THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

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The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS: Single subscribers, if paid in advance [illegible] Copies will be sent to one address for $5, and [illegible] same rate for larger clubs.

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[illegible] and Editorial notices, 10 cents a line, but no [illegible] will be inserted among the Special Notices [illegible] than one dollar

[illegible] and others requiring frequent changes [illegible] tisements will be allowed two squares, paper, [illegible] $15. For additional space, the charges will [illegible] and the advertisements must be strictly [illegible] the legitimate business of the advertiser. Pay- [illegible] transient advertisements required in advance.— [illegible] yearly advertising will be presented half-yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

[illegible] SEABURY, Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors, [illegible] Brands of French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champaigne [illegible] Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines, also manufacturer of rectified Whis- [illegible] 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.

F. M. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, [illegible] story of Sinderneckt's Block, Erie, Pa.

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

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

JOHN W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, St Louis, Mo., [illegible] prompt attention to the locating of Land Warrants and the payment of taxes in the States of Mis- [illegible] and Iowa. [illegible] all orders for the purchase [illegible] Swamp Land, &c

MISS A. E. COLE, (Successor to T. R. Blake,) Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in [illegible] and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, [illegible] Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon [illegible] fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention [illegible] orders

NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney at Law.—Office on Chestnut [illegible] Pa. [illegible]—1y8

T. M. AUSTIN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jew- [illegible] Specs, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt [illegible] and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, [illegible] Park, near Peach st

HYES & JORDAN, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy [illegible] goods, Carpets, Mattings, [illegible] Clothes, &c., [illegible] Block, Erie, Pa

A. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law.—Office in Central [illegible] Berger & Baker's Clothing Store, [illegible] Street

W. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law—Office on 6th street, [illegible] Court House, Erie, Pa

S. SINCLAIR, Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) [illegible] Retail Druggist, Corner of State and [illegible] Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene [illegible] &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law [illegible] corner rooms of Rosenweig's Block, [illegible] and the Public Square, Erie Pa.

SHOLDEN & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law.—Office in Rosen- [illegible] opposite Cronin's Hotel, entrance on the [illegible] Hutchinson is Notary Public and Commis- [illegible] for the several States and Territories [illegible] H. HUTCHINSON

W. F. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Rosen- [illegible] north side of the Park, Erie, Pa

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

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

MCONKEY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & McConkey) [illegible] Tinsmith, German and American Hardware and [illegible] Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No [illegible] Erie, Pa

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

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, [illegible] Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the prin- [illegible] constantly for sale. Office No. 2 Reed House [illegible] Erie

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

P. MINNIG, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Pro- [illegible] Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Teas, [illegible] Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, [illegible] State st., 2 doors above the Post office, Erie Pa

LUCE & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's [illegible] north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by [illegible] All work warranted

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in [illegible] goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, [illegible] Fish, Oil, &c., &c., No. 2, Boswell Block, [illegible] Erie, Pa [illegible] F. F. FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, [illegible] Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of [illegible] Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

TIDDELL, MARSH, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible]

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, and Agent [illegible] A. Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. Cutting [illegible] 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 [illegible] up-stairs, Erie, Pa

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in [illegible] and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, [illegible] Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo [illegible] 7 Bonnell Block, State st., Erie, Pa. [illegible] CAUGHEY. [illegible] J. CLARK

JOHN W. AYRES, Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail [illegible] kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking [illegible] Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa

PARR & KELSEY, Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Whole- [illegible] Retail, at No. 13, Caldwell's Block State street.

LOW & LOW, Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail [illegible] Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the [illegible] and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street [illegible] Erie, Pa. [illegible] Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or [illegible] purposes for sale cheap. M. L. LOW.

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

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, [illegible] Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and [illegible]

MCARTER & KELLOGG, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, [illegible] Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., [illegible] Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES, W. A. Griswold, Jobber, and Retail [illegible] assortment of Foreign and Domestic Dry [illegible] Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13, State street, [illegible] Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agree- [illegible] and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and [illegible] Office on French, street, over Jas. S [illegible] Store Erie, Pa.

J. P. DOWNING, Attorney at Law and Justice of the [illegible] practice in the several Courts of Erie County, [illegible] prompt and faithful attention to all business en- [illegible] him, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. [illegible] Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth [illegible] Pa.

W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law.—Office removed to [illegible] west of State Street, on the north side of the [illegible] Pa

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Griswold, Oculist and [illegible] Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible] his attention exclusively to the treatment of [illegible] the Eye and Ear [illegible] 19, 1859.—37.1y

SCOTT & RANKIN, Dealers in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. $1. A. SCOTT, J. H. RANKIN.

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.

For Sale at a Great Sacrifice! THE owner having no use for them! India Rubber Air Bed, little used. Prime Goose Feather Bed, weigh 30 lbs. Chamber Suit, Marble Tops, Gilt Flowers, Gilt Mirror best plate, 40x18, Sofa Bedstead, nearly new, Moss Mattress and Coverlid, with Kitchen Requisites. For sale on Commission, by Erie, July 9. G. W. ELLSEY, State Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all persons having friends in the United Presbyterian Burying ground, (on the corner of Eighth and French Streets,) in Erie, to remove or cause the removal of their remains, on or before the 15th day of October next.—Those remaining in the grounds after that time will be removed by the Trustees of the Congregation, agreeably to the provisions of the Act of Assembly, passed at the last session of the Legislature, authorizing said removal. Erie, July 2, 1859.—4td By order of the Trustees

F. A. LONG, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Dentist. UNION MILLS, ERIE CO., PENN'A. DR. L. having permanently located at Union Mills, will attend all calls in his profession with promptness. All useful operations on the Teeth performed and warranted. Artificial teeth inserted from one to an entire set. July 2, 1859.—4

REED HOUSE, FRONTING THE PUBLIC SQARE, 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.tf48

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, Erie, June 4, 1859—52.tf Public Dock.

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, Mopolitan, 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.—4td

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 TABS, 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. Riding Hats 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, is now 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, Boy's Hats, &c., &c., Ribbons, Flowers, Roches, Caps, Head Dresses, Alexandre's Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Veils, French 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 of all numbers, 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

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.

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. I. BALDWIN.

PAINTS! PAINTS!! PAINTS!!! White Lead, dry and in oil, American and French Zinc, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Venetian Red, French Ochre, Chrome and French Green, and in short every thing in the line of PAINTS, for sale at the Store May 12. T. S. SINCLAIR

FARM LANDS FOR SALE 25 MILES from Philadelphia by Railroad in the State of New Jersey. Soil among the best for Agricultural purposes, being a good loam soil, with a clay bottom. The land is a large tract, divided into small farms, and hundreds from all parts of the country are now settling and building.—The crops produced are large and can be seen growing.—The climate is delightful, and secure from frosts. Terms from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four year by instalments. To visit the place—Leave Vine Street Wharf at Philadelphia at 7½ A. M. by Railroad for Hammonton, or address R. J. Byrnes, by letter, Hammonton Post Office, Atlantic County, New Jersey. See full advertisement in another column. 6m5.

FEATHER DUSTERS, At July 2 CARTER & BRO'S.

PERSONS WANTING CHANGE OF climate for health. See advertisement of Hammonton Lands, another column. 6.3m

Poetical.

MY SLEEPING BOY.

BY MRS. JULIA BRAPON.

My little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately,
And the blue eyes, beneath his thoughtful brow,
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float,
In careless grace, upon the yielding pillows;
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On summer billows.

About the couch where they his waking hide,
His whilom playthings lie in rare confusion;
And underneath the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the door,
And in the room the firelight's fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on his crimson floor—
I sit a-dreaming.

I see afar the veiled, uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming,
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong hand
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laureled kings,
The wearers of the purple of the Poet:
Or like the heroes whom the Poet sings
His life will show it.

If his should be a soul from falsehood free,
Though he should wear no laurel, sing no story,
To bear his part with honest men, shall be
Enough of glory.

Choice Literature.

THE OLD CARTMAN.

BY BLUNDERBUSS.

[From the San Francisco Golden Era]

I have a mind to tell a little story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it's true I most emphatically avow. If the reader despise it because of the first, or the editors of the Era reject it for the reason of the last, then I will eschew truth in the future, and devote myself to the elaboration of lies into chapters and the purest fictions into volumes of seventeen hundred pages each.

With this understanding, I proceed at once to remark that five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or "Pap Ainsley," as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a hand cart, and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable renumeration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosiest language possible, he was a hand-cart man, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray and his limbs feeble; and if he could not shove as heavy a load through the deep sand or up the steep grade above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind hearted men not unfrequently traveled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsley."

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financiering to meet it,) having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodging, I gave Pap Ainsley the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs five or six times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medical and soporific purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I.

"Very seldom," he replied, dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, "you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelvemoth for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand."

"To be frank," said the old man, "I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years since——"

"Since when?" I inquired, thoughtlessly observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father of the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to her union with a man whom he had never seen; and removing her from school, dispatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information, that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor.—The reader of course surmises the result. In less than a month there was an elopement. The father loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three moths the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young couple returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounding him in the arm with a pistol shot, and then attempting the life of his daughter, who happily escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to this city, purchased a hand-cart, and—the rest is known. "Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, "I have not tasted liquor, nor have I seen my poor child."

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for Pap Anisley, and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzling day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of conveying it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the place, probably giving the best assurance of the careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingering a moment, the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had probably by accident neglected to settle for the cartage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handed the man a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make change. "Never mind, I will call to-morrow," said he turning to go.

"No, no!" replied the lady, glancing pittyingly at his white locks and trembling limbs; "I will not put you to so much trouble;" and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neigborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns: the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady, kindly. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated: "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. "Perhaps I may find some silver in the house," said the lady, leaving the room, for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come—I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity run behind the large arm chair, hesitatingly approached.

"What is your name, dear?" inquired the cartman.

"Maria," lisped the little one.

"Maria?" he repeated while the great tears gathered in his eyes; I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much like she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest, "and was her name Maria Eastman, too?"

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair and dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast.—"This cannot be! and yet, why not!"

He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house.—"I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her that I am that drunken father who once attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple," he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

The little ones were bewildered. "You are not going?" said the mother re-appearing, and discovering the old man in the act of passing into the hall.

He stopped and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do ought else.

"He said he had a little Maria once, that looked just like me, mother," shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang towards him, seized him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not till you tell me I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven?—for what?" replied the mother, in alarm.

"Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you what I shall."

"My poor father!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck; "all is forgiven—all forgotten!"

All was forgiven, and the husband when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle, I never learned; but this I do know—it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic affairs of the family had tied themselves during her absence. Pap Ainsley still keeps his cart, for money would not induce him to part with it. I peeped into the back-yard of Dr. Eastman, one day last week, and discovered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle round the enclosure, with his four grand children piled promiscuously into it.

What a Blind Man can Do.

The Springfield *Republican* gives the annexed interesting account of the remarkable achievements of a blind genius now living in Ludlow:

He is a young man, twenty-four years of age, who has been blind since he was two years old, and who does not remember that he ever saw. The circumstances which attended the loss of his vision are almost too horrible for belief; yet we have no reason to doubt them as they have been related to us. His widowed mother married a drunkard, and his step-father, conceiving a spite against the child, undertook, when intoxicated, to put his eyes out. Going further in his diabolical purpose, he was about to thrust a red-hot poker down his throat, when the frightened but desperate mother interfered and prevented it. The child was then thrown down the cellar, where he lay all night, taking cold which so far aggravated the succeeding inflamation of the eyes, that the sclerotic coat of each was burst.—Of all this he has no memory, and a blessed thing it is for him. At nine years of age, he lost his mother, and in that loss became perfectly friendless.—From that day to this he has mainly taken care of himself; and now, although cheated by rascally agents, and laboring under every possible disadvantage, has money at interest!

Now let us see what this man has done. He is a mechanic and knows every part of a steam engine as well as if he could see.—He is an engineer, has not only had charge of stationary engines, but has run as engineer on the Mad River Railroad of Ohio! Of course, he ran with a look out, and between his look out and himself he had arranged a series of abbreviations of language, so that he could learn from him the position of any object on the track instantaneously. He was engineer, let it be remembered of a passenger train! What is more remarkable than all is, that he has made a beautiful little steam engine with his own hands, so small that he can carry the whole of it in his pocket, and get up steam at pleasure. This might well be considered accomplishments enough for one blind man but this is not a bginning.

"He has a great genius for music, and possesses a voice which, in many characteristics, is without doubt the most wonderful voice in the world. On Tuesday evening of the present week he was invited to a private house in this city to give an exhibition of his musical abilities, and a few musical men and women were invited to hear him, all of whom will bear testimony to their astonishment and delight. We suppose that all musical people will shrug their shoulders with incredulity, when we tell them that his voice has the compass of five octaves; yet such is the fact that he demonstrated to this company.—Of course, the lowest notes are guttural, and the highest falsetto; but the falsetto notes are pleasant and good, and the gutturals true tones, and as musical as such tones can be. We are not sufficiently versed in musical terms to tell what his lowest note is, but it is the lowest in the piano, arranged upon the usual scale—or triple C, as he calls it. His chest tones are excellent; and although Carl Formes may have more power, his quality is no better, while in his low notes he goes down "out of sight" of Carl Formes altogether. We can give no idea of this voice by any comparison, for we have never heard a voice with which to compare it.

Of course, with such a voice as this, the owner is tempted to try tricks. The most interesting of these was the application of it to seven purposes. He began by singing in a delicate soprano, the first lines of "Oft in the stilly night;" then, as he proceeded, he slid into the alto, then into the tenor, then into the base, and then into the "double base," an octave below. This finished the tune, when he rose, and turning his back to the audience, executed some most excellent feats of ventriloquism, and wound off by imitating an old fashioned spinning wheel so perfectly that the assembly was thrown into roars of laughter. He usually accompanies himself with a melodeon, to which he has added a swell of his own invention, that produces all the effects of the swell in the organ. One of the most delightful of his performances was a solo on the cornet; he playing it with one hand, and accompanying himself on the piano with the other. Upon this instrument, and in this way, he played a few airs with great sweetness and taste, and executed some very difficult variations.—The instrument itself has been the subject of his improving hand, in what respects we do not know. Added to all this, he plays the guitar and other instruments, and is a leader and a teacher of bands!—He seemed to take a great deal of interest in explaining his steam engine to the company, and to be thoroughly versed in mechanical matters.

This man's name is W. A. Carns. He was born, we think, in one of the Western States, and has lived where he could get a chance. He is of medium height, thick set, modest in demeanor, interesting in conversation, and has received an education at some asylum for the blind for which he appears unboundedly grateful. He is now engaged in the invention of some means by which the blind may be enabled to have their regular newspapers; and if anybody can accomplish so benevolent a result, he will do it.

A Glance at Utah.

A volume entitled, "Adventures Among the Mormons," has just been published in England. It contains much that is curious. The writer states that the distance from Liverpool to Utah is seven thousand eight hundred and forty miles. Thus:—

Liverpool to New Orleans	5000
New Orleans to St. Louis	1173
St. Louis to Winter Quarters	632
Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City	1035

Utah Territory is divided into fourteen counties—in length, from east to west, it is six hundred and fifty miles; breadth, from north to south, three hundred and fifty; area, two hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles. The population is not known, the saints having particular reasons to make it appear fabulously large. Some of the elders say it is one hundred thousand, while in the *Overland Route*, published by F. D. Richard, it is stated at from forty to sixty thousand. The valley is four thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by mountains, many of them eternally covered with snow. There is no rain or water for irrigation purposes except what comes down from the mountains, chiefly melted snow, which makes successful agriculture an impossibility.

From its great elevation and pure bracing atmosphere, we should imagine Salt Lake to be the healthiest region in the world; but quite the reverse is the case. Sickness is very common, and mortality great. This is supposed to be due, in a great measure, to the abundance of alkaline salts, or saleratus, in the soil, which shows itself in a white efflorescence on the surface of the ground, covering whole acres with the appearance of white frost. Many of the streams are so strongly impregnated with it as to make it dangerous for cattle to drink from them. It not only effects health, but destroys vegetation, ruining whole fields of corn in a single night. Salt Lake Valley possesses one invaluable property to the Mormon leaders, and that is insolation.—Herein lies the difficulty of persons returning when once there. It is one thousand miles from the States, and six hundred from California through a country of hostile Indians, over unbridged rivers, precipitate rocks and barren plains. One-half of the year the inhabitants of Utah are entirely bound up, for the only entrances, the kanyons (cannons) and ravines, are filled with snow, rendering egress and ingress alike impossible. The government is entirely in the hands of Brigham Young and his friends and polygamy is almost universally recognized. Marriage is a very slight contract, as a divorce may be obtained at almost any time, on the payment of a small fee to the prophet. By the time a female reaches twenty-five years, she is comparitively an old woman. In large harems, as in the care of Brigham, Parley Pratt, &c., the women work, the men are overseers. It is found good policy to separate the women, and portions live on one part of the estate, and another portion elsewhere. When the soldiers under Colonel Steptoe passed through the valley in 1855, over one hundred of the Mormon women begged of the soldiers to take them to California. They took a large number, some of them the wives of the apostles; but many they had to leave behind on account of the scarcity of provisions. The elders made a dreadful noise about it. The Post Office is in the hands of Brigham and his confederates, so that he knows the mind of every letter writer there. He was heard to say to the congregation at the beginning of last year—"There are many of you have written complaining letters to England. I know you all. Did you think I'd let them go? I have nearly a wagon load of them behind my house!" That is the way he gets his revelations. In the "Journal of Discourses," vol. iii., he says: "Know ye not that I have my threads strung through all this territory, so that I know what each man is doing?" Each faithful saint is required to sign a deed of consecration, whereby he makes over to the church for ever his house, land, wives, children, and everything he possesses, so that when he leaves—he leaves alone. This picture is doubtless, highly colored, but if only partially true, it furnishes a sad account of Mormonism—such as it was but a little while ago. The presence of the United States troops, however, might have changed a few of the harsher features. But the spirit of Mormonism remains the same.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON NEWSPAPERS.—Consider how universal are newspapers in America. They penetrate every nook and corner of society. No other element of power has such a sphere. The pulpit, the court, the lecture, compared with the newspaper, touch society in but few places. The newspaper in America is universal.—It reaches within and without from surface to core. It travels everywhere, is bought by everybody, read by all classes, and is wholly or nearly the only reading of more than half our population. Its service to good morals and to intelligence among the people is incalculable. All the libraries of Europe are not of as much service to the nations of Europe as the newspaper is to the American nation. Its power is growing. Who would, twenty years ago, have dreamed of such a growth and power as has been developed? But the next twenty years will witness a greater. The best talent will find its highest sphere in the editorial room. Already that chair is more influential than the bench or the platform. No brain can act upon so many as that which speaks by the printing press of the daily paper. Ink beats like blood in the veins of the nation.—*Independent.*

SUMMER.

Now the summer grass is waving,
And the summer flowers are seen,
And the merry birds are singing
On the leafy woods so green

Now the summer corn is growing,
And the early fruit is red,
And the busy bees are humming
Where the yellow blossoms wed

Now the balmy wind is blowing
Through the summer woodlands green,
And fairer birds are singing than
In royal park, I ween

And the plover wild is screaming
In the downy woodland meads,
And the turtle dove is cooing
Where the harmless green snake feeds.

In the marsh the mule is calling
Where she feeds her sable young,
And the mavis' note is thrilling
Where the ivy-vines are hung

In the fern the hare is crouching,
In the brake the serpent creeps;
In the swale the curlew's piping,
In the pool the troutlet sleeps.

On the hill the lamb is bleating,
In the shade the bullocks lie;
On the rocks the kid is leaping,
While the sheperd rests him nigh.

Over all the sun is throwing,
Far and wide, its quickening heat;
And the pulse of Nature's throbbing
With a strong and healthy beat

Into ear the corn is verging—
All the cereals of the kind,
And the ruby fruit is scattered
By the insect and the wind

To the garner fast are hurrying
Golden stores—life's best defence,
Summer yielding up her bounty,
Giving labor recompense

THE SACRIFICE.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

"There, Mary—now don't you think I deserve to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man as he dropped down in the lady's palm half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes, you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you, for the very flattering words. And now, dear, I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to see how you will look in it."

"But, Edward," gazing seriously at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No, it is not, either. You deserve the cloak, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then, it'll last you so many years, that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refuse her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces, as she rose up saying. "Well, dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a bookkeeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the city, for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt, also, that peace which God giveth to those who love him.

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting-room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young bright face, her modest yet dignified manner, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly, "Won't you tell me what is troubling you, Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate you know, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve because of your distress."

And so with kind words and half-caressing movements, of the little hand, laid on the seamstress's arm, Mrs. C. drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan, supporting herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior.—He had been for some time a kind of under clerk, in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the Doctor despaired of his recovery.