THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. ☞ONWARD.☜ $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1853. NUMBER 39.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

Subscribers by the carrier, at	$2,00
Mailed, or at the office, in advance,	1,50

☞If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

☞All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year.	$3,00
One square " " "	10,00
do. six months,	6,00
do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less for the first insertion: 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to adhere to their immediate business.

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARSON GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, in George A. Elliot's office, west side of the park, Erie. 34

JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 155, Third Street, Pittsburgh. 34

JOHN W. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, Fifth Street, between Smithfield and Grant Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

VINCENT HIMROD & CO.
MANUFACTURERS of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, Railroad Cars, etc., State St., Erie Pa.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN,
(Late of the firm of G. Loomis & Co.)
DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

JOHN GOALDING,
MERCHANT TAILOR, and Habit Maker—Shop on the east side of State street, two doors north of Eight, and adjoining J. H. Ribble & Co's Cabinet Ware-Room, Erie, Penna.

CLARK & METCALF,
WHOLESALE and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Dry Groceries No. 1 Reed House.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.
BANKERS, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and certificates of Deposite. Also Legal Drafts on the principal cities of the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State-st., and Public Square.
E. R. WILLIAMS. C. B. WRIGHT.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS,
DEALERS and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, &c.—Also, Foreign Fruit, Nuts, Pickles and Pickled Oysters, Lobsters, Preserves, and Hermetrically Sealed articles of every description always on hand, No. 3, William's Block, State-st., opposite Brown's New Hotel, Erie, Pa.
J. G. MILLS, New York. WM. I. MILLS, Buffalo.
☞receiving in their season, Oysters in shell, from J. G. Mills Fulton-st, New York, which will be sold Wholesale at low prices
A. C. JACKSON, Agent, Erie, Pa.

DURLIN & SLOAN,
DEALERS in Classical, School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Stationery, and Printer's Cards, No. 9, Brown's new Hotel, Erie Pa.
A. P. DURLIN B. F. SLOAN.

T. W. MOORE,
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., One Door below Loomis & Co's State street, Erie.

JOHN B. COOK,
DEALER in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety Fancy Store in the City. Cheap Site, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY.
DEALERS, Jobbers and retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groceries Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails, Powder, Shot, Caps, Sieves Flues, &c., &c. French Street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.
☞Steam and Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private families supplied with any of the above articles with prompt ness and very cheap.

WM. S. LANE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE over Jackson's store, at North-East corner of the Public Square.

DOCTORS BEEBE & STEWART,
Practising Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Second & Sassafras Streets.
Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M; 1 to 2, and 6 to 7, P. M.
A. BEEBE, M. D. J. L. STEWART, M. D.

JOHN HEARN & CO.
FORWARDING and Commission Merchants, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, and agent for a daily line of upper lake Steamers, Public Dock Erie Pa.

LIDDELL & Co.
MANUFACTURERS, Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steamboat Works, &c., &c., State, between 7 h and 8th, Streets, Erie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Office Removed to No. 8 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western " " 2½ o'clock, P. M.
O. D. STAFFORD, Agent.

GEORGE J. MORTON.
(Late of the firm of J. Hearn & Co.,)
FORWARDING and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

D. D. WALKER & CO.,
FORWARDING, produce and Commission Merchants, second Ware House East of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa.
☞—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime Rock, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., &c. with unsurpassed facilities for shipping either by Steamboats, Propellers, Schooners, or by Rail Road.

W. H. KNOWLTON,
Watchmaker and Repairer, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods. Three one door west of the Reed House. 17

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER.
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No 2 Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR. C. BRANDES.
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON—Office at his residence on Eighth street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
DEALERS in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Beatty's Block, Public Square, Erie.

T. HERON STUART.
PHYSICIAN AND PHYSICIAN—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, one door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

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

CADWELL & BENNETT,
MANUFACTURERS, Jobbers, and Retail Dealers 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.
☞—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 Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights 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,
Forwarding & 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. 1 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building north of 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, Erie.

TIBBALS, & HAYES,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. No. 1, Brown's New Hotel.

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

WILLIAM RIBLET,
FURNITURE MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

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.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Confectionery, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

M. CHAPIN, 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.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
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 sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to show them of pellucid cleanness. All work warranted.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE DIM OLD WOODS.

The dim old woods in the wintry time!
How solemn and sad their tone,
When the winds sweep through with a moaning chime,
The aisle of the forest lone!
When the root its wonted thirst hath lost,
For the flow of the hidden rill—
And the fragile shoot is still with frost,
And the sap in its cell is still—
When each gay leaf, that threw so soft
It shades o'er summer's brow,
Hath flown from its wavy sphere aloft,
To rest 'neath the starry snow—
When each sweet flower, with scented cup,
Frail withering where it grew,
Hath closed its fatal petals up,
No more to drink the dew—
And when each trembling note that gushed,
In soft and silvery song,
And the insect hum, are silent hushed,
The leafless bows among!
Ah! sorrowing seem those woods so dim,
As they lift their branches bare—
The shivering twig and the rigid limb,
To the clasp of the frosty air;
And they seem to mourn, 'mid the wintry storm,
For the flush of the greenwood bough,
And sigh for the sere and ruined bloom
That sleeps on the earth below.
And yet, those dark, sad colitudes!
I love their music well—
When whispering Echo fills the woods
With tones of her murmering shell—
For though the wind no voice doth own,
As it sleeps in the silent tree,
Yet the forest breath with hollow moan,
Like the sound of the ceaseless sea—
As the spirit forms of leaves and flowers
That grace warm summer's smile,
Where rustling still among the bowers,
Where'erst they shone, the while—
And the spangled frost work, cold and bright,
That gleams on twig and stem,
Seems a throne for each of frozen light,
With a diamond diadem!
Oh! I love those gems by the sunbeam kissed,
As they swing in the sparkling air,
And I love in the dim old woods to list
To the voices stirring there!

ELISE DE VAUX.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Well, doctor, what do you think of her? She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's Ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing."

The blunt old doctor bit his lip impatiently, and striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentlemanly manner upon the floor, said—

"Think! I think it would be perfect insanity for her to attempt it. I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Pshaw! my dear sir; she has had a dozen attacks before, quite as bad, and—"

"And that is the very reason why she should be more cautious now, madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven save me from these fashionable mothers," he muttered, as he banged the door behind him. "She'll kill the girl, and then her death will be laid to my door—ugh!—it would be a comfort if one could meet a sensible woman occasionally."

Elise was sitting in bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered. If youth, grace and beauty could bribe the destroyer, or turn aside his unerring aim, then she had been spared. Her cheek was marble pale, and rested wearily on one little hand; the eyes were closed as if sleeping, and from the other hand a few choice flowers had escaped, and lay scattered on the snowy counterpane.

"Oh! is that you, mamma? I hope you have made that stupid doctor give me something that will set me up. I feel such a deadly sinking—from want of nourishment, I fancy. Do pray see what you can get for me. I hope Dr. Wyman don't presume to interfere about my going to the Ball, because I intend to go, dead or alive; and mama, while my lunch is getting ready, bring me my dress and let me see if Jeannet has placed the trimmings where they should be, and have a ruche placed around the wrist of my kid gloves; and mama, don't forget to send to Auster's for that pearl spray I selected for my hair; and by the way just had me that mirror; I am afraid I am looking awfully pale."

"Not now," said the frightened mother, "you are too weary. Wait till you have had some refreshments," and the pale beauty sank back on her pillow, crushing a wealth of dark rinlets, and closed her eyes wearily in spite of her determination to be well.

A ring at the door! (a bright flush came to her cheek.) "That's Vivian, mama. Tell him—tell him—(and a sharp pain through her temples forced her to pause;) tell him I'm better, and he may call for me at ten to-morrow night; and, mamma, hand him this;" and she drew a little perfumed note from beneath her pillow, with a rose-bud crushed in its folds.

"Draw aside the curtain, Jeannet! Oh! we shall have a nice evening for the dance; now hand me my dressing gown. Mamma that medicine is perfectly miraculous—I never felt better. Heaven knows where I should have been, had you not called in a better counsellor than Dr. Wyman. He would like me for a patient a year, I dare say, but I knew better than to line his pockets in that way;" and she skipped gaily across the floor to a large fauteuil and called Jeannet to arrange her hair.

"Softly—softly, Jeannet? my head is not quite right yet. There, that will do;" said Elise, as the skillful French woman bound tress after tress in glossy braids around her well formed head. Now place that pearl spray a little to the left, just over my ear,—pretty, is it not, mamma?"

"Here, Jeannet!" and she extended the dainty foot for its silken hose and satin slipper.

"Rest awhile now, Elise," said her mother, as she looked apprehensively at the bright crimson spot on her cheek, that grew deeper every moment, and contrasted so strikingly with the marble paleness of her brow. I'm afraid you are going beyond your strength."

"Mamma what are you thinking about? Look at me! and see how well I look. Besides, I'd go to this ball to-night, if it cost me my life. Mable has triumphed over me once; she shall not do it a second time. Besides there is really no danger, I feel wild with spirits to-night, and anticipate a most brilliant evening," and she clasped the pearl pendants in her small ears, and the light, fleecy dress fell in soft folds about her graceful person, and upon her fair arm placed his gift, and taking in her hand the rich boquet, every flower of which whispered hopes to her young heart, she held up her cheek with a bewitching smile, and said—

"Now Kiss me, mamma, and say that you are proud of Elise."

And now Jeannet, with officious care, draws the rich opera cloak about her shoulders and with a thousand charges from mamma to beware of the draughts, partake sparingly of ices, and not weary herself with dancing, the carriage wheels roll away from the door freighted with their lovely burden.

"Elise de Vaux here!" said a tall, queenly girl, attired in black velvet; and she curled her pritty lip with ill-concerted vexation. "I thought her dying or near it;" and as Elise glided gracefully past in the dance, every eye followed her, and every tongue eloquent in her praise, Mable's cheek paled with anger.

"How radiant she is! how dazzling! Sickness has but enhanced her beauty, and how proudly Vivian bears her through the waltz! Every step they take is on my heart strings? This must not, shall not be! Courage, coward heart!" and mastering her feelings with a strong exercise of will, soon brought the rose to her cheek, her eye grew wildly brilliant, and, had not Vivian been magnetised past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision.

"Heavens! that is not Elise de Vaux!" said a nephew of Dr. Wyman's. "What mad folly! My uncle told me if she came it would be at the price of her life. How surpassingly beautiful she is!"

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

"What unearthly beauty!" said the old man to a youth, on whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past. Who is she?"

"Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly? Has Cupid aimed a dart at you out of those lovely blue eyes?"

"Good God!" said the young man, leaping forward as a piercing shriek came upon the air.—"Make room! help! throw up the windows!" and Elise was borne past, gasping, senseless, to the cool night air.

Aye, Vivian! kneel at her side, chafe the little jewelled hands, put back the soft hair from the azure veined temples, press the pulseless wrist, listen for the beating heart—in vain!—Elise is DEAD!

And in the arms of him for whom she had thrown away her life, she was borne to her home. The diamond sparkled mockingly on the clay-cold fingers, the pearls still lingering amid her soft ringlets, the round symmetrical limbs still fair in their beautiful proportions. The HEART she coveted was GAINED—the dear bought victory WON!

Romance of Real Life—A Holiday Incident.

The butchers of Cincinnati are proverbial for their whole-souled generosity. No class of our citizens are so frequently called upon to sympathize with the suffering poor, and by their acts, not words, show their noble nature. A pleasant incident came under our observation yesterday morning. A lady, whose attire was scrupulously clean, but of humble fabric, exhibiting plainly that her needle had often been in requisition, to repair the effects of wear and time. Her thin shawl was closely drawn about her person, meagerly shielding her from the inclemency of the weather; her bonnet had passed through no fashionable milliner's hand to be remodelled to the latest style, but it also, as did her other dress, spoke plainly of hours, snatched probably from sleep, to repair the ravages of time. Her face had once been handsome, but care and unceasing toil had stamped there indelibly their marks; her fragile form seemed more fitted for the cosy fireside, than to brave the chilling blasts of winter.

She stood within the entrance of the market-house, her little basket on her arm, and the small pittance of a hard day's toil, grasped in her hand—she looked at the stall on which was temptingly spread, in rich profusion, meats of every kind, she cast her eyes along until they rested upon a small untempting looking piece—undecided—apparently calculating whether this luxury to her would not be purchased at too great a price, precluding other things necessary to her very existence and of her little ones. Our good butcher, who would shrink from having his kind act made known, immediately divined the cause of her hesitation, said "madam, here's a nicer piece," at the same time laying a noble roast and steak in her basket; she was about to reply, "I cannot purchase it;" when he interrupted her by saying "tis nothing—nothing, these are holiday times," and he hastily left his stall. Before she could gain her self-possession, for it had been long since kind words and kinder acts had been her lot to receive, he returned and filled her basket with a variety of vegetables, saying "may you have a happy New Year, as I hope to have myself."

Tears swelled up in that poor woman's eyes, her swelling heart choked her utterance. She could hardly say "God bless you," as she moved towards her home, with a heart lighter than when she left her little ones that morning, hardly knowing where the necessary food was to be procured to save them from the keen pangs of hunger. This is no fancy sketch—a thing of almost every day's occurrence. They will have their reward.—*Cin. Nonpareil.*

A STATE WITH TOO MUCH MONEY.—The St. Louis Evening News exults in the following fashion, over the exemption of Missouri from all State debt:

"Missouri has no State debt, no incomplete and abandoned works of internal improvements, and no harrassing 'semi annual' instalments of interest to pay. The State Treasury is full and overflowing, and Gov. King, in his late message, announces that the revenue of the State is larger than the wants of the State Government require, and he suggests a reduction of taxes!"

☞ Do not be unhappy if you have not married a professed beauty. They generally admire themselves so much, they have no love left for their husbands. Besides, it might not perhaps have been very agreeable to you to see every fellow, as you went into public places, look at your wife as if he could devour her with his eyes.

YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor,
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out
From the scented summer air,
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams,
His head drops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest.
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unrol their fearful scroll;
He is a child again,
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parted lips
As he hears the bell for school—
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,
And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A summer breeze blows in at the door
With a toss of a leafy bough,
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

The "Old Guard" at Waterloo.

The following description of the last charge by the Old French Guard at Waterloo, is derived from a French work entitled "Histoire de la Garde Imperiale, relue par M. Emile Marco de Saint Hiliare," and is interesting at the present moment:

☞During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Drouet, maintained its old renown; and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him with his thirty thousand Prussians approaching, their courage revived while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy was about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy, who had been sent to keep him in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander overthrew.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied farces, and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet in the British centre. Those under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a moment in the hollow, addressed them a few words. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields. "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibits no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle.—Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—new blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before the anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utmost despair of his heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out, "The Guard recoils!" "The Guard recoils!" make us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the pressure of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to its care. Nothing could be more imposing than its movement to the assault. It had never recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or a bugle-note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirassiers flashed long streams of light behind the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was there amid his guns, and on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink in the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each, treading over his fallen comrade, passed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then, with his drawn sabre, he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillery men from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers, who had laid flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered back before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

That intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would also have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its left flank; but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward down the slope. It was then that the army, seized with despair, shrieked out, "The Guard recoils! The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before behell, and it froze every heart with terror. Still those veterans refused to fly; rallying from their disorder, they formed into two immense squares of eight battalions, and turned fiercely on the enemy, nobly strove to stem the reversed tide of battle.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls plough through their ranks, disdaining to turn their backs on the foe. Michel, at the head of those battalions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrnder, he replied, "The Guard dies—it never surrenders;" and with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight bettalions with such a rapid footstep that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless daring on the overwhelming numbers that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of the "column of granite" at Marengo, were left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambronne, its brave commander, saw with terror the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory—he was intent only on showing how the Guard should die. Approaching the Emperor he cried out, "Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you!" and closing mournfully yet sternly round their expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than survive defeat. Thus, greater in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard, passed from the stage, and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It has fought its last battle.

IMPORTANT TO RAILROAD COMPANIES AND THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.—An action brought to recover damages for the wrongful ejecting of a passenger from the cars of the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad Company, was tried yesterday, in the Superior Court. The plaintiff, George Alaxander, claimed that he had entered the cars as a passenger at Dayton, having purchased a ticket which he accidently lost before called on by the conductor. On the other side it was claimed that the plaintiff had not bought any ticket; but that if he had, having lost it, he was bound to pay over again. It was shown in aggravation that the plaintiff was put out on a cold winter's morning, the nearest house being some three or four thousand yards off, and that the plaintiff's feet were injured by the frost and cold.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Headley informed them that a corporation stood on no higher grounds than any other carrier—that the ticket given by the Railroad Company was the best evidence of payment, but if the party had actually paid for his seat in the cars, the loss of the ticket would only put him to the trouble of proving he had paid, and the Railroad Company would have no right to turn him out.

It being suggested on the part of the defendant that if the ticket were found by another person it might have been passed on the conductor, the Court remarked that the ticket was not negotiable; and if the company chose to put it in a shape by which they might be imposed upon, that would not alter the rights of other parties.

The jury, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict for plaintiff, with $500 damages.—*Cincinnati Com., Jan. 14.*

NO FICTION.—The other day it was a bitter cold morning, as we were wending our way to the office, we passed on the street, a little girl some eight or nine years old, thinly clad, a pair of ragged shoes picked up probably in the street, and "a world too wide" for her slender feet. Her scant and faded calico dress, her almost total covering, scarce reached to the knee, and her little legs were as red as a pigeon's with the cold. The instinct of charity, as we rapidly passed, (and the whole spectacle was but a *coup'de œil,*) induced us to feel in our pockets for something wherewith to buy her a pair of stockings. Unfortunately for our bump of sympathy, it did not contain "a red." We hurried on—eager to escape the nipping air, and amid the cares of business, it soon escaped us, but the vision of that poor trembling child comes up to our mind's eye, and upbraids us that we did not step into some store hard by and "run our face" for something to protect those little limbs from the keen and pitiless blast. For the nonce we are free to confess we were without our usual presence of mind. Does it not seem strange that so young and delicate a child should have traversed our streets without encountering some "good shepherd?" It will be a long time before it will entirely fade from our memory, one good deed we might have done, omitted. Perhaps had we not been so warmly clad, our senses would have been more alive. Though a simple incident of actual occurrence, one day last week, it involves a moral.—*Louisville Times.*

☞ I do not ask that women may fill offices in the Cabinet, or represent either the army or navy. I do not urge them out to command ships, or build railroads, to harangue in public places, or fill pulpits. These are matters that I leave entirely to human capabilities. But I *do* ask that no civil disabilities be attached to us, any more than to our brothers, in regard to these positions. If we aspire to them, and prove ourselves inconsistent, the world will readily learn the fact, just as it learns eventually to detect any incompetency in the other sex. *Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Genealogical Sermon.

I had, at one time, for a co-curate a very impulsive and rather democratic man. Our rector was an aristocrat. On Sunday he had delivered himself of a sermon in which he incidentally justified family pride, and spoke in a manner that must have been offensive to any poor person of any intelligence or independence; and, as we were leaving the church, my brother curate exclaimed, with unaffected indignation, "Well, that crowns ——'s toadying discourses. Such flunkeyism is intolerable. But I'll administer an anecdote next Sunday; see if I don't. Like Herod's worms, our rector's pride is eating him up." I did not attempt to dissuade him. Our rector treated both of us with a condescension that was anything but flattering; and he thought more of being a "gentleman" (upon which he was always indirectly vaunting himself) than of being a Christian, *forgetting what Coleridge said,* that there was no real gentleman without he was a Christian.

Next Sunday morning my brother curate carried out his threat. He told me nothing about how he proposed to manage or mould his course; so judge *my surprise when, mounting the pulpit,* he gave out as his text, the 3d chapter of Luke, part of the 23d, and the whole of the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th and 38th verses; "in which (he continued) will be found the following words;" and then, to the marvel of the whole congregation, who turned towards the pulpit with eyes and mouth open, he read right through the sixteen verses, beginning with—"Joseph, which was the son of Heli," and ending with, "which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Every one is familiar with the peculiar and strange effect upon the ear of the repitition of words, "which was the son," when even occurring in the reading desk; but in the pulpit, as a prefix to a sermon in the shape of a text, they sounded oddly. The rector looked at me as if for an explanation, and I did not know where to look; while the principal persons of the parish manifestly came to the conclusion that my brother curate was gone mad. But, if he were, he soon showed them there was method in his madness; for he ingeniously evolved out of these sixteen verses a discourse that might have served as an essay on the Republican legend of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." The reader has probably anticipated me in the use he made of his long text.

"Here (said he) we have a genealogical tree, not traced by the flattery of sycophants, nor the uncertainty of heralds, but by the unerring Evangelist, whose inspiration enabled him to mount from branch to branch—a genealogy beginning with God, and ending, so far as my text goes, with a poor Galilean carpenter. Here is a lesson and a rebuke for the pride of descent. The poorest carpenter, in the poorest village in England, can retrace his lineage through the same unbroken succession; and the proudest peer can do no more, unless the latter, in his presumption, should be disposed to ignore his divine origin. But it would be no use; by whatever different branches, they arrive at the same root; the noble and the peasant, if both had the power of going back over their ancestry, would both meet at the 38 verse of the 3d chapter of Luke, 'Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.'

"Here (he continued, looking at the rector's and the squire's pews)—here we all meet on equal terms. Disown them as we like in other degrees, here we are brought face to face with, and can no longer refuse to acknowledge our poor relations."

Then, looking to some forms on which a group of alms-house people sat, he added:—

"Here, too, my poor friends, you and your 'superiors' meet in the presence of your common parent, the great God of heaven and earth, in whose eyes the fictitious distinctions of the world are naught. Cold-shoulder you as they like through life, they cannot ignore their relationship when they come to this; they can no longer speak of you, spurn you, as though you were formed of different clay. The carpenter and the king are one; and how little importance St. Luke, who was no sycophant genealogist, attaches even to the regal office, may be seen from the manner in which he passes through the 31st verse, where no pause is made to mark the proud title of David, which was merely the son of Jesse, which was the son of Obed, and so on."

In conclusion he urged the poor man to live up to his great origin, and not disentitle himself to that great share in the inheritance of which his heavenly Father had laid up for his children who truly serve him. They need not care for the proud man disowning them now; the thing to be feared was God disowning them on the last day. The rich he enjoined to feel for the poor as for brothers, if they would not offend that great Being who has a father's interest for all.

I thought the rector would never forgive my co-curate; but the only notice he took of the eccentric discourse was to cease for ever after preaching to the "humbler orders," of the deference they owed their "superiors." It was before so bad that a neighboring clergyman said to me, "If your rector had to put on an eleventh commandment, it would run thus: "Thou shalt not neglect to take off thy hat to myself and the squire."

TAKEN AT HIS OFFER.—A friend says the editor of the Waterford Sentinel, was taken at his offer a day or two since. He published the following:

"We shall insert no marriage notice, unless accompanied by the sum of one dollar."—*Exchange.*

"We shall insert all marriage notices for a kiss of the bride."—*Waterford Sentinel.*

A few days after, a plump-looking colored girl entered his office, for the purpose of informing her friends, and the colored gentry generally, that she had taken to herself one Sambo, "for better or for wus." The editor replied that he should have to charge her twenty-five cents. She hesitated a moment, and then opening a paper, pointed to the article in question. The editor blushed, and the bride turned pale, but whether they kissed, deponent saith not.

NO YOU DON'T JUDGE.—*Scene in Court of Justice—Boy, Witness in Case of Assault on Mr. Brown.*

Judge (with dignity)—Young man do you know this Brown?

Boy (looking roguishly at his Honor, and shaking his head)—No yer don't Judge.

Judge (indignantly)—What do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question; do you know this Brown?

Boy (with a peculiar wink)—no yer don't, Judge.

Judge (in a rage)—Answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of Court; do you know this Brown?

Boy (applying his thumb to the tip of his nose, and wriggling mysteriously his elongated fingers) —Yer can't come it, Judge; I know what yer want —yer want me to say what Brown, and then yer goin' to say—*Brown Stout!* No yer don't Judge!