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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealer in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of upper lake Steamers, Public Dock Erie Pa.

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Office, Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
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Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

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SMITH JACKSON,
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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 suit. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to the highest polish and cleanness. All work warranted.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE WAIL OF THE SORROWING MOTHER.

The following beautiful poem relates to a distressing event that must be fresh in the recollection of every reader.

He was my only boy!
A gem within the casket of my heart,
Priceless and precious as the gush of joy
That from its fountains start.

How has the silken cord
Of my unspoken love been round him thrown,
Binding to pure affection every word
And smile his lip hath known.

Day after day his foot,
Fleet with the lightness of unfettered youth,
Came to my ear, soft as the tuneful lute,
Or spice wind from the South.

But O! he comes not now,
His joyous step and merry laughing eye,
And the pure radiance of his sunny brow,
Were things of earth, to die.

Death, to the gentle child,
Came not with whispering accents, such as blend
Sometimes with angel forms, whose faces mild,
Above the death-couch bend.

The living wreath of fame,
Twined by a nation for his sire to wear,
Withers to dust—and glory's proud acclaim
But sharpens my despair.

The glare of earthly pomp
Fades like a meteor in a star-lit sky,
And the loud peal of honor's clarion tramp,
Is past unheeded by.

The loftiest seat of earth
Shrinks as a shrivelled scroll before the fire
That desolates my humble homestead hearth
With anguish deep and dire.

Give me thy help, O God!
In this my hour of grief and tearful woe;
Teach me to bow beneath thy chastening rod,
And stay the tears that flow.

For his dear sake whose heart
Is gashed and bleeding by the bitter stroke,
Help me to cheer his childless path, nor part
The ivy from the oak.

I know my bright-eyed boy
Is nestling in the lovely Saviour's breast;
I hear him join the swelling song of joy,
In that sweet world of rest.

Then cease, my heart, thy wail,
Here be thy anchor from the storm of grief,
Let His unfailing promises prevail,
And prayer be my relief.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MISS L. P. TOWNSEND.

"She was a stern, hard woman! Far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in her heart, was a door, easily passed by, and on that door was written, WOMAN."
Bez.

"And so it is with the drunkard. Far away up a great many pairs of winding stairs in his heart, is a door, and on that door is written MAN. And we must knock at that door once, twice, seven times—yes, 'seventy times seven, that it may open unto us."
Jane B. Gough.

He was an old man. Not so old either for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's fingers had laid there; and the hand that placed upon the low table the low-drained glass did not tremble so with the weakness that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with red curtains, and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it was opened. A hat—it must have been intended for one—half concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakeable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with "brickbats and the gutter" did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they could afford to be "out." Add to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only grog-shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched, friendless creature that sat there, half stupified with the effects of his morning dram, and far up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart, was a door, easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs and the dust of Time and Sin, was written MAN!—But nobody dreamed of this, and when the temperance men had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him respectability and employment if he would sign it; and others—well meaning men, too—had rated him soundly for his evil ways and be turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, and everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her pensive face. The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity, left that gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sober man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over Billy's features and then in a low, sweet voice she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with these words the lady had got further up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, as he glanced down at his shabby attire and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out farthest; for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison!"

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent its fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door; so she went on:

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown, of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass plot before the front door, and the huge old apple tree that threw its shadow across it; and the great, old fashioned portico, and the grape vine that crept around pillars; and the rose bush that looked in at the head room window, and the brook that went shining and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

"Many and many were the hours," so father would say—"Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide and seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men; and when the sunset lays its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with her white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling—come, boy; come to supper."

One after another, the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah, the lady had found the door then.

"I was always at home at Willie's," father would continue; "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some pleasant story, it might be of Joseph or David or some good child who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say, "promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home into the world and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her gray hairs to sleep in the church-yard yonder—promise my child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels shall keep you from all evil ways." And Willie would raise his head, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and answer, "I will promise you I will make a first-rate man, mother." And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go happy as the birds that nestled in the branches of the apple tree to rest; and then, just as we were about sinking to sleep, we would hear the well known foot-fall on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. "It is a long time, father would say, after a pause, since I heard from Willie, but sure I am that he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that."

"Rap, rap, rap," went the words of the lady, at the door of that old man's heart. Creack, creak, went the door on its rusty hinges, (angels of God, held ye not your breath to listen?) The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid child like sobs:

"My mother! O, my mother!"

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks were washing out also many a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life, that stood against him. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father loved to talk about better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong."

"It was enough to do one's eyes good," he would say, "to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud, manly tread, and she delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect and cherish the gentle being at his side; and I knew he thought, as he looked down fondly upon her, that the winds of heaven should not visit her face too roughly.—And then my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful affection, and of the dark eyed boy and fair-haired girl who came, after a while, to gladden it; and then, you know, he removed to the west, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and mournful tone.

"I promised my father, previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy that left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless sea; of the gentle, uncomplaining wife that went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken hearted to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. Oh! it is a sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonizing remorse and hopeless despair, that she shuddered to behold it. Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small, small fair hand was laid on his arm, and a sweet voice she murmured:

"Even for all this there is redemption, and you well know in what manner. In the name of your dying wife and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you—will you sign the pledge?"

"I will!" said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the table, that its rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its intensity of curiority, on the bar keeper's physiognomy, as the lady passed quietly through the shop, after her long interview with old Bill; and the expression was in no degree lessened when, a few moments after, old Bill followed her, without stopping as usual, to take a second glass. And he never passed over the threshold again.

Reader of mine, if you are of those whose true, earnest souls bear ever about them one great desire to benefit their fellow men—if your heart is yearning over some erring brother man, whom you would gladly raise from the depths of degradation and misery, and point to the highway of peace and virtue—remember that somewhere in his heart must be a door, which, when rightly applied to, will open unto you. See to it that ye find it.

Dark Days.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Dying? How can you ever struggle through the world alone? Who, will care for you, Jane, when I am dead?"

"Have you rooms to let?" said a lady in sable to a hard-featured person.

"Rooms? Why—yes—we *have* rooms: (surveying Mrs. Grey very deliberately.) You are a widow, I suppose? Thought so, by the length of your veil. Been in the city long? How long has your husband been dead? What is the matter *of* him? Take in sewing, or anything? Got any references? How old is that child of yours?"

"I hardly think the situation will suit," said Mrs. Grey, faintly, as she rose to go.

"Don't cry, mamma," said Charley, as they gained the street. Won't God take care of us?"

"Put another stick of wood on the fire, Charley; my fingers are quite benummed, and I've a long while to work yet."

"There's not a chip left," said the boy mournfully *rubbing his little purple hands; it seems* as though I should *never* grow a big man, so that I can help you."

Hist! there's a rap!

"Work done?" said a rough voice; "'cause if you ain't up to the mark, you can't have any more.—"No fire, and cold fingers." *Same old story!*—Business is business; I've no time to talk about *your affairs.* Women never *can* look at things in a commercial *pint* of view. What *I* want to know is in a nut shell. *Is them* shirts done or *not*, young woman?"

"Indeed, there is only *one* finished, though I have done my best," said Mrs. Grey.

"Well, hand it along; you won't get any more; and sit up to-night and finish the rest, d'ye hear?"

"Have you vests that you wish embroidered sir?"

"Yes," said the gentleman (?) addressed, casting a look of admiration at Mrs. Grey. ("Here, James run out with this money to the bank.) Wish it for yourself, madam?" said he, blandly, "*Possible?*—*Pity* to spoil those blue eyes over such drudgery!"

A moment and *he was alone.*

"He's a very sick child," said the doctor, "and there's little chance for him to get well *here;*" drawing his furred coat to his ears, as the wind whistled through the cracks. "Have you no friends in the city, where he can be better provided for?"

Mr. Grey shook her head mournfully.

"Well, I'll send him some medicine to-night, and to-morrow we will see what can be done for him."

"*To morrow!*" All the long, long night, the storm raged fearfully. The driving sleet sifted in through the loose windows that rattled, and trembled, and shook. Mrs. Grey hushed her breath as she watched the little waxen face, and saw that look creep over it that *comes but once.* The sands of life were fast ebbing. The little taper flittered and flashed, and then—went out forever!

It was in "the poor man's lot" that Harry Grey's pet boy was buried. There were no carriages, no mourners, no hearse. Mrs. Grey shuddered as the waggon jolted over the rough stones to the old burial place. She uttered a faint scream as the sexton hit the little coffin against the wagon in lifting it out. *Again and again* she stayed his hand when he would have fastened down the lid; she heard with distinctness the first heavy clod that fell upon her boy's breast; she looked on with a dreadful fascination, while he filled up the grave; she saw the last shovel full of earth stamped down over him; and when the sexton touched her arm and pointed to the wagon, she followed him mechanically, and made no objection, when he said he guessed he'd drive a little faster, *now that the lad was out.* He looked at her once or twice, and thought it very odd she didn't cry, but he didn't profess to understand women folks; so when it was quite dusk they came back again to the old wooden house; and there he left her, with the still night and her crushing sorrow.

"Who will care for you, Jane, when I am dead?"
—*Olive Branch.*

A Pet Fish.—Mr. J. G. Phinney, at the dye-house in this city, has a large water tank of the capacity of several hogsheads, from which he procures a supply of pure water for use in his business.—About six years since he obtained and placed in the tank a brook trout, of a few inches in length, and has since fed it regularly with scraps of meat until it has attained a weight of six pounds, and a length of some eighteen inches. The tank is fed by a spring, and the overflow carried off by a pipe, so that the supply of water is constant, cool, and pure, and Sir Trout lives and enjoys life like a philosopher—another Diogenes in his tub. This fish, although approached by its owner, and always coming at his call, is shy in the presence of strangers, and when he sees only strange faces above him, usually retires to the bottom of the tub. We paid a visit to this finny celebrity the other day, and approaching his domain alone, we found him suspended mid-way in the crystal fluid, slowly moving his fins to and fro, his beautifully spotted back gleaming in the light. As usual, he took no notice of his strange visitor, although invited to acquaintance by such advances as crumbs thrown on the water; but when Mr. Phinney appeared with some strips of raw beef-steak, his apathy gave place to the utmost activity. He would dart from the bottom, and throw himself fear out of the water if a piece of meat was held above, and always succeeded in catching it. He is an uncocial fish, and small ones, even of his own kind, are at once devoured, if placed with him. His last exploit in this line was killing and devouring a chumb eight inches long. A man not long since was drinking from the tank, not knowing that it was tenanted, when the trout made a spring at his face, and severely bit his lip. An old angler cannot view his fine, plump proportions, without a desire to throw a fly on the water, and try how he would feel at the end of a rod.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The Late Aaron Burr.

The quiet erection of a tombstone over his unmarked grave, in Princeton yard, has called to mind the name of Aaron Burr. Near fifty eventful years of our country's history have come and gone since his strange and brilliant career was run, during which time many things have occurred to call his memory from oblivion; but scarcely a breath of air—certainly not a regretful sigh—has borne it from the tomb. His was not one of the few immortal names that were not born to die; at least for the present, the world has agreed to forget him. Possibly it means no reflection thereby. It has also forgotten the lamented John Wells, Jacob Van Vechten, and Elisha Williams, his brilliant competitors at the bar. Even Hamilton, his target victim, is no longer remembered.

As for Burr, there are many reasons why he should have been so soon forgotten. Tradition and legend have handed down his name blackened by every crime. Long before his death, even when poor, wretched and alone in the world, he stemmed misfortune's tide, the world had resolved to forget him. No one spoke to him, nor seemed to notice him, as engaged in the active duties of an arduous profession, he walked the populous streets of New-York. If met in the stage-coach, no one addressed him; if on the ferry which conducted him to the solitary island home, he was not recognised. In some cases it might have been because of his threadbare coat; in others, like all men, he was naturally forgotten, when, his power lost, he had no more favors to give, and the once brilliant light no longer attracted the flitting moths; but it cannot be disguised that those had forgotten, who should have remembered him; he was shunned in the street; his friends did not know him, if pointed out at a distance, it was as one who had the accursed mark of Cain upon him.

We do not know a sublimer picture than that presented by this celebrated man, in the last hours of declining life. His early course had been peculiarly successful. He was a soldier of the revolution, distinguished for courage, skill and activity; his reputation had been high at the bar, as a trusty counsellor and eloquent advocate; he had been a successful politician, admired for his tact, and loaded with the favors of the people; he had also been Vice President of the United States, and presided over the Senate with impartiality and dignity; as he concluded his farewell address, there was not a dry eye in the chamber. Added to all these public honors, happy domestic relations were the crowning jewels of his happiness. He was proud of his decent from two of the best stocks of the country: he was the favored scion of the houses of Edward and Burr.—He had also been happy in his marriage, the fruit of which was a daughter, of whom any father might have been proud. She was beautiful in person, intelligent in mind, and gifted with a lively fancy, and a brilliant imagination. These natural gifts had been cultivated by the most careful education. The conversation of the daughter, when a child, was the delight of the father; when a matron, his pride. Given to the man of her own and father's choice, who also stood high in his native State, as a gentleman, scholar, and successful statesman, she was the mother of a beautiful son, not more the parents' joy than the grandfather's pride. This little pledge that the family should not die and become extinct, also bore the name of Aaron Burr. Thus happy in his public relations and domestic circle, connected with the past by proud and glorious remembrances; with the future by a golden link, what was wanting to fill up the cup of his happiness? Nothing, perhaps, save that right judgement of Solon, who counted the poor and obscure, but pious, Atheman, the happiest of men, in preference to the proud and wealthy Lydian King.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all this happiness was melted down and became as dross—the golden realities that already reached through three generations, became as a vision that is passed. A fearful *rencontre* drove Aaron Burr, the soldier, the statesman, an outlaw from the land. A price was set upon his head. He was hunted from town to town, city to city. He fled in disguise from the face of man. He was tried for treason and his fair fame blackened for ever. His small fortune gradually melted away—he was a wanderer and beggar upon the face of the earth. His daughter, on her way to visit him and soften his woes, was seized and barbarously murdered by pirates. His grandchild was cut down and wilted in death—relatives disowned him. With all this, Aaron Burr sunk not—he walked erect at eighty years of age amongst those who despised him. It was Lear facing the storm.—*Savannah Courier.*

Focus.—A little girl, says the Knickerbocker, had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of *one* hard word. Her father asked her what it was, she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary, what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This, of course, raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she triumphantly: "focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I father?"

☞ Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to hollow, just where some one else bulges. Be receptive, therefore, to the man of science, enjoy the joker without a struggle for supremacy and play conductor for the electricity of the wit; then, if there is anything in the fellows, you'll get it out of them, and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company; and, besides, if there is nothing particular in you, (which is barely possible, but still possible,) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.—*Dr. Elder.*

An Affair of Importance.—Harriet.—"O! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could hardly sleep all night." Blanche—"Well, what is it, dear?" Harriet.—"Why, I don't know whether to have my new merino frock violet or dark blue!"—*Punch.*

☞ The custom of 'joining hands in matrimony,' is said to be taken from the practice of pugilists shaking hands before they begin to fight.

Moral Insanity.

Some thirty years ago, a young lady, the only daughter of a noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it. To their affection she was cold, to their caresses she was rude; and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming her sex and youth. The parents contrived during her temporary absence from home to investigate the contents of her writing desk, but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed.

The first news they had of her was, that the house in which she was visiting had been burnt to the ground; that she had been saved with difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape at first had been taken for granted; and that when her door was burst open, she was found still dressed and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanor, and as plainly brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return, the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal.

The father and daughter removed to a spot for change of scenes. On the night of their arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her apartment, for from her window were the sparks first seen to issue, and again was she found dressed, seated, and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little State in which the spa was situated. An investigation took place, she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she had been the incendiary; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistable longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, but was unable to withstand the temptation. This longing first supervened for a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a mad house, where she was at first allowed some liberty; but after a homicidal monomania towards a child, of a ferocity most appalling, it was found necessary to apply the severest restraint. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers, her opulent wit, and observes the most scrupulous delicacy.

Playing the Possum.

Some few years since, I witnessed rather a strange scene in Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; it was at one of the Western theatres. The piece had passed well without interruption, until the last scene. The character of Romeo was excently enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulets gazing on the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that unknown discovered country where he supposed Juliett had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to love!" and at the same time raised the vial containing the poison to his lips, a stalwart young gentleman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it into atoms, and yelling—

"Yer darned fool! she aint dead! Only been takin' a little sleeping medicine. Did'nt you get the parson's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled out the angry tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter.

"Why, yer gal aint dead, I tell yer! The way it was they wanted to make Julie marry that chap thar," pointing to Paris, "whose business you have just settled, but I tell you Julie war spunk—she got her back right up, and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if, while she war laying in the vault, the ghost of that other feller whom you kilt should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Well her spunk war up, and she took the stuff the parson fixed, so she could play possum till you got him. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desperate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs with his elbow, at the same time loosing his hold.

"Hell's curses on the fellow!" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Well, now," said the countryman, fronting the audience, "if that aint a little the ded darned mean est curse I ever did see, I hope to be swowed.—That's all the thanks I get for stoppin' him from pizenin' himself. Hope to be tarnally smashed if I ever go to interfere agin when a feller wants to murder himself," he continued, as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his suppe story from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

A true test of affection.—A middle-aged single man was dangerously ill at St. Omar. He threatened to disinherit any nephew or niece that persisted in attending on him; all but one left him—of course, they could not disobey these very strict injunctions of a dying man; but Josephine would not desert the perverse sufferer—he might disinherit her if he liked. He died; and it was then discovered that he had considered Josephine as the only relative who had proved disinterested, and he left her all his property—valued at eighty thousand francs.

☞ Where lies the wisdom of that revenge which recoils upon one's self? Instead of getting the better of your enemy, by offending your Maker in revenging an injury, you give your enemy the advantage of seeing you punished. If you would have the whole advantage, forgive; and then, if he does not repent, the whole punishment will fall upon him.

A Mine of Wealth.—The last intelligence from the mining districts informs us that there is no difficulty in finding plenty of quartz. We wish some enterprising individual would convert the quartz into wine-bottles, which are, at present, little better than pints.—*Punch.*