THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. $1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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The Erie Observer.

LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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E. M. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, &c., in Second Story of Reuchenbach's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN C. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Erie Pa.—Office on State Street, near the Park, in the American block, second story of the building occupied by F. & M. Schlaudecker. He will always be found in his office, and all business promptly attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, and dealers in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and Willow Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.

J. KENDIGNORT. GERRIT BECKMAN. ELI KENDIG.

JOHN W. WALKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, St. Louis, Mo. Will give prompt attention to the locating of Land Warrants and the payment of Taxes in the States of Missouri and Iowa; will also fill all orders for the purchase of Missouri Swamp Land, &c.

MRS. A. E. COLE, (Successor to T. E. Blake,) MANUFACTURER and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Lace, and Fashionable Millinery, Pattagon Building, fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Parcular attention paid to Orders.

S. NEWTON PETTIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa. Feb. 26, 1859.—1y26.

T. E. AUSTIN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt Mouldings, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Pattagon Building, north side West Park near Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Central block, over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store. Entrance on State Street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on 6th street, next door to the Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, (Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dispenser, Corner of State and Third streets, Dealer in Patents, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Office removed to corner rooms of Reuchenbach's Block, corner State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office in Reuchenbach's Block, opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa. D. W. Hutchinson is Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds &c., for the several States and Territories.

W. R. MAGILL, DENTIST, Office in Reuchenbach's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

J. C. SELDEN, WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing. French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 13 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.

M'CONNERY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & M'Conney,) DEALERS in English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE, TAILOR, in the room recently occupied by James Hill, Esq. as a Law Office, and over the Store of M. Murphy between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

M. SANFORD &c., CO., DEALERS IN Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House Public Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOM & CO., BUILDERS and Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

MINNIG & RANYARD, DEALERS IN Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 6 Wright's Block, State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & MATHESON, DENTISTS, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

GRAY & PARKER, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 7, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. A. H. GRAY. F. F. PARKER.

JOHN HEARN & CO., FORWARDING and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, MARSH, & Co., MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES, FASHIONABLE Dress Maker, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over Austin's Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. Stitching done to Order.

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOHN SWEENY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffatts Buffalo Ale. No. 1 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa. WM. M. CAUGHEY, E. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, MANUFACTURER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Key stone Block, Erie, Pa.

S. R. CHURCHILL, MANUFACTURER & Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House on French st.

BARR & KELSEY, DEALERS in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 13, Cadwell's Block State street, Erie, Pa.

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.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office and Dwelling on north Park Row, first block east of Erie Bank buildings. Erie, July 16, 1857.

GEORGE J. MORTON, FORWARDING and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTER, WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., &c., State Street, Erie, Pa.

EMPIRE STORES. WM. A. GRISWOLD, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to all business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth st., Erie, Pa.

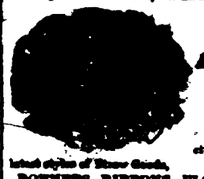
J. W. DOUGLASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office removed to new building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park Erie Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—Office in New Block corner of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie Pa.

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. GRISWOLD, Oculist and Aurist, No. 220 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. Feb. 19, 1859.—27.1y.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY.

MRS. M. A. MORGAN, has just returned from New York with the largest and most complete assortment of



FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY GOODS.

Ever brought to this city, including all the latest styles of Straw Goods, BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c., &c. In short, every thing in the Millinery line, which will be sold wholesale or retail at prices that defy competition.

Country Milliners supplied with Goods at New York prices, adding a small Commission. As she has made arrangements to receive Goods every two weeks, she offers peculiar inducements to those buying to sell again to make their purchases at her establishment.

Mrs. M. desires to inform the public that she is prepared, by a new and beautiful process, to renovate and Color Straw, Misgulum, Chip, and Leghorn, in a most superior style.

Orders solicited, and satisfaction warranted. Store Corner of State and Eighth Streets, Erie Pa. April 16, 1859.—46tf.

PURE BRANDIES,—Just received through the Custom House at Erie, and for sale by April 30. CARTER & BRO.

GROCERIES, &c., SELLING CHEAP FOR READY PAY! BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., No. 2, Wright's Block, Erie, Pa., OFFER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL SUGARS of all DESCRIPTIONS, AT LOW PRICES; GREEN, BLACK AND IMPERIAL TEAS, OF DIFFERENT GRADES: ROASTED, GROUND, JAVA AND RIO COFFEE. SYRUPS AND MOLASSES, OF ALL GRADES: RICE, SOAP, STARCH, CANDLES, RAISINS, BAKING POWDERS, PRUNES, FRUIT, NUTS, &c., WHITE FISH, CODFISH and MACKEREL. PORK, HAMS, BACON, BUTTER, LARD, EGGS, DRIED APPLES, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, NAILS AND GLASS, Together with a large assortment of all kinds of GOODS kept in a Grocery Store, which we offer to sell at the lowest market price. CALL AND SEE US! BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., April 16, 1859. No. 2, Wright's Block.

WHO WANTS A SAFE. The subscriber has one large size HERRING'S SAFE, which he will dispose of cheap for Cash or approved paper. W. L. SCOTT. Erie, April 9, 1859.—44.tf.

FLOUR & FEED STORE REMOVED. HIRAM SLOCUM, Late of the firm of Chambers & Slocum, who were located in Beatty's Block, takes this method to announce to the public, that he has removed his Store to State Street, one door north of G. W. Goodrich's Variety Store, where he will be happy to see all his old customers and all who are in want of articles in his line. He keeps the different brands, of Erie County Flour, among which are those of John Robinson and J. W. McLane, universally acknowledged to be the BEST made. Those in want of exclusive articles of Flour will find these brands to be all they can desire. All kinds of grain and feed kept constantly on hand. Erie, April 2, 1859.—43.tf HIRAM SLOCUM.

Take Particular Notice. AT HALF PRICE.

MUSIC AT WILLING'S MUSIC STORE! PARK HALL.

Ho! every one in want of the latest and most popular VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SHEET MUSIC, Selected by myself with great care from the various Publishing Houses, both East and West, consisting of Songs, Ballads, Duetts, Trios, Quartetts and Choruses, Waltzes, Polkas, Gallops, Mazurkas, Marches and Fancy Dances; Have arranged matters so that we can offer for sale any and every New Piece of merit, as soon as published, and at publisher's prices, whereby the purchaser saves the expense of transportation by Mail or Express. Call and see Catalogue. Instruction Books for all Musical Instruments. Erie, March 12, 1859.—40

CASH BASIS.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE a general stock of CHOICE DRY GOODS, PURCHASED FOR CASH FROM CASH DEALERS AT A SAVING OF 10 TO 15 PER CENT Over Credit Prices. THE NEWEST STYLES OF DRESS GOODS, FINE CARPETINGS, SHEETINGS, CLOTHS, &C., AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. No. 5, Exchange Row, March 19—41. WM. BELLY JR.

The Middle Aged, Attention! McOMBER'S HAIR RESTORATIVE AND INVIGORATOR. will certainly give you a good head of hair if you are getting bald. It is warranted to grow hair on bald heads, stop its falling out, and thicken it up as good as ever.—Cures a dandruff, is the best preservative of the hair ever compounded, and will prevent its becoming gray. Try it. Price 50 cents and $1,00 a bottle. Get a circular and read the evidence. Each bottle has the following words blown in the glass, "McOmber's Hair Restorative and Invigorator, Buffalo, N. Y." Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail by W. V. MAYNARD, 264 Washington st. Buffalo, N. Y. To whom all letters must be addressed and orders sent. Sold by CARTER & BROTHER, Erie, Pa. and by Druggists generally. April 30, 1859.—47.

NEW GROCERY. CAUGHEY BROTHERS, Have opened a Grocery and Provision Store in Beatty's Block, North Side of the West Park, where a good supply of FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, AND OF THE BEST QUALITY, MAY BE FOUND. —ALSO— WOODEN & WILLOW WARE. Cash and the highest market price paid, for all kinds of Country Produce. R. C. CAUGHEY. Erie, April 23, 1859. R. C. CAUGHEY.

NOTICE. FLOUR! FISH! SALT AND WATER-LINE, received this Spring, for sale by G. J. MORTON. Erie, April 30, 1859.—46.2m.

Poetical.

HOMELESS.

She stood alone on the sullen pier,
With the night around, and the river below,
And a voice, it seemed to her half-crazed ear,
Was heard in the water's plashing flow;
"You are tired and worn; come hither and sleep
Where your poor, dimmed eyes shall cease to weep,
And no morning shall break in sorrow."

She looked to the far-off town and wept,
And, oh, could you blame the poor girl's tear,
For she thought how many a maiden slept
With Love and Honor as wardens near,
While she was left in the world alone,
With none to miss her when she was gone
Where the merciless waves were calling.

The long grass clung to each wave-washed pile,
And the water amid its loose locks ran,
And she thought, with a strange and ghastly smile,
Of a long-fled day and a false, false man—
How her fingers had combed his damp, brown hair;
But he and the world had left her there,
With no friend but the beckoning water.

Was Heaven so far that no angel arm
Might 'round the Homeless in love be thrown,
To keep her away from hurt or harm?
Or was it, in truth, a mercy shown,
That left her alone, at night, to think
Of her manifold woes upon the brink,
Of that deep and pitiless river?

No human eye and no human ear
E'er saw a struggle or heard a sound,
And the curious never could waste a tear,
When they gazed next morn, on the outcast drowned;
But, ah! could speech be given the dead,
Perhaps those motionless lips had said,
"No Homeless are found in Heaven!"

Original Sketches.

RUSTICS, NO. X.

By Wynkyn de Worde.

Nat. Lassalle, our college chum, had written a poem on hay-making, and had persuaded himself that it was the merriest and gayest of all frolics. Intending, also, to contribute a sweet chapter in words of two syllables to a "Second Reader," and wishing to tell the whole of the gay truth with pictures drawn on the spot, he paid us a visit. He found us grinding scythes, and we proposed the scene for a steel-cut, or a lithograph. After the warm shower at four o'clock we got our fishing tackle, stepped into "Moonlight," and the fish gathered about us as they are said to have done at the voice of St. Antonio, only that they did not lift their noses upout of the water and listen! (Vide Trans. Semi-occ. Mag. article on Rustic Lake.) Nat. mooted the question whether the hook caught the fish, or the fish caught the hook, a question which once divided the Hollanders into two political parties, called the Hooks and Kabbeljaws. He took the latter position, and in proof a captious bass jerked the rod from him, and in his sudden grasp for it, he went overboard to pursue his investigations in fishdom itself. We took the other position and our string of "sunnies" were in evidence next morning at breakfast.

Nat. having extricated himself from a state of moisture, and invented a trap to catch a whipporwill, read to us, in the attic, his cantos on hay-making. We suspended our opinion, thinking perhaps he would change his own before a week. Nat. was bent on seeing the sun rise, and very early (in the morning, if I recollect right!) we strolled up to Ezekiel P's to take a view from his garden. The sturdy joker invited Nat. to be seated on a stump, which he said he was reserving for the next smooth candidate for office. The sun was rising brilliant. He stretched a wing out over the prairie, and brushed the glittering dew from grass and grain, and the other pressed on our eyelids, dipping the tip in the waters of Rustic Lake. Nat. was sitting with pencil and Sketch-Book, his eye with a fine frenzy rolling. Charming! Beautiful! How extensive the view! Splendid landscape! Just cows enough to make it look natural! and the mowers shaving up a swathe, and starting up a purple cloud in Grand! How merry the morning music!—The plaintive cooing of the prairie-chicken made it pathetic! Exquisite! even the bawling of a boisterous calf could not dissipate it. Shading off the sun with one hand he brushed away the winged intruders with the other. Thought they were a little pesky—rather too thick to allow of sketching—rather familiar—quite disposed to probe through one's clothes and to aim at the eyes—never had seen mosquitoes as large as bees before—nor with such beautiful yellow wings—nor quite so sharp! We stood back a little. Ezekiel thought that Nat. would only confuse his notion of the landscape by moving! Nat. had only one objection to rural life, and that was insects. Could get used to them he thought—was not afraid! and as the amusement was becoming irresistible to us, and rather expensive to him, we were all relieved by a startling shout from a freshly-risen boy, "Say, Mister, what you sittin' on that yaller-jacket's nest for!" Ezekiel whooped again, and Nat. leaped the picket-fence as if he had just discovered that he had been reveling in a bear-garden, and then catching the joke, mirthfully roared out, "Yes, Uncle Zeke, reserve that stump for the next man who comes electioneering!"

That was scene No. 1 of Nat's hay-making! He had it faithfully sketched, from actual observations taken on the spot, but the editors of the two-syllabled story ejected it as too romantic for beginners! It was the leading joke among the harvesters of that year. Nat. found out that it was one thing to write of hay-making while "pulsus remissus mitigatur fugi," and quite another to mow a couple of rounds before breakfast, toss up a thick-laid swathe after the forenoon luncheon, feast at noon, roll thirty minutes under a cherry-tree, laughing at the wit of Ezekiel P., then clamber into a close hay-mow and pack down the sweet grass till all poetry has the starch taken out of it, and the poet becomes the proposer of a supposed new system of hot baths! Nat. stayed with us through the harvest. He was tanned and toughened, and as he swung a cradle over a "clean swathe," and Harkiel caught up the nestling grain so quickly that when he lifted up his sheaf there was not a head left upon the stubble, they formed a friendship stronger than bands of straw.

Wheat-harvest is a glorious time among the farmers. The neighbors "exchange works." The fields are merry in the morning with larks, and during the day with tingling scythes, and the laugh of harvesters. The "patented reapers" have taken away much of the fun, for they are driven round with an incessant clatter, and the binders are scattered along the track so that no two of them meet often to crack a joke. But in the days of cradles it was merry work. The sight of five or six, or a dozen men, all abreast, and stepping and singing together is pleasing. The binders take the grain from the point of the scythe. Even the laziest boy who gathers sheaves into dozens, looking skyward every ten minutes to see if it is going to rain, with a "wish that it is father to the thought," will tug hard to keep up, lest he should lose the jokes at the corners. Our "Singing-Master"—Professor now—said that a cradle made a good "staff," for music in the key of sharps, but the little sheaf-gather did'nt hear the joke. He is a mean man that does not help the little fellow out at the corner, down in some smothering hollow where the straw grows long, and the bundles are so big that he must drag them through stubble over which he can scarcely peep. The harvesters are resting, but he is sweltering in the heat. His knees tremble and the hot tears fall. Only boys can know a grief like his. His brain reels. He almost wishes it would ache like the Shunemite boy. He despairs of hearing the passing jests and is ready to die. Distance lends no enchantment, it gives desperation. He looks away on the hills, where the thin wheat waves in the wind, and wishes it was all hill! He sees alongside of him wheat ranker, heavier, rustier and does hope it will rain! He looks toward the corner, and the reapers are gone. He can only catch a glimpse of their heads as they rise and bend on their merry way. Poor fellow! The thought of luncheon, as he hears the horn at the gate, does not drive away despair. He tugs on—reaches the corner—and sure enough the reapers have not forgotten him, for they have thrown the sheaves together in dozens, and he has only one here and there to "right up," and Uncle Alock has thrown down his cradle, and calling "hurra my brave boy," is hasting to help. He is glad he got out of bed, whether he eats or not!

Harvest dinners are too generous for short descriptions. They are more easily enjoyed than described. Any apparent stinginess is regarded as an unspeakable meanness. Cold ham, shoulders of lamb, chicken pot-pie, new potatoes, green corn, pecks of peas, apple dumplings, pickled plums, rice puddings, jams, jellies, ginger beer, and hot coffee, along with the wit of two or three clever fellows, well tanned in the sunshine of life, make a feast of fat things which would give the gout to princes of the blood! Certain lank gentlemen who are subject to the voice of the people at the next election find it policy to take a round among the farmers, and try their dinners, and after dinner, their politics.—Good plan, to take *measures* first, and then *men!*

Preserved Pinchman was constitionally stingy. His hobby was "free schools," for he had few taxables, and nearly a dozen children. His face was meatless, and his larder about the same, only less bone. His cattle were so very lean they leaned against the fence. His horses needed to be burned off once a year. He rented land and raised wheat by the hundred acres. He had a little of everything about him, and very little dinners in harvest. Nat. and Ezekiel swept the first swathe in his field one year. Three days passed, but the dinners did not improve. A poor man's dinner of herbs is a feast, but when a man might have a stalled ox, but for pure stinginess, it is intolerable. The fourth day, and all hands were seated under a stingy boothe of stunted oaks. Ezekiel P. took up the dull knife to carve. Half a dozen smoked jaws, as lean as ever champed hickory nuts for a "land-pike," lay on the platter. The good wife evidently had protested, but Pinchman did not care. Ezekiel snuffed the breeze, winked, plucked his sleeve, and said, "Well, Mr. Pinchman, cut your hogs all up to joles this year, did'nt you!" Toward evening the cackling in those quarters told of a determined onslaught, and thereafter the harvesters feasted, "cheek by jowl," on chicken and surloin.

NB. A few days since one of the Metropolitan cars was stopped for the purpose of taking up an elderly lady and a sickly looking little girl. In the car were ten females, five on a seat, and the seats will carry nine. Every inch of room seemed occupied, for the occupants of the car were fashionably dressed, and their skirts expanded like peacocks' tails. No one offered the old lady a seat, or made room for her, or seemed to care whether she was tired or rested. For a moment the old lady scanned the faces of those before her, and then she smiled at the want of courtesy which characterise females of the present age.

"I say, you," the old lady exclaimed, nudging the knee of the nearest female, and pointing to the little girl.

"Did you speak to me?" demanded the astonished female, on her dignity immediately.

"Why, yes! I want to know if you would believe this little girl just come out of the ship fever hospital at Deer Island?"

Ten hands delicately gloved were raised toward the bell-strap, and ten voices were shrilly raised for the cars to stop, and in less than one minute the old lady and the girl had the vehicle to themselves.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "I forgot to tell 'em that there warnt any patients there sick with the fever.—However, I'll let 'em know it the next time we meet. Take a seat, dear, and make yourself at home."

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

THE DEN OF ROBBERS.

Soon after the close of the last war between Great Britain and the United States, Thomas Stogdon, a tobacco planter, living in the western part of Virginia, started on a journey for the purpose of transacting some private business which required his attention in one of the northeastern counties of that State. His route lay across one of the loftiest spurs of the Blue Ridge, the longest and most picturesque mountain range in the South.

As the times were troubled, and the passage across the mountains considered dangerous on account of the robbers who infested them, Mr. Stogdon went not only well mounted but well armed—a brace of trusty horsemen's pistols being carried, according to the custom of the day, in front of the rider and attached to the fore part of the saddle.

The third night after leaving home he stopped at a roadside inn, distant about five miles from the base of the mountain. On dismounting, he observed that one of his horses shoes had been lost, and directed another to be put on at the shop attached to the inn. He rose early next morning and resumed his journey, with a view of obtaining a morning prospect of the mountain and the scenery of the adjacent country, which he had heard was very fine.

His horse soon began to limp, and was quite lame when he reached the base of the mountain. Supposing that the shoe had been unskillfully put on at the inn, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop near the foot of the ridge and had the horse's foot examined. After diligent scrutiny, the workman said that the lameness was not produced by the shoe, which was properly adjusted and fastened to the hoof.

At the request of Mr. Stogdon, the smith examined all the shoes, but could find no cause for lameness in the fit or make of any one of them. His quick eye, however, detected a ring of ruffled or lifted hair running around one of the hind legs of the horse, just above the fetlock. Raising the hair he observed that the flesh was bloody and much swollen. On more careful examination he discovered that a small cord of silk had been tied so tightly around the leg that it had cut into the flesh, producing inflammation of the part and doubtless, also the lameness of the horse.

The discovery at once excited the suspicion of the workman, who was both honest and shrewd. Calling the attention of the traveler to the cord which he speedily detached from the leg of the horse, he expressed his apprehension that foul play of some sort was meditated. A few years before, he related, a riderless horse had come from the mountains and was found to be lame from a similar cause, a tight silken cord having cut in almost to the bone of the animal's leg. The owner had never been heard of, and it was believed that he had been murdered and his body concealed in the mountain.

The smith suggested to Mr. Stogdon the precaution of examining the priming and loading of his pistols. On examination the flints and priming in the pans were found to be in proper condition, but the loads had been withdrawn from both barrels, and wads of cloth substituted in their stead.

The suspicions of Mr. Stogdon were many aroused by these proofs of a premeditated design of some sort upon him. He was a bold, brave man, however, and did not once think either of changing his route or of abandoning his journey across the mountains. Carefully re-loading and testing the reliability of his pistols, he bade adieu to his honest counselor, after suitably rewarding him for his labor and advice, and rode off.

The morning was already far advanced when he began to ascend the mountain.—The road for several miles wound along its southern side, midway between the base and the summit. The prospect was grand and beautiful beyond his most sanguine anticipations. To the right the mountain sank down by degrees, abrupt or regular, to the margin of the champaign country below, which stretched out as far as the eye could reach, and was covered with tobacco farms, corn fields, dwellings, and all the diversified objects peculiar to a Virginia landscape. On the left the Blue Ridge rose up like a mighty arch springing to meet and support the sky, exhibiting in rich profusion all the grand and most of the beautiful features of mountain scenery.

Delighted with the scene, and absorbed with the emotions which it inspired, Mr. Stogdon rode slowly forward, recalling only occasionally, and only for a moment, the suspicions excited by the events of the morning. After running for nearly five miles along the side of the mountain, the road, by an abrupt turn, struck toward the summit, through a deep gorge whose ragged sides slanted upward to great heights on either hand.

Shut out from the prospect of the subjacent country, and hemmed in by steep acclivities, Mr. Stogdon reverted more frequently to the mysterious developments which had come to light at the blacksmith's shop, and became both alert and cautious in his movements. Arranging his pistols so that they could be easily withdrawn from the holsters, he urged his horse to a quicker pace as soon as he entered the gloomy avenue of the narrow gorge.

He had gone about a mile when he saw, some fifty yards ahead of him, a large boulder or earthy ridge, shooting nearly across the avenue, and leaving only a space broad enough for the road bed, between its edge and the steep side of the gorge.—It was a stop favorable for an attack by surprise, and Mr. Stogdon surmised at once that if one was meditated upon him it would be made at that point. Checking the pace of his horse, therefore, he rode slowly forward and entered the narrow pass. He had scarcely reached the middle of the defile, which was about twenty yards in length, when two men rushed from behind the further side of the boulder into the road, and stood with leveled guns, only a few yards distant from Mr. Stogdon. His horse, frightened at the sudden appearance of the men, whose blackened faces and shaggy clothes made them look hideous enough to startle both rider and steed, shied and refused to go forward.

The robbers advanced and demanded the purse and valuables of the traveler, promising to spare his life if he would surrender them without noise or resistance.—Without making any reply, Mr. Stogdon quickly drew forth a pistol from the holster. A derisive smile passed over the faces of his assailants at sight of the weapon. It was leveled and fired at the nearest robber, who fell dead upon the spot.—The other, startled at the report and terrified at the fall of his companion, instead of firing his gun, dropped it and fled in the direction from which he had come.

Before Mr. Stogdon could draw and present his other pistol the robber had turned the corner of the boulder and was out of sight. Urging his horse forward with some difficulty—for the dead body of the robber lay in the road, and the animal could scarcely be made to pass it—he discovered a lateral gorge entering, from behind the boulder, the one along which the highway ran. Hoping to overtake the escaped robber, he entered this gorge and rode some distance along its rocky bottom. The scene was wild and dreary, presenting whatever is grand and impressive in a mountain solitude. The deep basin of the gorge, covered with rock and tangled undergrowth, and shaded almost to gloom by the dense, overhanging forest, seemed a fit retreat for marauding bands. It required no common nerve to penetrate alone into its recesses in pursuit of a robber.—But the blood of the traveler was up, and he little heeded the risk he was running.

As he could neither see nor hear anything to direct him in the pursuit, Mr. Stogdon checked his horse, and remained motionless for a short time, sheltered, by the accidental screen of a low, bushy tree, from observation in the direction the gorge receded from the road. The song of the mountain birds and the low murmur of tiny waterfalls were the only sounds he heard. The robber had vanished like a shadow, and neither eye nor ear could tell the direction he had gone.

Having made up his mind to abandon the pursuit, Mr. Stogdon was in the act of turning his horse's head toward the road, when he caught, through the branches of the tree in front of him, the glimpse of a man running rapidly up the side of the gorge, some distance further up the defile. As pursuit on horseback up the steep acclivity was impossible, he remained in his position and watched, as well as he could, the movements of the retreating figure, which he had no doubt was that of the fugitive robber.

Climbing from crag to crag the robber stopped at length in front of two ledges of rock which projected from the mountain a few feet apart, thus making an entrance or pass-way into the side of the defile. He looked earnestly for a moment in the direction he had come, and then entering between the rocks disappeared from the sight of the traveler.

Convinced that he had discovered the den of the robbers, Mr. Stogdon at once decided to return to the blacksmith's shop at the base of the mountain, and give information to the neighborhood. Making a careful ocular exploration of the surrounding scenery, and fixing in his mind as many objects as he could, which might serve to identify the spot where he robber had disappeared, he turned his horse's head, and soon reached the narrow pass in the main road. The body of the dead robber lay as it fell, with the blood puddled around it. Forcing his horse with difficulty to pass it, he rode with a rapid pace, and soon reached the shop, where he found several of the neighboring planters and the smith still busy with speculation upon the mysterious developments which the latter had witnessed in the morning.

Mr. Stogdon related to his eager and wondering listeners his adventure in the mountain, the death of one robber, and the probable discovery of the place of retreat of perhaps many more. In a few hours the news spread through the neighborhood, and brought together a company of forty or fifty men at the shop. It was decided, without a dissenting voice, to ascend the mountain and storm the den of robbers. Guns, axes, dogs and conveyances were soon provided, and the line of march speedily commenced.

The cavalcade, moving with celerity and in silence, soon reached the spot where the robber still lay. The black coating being wiped from the face, the body was recognized at once as that of the landlord of the inn of the night before. The suspicions of the neighborhood, long entertained, as to his character, were now completely confirmed. He was the confederate of a band of robbers, and his hotel was an outpost, where plans were concocted and the selected victims disarmed and sent helpless to be robbed and murdered in the mountain.

The body was placed upon a baggage cart and sent, with proper explanations, in the care of a servant, to the family at the hotel. So secretly had his connection with the robbers been maintained that the return of the corpse and the developments which followed, were the first intimation which his wife and children had of his criminal associations.

After the brief delay occasioned by the examination and removal of the body of the robber, the company proceeded, under the direction of Mr. Stogdon, along the lateral gorge towards the place where the confederate robber had disappeared between the projecting ledges of rock. At a point opposite the supposed cave they dismounted, and, securing their horses among the bushes began to climb up the steep acclivity. In a few moments, arriving by different routes, the men and dogs were all assembled at the designated point.

The evidence of human inhabitancy were unmistakable. The ground immediately in front of the rocks was trodden and hard. Worn paths branched off in several directions from the spot. The entrance, a narrow passage between the two projecting rocks, ran inwardly, and the avenue, except for a few feet at the opening, was dark and entirely impenetrable to the eye. It led evidently into a cave or subterranean shelter of some sort, which the company prepared at once to explore.

Dry branches of trees and dead undergrowth were gathered, tied into bundles, lighted with fire kindled by flint and tinder. With these for torches, six of the more resolute men entered the opening between the rocks, with the view of exploring the interior to which it led. The passage was so narrow that only two could walk abreast. Two men in front bore torches, as did the two in the rear. The middle couple carried muskets heavily charged.

As they advanced the passage rapidly widened, and the roof sprang up to a great height overhead. They had gone about twenty paces from the entrance when a blaze of light, accompanied by the almost simultaneous report of firearms, flashed forth from a distant interior point of the cave. The two men in front fell to the earth. Discharging their muskets in the direction of the flash, the others retreated from the cave, dragging their fallen companions after them, one of whom was seriously wounded and the other entirely dead.

Enraged at the spectacle of blood, the besiegers began more resolutely the work of assault upon the work, for such it was now ascertained to be, and of considerable dimensions, too. An effort was made to induce the dogs to enter. The more resolute advanced a few paces, and then ran back in apparent alarm. The majority stood at the entrance and barked, but could not be enticed, by words or blows, to go further.

Another expedient was tried. A large tree was cut down and riven into bolts of considerable length and thickness. A double row of these timbers were placed upright across the entrance passage, some twenty feet from the opening, and securely wedged and braced, so as to form a powerful barricade or wall. The powder in all the horns and flasks, except a few rounds reserved in each, was poured in a pile on the ground near to the upright timbers.—Another barricade, similar to the inner one, was constructed in front and close to the powder, a train being first laid from the pile, through a notch in the timbers, to the outer edge of the barricade. A line of dry leaves was formed, extending from the powder several feet outside the entrance.

The crowd having retired to a safe distance, or hid behind trees and rocks, the train of leaves was fired by a man who quickly gained the shelter of a large tree close by the cave. In a few moments a terrific explosion fairly shook the mountain and filled the air with sulphurous vapor. A stiff breeze, blowing directly into the mouth of the cave, soon dissipated the smoke, when it was found that the barricades had been thrown down by the concussion, but the sides and roof of the cave remained unharmed.

Night was coming down. A detachment of the men was sent back to the settlement for provisions and such materials as would be needed in the execution of the next plan of assault which it was decided to pursue. The rest remained as a guard over the now imprisoned robbers. Building a large fire near the entrance of the cave, they watched and slept by turns until morning.

At daylight the recruiting party returned, bringing more men, provisions for man and horse, and materials for the further prosecution of the assault upon the cave.

After eating a hasty meal and feeding their horses, the assailants collected a large quantity of wood, green and dry, and then, beginning as far inwardly in the entrance to the cave as they could venture to go, they piled it up in successive layers, interspersing dried tobacco stalks and leaves, and sulphur in great abundance, among the wood, until a small space only was left between the top of the pile and the roof of the passage. The outer end of the heap was then set on fire. A strong wind, still blowing directly into the mouth of the cave, spread the flames rapidly through the pile, and drove the smoke, in a dense column, into the cave, the narrow avenue between the wood and the roof serving as a flue to conduct it to the interior.

No voice or sound came from the cave, or if any was uttered, it was lost in the rear of the fire, which blazed and crackled and flamed in the narrow passage until it glowed and shot