THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 30. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1859. NUMBER 4.

The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS: Single subscribers, if paid in advance, [illegible] will be sent to one address for $5, and [illegible] for larger clubs. [illegible] subscriber failing to pay within the year, the [illegible] discontinued and the account made out at [illegible] per year, and left with a proper officer for [illegible].

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: [illegible] lines or less make a square. [illegible] one week, $ 75 | One square 3 months $3 00; Two " 1,50 | One " 6 " 5 00; Three " 1 25 | One " 9 " 6 75. [illegible] are a year, changeable at pleasure, $10. [illegible] 3 months, $6; 6 months, $8; 9 months, [illegible] year, $15. [illegible] column, or 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, [illegible] months, $18. [illegible] inserted in the Business Directory at $3 per [illegible] allowed for a Card, over six, and under [illegible]. [illegible] and editorial notices, 10 cents a line; but no [illegible] will be inserted among the Special Notices [illegible] our dollar. [illegible] and others requiring frequent changes [illegible] advertisements will be allowed two squares, paper [illegible] $15. For additional space, the charges will [illegible] portion, and the advertisements must be strictly [illegible] the legitimate business of the advertiser. Payment [illegible] of advertisements required in advance—[illegible] advertising will be presented half-yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. SEABURY, Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors, [illegible] of French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champagne, [illegible], Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines, also manufacturer of rectified Whiskey, Rye Bourbon, Monongahela, &c., Reed House, on [illegible] Street, Erie.

J. C. BURGESS & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and [illegible], State Street, No. 10 Brown's Block.

E. M. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, and Story of Rindernecht's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN G. WILSON, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Erie Pa. State Street, near the Park, in the American [illegible] story of the building, occupied by B & M [illegible]. He will always be found in his office, and business punctually attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and [illegible] Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and [illegible] Ware, Nails and Glass, at No 2 Wright Block, [illegible].

JOHN W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, St. Louis Mo. [illegible] prompt attention to the location of land [illegible] Lands in the State of Missouri, and to the purchase [illegible] Missouri. Refer to Judge Lane, Erie.

MISS A. F. COLE, (Successor to T. R. Blake,) Confectioner and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in [illegible] and Domestic Fruit, Fancy Goods, Artificial Flowers, [illegible], Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Millinery, Paragon [illegible], Erie. Particular attention [illegible].

S. NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney at Law. Office on the front [illegible].

T. M. AUSTIN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt [illegible], Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, [illegible] Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., [illegible] Block, Erie, Pa.

A. DAVENPORT, Counsellor at Law. Office in Central [illegible] & Hoskins's Clothing Store, Erie [illegible] Street.

W. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law. Office on the street, [illegible] Court House, Erie, Pa.

L. SINCLAIR, (Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Corner of State and [illegible] Streets, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Camphene, [illegible], &c.

WILLIAMS & LANE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. [illegible] Rooms in Rosenwerg's Block, [illegible] Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

REEDER & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law. Office in Loomis [illegible] opposite Brown's Hotel, [illegible] on the [illegible]. Will take out Notes, Deeds and Contracts [illegible], for the several States and Territories [illegible].

W. L. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Reed [illegible], north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, Justice of the Peace. Office in New [illegible] Peach street and the Public Square, Erie.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Guns and Powder, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa. [illegible] A. ROGERS. [illegible] BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & M'Conkey,) English, German and American Hardware and [illegible], Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No [illegible] House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE, Tailor, in the room recently occupied by [illegible] as a Law Office, and over the Store of N. [illegible] between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, [illegible] of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office No 3 Reed House Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO., Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied by [illegible] Jones.

MINNIG & BANYARD, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glassware, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, State street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work war ranted.

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 2, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. [illegible] F. F. FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, and Agent for a Daily line of Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

TIDDELL, MARSH, & CO., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible], Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible], Pa.

MISS E. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker and Agent [illegible] & Wilcox Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. Stitching done to Order.

GEORGE H. CUTLER, Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, [illegible] Collections and other business attended to with [illegible] 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 Moffat's Buffalo Ale. No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. [illegible] CLARK.

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

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

COLDS & LOW, Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Wind and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the best and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa.

A product for carrying water for family, farm or other purposes for sale cheap. M. L. LOW.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist — Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, [illegible] east of Erie Bank buildings. July 10, 1858.

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Feed.

CARTER & KELLOGG, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware, &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES, Wm. A. Grimwood, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13, State street, one door north of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and legally drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. Stewart's Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, 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 streets, Erie, Pa.

J. W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law — Office removed to the building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park.

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Gaskood, Oculist and Aurist, No 290 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of Diseases of the Eye and Ear. Feb 16, 1859—37.1y.

SCOTT & MANKIN, Dealers in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. A. SCOTT, J. H. MANKIN. 61.

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.

REED HOUSE; FRONTING THE PUBLIC SQUARE. ERIE, PA. P. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

THIS LARGE AND ELEGANT HOTEL Has been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and is now open for the reception of guests.

Board by the Day, Week or Month, on reasonable terms, the Proprietor pledging himself that no effort shall be wanting to give entire satisfaction.

Private Parties, Dinner Parties, or Managers of Public Balls will find the accommodations at this House superior to any other in the city and the charges as reasonable.

Good Stabling attached where guests from the country will always find attentive hostlers to take charge of their teams. May 6, 1859.1f48

For Chicago And Intermediate Ports!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF Propellers will leave this Port for Chicago and Intermediate Ports on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week, wind and weather permitting. For freight or passage apply to G. J. MORTON, Public Dock. Erie, June 4, 1859—52 tf.

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, Mogolitan, 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

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

MRS. S. H. HALL, Peach St., above the Depot Erie, Pa. Has just opened a new and splendid Stock of MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS, RIBBONS, SILKS, FLOWERS, &c., &c. Also, BONNETS, RUSCHES AND TABBS, machine and hand-made, bonnet frames and crowns, DRESS BONNETT, DRESS CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES of the latest styles. Particular attention paid to coloring, bleaching and Pressing. Bloomers and Riding Hats dressed in the most fashionable style. Also, a superior lot of Ladies Hosiery together with a general assortment of Lady's Goods. April 23, 1859—46 3m.

NEW GOODS! SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY

MRS. M. CURTIS, Would inform the ladies that she is receiving a large and Full Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, consisting of a great variety of White and COLORED STRAW BONNTES, BLOOMERS, And Children's Hats of every style, Shaker Hoods, Boys' Hats, &c., &c., Ribbons, Flowers, Ruches, Caps, Head Dresses, Alexandre's Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Veils, Fancy Corsetts and Skirts, Materials of all kinds for Embroidery, Valenciennes, Lace, Applique and French Work, Collars, Sleeves, &c. MILLINERS supplied with Goods at wholesale; also, Plaster Bonnet Blocks. Bleaching and Pressing done in the best manner, also, Straw Bonnets colored Drab, Brown and Black. April 9, 1859. MRS. M. CURTIS.

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., No 2, Wright's Block. April 16, 1859.

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 Chamber & 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 a choice article of flour will find these brands to be all they claim. All kinds of grain and feed kept constantly on hand. Erie, April 2, 1859—43.tf. HIRAM SLOCUM.

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

EVERY LADY. We mean every genuine Lady, such as uses the Garden Rake and Pruning Knife, should procure a Pair of the VULCANIZED INDIA RUBBER GLOVES, by which her hands will be perfectly protected from injury, and rendered soft, white and delicate, to be had at New Drug Store of CARTER & BRO. April 9, 1859.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL.—A NEW collection of choice hymns and tunes, original and standard, carefully and simply arranged as solos, duets, trios, semi choruses and choruses, and for organ, melodeon, or piano. This book contains nearly 200 hymns and tunes, and is one of the best collections for Sabbath-schools ever issued. Price 12 cents, $1 per hundred, postage 1 cent. Elegantly bound, 20 cts., $15 per hundred, postage 3 cts. Among the large number of new and popular tunes may be found "Kind Words can Never Die," "The Voice from Heaven," and "God is There." These were sung to some five thousand children and teachers at the Sunday-school Celebration and United States Teachers' Convention at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, by the Misses Laura and Nettie Tremaine of Brooklyn, N.Y. and were highly appreciated. Nearly twenty thousand copies have been sold within ninety days. They have been introduced into some of the largest schools in New York and Brooklyn. Among the number are Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Hutton's, Dr. Gillette's and Dr. McLane's. Just published by HORACE WATERS, Agent. June 11, 1859—1.6w

The National Sewing Machine, IS ONE OF THE BEST DOUBLE thread Machines for all kinds of work ever invented. It sews all kinds of goods, from Bishop Lawn to Calf-skin more perfect than can be done by hand, and as rapid as any machine made, and at a much less price. FAMILIES IN WANT OF A FIRST RATE MACHINE AND WISHING TO TRY ONE, Can have one sent to their dwellings and be shown how to use it, and thus satisfy themselves before purchasing that the machine is all that I claim for it. This Machine is on sale at Mr. James Lytle's Store, 5th street, near State. C. A. WALKER, Ag't. Erie June 11, 1859. 1tf

FRENCH SNOW WHITE ZINC, dry and ground in white Damar Varnish, for Porcelain finish, at No. 5 Reed House. Erie, June 4, 1859.—52. L. L. BALDWIN.

Poetical.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

BY SHERMAN GREIG.

Hark! I hear an Angel singing
In the dreary hours of March!
High above I see him springing
Through the Heaven's floating arch;
Swift he comes with glancing pinion,
While the air with song he fills,
From the Tropic's old dominion
To his home among the hills.

And it cheers my heart to hear him,
For I've heard his song before,
While it brings me thoughts endearing
Of the faded days of yore;
Fancy hears the busy humming
Of the bees among the flowers—
For I see behind his coming
Summer skies and sunny hours

Many are the smiles that meet him,
Like the sunshine on his wing,
Bright from hearts that warmly greet him—
Angel harbinger of Spring!
And tho' many at his going,
Bid to him their last farewell,
Emblematic is his coming
Of the springtime where they dwell!

And I bid the Angel welcome
To his home among the hills,
While my heart beats quick and gladsome,
As the air with song he fills
'Tis a robin gaily singing
In the dreary hours of March:
High above I see him springing
Through the Heaven's floating arch!

March 26, 1859.

Choice Literature.

FAT PORK.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

All great minds have their eccentricities—their affinities of taste—their idiosyncracial biases—their hobbies of appetite—their pivotal attractions—their epicurean monomanie. Fat pork is mine.

There is a flavor about that delicacy that can be found in nothing else. The unctuous, juicy richness of a nice pork steak, cut well forward on the tenderloin—a slice of light, brown meat, streaked with semi-transparent fat, for all the world like an agate stone—has charms for me that few other eligibles have. I admire ham—I esteem bacon (fat and lean together, broiled to a turn, with a bit of lemon squeezed over it)—but I love tenderloin!

O golden days of boyhood! How fondly does my soul gaze backward with yearning eyes, looking wistfully through the lorgnette of memory, toward the halycon hours I passed in the valley of the Mississippi—that land of fever and ague and swine! The name of Illinois will forever be coupled in my mind with the name of tenderloin, and thus made forever dear.—How well I remember going again and again to Gridley's slaughter house, on the Pisca Creek, in Middle Alton, and getting a large tin pail full of the delicious streaky pieces—beautiful in their freshness of rose and snow—all for the inconsiderable sum of ten cents! And the next mornings' breakfasts of tenderloin crisply broiled, with its gravy poured over the buckwheat crisply baked! Ah, why did I ever leave that region of the setting sun? I have eaten *pâtés de foie gras* since then—I have known *the joys of truffles and truffs*—but my gastric longings still revert to those happy days. Let me pause and drop a tear.

I sat at the long table of the Banquet House in the pleasant town of Ingleton, whither I had been called on important business. As usual, I was late to breakfast—I always am—but there was a reason for it, on this occasion, for a very pretty young lady and her brother had also a way of coming late.

Three mornings I had met them there, and we had got to know one another so that we exchanged those little eye-recognitions that betoken a readiness for further acquaintance. If I had bowed to my fair table neighbor, she would have returned the salutation. If she had smiled and "made as she would speak," I should have bowed. But we were both observant of etiquette, and did not trespass upon its rules so far. I am naturally diffident—so was she; and we contented ourselves with the salaam of glances, before-mentioned, until the third morning.

She entered the dining room, leaning on her brother's arm, and looking inexpressibly charming, in a flowered dressing gown, bordered with broad scarlet stripes, and confined about the round, slender waist, by a scarlet cord and tassel. Her hair, which was very thick and dark, was loosefully and tastefully arranged with a few little sprays of heliotrope, or somewhat of that sort, carelessly thrust into its shadowy tresses. Her coquettish collar, of white marseilles, cut in rounded points and buttonhole stitched with red silk, encircled a neck of the most bewitching whiteness and grace of contour. A serene, yet vivacious smile played about her clear, hazel-gray eyes, with their long dark lashes; and her exquisite mouth, which combined the soft, coralline pink of some sea shells, with the dewy freshness of a rosebud. Her hands and arms were, like her throat, very white, and of the finest form, and were innocent of any bedizoning, if I accept a large single stone diamond—on the forefinger of her right hand. The only ornaments her other fingers bore, were their own dimpled knuckles and polished nails, long, narrow, rosette, and scrupulously cared for. As she tripped down the aisle between the two tables her swaying crinoline disclosed glimpses of two charming little feet, arranged in cunning slippers, with bows of white lace and red ribbon.

Pardon me, gentle reader, but I am as obsequious as I am susceptible.

It was late, even for us; and my waiter returned just as the last comers entered to say that he could not get what I had ordered—it was all gone. I meditated over the bill of fare once more, and became interested in the conversation of the brother and sister, which I could not help hearing. They were much given to discussing the fine arts, literature, etc., and the young man talked very well, indeed. He knew it, too, and was never ashamed to have a stranger hear his enthusiastic, poetical, and oftentimes eloquent perorations. On this occasion, their theme was music—suggested by a concert, given by some operatic stars, in Ingleton, the night before.

"There is nothing like the pure classic school," said the young gentleman; "It seems to call forth something from within, that is far more divine than we know of at most times. For instance, the long drawn, sobbing melody of French horns, in some of Von Weber's compositions, awakens a conception of immortality in me, at least, that no sermon could ever teach."

"What will you have, sir," asked the waiter of me.

"What is there?"

The man ran his eye down the bill of fare, and my neighbor continued:

"And then when the instrumentation of a good orchestra, focusing itself up to a 'grand crash,' wakes a throbbing impatience of anticipation—we feel!"

"There is nothing," said the waiter, "except some tenderloin pork tenderloin."

"What wild longings and aspirations thrill the heart? What gorgeous glories seem on the point of bursting forth, to dazzle the spiritual sight—" said the young man.

"Bring me some," I whispered, to the waiter.

"It is rather fat, sir, but very nice," said he.

"—What an orgasm of agony, and infinite joy, and strength, and love and holiness, and—"

"Fat pork!"

The unfortunate words were mine, and were spoken out very loud. I had but half heard the waiter's remarks, listening as I was, to the rhapsody on music, and it was only at that moment that I comprehended that there was actually some very nice fat pork tenderloin to be had. My joy at the discovery took the form of an exclamation, and sadly marred the beauty of my unknown friend's rhetoric. The young lady burst out laughing—her brother joined her—and I turned as purple as a whole garden full of peonies.

The waiter understood, from my delighted explosion, that I wanted some of that inestimable comestible, and darting away, returned with a magnificent platter thereof, just as I had suppressed my embarrassment, and my neighbors had suppressed their laughter.

The young man glanced at the dish, as the servant set it before me.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that looks good!"

And so it did.

Three large steaks lay peacefully on the plate, surrounded with a little limpid gravy, in which floated spots of a pleasing brown. The firm, well cooked meat clung loosely to the bones, fat nestling by lean, dividing unctuous flakes of fat. I should like to have a daguerreotype of that plate of tenderloin. I own pictures that I should value less.

The young gentleman next me was about to order some of the same, but I forestalled him by passing the dish down.

"There is a plenty," I said, "for both of us, I fancy, and another cut might not be so nice."

"Thank you, sir. Pork is something I rarely eat—never, in fact, when I can get anything else—but this tempts me. Here, *ma soeur*, will you try some?"

The fair maid bent her charming head over the savoury meat, and inspected it with a comical curiosity. Its delicious aroma arose to her nostrils, and she was tempted also.

"Cut me just a little bit, Jewett, if you please—that bit on the end there."

It was with a smile of triumph that I found myself the cause of their induction to and appreciation of the nameless lusciousness of Fat Pork!

As I passed them the tenderloin, they passed me potatoes, which politeness I again returned with the hot rolls. Then the brother, at a whispered suggestion from the sister, begged leave to fill my goblet with claret-and-water, which he always drank at breakfast instead of coffee. Naturally, a discussion arose on the comparative wholesomeness of wine and coffee; and thence a conversation on wine, which brought us, finally, to the subject of brandy. By the time we had finished breakfast, it was a quarter to ten o'clock—the pork had entirely disappeared, and Jewett Fleming and I were fast progressing towards an intimate acquaintanceship.

As we passed from the table I offered young Fleming a cigar—some that I brought with me to the city—and we sought the shades of a second story piazza, to enjoy our smoke among the fragrant grape-vines that clustered about the columns of the Banquet House. Here the conversation evinced a tendency to become general, and Fleming introduced me formally to his sister, Miss Daisy Fleming.

Sister, etc.—we all know the quotation.

As women generally rely implicitly on their first impressions of those whom they meet, (which, by the way, are almost always wrong,) I was glad to perceive that Miss Fleming was not unfavorably struck by my appearance and conversation. We prolonged our stay upon the piazza until after Jewett had to go, and enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant chat, getting quite friendly and at home, before we parted.

Young Fleming was an architect, and was then employed to superintend the erection of a new church in Ingleton, for which he had made the plans. His sister had been an invalid during the winter, and had accompanied him to this quiet little place, for the sake of her health, which had already been restored to a better condition than usual, by the fresh air, pure water, simple habits, and the out-door exercise that one gets in the country.

On the fourth day of my sojourn, I completed my business, but made a week of it, for the sake of the pleasant society into which Fat Pork had thrown me. On the Monday following, I was compelled to return to town, and shortly afterward, I removed to another city, thus losing sight of my new friends entirely, much to my chagrin.

One fine Monday morning found me in New York. I had just recovered from the fatigues of a long period of travel, and was disposed to appreciate the gayety and life of the metropolis, to its fullest extent. I put up at the Astor, temporarily, and amused myself during the first day, by strolling leisurely up and down Broadway, hunting up a few old acquaintances, and being very idle generally. The next morning I dressed myself with much elaboration, having plenty of time on my hands, and descended to breakfast, taking a seat by an open window, at one of the side tables, in order to get the benefit of the soft summer breeze.

Next me, sat a lady and gentleman, closely engaged in conversation. They had not yet ordered their breakfast, and the lady's chair was turned a little, so that she had her back toward me. Her voice, however, sounded somewhat familiar, and I ransacked my memory, to know where I had heard it before.

A waiter came along, before I discovered whether I knew her or not, and the gentleman called him.

"Are those pork steaks nice?" he asked, pointing to the bill of fare; "if they are, bring me some—well done, a little fat."

"I never think of pork steaks," said the lady, "without remembering dear old Ingleton and our pleasant friend at the Banquet House."

I knew her at once—it was Daisy Fleming. She bent forward as she spoke, and I saw that the gentleman with her was her brother Jewett.

I touched her shoulder.

"*Quand on parle du diable*"—said I; "don't you know me?"

The meeting was a happy one. Like myself, the Flemings had just returned from traveling, and were about to settle in the city. We renewed our friendship two years ago, and when we had taken permanent quarters, met each other often. Daisy and I were much together—Jewett encouraged us. I have already said that I am susceptible, and that Daisy was favorable impressed by me at first—what more can I say?

"It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell!"

And when it did fall, we owned up, like two sensible young people, and plighted our faith in a few more expressive words.

I am looking forward very earnestly to next autumn. I expect to give a grand party next autumn. I expect to be excessively happy and to make a great fool of myself next autumn. And Daisy all this, too. She is as much interested in it as I am. I don't know, dear reader, whether you see anything extraordinary in the contemplation of next autumn, but to Daisy and me it is a sort of a millenium. We are to be married next autumn!

Fat Pork, I bless thee!

A First Class Joke on a Buffalonian.—"Pool" is a game extravagently indulged in at Buffalo. The game is played on a billiard table, with twenty or thirty balls, each ball numbered, the numbers running from one up. A dozen or more can join in the game. A certain number is fixed upon, and the player who shall first pocket enough balls whose numbers will amount to it, wins the pile, which is made up by the players staking a certain amount each before the game commences. Previous to the commencement each player draws a marble from a box and puts it out of sight in his pocket. These marbles are all numbered to correspond with numbers on the table. The player, after receiving his marble, recollects the number, and his game is to pocket balls enough, the numbers of which added to that of the marble in his pocket, will make the number which wins the pile.

The *Republic* tells a good story an adventure of an old gent passionately fond of "pool" had a few nights ago. He is occasionally given to chance in other games, it is intimated. Well, he came home very late after a seige of "pool." His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning, she found upon the floor a marble which had dropped out of her husband's pocket when he came to bed, upon which were the figures 17. "What is this?" said she to her lord. Lord opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused, and stammered. "Why—why—it's a marble, ain't it?"—"Yes," said she, "but what are you doing with a marble in your pocket?" "In my pocket! Well—ah!—the fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five years—ever since I used to play for keeps with Bill——." "Indeed!" incredulously asked his wife. "But what are these figures on here for? What does 17 mean?" "17 mean?" said he hesitatingly. "oh! 17?—why, that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we quit playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it!" The old fellow had a narrow escape, and hasn't played any more "pool" since.

A Mother's Word.—I was told to-day a story so touching that you must let me tell it. It is a story of a mother on the hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son only sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: "Edward, they tell me that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise before you quit your mother's hand that you will never drink." And he said—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquors, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hills of Vermont, did not rise before me! and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of the single word—Yet that was not one half—"For," said he, "yesterday, there came a man into my counting room, a man of forty, and asked me, "do you know me?" "No." "Well," says he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept the sleep of intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to call and see me." How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hill side of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the Almighty power of a single word.

Garibaldi.—The following is a description of Garibaldi given in a communication from Lombardy:

He is lofty of stature, broad-shouldered, the head of a lion on the shoulders of an athlete. His long, black, grisly, uncombed beard; his eyes flashing with lightning glance; his black felt hat, ornamented with dark plumes; his scarlet mantle tied round his throat, present to you a personage of no ordinary stamp. I am everywhere assured that he is really a gentleman, gallant to ladies, severe to men and more severe to himself, sober to excess, animated and cold at the same time. He inspires in his little army a confidence only equalled by the terror he inspires in his enemies. Ever the foremost in the fight, urging his charger into the thickest battalions, dismounting now to seize a musket, sharing with the meanest follower the labor of the march, he gives an evidence alike of courage and coolness that astonishes all.

It adds that he issued the following address to his soldiers:

My children: You are one to five. Before you is death; behind, the muskets of your comrades, who will shoot like a dog the first who retreats. Cannon, we have none; we will take them. Let us die; what matters it. Italy must be free. Behold your recompense.

☞ The other day we saw several Irish laborers trying to decipher a notice headed "public sale." The notice, although tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emeralders, and they requested us to read it for them, which of course we did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrades and remarked in a very impressive tone: "Well be jabers, I'll never buy of a man who's so nagardly that he won't get his advertisements printed; he chated the printer and he'd chate me." They all acquiesced in his decision.

Solemn Things.—The most eloquent and powerful minister of the Gospel we ever knew was one of the happiest of men. The gravest philosopher we have heard of was full of good humor. The poorest specimens of each of these professions was the most solemn, and reminds us of the remark of an ancient author, that the most solemn of the water living tribes, an oyster; the most solemn of beasts a donkey, and the most solemn of men—a donkey also.

☞ The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco. Paper for the roughs—sand paper. Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles. Ruled paper—the French press. The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins. Spiritualist's paper—(W)rapping paper. Papers illustrated with cuts—editorial exchanges. Drawing paper—the dentist's bill. A taking paper—sheriff's warrant. The paper that most resembles the reader—'Tis you—tissue—paper.

THE FLIRTATION.

I.

'Tis true that last night I adored thee,
But 'twas moonlight, the song, and the wine;
The cool morning air has restored me,
And no longer I deem thee divine;
I confess thou art pretty and tender,
And when thou canst catch me again
As last night, on a desperate bender,
Once more I'll submit to thy chain.

II.

The fact is, dear Fanny, I'm human,
Very weak, I may say, on a spree;
And no matter of what sort the woman,
I'm her slave if she cottons to me.
But this curs'd sobriety, ever,
Undoes my chain of delight,
And my memory, by daylight, has never
Any sense of what takes place by night.

Avoiding the Responsibility.

Brothers Crump and Noel were members of the church, and both clever, honest men, who paid their taxes and debts, as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once christian and commendable. If, when the settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds, and, on the other hand, it almost seemed providential now, if Brother Crump fell "behind," Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church and living a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so at last they did not hesitate to speak in the frankest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that brother Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crop" of ten bales, at the very fair price of twelve and a half cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and, as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the cotton in a barrel of Western whiskey, paying therefore at the rate of precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of "do." whiskey. Of course it was "notated in the settlement" that old Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eyes more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was "drinking too much" diffused itself in the neighborhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemical.—People talked and talked—more especially "what few of other denominations of Christians there were thereabout."

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal, and especially regretted the injury it brought at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor. "Why, yes; I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin?" "Yes," replied Noel, "sperits is a blessin" that some of us abuse." "Well, now, brother Noel, I'll tell you what I think about the matter." "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think that you think a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was a drinkin' too much, and then agin I'd think *maybe not*. What is man? A weak *wormum* of the dust! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a goin' too far in sperits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him: I prayed if I was drinkin' too much for him to take away my appetite for sperits." Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and asked: "What then, Brother Crump?" "And," replied Crump, "I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it. So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."

"The Lord's will be done!" ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram he went home, thinking all the way how cleverly Brother Crump had cleared the responsibility.—*Alabama paper.*

I Knew She Would.—Deacon W. was a staid and honest Baptist deacon in one of the interior towns in Maine, who had a vein of dry, caustic humor in his composition. The Deacon had a boy of some dozen Summers, who was sometimes inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school, especially, John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the teacher whipped him for some sort of misdemeanor, and John went home crying to enter his complaint, and told his father the mistress had whipped him.

"What!" exclaimed the Deacon, elevating his eyebrows, "been whipped?"

"Y-a-a-s," sobbed the boy.

"And did you let a woman whip ye?" shouted the old Deacon.

"Y-a-a-s, I couldn't help it."

"Wall, John, you little rascal, you go to school to-morrow, and if Miss —— undertakes to whip ye agin, ye jest pitch in—don't let a woman whip ye if ye can help it. Don't take any stick to strike with, but ye may kick and strike as much as ye're a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and, emboldened by the permission given by his father, was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him, and he did as his father had told him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home he went to his