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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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Office Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11 o'clock, A. M.
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SMITH JACKSON,
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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs Glassware, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

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Resident Dentist: Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, 1st door East of the Erie Bank Building. 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 pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

M. CHARN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. Erie June 19 1852 a

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

On each New Year's Day, according to custom so ancient that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the Carrier Boy is expected to address his patrons. But to-day the custom is reversed. Instead of publishing his annual address, the Editor suppresses it, and publishes in place of it an address from a patron to the Carrier Boy. Without doubt it will shock the youth's modesty, though a well deserved tribute. But here it is:—

A file of papers o'er his shoulder slung,
A sort of fearless looseness of the tongue,
A roguish, merry twinkling of the eye,
A sideway glance that's altogether sly,
And humming to himself— "O don't you cry!"
The burden of the good old tune of "Nelly Bly."
The faithful Carrier Boy goes up and down
The muddy streets and by-ways of the town,
Dispensing here a word, and there a sheet:
A foe to every yelping cur that knows his kick—
How insult to abuse is added with a brick!—
A friend to every man who loves a treat
Of funny things and latest dits of news.
Oh, clothed with music are his hurrying feet,
And full of sunshine is his merry smile,
And he is welcome as a spirit of the air,
When lonely, sad, or haunted by the blues
He places in our hands the wished for file
Sharp-set with wit to turn the edge of care
The winds and rains no terrors have for him;
On duty bent as prompt as Corporal Trim,
Up with the lark, each Saturday he comes
And with his knuckles on the panel drums:—
We leave the coffee and the good wife's toast
And hasten to the door with all dispatch:
The rapper, he has vanished like a flitting ghost,
But there's the morning paper hanging to the latch!
No boorish visitor, the subject of my verse;
No scion of the noble House of Bores,
With motion slow and solemn as a hearse.
He never tracks with muddy feet our clean-swept floors:
Too busy to intrude, he passes by our doors:
Yet makes us happier by the hearth of home
Than when our uncles, aunts or cousins come
With satchel, trunk, and blank box like a huge bass drum:
Or when our friends drop in to spend a social hour
And break the back of Patience by straddling it with four!
Though thou dost never favor patrons with a call
Thou art, brave-hearted boy, the favorite of all.
In many a home, when lovers are not there,
Thy name is breathed by rosy lips and fair:
Their words all humming like the bees in May,
When from their honied nest they rise and soar away—
"I hope the Carrier Boy will come to-day:
I'm dying for the news—the spicy paragraphs,
The marriages, the poetry and the epitaphs!"
To many a fire side, in many a heart, my friend,
Thy rich and varied blessings thou dost send;
A foe to error, ever on the side of Right,
Thou scatterest through the town a blaze of moral light.
Thy sheet, wet from the press, is full of news;
Rich anecdotes to drive away the blues;
Accounts of accidents for aged folks
And murders, marriages and deaths; rare jokes,
Love tales, tit-bits and what the bard's have sung,
To tickle awfully the fancies of the young;
And here and there a dash of Politics—
A faithful shewing up of all its tricks—
A plaintive moan for Scott the mighty dead,
A lusty crow for Pierce whom victory led!
The prices current, state of railroad stocks:
Scanned o'er by men with pockets full of rocks:
Condensed reports from England, Ireland, France,
Australia, California, in advance
Of all the mails: the wary Editor's glance
At state of things in Cuba and the Lobos Isles,
With fiery slips from Filibuster files:
And column is twelve for those who advertise—
Rich fancy stores and "Empires"—O my eyes!—
Young lawyers with their "shingles" out—to sun;
All sorts of pills: and here and there, alas, a dun!
'Tis New Year's morn! Methinks I hear thee say;
"Kind friends and patrons, old and grey and young and gay,
I wish you each a merry year,
A happy heart and conscience clear—
The sunshine of a spotless mind!
Be honest ever in your deal,
And treat each neighbor like a man,
Be always faithful, always kind,
And show an earnest, ready zeal
To do whate'er you can
To aid the suffering poor,
Who, pinched and starved and sore,
Are moaning at your door!
A man may have his gold
And bonds and ships untold;
But Lazarus lame and old
Is richer far than he
Who knows not Charity.
He who would truly live,
And who would truly thrive,
May eat and sleep and drink,
But he must also *think*,
And have a soul to feel,
And human sympathies
Instead of heart like steel
And stony eyes!"

Smart Boy—and always good as thou art smart—
A kind *regard* for thee doth sparkle in my heart,
And warm good will comes knocking at the door,
As one by one I con thy virtues o'er!
Thou art a public benefactor, Boy!
Swift-footed herald of a coming joy:
Reformer, bard, and oracle sublime;
A prophet standing on the turret-tops of Time
And pointing out to those who move below
The line of march, o'er mountains white with snow,
To reach the alluring Truth: a living Kaleidoscope
Presenting to the eye grotesque and changing shapes,
A theatre of love and hate and hope
With scenery shifting ever to and fro,
On whose broad stage men oft appear like apes,
And kick up somersets like dancers on a rope!
At first 'twould seem as if I had run mad
To give thee all these sounding titles, lad.
But no, I'm right! 'Tis true they are not mine
The truths thou dost dispense. From out the deep-worked mine,
Like jewels they were dug a thousand years ago,
And set with words. But whether high or low,
Whoever picks up truths and scatters them abroad
By all the motley crowd is worshipped as a god!
All eagerly they drink the ancient wine
And never think to ask the question "Is it thine?"
Therefore, if second-handed truths tho' uttered by a clown,
Have won for him high titles and renown,
Most surely he who *carries* them from house to house
Should be as highly honored—were he but a mouse!
I rest my pen. The should be silent night abounds
In hideous noises, strange, unearthly sounds.
A band of beardless boys—beardless but *beered*—
And twenty dogs for killing sheep cross-eared,
Are with each other testing strength of lungs.
The boys have longer ears, the puppies longer tongues!
O Christian parents have the angels fled
Which hovered o'er each bright-eyed infant's head;
And are they all forgot, the prayers you said?
Arouse—upon the brink of ruin tread
Your cherished sons—by very demons led!
With earnest wishes, Boy, I close this crude address,
May all thy toil be crowned with merited success,
And dimes flow in to thee like items for the press—
And may—and may "thy shadow ne'er grow less!"

ADVENTURES IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY DR. D. MONTGOMERY BIRD.

(CONCLUDED.)

I NEVER could stand a woman's tears—who can? And those of the beautiful stranger cut me to the soul, while they completed the fascination of my spirit. It was all over with me in a moment. I felt that I had suddenly fallen in love with her, and none the less deeply for knowing no more who she was, and what were her qualities, than if she had just stepped down from the moon; and fallen in love too, to that pitch of desperation, the point of magnanimity. So down I dropped on my knees again, and again seized her hand, which she vainly tried to snatch from me, while I, not doubting her tears were in part, at least, owing to the interruption of the elopement, and consequent fears of losing her lover, energetically repeated my offers of assistance, declaring, on the word of a gentleman, that I would faithfully carry her to the arms of her lover, even, I added, in a rage of zeal and despair, if I have to blow my brains out the moment after.

"Sir," said she, hastily, "I have no lover. I was not going to run away to a lover."

"Heaven be praised," cried I, "for now you can run away with one. Madam, I am a gentleman and a man of fortune, single, unengaged, and I love and adore you. My name is James J. Smith." Here she jerked away her hand, but I jumped and caught it again, for, though she started from me it was not a start of displeasure. On the contrary, she blushed and trembled and looked pleased—I was sure she did—and she grew more pleased the more I told her how much I adored her; and when I presumed, on her growing affection, to throw my arm around her waist, she began to smile and giggle. In fact, I thought she was going into hysterics, which is proof of overpowering feelings, when, oh! surprise and mortification—she burst into a laugh, exclaiming—"Oh, it is too ridiculous! But pray go," she added hastily; "for if Susan should return and find you—"

"No fear of her," I cried, "for I left her safe locked in her room along with Jimmy. I took care of the traitoress and her confederate.

"You did!" said the beauty, looking astonishment and inquiry. "Perhaps, then," she continued, hesitatingly, "as you won't go," (oh, what an enchanting way of telling me I might stay! no wonder I kissed her! but it was a wonder how well she bore it!) "As you won't go, perhaps you will tell me how you came to lock her up, and who Jimmy is, and how you got into this house, and this room, for I am very curious—and—"

"You have a right to know all about it. It was all a blunder, the happiest blunder that ever was made. You must know," said I, "I thought this was my boarding house, Mrs. B——'s."

"No," said the beauty, "this is Mrs. F——'s."

"I shall love Mrs. F—— as long as I live. I made the mistake more readily, because, being beset by the police for knocking down a rascally fellow, who had insulted me in the street. (I did not like to tell my charmer of the arrest, lest she should conceive some suspicion of me.) I attempted to get home through by-ways and the garden gate. Susan let me in; she was waiting for that rascally Jimmy, her sweetheart, who was to pretend to conduct you to the cars—"

"Oh, no," said my mistress; "I never heard of Jimmy. Susan was to take me, and she was to be dressed in men's clothes—you know how I mistook you—what a great mistake I made!"

"Oh, that it could be made over again!" said I sincerely enough. I then proceeded with the story as I have already narrated it, exposing the schemes and the punishment, such as it was, of Susan, and describing the illusion—the persuasion of its being my own chamber, in my own boarding house—under which I had entered her boudoir. "And now, my adored creature," said I, "if eloping is necessary, let us start forthwith, and we can be married before the cars start. 'Tis but stopping at the first parson's or magistrate's.

"But—but," murmured my mistress, with the sweetest accents, "would you really marry me—without knowing me?"

"I would, I will," said I clasping her in my arms. "I take you for better or worse, believing—for my soul tells me it—that you are an angel."

"Oh, James," said she meltingly, "don't you know me? I am Ellen, little Ellen, Cousin Ellen. Didn't you get father's letter?"

Heavens! what a surprising climax to the day's adventure! Was I to get my namesake's letters, father his debts, and marry his intended wife into the bargain! No wonder the dear creature should melt so soon, to find in me her supposed cousin and destined husband. But how was it she could be so deceived? Certainly she must have known her own cousin. And what was she going to elope for?—These questions and various others which came crowding into my brain, were, without asking them; (for in fact I was a while speechless) answered by the darling Ellen herself, who, with looks of the most confiding fondness, as if the matter was quite settled, murmured—

"Ain't it strange that we should come together so, and that we should both love without knowing each other? But how should we, since we have never been together since we were children? And I thought you had red hair, too! How foolish!—And when I thought you were only Susan disguised, and wished I had just such a handsome-looking person for a sweetheart, I said nothing but the truth; for indeed, I loved you when I thought you were only Susan! And to think I was going to run away from you! Oh, how unhappy I should have been if I had! and how happy I am that I did not!"

And here my dear cousin (my cousin, indeed!) threw her arm around my neck in the sweetest way imaginable. I returned the caress, but expressed some of my astonishment by echoing her words—

"Run away from me, indeed—from your own cousin?"

"Oh, you know I thought you had red hair, and I never could abide red hair," said she. "And then father, if you remember father, you know he is old and obstinate. And then that contract."

"Contract!" said I, "what contract?"

"Why, with Uncle John, to be sure—though it was not a contract, but only a promise; for you know, ever since I was born, father and Uncle John were determined we should be married together, for some of their wise reasons about the property. Now cousin James," continued Ellen, with unabated affection, which was the more agreeable because these hints of the contract, or promise, with the wise reason about property, struck a sudden chill in my bosom, suggesting some great obstacle that might arise in my new-born love; "now cousin," continued the dear girl, "because I thought you had red hair, and because they were going to marry me to you whether I would or not, I hated you—it was so foolish and wicked—but I don't hate you now. And when we started off on this jaunt to Niagara, and father told me I must be married to you, here in Philadelphia, I hated you more than ever; and when father told me that he had written to you to meet us to day, and that he expected you, and if you came I should perhaps marry you to-night, I could endure it no longer. And so I made a confidant of that treacherous Susan, and we were to run away together."

"And whither," quoth I, "were you going? And why in boy's clothes?"

"Oh," replied Ellen, laughing, "we were going home, to be sure, and the disguise was to prevent our being tracked. I thought it would be so fine to be snug and safe at home, while father was hunting for me in all sorts of places; and then, after I had managed through friends, to get him to let me off from the contract, he would be so delighted to find I had run away after all; for going home is not eloping, is it?"

Oh! how I adored the dear simple creature, and how I trembled with fear, lest, after all, I should lose her. Would she love me so well, when she discovered I was not her cousin, the betrothed of her childhood? For it was evident that idea now gave her pleasure, however previously disagreeable. Must I continue to deceive her? Could I succeed in deceiving her father? And could I expect her of him without deceiving him? Might not their James J. Smith step in, and snatch the prize out of my grasp? Would I not wronging him and them, by permitting myself to get (for certainly I had not assumed) his character? No! my namesake was a rogue: and by ousting him, I secured him his deserts, and the others, perhaps—it could not be otherwise—their happiness. Beside, could I give up Ellen?

"She, at least," thought I, "will forgive the deceit."

"And here I am, after all, Ellen, dearest of my soul," I said, determined upon a desperate move.—

"And now do you hate me?"

"No, James, its just as father wants."

"And will you marry me?"

"Yes, if father wishes."

"And to-night?"

"If—if father insists upon it."

"Well, beloved, if he don't insist upon it, I do.—Where is he?"

"Oh," replied Ellen, "just over in his parlor, there, rolling over his papers. He was quite angry because you were not here to receive him, and because you did not come all day."

"I did not get into town till this afternoon, and of course have not long been in the possession of his letter."

I drew it from my pocket—and how I blessed the rascally note-holder who prevented my returning it to the post-office.

"I wonder if he will recollect me?" I said; and for the life of me, I could not say it in any other but a trembling voice.

"Oh, no," replied Ellen, "for it is fourteen or fifteen years since I saw you, you know, and he only remembers you as a red-headed school-boy. I am so glad that your hair has changed to a beautiful brown!"

"Let us go see him, and ask his blessing."

"He will be so surprised," said Ellen.

The parlor was but across the passage. Six steps brought us into the presence of my venerable uncle, of whom I did not so much as know the name. All I knew of it was the initials, T. B., as inscribed in the letter. He started up from his nap, giving me a grim look of inquiry.

"Cousin James, father," said Ellen with a blush.

"Dear sir," said I, dashing in, "I am rejoiced to see you. Looking at my hair, I see; not so red as in old times, sir! Did not arrive till late this afternoon—hence my misfortune in just getting your last letter," I flung it on the table. "Am delighted with Ellen, and she, I hope, with me."

And down we popped at his feet.

The old gentleman stared at us with astonishment and delight.

"Bless your heart!" he cried. "Why, where did you stumble upon her, and how did you bring her into such good humor?"

"Oh, sir, I have been sitting with her this half hour, in her boudoir, an'——"

"Ah, you dog, I like your spirit—daughter first, dad afterward."

"And, sir, she finds my hair not quite so red as she thought it was."

"Bravo, lad! And she'll have you."

"This very night, sir, if you insist upon it, as I hope you will."

"*Le triumphe!* I do—I will. Do you hear me, Nell? I insist upon your marrying him immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Ellen.

"Ring the bell for a parson. How we shall nick that rascally Harry. Was trying to stop the match, had some villainous plan of his own; and was quite afraid of him; abused you like a pickpocket. Shall choose him handsomely—a parson—a kingdom for a parson!"

And my venerable father-in-law skipped across the floor, rang the bell, squeezed my hand, kissed his daughter, and rang the bell again, and performed various other feats, which were, in their effects, of a truly legerdemain character; for, within ten minutes, as if by a trick of magic, I, who thirty minutes before, was a heart-free bachelor—free of the world and women, was standing in a wedding group, composed of persons, all of them entire strangers, my bride, my father-in-law, the clergyman with his book, the lady of the house, and some other persons, admitted as witnesses of the ceremony, about to be married to a lady whose name I did not actually know. The haste, the bustle, the extraordinary transition, my hopes, my apprehension, my ignorance, all combined to throw me into a whirl of confusion, during which the ceremony was begun, and conducted very little to my edification; for I cannot say that I distinguished one word, until my ears were suddenly struck with the important question, "Do you James J. Smith, take this woman to be your wedded wife?" etc. At that moment I was struck with the common absurdity of taking such a leap in the dark—of marrying a woman, who, all for I could tell, might be——. But as I was going to bolt, (for truly that was the impulse then upon me,) I caught a view of the bride's face stealing to me an upturned glance, so full of goodness, purity, affection, and heaven knows what other divine qualities, that fear changed to rapture, and I uttered the important "Yes," with the emphasis of resolution.

How I quickened into life now, and pricked up my ears to hear my wife's name.

"Do you, Ellen Brown——"

I felt as if struck by a forty-jar charge of electricity. The name confounded, without illuminating me. In truth, I had no time for comparing facts, and making inferences; for just as the clergyman breathed the expected name of my charmer, the door flew open, and a man rushed in, hastily exclaiming:

"Hold! hold! I forbid the bans!"

Conceive the surprise of all present, at this extraordinary interruption; and conceive my surprise, when snatching Ellen in my arms, determined to maintain my right to her, against all mankind, but particularly against James J. Smith, the *genuine*, who I doubted not was the cause of the interruption—conceive my surprise, I say, when turning to this detested personage, my eyes fell, not upon my red-headed namesake, but my old friend and college-mate, Harry Brown, of Virginia. That he should cause such a dangerous interruption—that he should turn against me, his old friend, and ruin me. I gnashed my teeth at him—I raised my hand in a furious menace, and if there had been a pistol in it, I should certainly have blown his brains out.

"You forbid the bans, you scoundrel?" said my father-in-law, in a rage equal to my own. "You, you dog you forbid the bans?"

He was approaching my friend irefully. But Harry was looking at me. His face lightened up with wonder, followed by an air of recognition and delight; and smothering, or trying to smother a laugh, and laying his finger significantly along his nose, he repeated, though in very altered accents—in fact he could hardly speak from laughing—

"Yes, I forbid the bands, until Mrs. Brown gets up. She is on the stairs. What, uncle, do you expect to marry Nell off, without allowing us to be witnesses? Here she is."

Enter Mrs. Harry Brown, a fine looking young matron, but not so fine as my Nelly.

"You thought to give us the slip, by taking the morning boat, and changing your boarding house—you forgot the evening train and my skill in hunting down fugitives."

"And you don't appose the match, then, you dog?" cried my father-in-law; and you don't know anything against Jim, after all?"

"Oh, no, nothing at all. I approve of the match with all my heart and soul; and pray proceed with it as quickly as possible. You, Ellen Brown, do you take this man—but I beg the reverend gentleman's pardon."

The ceremony was resumed, and in two minutes I was married.

"Victory," cried Harry, seizing my hand, and so interrupting the first nuptial embrace, with which, according to the fashion, I was saluting my wife. "I congratulate you, my cousin James J. Smith,—upon having married the finest girl and richest heiress in Virginia; the very girl I intended for you.—Oh, you dog, who could have thought you had the wit or spirit to accomplish the splendid adventure without my assistance?—Know your relations.—Don't you see my wife wants to kiss her unknown cousin. You kiss her, and I'll kiss Nelly. Ha! ha! ha!"

And here my friend went into explosions of laughter and rejoicing, that amazed everybody except me, who began to be aware of the full extent of my good fortune.

In the midst of this joyous tumult, enters another unexpected visitor. Death! it was the red-headed gentleman of the theatre; the true James J. Smith, as my fears told me, and was rendered still more evident by his first words to my father-in-law—

"Sir," said the young gentleman, grasping his hand, "I have, I believe, the honor of speaking to my dear uncle Thomas Brown, and of introducing to him his unworthy nephew, James J. Smith."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, and he could say no more, for he was struck dumb with astonishment.

"I had the misfortune, in some unaccountable way," continued the new comer, "to miss your last favor, promising to arrive to-day, (and here the villain drew out some former letter) and only heard of your being here by accident. But that—I can't be mistaken. Permit me to pay my respects to my dear cousin."

And he stepped, *alter ego*, with a captivating smile, and extended his hand to my astonished wife, whom he saluted as his dear cousin Ellen—Miss Brown.

"Mrs. James J. Smith, sir," said I.

"That is to be," added red-head, with delightful suavity.

I looked around to my friend Harry for assistance; for I confess that at this moment my heart failed me; not that I had any fear of my contemptible namesake, indeed, but I dreaded the effect of the denouement upon my wife and father-in-law, both of whom appeared very much discomposed by the new turn of affairs. Harry looked as if about going into another burst of merriment; but he nodded his head, as if to bid me dash away without fear.

"Mrs. James J. Smith, that is, sir," said I.—"This lady is my wife."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "*I* am James J. Smith."

"Sir," said I, "be seated."

"James *Jones* Smith," cried the red-head, "this lady's cousin."

"James *John* Smith," cried I, "this lady's husband."

"Uncle," said James Jones, with a look of horror, "you have married Ellen to an impostor, and I am ruined forever."

"What—an imposter?" cried Mr. Brown. "Call for a constable."

"If you do, said I, "he will only arrest your nephew, there, not me, as your nephew well knows.—The young man speaks the truth, at least in part. He is your nephew, and he is ruined forever, as I know as well as he; for this afternoon I was dunned upon an unpaid note of his, for a debt of honor, a gambling debt of near two thousand dollars, and was arrested, beside, for a tailor's bill of—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake"—interrupted my rival, deprecatingly.

"And," continued I, "it is but an hour since I heard him, in the public theatre, when warned to beware of the hawks and buzzards who were on the watch for him, boast to his gambling friends of his rich and confoundedly handsome cousin here, the daughter of "old rusty, a hard-hearted old hunks," as a resource that would enable him to hold up his head amongst the best of them."

"Done for, by jingo," said Mr. James Jones Smith, and sneaked out of the room.

"Oh, the abandoned villian!" quoth my father-in-law.

"And if you want more evidence of his worthiness," said Harry, stepping to my aid, "I can give it, you know, uncle, I warned you I had heard strange tales of him. When I came round here with Mrs. Brown to see you, and heard you were marrying away Nelly, I thought it was to him, and that's the reason I forbade the bans."

"Ay, sir, and you, countenanced, you aided and abetted this worthy personage," said Mr. Brown, senior, giving me a look as black as midnight.—"You helped, you instigated a rascally imposter, (here the old man gave way in a fit of rage, and Ellen began to cry) to cheat and deceive my girl, to rob me of my daughter."

"No imposter at all, said Harry. (I would have said the same thing, but he took the words out of my mouth.) He is a gentleman, uncle; my old friend and college-mate, and the very man I wished to substitute for his namesake—the very man I hinted to you, though I never told you his name. For, in honesty, I must confess I had some thoughts, if no other turn would serve, of getting him to personate your nephew, and so cheat you into accepting a worthier son-in-law. He has rushed into the adventure on his own suggestion, (here Harry began to laugh again) and I vow I admire and love him all the better for his spirit."

"It was a vile deception" said Mr. Brown.

"I declare, sir," said I, "It was an unpremeditated, an accidental one altogether. An extraordinary circumstance (and here I related it) threw me into Ellen's boudoir, where upon mentioning my name, and James J. Smith—James John Smith—is my name, sir; she herself hailed me as her cousin, from whom I had found her just on the point of running away."

"Oh, James," said Ellen, "don't tell of me."

"I had never seen her before—I know not who she was—yet I fell desperately in love with her, and to improve the opportunity, (which I must otherwise have lost,) I allowed her to remain deceived. I did deceive you, in appearing as your nephew, for I saw that otherwise you would reject me. Yet you must give me credit for disinterested motives, sir, and for a true, uncompromising affection for your daughter, since I stood up to marry her, without knowing who she was—without knowing even so much as her name."

"Very fide indeed," said the snarling Mr. Brown. "But as you heard your namesake talk of the rich, as well as devilish handsome daughter of the hard-headed old rusty, (confound the jackanapes!) you must permit me to believe you were reminded of her two recommendations, together—"

"I declare," interrupted I, "I hadn't time to think of anything but her beauty."

"But, sir," continued my father-in-law, sternly "my nephew forgot to let you and his rascally associates know, sir, that my daughter's riches, sir, depended upon the will of her father, sir; and that she will never get a penny, sir, for marrying a man I disapprove of sir."

"Then, sir," said I, I am proud to assure you that fortune has placed me beyond the necessity of lamenting your disapproval; for, thank Heaven, I have enough to secure your daughter's happiness, if love and competency can secure it."

"Shall have it all," said "old rusty," grasping my hand warmly, "for I was only trying you; and I see you are a good fellow. Confound that rascally nephew! What an escape we have had! And it's all owing to his (this was spoken to Harry and the others) having the same name, being a better fellow, and not having red hair!"

"And ain't you my cousin, after all?" murmured the soft voice of Ellen, in my ear.

"No, my love, but—"

"But my husband! Oh, it is very funny. But I shall love you all the better. And I am so glad you deceived us: otherwise father might never have consented."

"And if he had not?"

"Then, perhaps—yes, then—if you had asked me, I should have run away with you! But now let us liberate Susan, and give her a scolding."

"Oh," said the lady of the house, "she, or her Jimmy has picked the lock, and they have run away together."

"Well, let her go," said Ellen. "Fate has provided me a better traveling companion, and I do not care how soon we start off for Niagara."

"Ah, the dear creature! She has not yet ceased to laugh and rejoice over the oddity of our courtship and marriage; and as for me, I never recount, without a thrill of pleasure, my half hour's adventure in the Wrong House.

MARBLEIZED IRON.—The use of Iron, in its application to building purposes seems to be daily extending; its durability of ornament for architectural adornment, without much increasing the cost, recommends it above all other materials. A new application of it has just been made by the New York Marbled Iron Works, in the manufacture of marbleized iron, which has all the beauty and variety of colors that marble itself exhibits. The iron appears to be enamelled; and the choicest kinds of marble for mantels, columns and table tops, are imitated so closely that the ordinary eye cannot detect the difference. The great advantages of this article are; its cheapness, it being produced at about one third the cost of marble, and in various shapes and forms, according to the taste of the purchaser; its durability and capability of resisting a greater degree of heat. Neither acids nor oils affect it, in which respect it has a decided advantage over marble. The beauty and utility of this manufactured article will make it a valuable and important substitute for marble.

OLD TOWSER—A PARODY.

Don't you remember old Towser, dear Kate,
Old Towser, so shaggy and kind?
How he used to lay, day and night, by the gate,
And seize interlopers—*behind?*