek of beauty. The gay laugh, the merry jest, the bright flashing eye, told of the enjoyment of the hour. Through the day the rooms had been crowded with visitors, for he rich have many friends;—now, at a late hour in the evening, they sat alone, with the same thought busy at their hearts, each aware by a sort of magnetism of what was passing in the mind of the other, and yet both were silent. It was late to expect other visitors, and they were about to retire, when steps in the hall arrested their attention, and in an instant Walter Grey stood before his brother.

Extending his hand, and in a voice trembling with emotion, he said, "I shall sleep better to-night, my brother, to say, "a happy New Year to you."

Harry tightly grasped the proffered hand and said in a husky voice, "May God bless you, Walter; I did not expect this, nay more, I did not deserve it."

"Say no more," said Mr. Gray, wiping away the tears he had tried to conceal, "let by-gones be by-gones. God forbid our children should grow up as strangers to each other."

Dear reader, let not the coming New Year find you with a bitter hatred rankling and festering at your heart. All are imperfect: "offences will come;" but life is short, and the meek sufferer on Calvary has said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,"—and hath not the same heavenly voice spoken these words? "Blessed are the peace-makers."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Method of Curing Prize Hams.

The hams of Maryland and Virginia have long enjoyed a wide celebrity. At the last exhibition of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, four premiums were awarded for hams. We are informed by those that had an opportunity of examining them that they were of first rate quality. The following are the receipts by which the hams were cured, says the *American Farmer.*

T. C. Hamilton's Receipt.—First Premium.—To every 100 lb. of pork take 8 lb. of G. A. Salt, 2 oz. saltpetre, 2 lb. brown sugar, 1½ oz. of potash, and four gallons of water. Mix the above, and pour the brine over the meat, after it has lain in the tub for about two days. Let the hams remain in the brine six weeks, and then dry several days before smoking. I have generally had the meat rubbed with fine salt, when it is packed down. The meat should be perfectly cool before packing.

J. Gruen's Receipt.—Second Premium.—To every 100 pounds of pork take half a bushel and half a peck of salt, 3 oz of saltpetre, 3 lb. of sugar, and 2 quarts of molasses. Mix—rub the bacon with it well; keep on for three weeks in all; at the end of nine days take out the hams, and put those which are at the top at the bottom.

R. Brooke, Jr.'s Receipt.—Third Premium.—One bushel of fine salt, half bushel ground alum salt, one and a half pounds to a thousand lb. pork, left to lie in pickle four weeks, hang up and smoke with hickory wood until the rind becomes a dark brown.

C. D. Sinclair's Receipt.—Fourth Premium.—To 100 lb of green hams take 8 lb G A. salt, 2 lb. brown sugar or Molasses equivalent, 2 oz. saltpetre, 2 oz. pearlashes, 4 gallons water, dissolved well; skimming off the scum arising on the surface. Pack the hams compactly in a tight vessel or cask, rubbing the fleshy part with fine salt. In a day or two pour the above pickle over the meat, taking care to keep it covered with pickle. In four to six weeks, according to the size and weight of the hams, (that is to say, the long period for heavy hams) hang up to smoke, lock up, smoking with green hickory wood I have put up hams for the last 12 or 15 years by the above receipt with uniform success, equal at all times to the sample now presented.

☞ We find, on a scrap in our "