VOLUME 23.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1852.

NUMBER 8.

## Erie Weekly Observer.

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

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE. TERMS OF THE PAPER.

Cat subscribers'; the carrier, at 82.06 By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.30 True read madvance, or within three months from the time effoldered from those will be charged.

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# and Misrellann

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY ARRIE A. The Bachelor 's lonely chap.

No gentle wife has he To have his slippers warm at night, Or pour a cup of tea; Though cold may blow the wintry wind. And cheerless are the streets, He wanders forth to look upon

His friends' much envied sweets. The "blues" ne'er trouble married men-O'er him they have control:

Poor luckless wight! from mora to night The gout disturbs his soul; And if he goes up to his room His grate is full of rust; His pockets full of-emptiness,

His clothes are full of dust. Now look upon the married man-What sight can be more fair? He has -what bachelors have not-

An independent " air,"-He has no fear that he will die For want of proper care : In pain or health, he knows that he Will get the best of fare.

I see him in his parlor new, The fender 'neath his feet : He's reading to his wife the news .... The picture looks complete! Plenty, health and ease are hie, And all the joys of life. He knows he has the sympathy

Of his children and his wife. From the Cavington (Ky.) Journal. "WHICH IS THE COWARD"

BY R S. WILLIAMS.

Constance Grace, dear readers, is not a pretty name, ly under the abreviation of " Con" for shortness, went to bathe, though the apper side offered a splendid bathone of the leveliest crestures man ever saw. She was ling place. perfect in form and feature, and nothing or, at least. The river was at this time very much swollen by revery little—lacked to make the agoddess. Her eyes, jet black, flashed spark of pure wit, and her bair hung in his all glossy sensitive was at this time very much swollen by recentrains, and the falling of the water smole upon the bridge with a most in his glossy sensitive were ner neck and shoulders—in stunning force. The bridge was newly built, and there short site was a perfect kiebe a which is the same as to was no hand-railing on the sides, as is usual, to prevent any that she was the belie of the village of C .............. away any person from falling into the water beneath. Abave amount of pretty girls apequalled by any other village in that had once been the 'gunnel' of a flat boat, which the State of the same number of inhabitants, and that is projected over the bank fifteen or twenty feet. At this among the prettiest, and Kentucky's sons among the it was about the middle of the river bed. bravest, and both among the most hospitable. Beauty and modesty are linked in the prominent characteristics o'clock the next afternoon. of the maideus of Kentucky. They do not indeed in | Mr. Grace was walking very leasurely along, chatting general, possess that enchanting, entrancing, dazzing, in an apparently easy manner with young Morlan, whose emp'y and shailow-midded beauty; which adorns many conversation interested him exceedingly. They reached a city belle, but theirs in the noble, intellectu I features, the bridge at one end just as Harforth, according to apdazzling and blinding the beholder, but drawing him on slowly and surely from step to step from coldness to carelessness, from that to admiration; and the more he neared the two and as he passed ran with nearly all his deeper his idmiration will grow, until it deepens iato love: fierceness soon destroys itself, but a deep seated firm affection which even after marriage will make the hus band still a lover, and hold his heart bound in strong, firm bond of true affortion, forever constant in its object. Bit enough of this.

Constance Grace was tru'y what her name indicates. Sile was constant in her affections, and possessed all the grace and beauty of a liebe, combined with a quick and strong intellect, destined one day to be put to some good use. She had but few relations, except her father, and her beauty made her many enemies in her pative town She had many suitors for her favor, but most of them she losthed and pitted for their shallow-minded foppery and vanity. But among them was one who showed his superiority over the rest, and whom she looked upon with tering his passions, he replied, in a voice trembling with a kindlier bye. In fact she estcomed Frank Morlan as a gentleman, and one whose talents were not of a common cast. This kind of esteem was, to her, the incipent stage of a strong affection for him, but she knew it not.

Frank Morlan was a young man, well known in the village for his sweet and engaging manners, good beha--unnoticed." wor and gentlemanly deportment on all occasions, though report called him a colourd! His first appearance struck Harforth, "You dare not fight! I dare you..." the beholder as being rather effuminate; but on looking We shall nee.

harizon with a bright rich, titt of gold. Her levely head balls would burst from their sockets, they steed-mark! rested on her hands in meditation. Her revery was interrupled by footsteps, and she arose to see who it was, when herfather entered the arbor and seated himself by her side. Taking her hand in his he said-

.. Well Con, Harforth came to see you to-day, and of course made you an offer of his hand; which I hope you had good sense enough to acc pt; for his wealth is immense, and he loves you sincerely—if I did not think he loved you. I would forbid your accepting his effer; but

l believe he loves you truly.!" Her rosy checks colored deeper at this blant allusion to young Thomas Harferth's affection for her, but she anwered-

"No father, I did not accept the offer of his hand, hough he made me an enthusiastic speech, which, I suppose, he learned before he left home. Ha! ha? ha! the idea almost made me laugh in his face, but I restrained myself and listened with apparent calmness to his speech till he had fluished. Thun rising with all the dignity I could assume I bade him seek elsewhere a bride. He offered me gold as an inducement to an alliance with him, as it I cared for the pattry track enough to induce clothes had borne it up as yet, but now perfectly satura. If a breeze blows up while we are in "the chops of the me to seek his hand and, perhaps heart. No! I would nanimity; and it is well known that Harforth possesses neither."

"But, Con," said her father, " would it not be something notic to raise his mind from the present state to one from the villagers who had collected on the bank, with ments." far shove it ?"

"Indeed, it would, father," she replied; "but that he had been floating rapidly lowards the precipies. never can be accomplished. He is too low and debased te appreciate or even listen te argument."

way. You always got the better of me in argument when a skillful ewimmer, and nearly a match for Harforth, I attempt to argue a point with you. But you are now who was cansidered the best in the village. A rene mearly twenty years of age, and it is time you were look. with a bony attached to the end was lewered from the ing out for a husband. You have many who have sought bridge and floated with the current towards him. His any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the your hand and are now, in spite of your coldness, striving strength was fast giving way, but the shouts of the villa- him free liberty to breathe, and if he will use his legs as young girl. She was not there. The impatient Fret still to gain your regard; and among them Harforth gers cheered him. The water chilled him, but the rope seems to be your best chance."

never love him as a wife should love a husband."

" Well, then, there's Jordan." "He and I would never agree tegether."

Then Taylor.

. The namesake of a hero in war is only a hero in several measufuly to the shore. He had scarcely strength

"Hernstadt."

"He can appreciate nothing but sourkrout." "The rest, but one, are not worth mentioning, and he

bardly:" " Who is he ?"

uied."

"Frank Morlan." "And why is not Mr. Morlan hardly worth mentioning.?"

"Why Con, you seem by your manner to take an in terest in him. It cannot be that you love him." "And why not, father? why should I not yield to him, whose intellect sheds so bright a lustre around his path-way, my heart's esteem, and even love?"

"What? Con, my daughter, my only child loves a comard !" and the face of the father glowed with rage and indignation like a coal.

"A coward, father? Who told you this? Dare the base standerer to a trial of courage in a way in keeping with the principles of religion, and I will place my hand upon the issue—he who wins shall have it."

"Bravo! Constance; you are again my daughter .-This shall decide the matter. Twas Harforth told me and the he who will prove it. I'll see them both this eyening and to-morrow for the trial;" and he turned to depart; but as he stepped from the room, a hesaid-"Now, father, none but honorable means are to be

"No, my child; I'll see to that." So saying, he closed the door and started in search of the two young men. Constance was left alone to her reflections. What they were we will not pretend to say: but skipping over an uninteresting part, we will return to her father, who had made all arrangements with Harforth, and laid all his plans for drawing Morlan into a quarrel, when Harforth was to strike him, and if he did not receive a blow in return the victory was his. But in case young Morlan should return the blow. Harforth was to challenge him; Morland being a coward would not, of course except the chalfenge, and in that case also Harforth was to carry off the prize. Thus it was arranged, and the time appointed was the next evening at six o clock;the place on the bridge that extended over the little river of S-, about two hundred trards above a tremenduous fall in the river, where the water fell from rock to rock to the distance of about fifty feet. So terrible was the water fall and so rapid the current for some distance re acknowledge; but under that name, or, more general- shove it, that the children of the village invariably went

in Keniucky; which same little village contained an the bridge about fifty yards was a large piece of timber saying a great deal, for kentucky's daughters may rank | place the current ran close to the shore, but at the bridge

We will pass over the time that intervened till 2

about the middle. Harforth quickened his pace as he from the bridge. Morlan simply turned around and re-

"No harm doue, Mr. Harforth. A mere accident, I presume." Lefort's baret into a contemplaces laugh, which stung Morlan to the quick.

"Pardon me." he said, "if I have made a double misake. I supposed it was an accident, and that it came from a gentleman;" and with the cutting rebuke, he turned to walk away; but Harforth exclaimed-"Do you call me no gentleman? I'll teach you how

to insult your superiors," and he struck him a heavy blow upon the cheek. Morlan turned upon him like a tiger, and for a moment seemed about to crush him to the earth; but, mas-

smothered indignation-"Sir, you are as far beneath my notice as is the lowest bully of a coffee-house; and were it not that I abhor the act of duelling or fighting in any manner as beneath

a man of principle and honor, this insuit would not pass "You are a coward!" shouted the now exasperated

A cry of horror from the lips of Mr. Grace, who had into his bright hazel dyes, you could observe a soul of hitherto been a silent spectator of the scene, interrupted honor and integrity. Why, then was he called a coward? him. They turned towards him quickly, and following the direction he was looking, observed a little girl stand-One evening Constance sat in a little arbor built on a ling on the very end of the boat gunnel above the bridge. mound in her father's garden, watching the red rays of At the sight both were transfixed with herror, and for a the setting sun as they gilded the clouds of the western minute neither could speak. Their eyes strained as if the

> -she gazes into the rapid whirling waters beneath-her head grows dizzy-she totters, staggers-neither breathed—she falls. "Save her?" shouted Mr. Grace, the first who could

> find speech. "Yes, save her," said Harforth faintly. "What, does neither stir? Now Harforth, prove your

earage." "But the falls," ejaculated Harforth, pale with terror. "Ha, do you fear the falls? If you are not a base, cringing dustard, you will save that child," and the old man stepped toward him.

"No, no, no!" and Harforth sank back as he spoke, bis face as white as snow... 🖡 "Coward!" shouted the old man; "I will save her

myself!" And as he attered the words Marian, who had divested himself of his coat and boots, concentrated all his eve," in our conversation we are constantly outraging cond. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she strength in the effort and with a fearful bound sprang truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, "we scarcely has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres-tell none from the lower side of the bridge into the swift current, get a wink of sleep; if our sleeves get a little damp in a of them; and let the government journals any not a word Dies, in 1837, and that around her neck was empounded striking the water within ten feet of the child, where shower, we are "as wet as it dragged through a brook;" about my fall." ted were fast drawing it beneath the waves. With a channel," the waves are sure to "run mountains high;" roc," said he at length, "you will come to-morrow to not wed a King did I think he lacked intellect or mag- | mighty effort he struck out towards her; -she sank he | and if a man grows rich, we all say he "rolle in money." reached the spet too late-he plunged after her, and in a No later than yesterday, a friend, who would shrink from girl whom I shall point to you, alse will occupy the fourth few moments rose again to the surface with her in his wilful misrepresentation, told us hastily, as he pessed, window of the gallery on the right; followher home, or arms: As he rose, a long, lond shout of joy burst forth that the "newspaper had nothing in it but advertise cause her to be followed, and being me intelligence of whom the shild had over been a favorite. All this time

He saw his dauger, and lifted the child above the waor with his left hand, and with the other, breasted the "Well, Con, I suppose you must have it your own current manfally. Though a very slight frame he was not move them -clowly he earl -the busy floated swift. other purpose. These plain directions are recommended at mass no more. ly past him, and with a convulsive effort he plunged for. to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim | The summers of Napoleon were shiely spent at Melward, saised the repe and clinging to it with the grasp in their youth, so they may be found highly advantageons maiora the winters at St Cloud and the Tuilleries of a drowning man, was drawn by the stardy arms of in preserving life.

to reach forth to the fainting mother her innocent babe, She burst into a flood of tears, pure tears of joy, and throwing her arms around his neck called down Heaven's choicest blessings upon his head. Not an eye was dry in the crowd who witnessed the scene.

Harforth attempted to sneak away but was observed by Mr. Grace, who exclaimed sternly-"Remain, Mr. Harforth; I have something to say to

Constance, who had seen everything from her house and started for the spot as soon as she saw that Morlan and the child were safe, reached the crowd almost breathless with haste. They gave way for her, and she rushed forward, seized the babe and covered it with kies-

"Harforth! stand forth!" exclaimed Mr. Grace.

Harforth pale and trembling obeyed. "Now, Con, take your choice. Here stand two suiors for your hand—let that and your heart go together.\*\* "Father," she replied "you can guess my choice."-And then added to Morlan, "I observed your noble deed from my window. At first I esteemed you ; now I leve you. I am yours."

"Now am I doub'y repaid," exclaimed Morlan as he pressed the noble girl'to his heart. "As for you," said Mr. Grace to Harforth, "if you come within my reach you will rde it. Licave! and never again be seen in the village." "And now, father," asked Constance, laughing.

"which is the coward." The Model Widower.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Begins to think of No. 2 before the weed on his hat to find a seat in church, or ordering carts off dry crossngs, for pretty fact that are waiting to pass over. le convinced ho "never was made to live alone." His "chilsigh every time a dress rustles past, with a female we- story. man in it. Is very particular about the polish of his boot or the fit of his glove; thinks he looks very interesting in black. Dou't walk out in public much with his children. when he does, TAKES THE TOUNGEST! Revives he old uste for mounlight and poetry; pities single men with all lithe John for saying "Pa" so loud, (whou he meets him n the street ) Sets his face against the practice of women's going home "alone and unprotected" from eveing meeting. Fells the widows his heart aches for 'em! to disappoint 'em all Bur onz! has lung since preferred hungs his first wife's portrait in the attic, (shrouded in an old blauket,) and marries a playmate for his oldest daugh-FARRY FERN.

#### The Model Widew.

Standingth refuses to look in the direcman," to give him so much caudy and so many bon- obliged to rest satisfied for the time. tions, walks, rides, calls, &c.

self "his now pappal" FARRY FREE.

CHANGE OF HARIT. - A goutleman recently from Af-Virginia, who had obtained her freedem for good conduct, and had-emigrated to Liberia.

"Where are you traveling to, Mary ?" said the gen-"I am going down to the village on the sea shore.

I'm tired of seeing nigger, nigger! I want to see some white folks ! "But are you doing well here !"

"Oh, very well. I have four slaves who make pain

as they do in Old Virginia."

"Slaves! Mary. You, emancipated, to have slaves in your own land! "Oh, yes," said she with great simplicity, " must do

ansversal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highe drive, we had all been lost." "How so?" was the re- was pining on the rook of St. Helena. ly the things we describe. We cannot be content with ply. "There was in the carriage, concealed behind the a simple relation of truth; we must enaggerate; we must back seat, a bomb-a real massive bomb-charged with have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to which prognosticated the fate of Napolion if once in the heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark;" of a it, kindled! Things being so arranged, that in a quarstout man who was not "as strong as a horse;" or of a ter of an hour we should have been scattered among the walk fifty miles on foot," to see that man who never ca- ery close at hand. Fouche must be told of this ... Dubois ricatures a subject on which he speaks. But where is must be warned!" "Not a word to them !" replied Bosuch a man to be fund? "From resy morn to dewy | naparte; "the knowledge of one plot but endangers a se-

naturally. When a man fails into deep water, he will was allowed to faifill his own duties. rise to the surface, and continue there, if he does not ele-

### THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

She sits like some enchanted maid, Amid the thoughtless joyous throng: For heaven a hallowing touch, has laid, To charm her life from care and wrong, She needs no speech, a power is her's

More pure, more worthy, of the name; A passionate eleguence to which .Our ditered words are weak and tame;

The gezer's heart like plaintive sighs.

Its music now through every glance; That kindles every smile.

Nor watch the eager eloquent grace Her heart, denied a tongue, has tanght. And could she hear the discord round.

That pitying angels sing her now.

ed but a short time, it is well known in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there livloses its first gloss. May be seen assisting young girls ed in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Coriosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events it had been respects too late. dren quest be looked after," or, if he hasn't any, he his lot to witness. O sone occasion his company assemwould his to be looked after-himself? Draws a deep bled in his saloon heard from his lips the following

that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a function ries failed to discover her. Would'nt were her veil up on any account. Thinks window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared. Years ran on after the explosion of the informal maof crape on the skirt "isn't deep mourning enough."- this personage, caused the more uneasiness to the Con- to the eyes of Bouaparte. Accepts Tompkins' tavitation to "attend the childre i's lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of on the field of Waterloo. concert, " (just to plazes little Tommy) Tummy is the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her fami- Bounpart was about to quit France. The mement had

be tossed up in the air by Tompkins, who declares him. It wonteresh against a stone at the gate, and the First harried's: " read ! read !" Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise. The Emperor sook the paper presented to him, but but again fell presented in a stunned and insensible con- kept his eye on the presenter. He seemed, it may be, rica, while at one of the civilized colonies on the coast, chariot, and were only stopped by Duroc, at the risk of St. Cloud, or to heat the cheristers chanting melediously met a young colored woman whom he had known in Old his life, who threw himself out and seized the loose reins, in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Jo-

Josephine was taken out in a sweening state. his shoulder, Jesephine read upon it these words-"Do rusing its contents, he took it between his hands; and tece

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Buonaparte. "No one could foresce that I was to play Be warned, it is ver time!" the part of coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward

took the First Consul saide. "Citizen Consul," said he, ing his head, Napoleon then stopped into the best, which miry toad that was not "up to the knee?" We "wuntd trees at the park of St. Cloud. There must be treach-

The First Consul was then quiet for some time. "Dumass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young her hame, her abode and circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself. I would not have he police to Ant or Swimming .- Men are drowned by raising their interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and rearms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which de- moved it?" "I have, Citizen Consul." "Come then. presses the head. Other animals have neither motion let us again drive to the park," said flooraparts. The nor ability to act in a similar manner; therefore they swim drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman

vate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in turned to the window in the galtery. But the jealous in the act of walking, or rather walking up stairs, his Consul, with his confidant Durec, were greatly annoyed was nearly within his reach, when with horrer he felt shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use at her son-appearance, and small was the attention paid "I pity his ignorance, and compessionate him but can the awful effects of the "creasp" in his limbs. He could less exertions with his hauds, or apply them to some by them to the service of that day. The girl was seen

Winner had come an, and the First Concul had been held-

BY MRS. FRANCIS S. 08600D.

The very soul of language fills Those dark wild, earnest, pleading eyes.

Each movement talks; each gesture thrills Oh could she spead, the soul, that pours

Would waste in words its wealth perchance. We should not mark that pale pure face Light up with every waking thought,

The worldly jest, the idle vow, Would drown the low, exect bymn of leve.

### NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, was tetain

By degrees as Napoleon assumed the power and autherity of a king, everything about him, even in the days for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. covering, but her beautiful and flowing chestnut hair and All the old monarchial habitudes were revived one by her person were wrapped in a dark mantle, which the one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the wehis heart; wonders how they contrive to exist! Reproves attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was man who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in door. "Go," said be, quietly, but quickly, to Latinte; his appearance at the Chapel of St. Cloud on such occa- .. go to the box opposite to us, on the third tier. Ted sions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mole will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to of performing these religious services. The actresses of the Tuilleries : I grust see her, and without delay. Be-Wonders which or all the damsels he sees, he shall the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy negative people where in the labit of frequenting the gal. Launes certain of the person, he took the General's arms. lery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First and said, pointing upwards, "See there-look," orange blossoms to the cypress wreath. Starts up some Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and Bonaparte stopped auddenly. The girl was gone, to flue day and re-furnishes his house from garret to cellar; friends. The whole formed a mere daily exhibition of black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond the court to the people.

not drive out in your carriage to day."

amine the chariot." Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned very pale, and kneeling and kinsing the hand that presented it. Tara-

ing court in the great apartments of the last of these pal aces. It was the third month, called "mivoes," and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp Cauriston, and Gen. Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female wrapped in a black muntle, rushed upon the place Carousal, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and beld forth a paper to the latter crying, "Citizen Consul! read, read!" Bunaparté, with that smile which Bourriene describes so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and strenck-

ed out his hand for the missive. "A petition madem?" "Pear nothing; I shall perdee it, and see festice dede."! 'Citizen Consul!" cried the woman, imploringly, joining her hands. What she would further have said was lost. The coachman who, it was afterwards said, was intedlcated, gave the lash to the horses, and eprang off with the apeed of lightning. The First Consul throwing inte his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions, "I could not well see her figure, but I think the woman is young."

The carriage dashed repidly along. It was just lesuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful deteation washeard, mingled with and follwed by the crack of broken windows, and the cries of the uninjured passets by. The infernal machine had exploded! Uniqueed, the carriage of the Concul and its inmates were whirled with en liminished rapidity to the opers. Bonaparte entered his box with a serene brow and unrufted deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises on such occasions. All were stanne and stupified; Bonaparte was only perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the eratorio of Harden, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put inte his hand . He took it out, and read these lines: "In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas!" The warning came in some

On reading these words, the Consul, chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third t'er, sat the young girl, of the chapel of St. Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude

measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte It was in vain. The box keeper had seen such an indiin his attendance upon mass was rather distressing to his vidual, but he knew nothing about her. Bousparte apwife. The quick and jealous Joe thine had discovered plied to Fouche and Dubois, but all the zeal of these

her complexion looks fairer than ever, in contrast with the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty .- chine, and the strange accompanying circumstances for sables. Sonds back her new dress, because the fold The agbarn tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable

Tompkins who passes her window every day, is insane "Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at length the hour of the change came. Allied Europe studies her character, the more he seeks her society, the force full against Morland, almost throwing the latter enough to think she will ecer marry again! Is fond o' the close of the service, "what can she seak from the poured its troops into France, and compelled the Empedrawing off her glove, and resting her little white hand First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now for to hav down the sceptre which had so long shaken in not a wild overwhelming torrent of passion, whose very marked, as if anticipating an apology for such rude- on her back bonuet, thinking it may be suggestive of an at his feet. He picked it up." No one could tell Jose- terror over half the civilized earth, The life of Elba beearly application for the same. Concludes to give up the phine who the object of her notice precisely was, though came for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe : loneliness of housekeeping, and try boarding at a hotel, there were some who declared her to be an emigrant and finally, the resuscitated Emperor fell to pieces answ

> delighted, and thanks Tompkins o's very kind gentle- ly. With such guesses as these the Consul's wife was come for him to set his foot in the bark which was to comvey him to the English vessel. Friends who had fellowbuis. His maining begins to admit certain little allevi- After the audience of that same day had passed. Bo- ed the fallon chief to the very last, were standing by to ation of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversa- naparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and ac- give him a final adies. He waved his hand to these cordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Jo- around, and gave a farawell hiss to the imperial eagle. She cries a little, when Tommy asks her if she hasn't seph, Duroc, Combreeres, and Hortensa Beauharnair, at this instant a women broke through the band that steed "forgotten to plant the flowers" in a certain cemetrage wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; Tompkins comes in, and thinks her loveller than over, just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four not a girl, yet young enough to retain unimpaired that amiling through her tears. Tommy is sent out into the in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot beauty for which she would have been remarkable among garden, to make "pretty dirt pies!" (to the atter demo- for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive a crowd beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and lition of a new frock and trousers,) and returns very un- in person; and mounted into the coachman's place, the sadness, adding inflatest even to her appearance at that expectedly, to find his mamma's checks pery row, and to chariet set off, but just as he was turning into the park, moment. "Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper

dition. Meanwhile, the horses sprang loward with the to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of sephine, Deroc and all his friends, can e kappily before The rest of the party speedily returned to the First him, and among them the face he was went to see at the Consul, and carried h mt back to his apartments. On re- fourth window in the gallery. His eye was new on that govering his senses fully, the first thing which he cld countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These ilwas to put his hand to his pocket and pull out the strip lasory recollections were of brief daration. Rapoleon of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over shook his head, and held the paper to his eye. After pe-

it to peices, scattering the fragments in the air. "Stop, sire!" cried the woman" "follow the advice! "No," replied he, and taking from his finger a beauenough to drive against a stone. Go, Durce and ex- tiful oriential robe, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigus, he held it out to the woman. She took it.

EXAGGERATION .- If there is any mannerism that is "had you not driven against the stone and stopped our waited to take him to the veest. Not long afterwards, he Thus, of three warnings, two were useless, because neplected autil the danger had occured, and the third-

> power of his adversaries—the third was rejected. "But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?" "Oh," replied Forche, "I knew not with certainty." The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept

it a secret. Alkthat is known respecting the matter is, that a female related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street of St. Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriential ruby of Napoleon.

A Querrios. Some editor, down South, cantions mothers not to allow black women to suckle their children, because the milk influences more or less the formation of the child's character, and negroes being infarior to whites, this suchlings grow up without talent, vicions or phlegmatic, and with many of the peculiarities of the negro race. This has releed a question with the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal—a very important one. 100 as to whether it would be possible for a child fed on "asses milk" to be (alented? Or would the child grow up an ass? Many children, the Journal observes, are waised con the bottle," that is, on cows milk, bought from milk carfe and pat in a bottle. Now, does the child thus fed grow up a great calf? or does he have an inclination unile conversing, to perpetrate bulls? These are ques-tions we refer to those who have stadied the subject, and who may, perhaps speak from experience.

To BUT YE CAN'T VOUE.—Great was the amazement and dismay among the Iries Inherers when the steam shovels were first put into apartics on a certain section of the Vermont Central Reilroad, and one of the stardsest of the Hibernians, after gazing at his hope revel for a few moments; thes spostrephized the enemy: - to Well. faith, we are a big devil of a basts, and mighty sthrong in the arrams; shybe now, ye think verself as good as 'an frishman, but (with a look of invifiable contemps) ye can't