THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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The Erie Observer.

[illegible]AL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for [illegible] Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, [illegible] &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, [illegible] for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over Austin's Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. ☞ Stitching done to Order.

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OLDS & LOW. Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa. ☞ Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical purposes for sale cheap. L. W. OLDS, M. L. LOW.

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DEAF AND BLIND.
DR. GRISWOLD
OCULIST AND AURIST,
No. 230 Main Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear.
Feb. 19, 1859.—37.1y.

Poetical.

SOMBODY'S COMING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The flowers are blooming on the lawn
 The birds are singing free,
And everything is full of life
 And happiness but me;
The clouds look strangely dull to-day.
 They're shadowy as my dreams,
And very lonely seem to me
 The sunlight's golden gleams.
As for the birds, I heed them not—
 They had as well be dumb;
They cannot charm my heart to-day.
 I wish somebody'd come!

I've tried my books—my music, too
 I've looked it o'er and o'er—
But, pshaw! I cannot see my notes,
 My eyes keep wandering far
Unanswered notes before me lie.
 I'll count them—one, two, three:
And here's my letters waiting, too,
 But what are they to me?
My books are stale—my music is
 Discordant as a drum.
My voice is very bad to-day—
 I wish somebody'd come!

The sun is setting in the west,
 And twilight deepens now,
And night comes forth an ebon queen
 With jewels on her brow;
The cat is sleeping on the hearth,
 The bell has rung for tea,
And not one living soul has come
 What can the matter be?
The day is gone, the night comes on,
 And I will look no more—
There, Betty! don't you hear the bell?
 SOMEBODY's at the door!

Choice Literature.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT CASTELLANE.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE.

I had some renown as a successful rogue-catcher; and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps, and though I served under the Sub-Prefect of the Third Arrondisement, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the Prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible despatch. The missive came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner, assumed the dress of a peasant; browned my face and hands and set forth. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied.

We sat down, and taking [illegible] of wine, he proceeded:

"Within a few months past, there have been some of most mysterious murders committed in this Department, and in the Department of Var that have ever come under my notice. They are done mostly on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pocket had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant also and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of dusage have been found upon any of them, but they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked.

The Prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some inn keeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the Prefect with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without effect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you."

After conferring a while longer with the Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing; and thus habited, I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse and set out, reaching Castellane before noon.—During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woollen factory and examined a lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix; so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarmes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed the spot.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he had held, was fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the innkeeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he muttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already!"

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again; but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woollen factory, and saw the business agent.—His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before.—He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders, he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said, "Very well;" and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good-day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase, because he charged me too much, why didn't he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory, and walked away.—His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him, if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air. It seemed to say—"Oh! I haven't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly [illegible] in which the murders had been done, verged so closely upon the marvellous, that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword, or had their throats been cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garments were covered with flour. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy.—As I came nearer, I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If Monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head: but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken.—And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom, and draw something out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist, and bent it upward, and as I did so, I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols, and cocking it. "I will simply inform you, that I am an officer of the Prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouth-piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon?" I remarked by way in letting him know that I was thoroughly informed.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about it. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He tho't I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to loose, by a full confession.—He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained the secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin.—He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine, which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in travelling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it, the plate had to be removed. And now comes the *infernal* feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wound no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of its aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could comprehend what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy; and having left him in charge of the Sub-Prefect, I took a gendarme along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Cazaubon was surprised to see me back so soon; but he was more surprised when I asked [illegible] the handcuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the floor. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything; but when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death; and the Prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

Taking the Shrew.

Once on a time there was a King, and he had a daughter who was such a scold, and whose tongue went so fast there was no stopping it. So he gave out that the man who could stop her tongue, should have the Princess to wife, and half his kingdom into the bargain. Now, three brothers, who heard this, made up their minds to go and try their luck; and first of all the two elder went, for they thought they were the cleverest; but they couldn't cope with her at all, and got well thrashed beside. Then Boots, the youngest, set off, and when he had gone a little way, he found an osier band laying on the road, and he picked it up. When he had gone a little further he found a piece of broken plate, and he picked that up too. A little further on he found a dead magpie, and a little further on still a crooked ram's horn; so he went on a bit and found the fellow to the horn; and at last just as he was crossing the fields by the King's palace, where they were pitching out dung, he found a worn out shoesole. All the things he took with him into the palace, and went before the Princess.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day," said she, and made a wry face.

"Can't I get my magpie cooked here?" he asked.

"I'm afraid it will burst," answered the Princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad; and showed her the piece of broken plate.

"You are so crooked in your words," said the Princess, "there's no knowing where to have you."

"No, I'm not crooked," said the lad; "but this is," as he held up one of the horns.

"Well!" said the Princess, "I never saw the match of this in all my days."

"Why, here you see the match to it," said the lad, as he pulled out the other ram's horn.

"I think," said the Princess, "you must have come hear to wear out my tongue with your nonsense."

"No, I have not," said the lad; "but this is worn out," as he pulled out the shoesole.

To this the Princess hadn't a word to say, for she had fairly lost her voice with rage.

"Now you are mine," said the lad; and so got the Princess to wife, and half the kingdom.—*Dasent's Popular Stories from the Norse.*

To MEASURE HAY.—"More than twenty years since," says an old farmer, "I copied the following method for measuring hay from an old publication. I have both bought and sold by it, and I believe it may be useful to many farmers: 'Multiply the length, breadth and height into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Clover will take from ten to twelve solid yards per ton.'"

Six Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
 Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tipped the rafters,
 And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gilding the steam from the kettle,
 That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening
 Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
 That frescoed the rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
 Up amid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the little feet on the fender,
 Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
 Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
 Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
 That crowded against the pane?
What bits of firelight stealing
 Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
 In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
 One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
 Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
 That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
 From his grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why, on this darksome evening,
 This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
 Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
 That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
 A sister's tireless love?

THE CAPTURE OF IVREE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

The French army was preparing during the campaign of 1800 to meet the Austrian forces under the Archduke Charles in the plains of Italy, and was traversing with almost incredible difficulty and perseverance the stupendous line of the Alps which extends from St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte; encountering hour by hour obstacles so formidable that neither the courage of the troops, the immense resources of the commissariat, and the military genius of their leaders, were enabled entirely to overcome them.

Nothing daunted, however, by either suffering or fatigue, they toiled on, as if they already foresaw that the indomitable will of their General-in-Chief was destined to make them masters of Milan and Turin, to lead them to Genoa, and to dictate his own terms of peace to his haughty rival on the battle-field of Mraengo.

Within a few leagues of Milan, in a hollow between two hills, and on the left bank of the Doria Balthea, they at length came upon the little town and fortress of Ivree, which they scarcely anticipated would venture to dispute their passage, even for an [illegible]ing it impossible that its garrison could [illegible]tain a regular siege.

They were, however, in error: courageous, wonderfully adroit, and fanatically patriotic, the inhabitants of the town, and the troops in the citadel, consisting only of four thousand men with twenty-five guns, held the place three entire days against an army of thirty thousand men, commanded by three of the youngest, but already three of the best, generals in Europe: Bernadotte, Massena, and Lannes.

Furious to find himself arrested on his march before so insignificant an obstacle, Bonaparte—who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Bairo in an hour—and who was, moreover, anxious to possess himself of a position which would facilitate his operations on Milan, issued an order for the division under Lannes to make an attack upon the town, and to compel a surrender. A battalion of the twenty-second demi-brigade, led by General Cochet, first escaladed the fortress, and carried it at the point of the bayonet; when the French no sooner found themselves in possession of the fifteen field-pieces which had defended the *entrance* than they turned them upon the town, and opened for their legions a perilous, but unobstruted path, along which they boldly advanced, singing the *Marseillaise*. After three hours of a struggle as heroic as it was hopeless, driven from the citadel, decimated in the streets of the town, shot down on all sides when beyond the reach of their enemies, or cut down by the sabres of those by whom they were overtaken in their flight, a few of the Austrian soldiers and the mere handful of inhabitants who had escaped the carnage, took refuge in the house of the Austrian *Adjutant General*, resolved to hold out so long as one of them should be left alive.

In a few instants the residence of the brave veteran was transformed into an actual fortress; loop-holes were perforated in the walls, barricades were hastily erected, and every energy was exerted to accomplish an effective defence.

Cochet was the first to enter Ivree, but he was closely followed by Lannes, who sent an officer and two battalions of the twenty second to force the position of the enemy. We refrain from naming this officer out of respect to his family, several of whose members have, since the event which we are about to record, filled with honor to themselves an elevated rank in the French army; let it suffice that Major L——, who was conspicuous in the Republican forces for his ferocity and headlong courage, penetrated, at the head of one of the battalions (by passing over the bodies of the forty gallant fellows by whom his entrance was opposed,) into the house of the Austrian General. This dauntless man, after having seen all his little garrison fall and expire around him, had armed himself with a hatchet, which he wielded with superhuman energy against his advancing foes; and as Major L—— appeared at the door of the room where he had taken up his last post, he aimed so furious a blow at his head with the formidable weapon to which his hand had already become accustomed, that had not the wary officer adroitly struck it aside with his sword, it must have felled him to the earth. It was his closing effort, however; in the next instant he fell, and the apartment was invaded by the French soldiery.

Major L——, who had never during his fifteen years of military service given quarter to an enemy, was already advancing towards the veteran to complete his work of blood, when a young and singularly beautiful woman rushed out of a neighboring chamber, and, falling at his feet, and clinging to his knees, pale, dishevelled, writhing, and almost insane, shrieked out in a voice of terror and despair, from which all the tenderness of the woman and the wife had disappeared:

"Mercy! Mercy! Do not kill him.—He is my husband, and the father of my child."

The Republican officer looked down upon her without pity or emotion.

What had he to do with the agonies and the outcries of a woman? In a second he had thrust her violently from him; and taking one step forward, had fired his pistol at the head of the gray-haired veteran.

The discharge of the weapon was echoed by a cry wrung from the very soul of the unhappy wife.

"George, my child, where are you? Your mother calls you.—Come."

At the well-known voice, a lovely boy, scarcely three years of age, who, as he saw his father fall, had concealed himself, pale and trembling, beneath the father's bed, approached his mother, and having reached her side buried his face in the folds of her dress, as if to shut out the frightful scene around him. But frenzied by despair, she plucked him from his new hiding place; and leading him to Major L——, said in a tone as hard and emotionless as though it had preceeded from lips of stone:—

"Coward! Your work is not yet done. You have still his son to murder."

At this moment loud acclamations were heard from without; and a French general, surrounded by a group of officers, appeared upon the threshold of the blood-stained apartment.

Major L—— turned pale as their eyes met; but the young widow, as if suddenly inspired, rushed towards the new comer exclaiming:—

"Revenge *him*—revenge me"—

"Calm yourself, Madame," said the general, in an accent so low and gentle that it thrilled to every heart; "I must understand what has taken place before I can pledge myself to anything. War is a fearful ordeal for a woman; and doubly so for one so young and helpless as yourself."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, however, when a heavy frown gathered upon his brow, and a dark light shone in his eyes. All he saw revealed the truth at once; the major, with his pistol still grasped in his iron hand—the disfigured corpse, its white hairs dabbled in blood—the frantic woman, careless of all the conventionalities of her sex, though surrounded by a horde of ruthless soldiery—the child, pale but tearless, calling to his father to awake from the dreamless sleep from which there is no waking upon this earth. After one rapid eagle like glance, he understood all; and at once felt that there was room neither for doubt nor justification. His eye flashed as he crushed his glove in his clasped fingers, and turned abruptly towards the murderer, who stood before him trembling, stupefied, and stammering out a few incoherent words of explanation and excuse.

"You are a coward, Sir!" he exclaimed vehemently; "You have assassinated a wounded and defenceless man—a brave soldier—in the very presence of his wife, who cried to you for mercy. It was the action of a felon!"

"General——" gasped the culprit, who felt that he was lost.

"Can you deny the charge that I have brought against you? Can you produce one witness to prove that I have accused you wrongfully? Oh! do it, sir; do it; that I may be spared the shame of knowing that a murderer has for fifteen years been sheltered beneath the flag of France."

"General, I was ordered to perform my duty in face of the enemy, and I have performed it. He would have taken my life, and I have taken his. The game was an even one."

"Silence, sir, silence;" was the stern reply; "a fallen foe should be as sacred as a [illegible] in cold blood one who is incapable of resistance—*Pah!* it is sickening. You are no longer worthy to serve the Republic; nor shall you do so another hour. Deliver to me upon the instant your sword, your epaulettes, and your decoration. From this moment you cease to belong to the 22d demi-brigade; you cease to belong to the army of Italy."

The major looked up haughtily.

"General," he exclaimed, steadily, but with the concentrated emotion of one who was yielding up the better portion of his existence—"here are my cross and my sword. I now demand a court-martial."

"You shall have one, sir, you shall have one, and no later than to-morrow," was the rejoinder. Then, turning towards the officers, who had remained silent spectators of this exciting scene, the general approached the corpse of the Austrian veteran, and removing his hat, said solemnly, "Follow my example, gentlemen—too much honor can never be paid to the fallen brave."

During the remainder of this frightful day, the young widow continued a prey to the most agonising despair. After having seen her husband laid in his grave with all the impressive ceremonies of a military funeral, the unfortunate woman, who had lost in one hour all that she had loved on earth except her child, fell into a perfect state of apathy—that apathy alike of soul and body, which is not fatigue, which is not terror, which is not madness, but the utter apathy of despair. Not even the tears or caresses of her son, the idol of her maternal heart, could rouse her; she did not hear his voice, she did not feel his kisses upon her lips; she was unconscious that his loving arms were clasped about her neck; she breathed, but that was all; her inner life was extinct.

So long as she has a husband to avenge, a child to defend, she had retained strength and courage to speak and to act; but now that the assassin of her husband had undergone the disgrace of a public degradation, while the prompt and fearful retribution of a military tribunal threatened his life, she remembered only the immensity of her loss, the depth of her bereavement; and she was consequently more astonished than alarmed when, early on the following morning, a French aide-de-camp came to apprise her that the General-in-Chief desired an interview with her at the Town Hall, in which he had established his head quarters.

Without the hesitation of a moment the newly made widow took her child by the hand, who was pale and feeble from terror and want of rest; and then, lifting him in her arms, she followed the messenger with a firm step, but without having uttered a syllable.

Introduced at once into the council-chamber, she found herself in the midst of all the most celebrated generals of the French army—those men who were subsequently to fulfil such different destinies—who were to gain or to lose thrones; and to leave upon the field of battle, or in the intrigues of courts, or amid political conspiracies, some their honor, and others their heads. There were assembled Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Mathieu, Dumas, Massena, Hoche, Cochet, Bernadotte, and many others who were subsequently to become famous; while in their midst stood the General-in-Chief, his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

As the lady entered he looked towards her, advanced in silence, and led her to a seat; passed his hand with a melancholy smile over the fair curls of her boy, and then commenced a slow and measured walk from end to end of the apartment.

This sudden summons, this strange reception, and the deep silence which reigned around her, at first astonished, and finally alarmed the unhappy woman. A vague feeling of terror stole upon her; but she could not articulate one sentence to inquire of those with whom she had been so strangely brought into contact, what she had to fear, or what to hope.

"Suddenly the roll of a muffled drum fell upon her ear—a discharge of musketry followed it—and the report had scarcely died away than the General-in-Chief stood motionless for an instant; and then approaching her, took her hand, and led her to a window from which she looked down upon the melancholy close of a military execution."

"Shrink not, Madame," he said, as with a natural horror she averted her head from the painful spectacle; "the dead man lying yonder was a French officer whom his countrymen and comrades have just shot, for having, in a town taken by assault, murdered an Austrian."

He paused, cast a lightning glance over the group around him, and then added:

"You are at perfect liberty to quit Ivree whenever you may wish to do so. To you the town must be full of bitter and cruel memories, nor is it at this moment a fitting place of residence for one so young, and—pardon me—so handsome as yourself.—I shall place you under the escort and protection of General Desaix, who will answer for your safety to the Republic. Farewell, Madame; all I ask of you is to tell the Archduke Charles, on your arrival in his camp, what justice you have seen and experienced in the French army."

"And the name of my preserver—of my avenger—that I and my child may remember him in our prayers?"

The stern soldier turned aside for a moment; and then, with studied and gracious courtesy, he said in a voice which was somewhat less steady than its wont:—

"I thank you, Madame; I may not ask those prayers from you for France; but still I gratefully accept them for Napoleon Bonaparte."

A Hatter in Search of Russia Fur.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of fur, including "beaver" and "coney." He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said.

I could not answer, but assured him that there were 130 pounds of Rushia and 150 pounds of young Rushia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter "Rushia."

"What do you want of Rushia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean," responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No—for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats, but I will call my daughter," said the old lady.

Passing into another room where "Rushia," the younger, was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"O, he means sister Mary, probably, I suppose he wants some ladies hats," replied Rushia, as she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger Rushia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy "Russia."

"Buy Rushia!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe;" said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood. [illegible]ed at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound," asked the hatter.

"I believe, sir, that old Rushia is not for sale," replied Mary indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir," said Miss Rushia, the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here on a business matter. I want to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia I want to do so—but if that can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man is crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"Business! poor man," said Mary, soothingly, approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, Madam," replied the hatter. My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some 'beaver' and coney,' and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary.

"The clerk at the store opposite," was the reply.

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. "Have you not got any Russia then?"

"My name is Jerushia, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that I suppose is what he meant by telling you about old and young Rushia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store. "You young scamp!" said he, as he entered, "what did you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you to buy Rushia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Rushia." I replied with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," he replied: "but never mind, I'll pay you off for that some day." And taking his furs he departed, less ill-humored than could have been expected under the circumstances.

☞ A man chopping in the woods near Lexington, Pa., was attacked by a ferocious wolf, which, at the first signal, grasped his victim by the throat. The wife, standing in the door of the house, saw the position of her husband, and, running up, seized his ax, and with one blow upon the back of the wolf, so disabled him as to make him release his hold. A few more blows finished him entirely, but not until the wolf had succeeded in cutting the throat of her husband so that he expired almost immediately.

☞ A writer in an exchange gives the following definition of "Independent Press." He says it means authority to join the side or party who will pay the highest price.