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B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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The Erie Observer.

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.

[illegible] subscriber failing to pay within the year, the [illegible] discontinued and the account made out at [illegible] of $2 per year, and left with a proper officer for [illegible]

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[illegible] square 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.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Fun and Other Luxuries.

AN AUGUST EVENING.—

A cool wind crisps the gliding brook,
And flutters round our leafy nook
With perfume bland and rare:
How sweet this rustic solitude,
How sweet the brooklet's interlude,
How calm this evening air!

No sound disturbs this peaceful dell,
Save the sweet chime of distant bell,
And dripping water-fall;
And now and then a sober thrush
Pipes through the tangled underbrush,
And echo hears the call.

An English paper states that a sheep gave birth to a lamb in Cambridge, lately, belonging to a widow lady *with [illegible] and fine wool all over her head.*

"I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Sparks to his wife — "Health!" was the quick retort; "why, I have had the plague ever since I was married.",

A Judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of Court. I have expressed no contempt for the Court, said the lawyer; on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings.

A man in Auburn has invented "a new governor valve," said to regulate the momentum with great accuracy. The Syracuse *Journal* suggests that the inventor should send one to Gov. Wise.

A Cincinnati justice recently gave judgement in favor of a matrimonial broker for $25 for obtaining a wife for a client. The latter, after marriage with the "article"—a fine stout German girl—thought the price too extravagant.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

Pat's master offered him eighteen shillings per week as his wages. Pat shook his head. "What! will not that satisfy you?" inquired his master.—"Faix, an' ye want to ruin me," replied Pat. "I won't take more than twelve shillin's a week, and then if I'm away a week or so, I shall save just six shillin's weekly?"

Printers' errors are sometimes laughable. A young clergyman printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work and play loo."

The women of Blissfield, Mich. have organized a lodge of the "Daughters of Malta," and are holding their mysterious meetings two or three evenings in each week. The men have thus far failed to ascertained the object and manners of the new society. The regalia worn by the "Daughters" is said to be similar to that of the "Sons" with a slight variation.

Many persons give us the dying words of great men, but none of them are so touching and beautiful as the last words of the old schoolmaster. "It is growing dark—school may be dismissed." Down to the gates of an unseen world he carried the love and regard of the children he had trained. It was his last kind dismissal in the world of schooling.

Mr. Raymond, writing from Lombardy, pays the following compliment to some of his countrymen:

"I do not believe that any fire company or body of New York volunteers, ever went out for a single day on a target excursion without exhibiting more 'rowdyism' than the whole French army has shown during the whole of the Italian campaign."

FAMILIAR DEFINITIONS.—"First class in natural philosophy, stand up. What's attraction?" "Please, sir, I know. The look that a blue-eyed gal gives to her lover."—"Right, sir! Now tell me what inertia is." "Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are, a feeling that a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a colored velvet vest." "Right, again, sir! Call the next class, do you hear?"

The editor of the Illinois *Standard*, who is a woman, says: "The daughters of Malta are becoming as distinguished, and seem to be quite as benevolent in their designs as the 'Sons of Malta.' Their object is said to be to relieve widowers, destitute bachelors, dandies, Hottentots and orphan male children. By the time the Sons obtain the control of the Island of Cuba, the Daughters confidently expect to subjugate *the Isle of Man.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says of the "items" column in the newspaper, that it "is worth more than all the small fry of correspondents, with an editor thrown in to boot! Like a caravan, it stretches along in columns, with packages and parcels, spices and gems, bits of fragrance or cunningly wrought metals, gathered from the Orient and from the whole world besides. The items of the paper, like the stuffing of a Thanksgiving turkey represent everything in the house, crusts of bread, crackers and all spices."

The Milwaukee *News* contains an account of a sailor, who after a five years cruise returned to that city. We let the *News* tell the balance of the story:—

He left a wife and two children when he went away, and the first thing on his return was to seek out his family. He found them in the third ward, and after kissing his wife, saw with astonishment, that his children, like sheep in the East, had doubled in the five years, as in the place of two there were now four, and one quite small. He looked at his wife, who stood silently by. Back and forth, from one to the other, full five minutes he gazed, then broke out with: *"Well, Mary, for a small woman, without help, you've raised children amazingly!"*

BRUDDER JOHNSON GOIN' UP.—A friend of ours who once attended a sable 'nicht meeting' thus reports: Then Mr. Johnson arose and exhorted substanially as follows: Bruddren, I'm gwine to gib you a sampie ob de pious man and de onpious man. Now, you are de onpious, and where do ye 'spose ye'll go to when ye die? I know! Ye'll go down, down into de pit! (Tremendous sensation.) Yes, and dar ye'll burn, and burn, foreber. No use hollerin dar—cause ye can't get out. (Shuddering throughout the meeting.) But, brudderen, war shall I go,' resumed the speaker, rolling up his eyes. 'I shall go up, up, up, and de Lord'll see me, see me cummin, and he'll say, 'Angels, make way dare.' And de angels'll say, 'What fur. Lord what fur?' And den de Lord'll speak up sharp, and say, 'I tell ye, angel, make way, dar, don't you see? Johnson cummin!'"

Poetical.

CHIRIQUI.

BY A. C. HILLS.

In the lands of burning torrid day,
Neath the hot and fiery sun,
There are graves of men who passed away
In the battle lost or won.

And together lie the young and old;
And they say with each was laid,
In his silent home, a prize of gold
That but waits the lab'rer's spade.

Many there, the graves on hill and plain;
But there will be many more,
And the scythe of Death shall cut again
On that burning, torrid shore.

Many are the young and brave that burn
For the search of glittering dross;
But how few are they who will return,
How many bemoan a loss!

Aye, the earth shall ope her breast again
E'en beside those graves of old,
To cover the forms of eager men
Who shall die in search of gold!

Choice Literature.

THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

I.

"Mary's late a-coming home mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron over thy head and run down t'garden to look if she's i' sight; she suld ha' been home long afore this, T'clock's upo't' stroke o' ten."

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low moaning of the mid-summer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honey-suckle as a rustic porch should be, and a narrow path edged with golden St. John's worth straight down to the gate. There was no open prospect on either hand, for the hedges were high and the shrub thick, but once at the gate you could look far over the upland field, and trace for nearly a mile across them the footpath leading to Heckerdyke. The Wards' was a lone house amongst the fields, with a dense planted hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. They could not watch the curl of a neighbors smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood; but thence they could see Heckerdyke, in the hollow two miles distant, and the [illegible] other smaller villages in the valley further away. It was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm and beautiful, and the melancholy whisking in the [illegible] seemed to deepen the stillness. [illegible] Alice had stood for some minutes [illegible] steadfastly at the white road, [illegible] "I can't make her out, mother [illegible] walk a bit o' t' way to meet [illegible]"

"I don't [illegible] let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path without there being much talk between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended, for, coming to an inconvenient stile beside a great pond called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding.

"She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. Sit thee down Alice, I'm well-nigh tired myself." So they rested on the plank put through the bars by way of steps, Alice above her mother, and both with their faces set towards Heckerdyke. Ash-pool laved the long meadow grass almost close to their feet, and when the swaying of the boughs permitted it, the broken moonlight shone through on the water with silvery brightness. It was a lovely spot. The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds fired Alice's half-sleepy eyes, and she stared at them until she fancied she saw something white moving out of the black shade on the further bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by mysel'—there's something not right about the pool to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through as I have heard old-fashioned folks say we do when anybody is walking over the place whence we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face towards the water, and replied, "I remember hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was ha'nted, but I've passed it mysel' at all hours, an' i' all weathers, an' I never saw or heard anything. There's nought i' this world worse than ourselves, an' you've no call to be afeared, Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The ash-boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the blackest and deepest of the pool, where the trees arched over like a cavern roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back!" cried she, springing suddenly from her seat.

"It gives me such a feel you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an' fancies for she doesn't know what," responded her mother; "but come thy ways; if Mary was over-persuaded to stay to supper at thy aunt's, there's no telling but she may stop all night, or if she doesn't Jack'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice set off down the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her, when Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice?— One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! thee talking o'being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-willows, wetting thy skirts and catching cold i' thy feet! Don't run, bairn; who does thee think's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the house-place quickly, and as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother's eyes the prettiest girl in Rivisdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. They had been well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was twenty-one, and was engaged to Farmer Goodhugh of Rockwood End; but Mary was only seventeen and had no avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development, as her firm, agile walk and graceful movements showed. Cultivation could not have improved her mother; nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique woman.— Living all her life in that lone house, amongst the woods and fields, taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her mental efforts; but she was a clever dairy-woman on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, root, bees, and flowers; she was weather-wise too, and could tell by the signs in the sky whether it would be fair or foul in Rivisdale day by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dress-making with Miss Timble, at Heckerdyke, but Alice had always stayed at home to help her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a monthly visit to the village schoolroom where the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of that excellent Dorcas the rector's wife, and after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to join her and little Mary and see them home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and between the young people there was an attachment warm, strong, and true. Alice was a woman of very deep feeling, her affection for her mother, and especially for little Mary partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"I think it is a craze I've got to-night, mother," said she, looking dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them; "for now I am away from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none of that, at all events," replied Mrs. Ward; and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket resolutely.

"Mary'll not come home to-night; she's stayed at her aunt's or Miss Thimble's got a press o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek her; she's stayed away many's the night before, an' I never felt like this."

"What's come ower thee, bairn all longings an' feelings, such a 'fash! What can ail thee!"

"That's just what I don't know mother."

"Nor nobody else either. Get thee to bed, and thee'l soon forget all about it."

Alice felt herself very foolish, but very uncomfortable, as she obeyed her mother's mandate, and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and Mary were accustomed to occupy together. The little lattice had not been closed, and, looking out, there were fields and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design, until her mother's movements in the adjoining room ceased, and then putting a plaid shawl over her head she crept down stairs, unlocked the back door, and was away across the first field before the aimlessness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed to herself, and said, "It is fond; what has Ash-pool to do with Mary, or Mary to do with Ash-pool? But as I have got out I'll go on." And reasoning with herself thus, she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the stile where she and her mother rested before.

All was just as still, just as beautiful, just as softly mysterious as when she left it; the water dimpling in the moonlight, and the great ash-boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking across it and blaming herself for her folly, and hoping her mother would not discover her absence for ever so long. Indeed she made no attempt to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. And as she sat there flowed irresistably over her mind vivid recollections of certain things she had read in her few books especially of Christian towing to the shores of the waters of Death, and then taken leave of wife and children before going over the flood alone, but suddenly she was started from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing across the field where there was no pathway, straight towards ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and, springing forward, caught her in her arms. Then a struggle ensued; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might; but Alice had clasped her firmly round the body, and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she purposely dropped on the ground herself pulling Mary with her, and there held her, with a mere gentle restraint.

Mary's efforts to escape ceased gradually, and she fell in a quivering, moaning, sobbing agony, with her head resting on her sister's knees, and her pretty long yellow hair all about her face and neck. Alice put it away, and, bending down, kissed her soft cheek, and then lifted her up, and made her rest against her breast with the fondest tenderness.

"You have got into trouble, Mary darling; but all's not over yet," said she. "I've been sent here to save you from doing a great sin."

"Who sent you?"

"It was God himself, Mary. I've had it borne in upon my mind all night to come and seek you by Ash-pool."

Mary said nothing for several minutes, but at last, in a gush of tears, she broke; "Oh, Alice! what shall I do—what shall I do? You'd better have let me go. I'd been lying like a stone at the bottom now!"

"Nay, Mary: your poor body would, but *you* would ha' been standing afore the throne o' God's justice."

"I don't think he'd be as hard as Miss Timble, Alice, if I was."

Alice was silent for a little while, and thinking Mary somewhat quieted, she began to say, "you'll go home now Mary?"

"No, no; I darn't. Alice—I darn't!" And then the circumstances, or the consequences, of her calamity overpowered her reason again, and, with vehement cries, she renewed her efforts to escape. Alice was so excited that she did not see her mother until she was close upon them. The old woman had heard her stealthy departure, had dressed herself, and followed her out into the fields. Some way off she had heard Mary's agonized voice. Now she loved Alice, but little Mary was the idol and darling of her mother's heart; and when she saw the strange, unnatural strife, she stood for a moment paralysed; but Mary had seen her, and was still.

"We will take her home, mother," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, yes, we'll take her home, to be sure —take her home. Come, Mary dear, come now an' be good." And Mrs. Ward put her arm round her waist and lifted her up.

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm not worth it —I'm not worth it," sobbed Mary, drawing herself away.

"We are none of us worth much, but thou art our Mary, an' thee must come wi' thy mother an' thy sister, let what will ha' happened thee. I say naught only thee must come home."

"Oh, mother, that it should be to break thy heart and shame Alice afore everybody! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead."

"Hearts take a deal o' breaking, Mary, that has her healp i' the Lord Almighty," was Mrs. Ward's answer; and then she said to Alice, with an involuntaryt sigh, "Take hold of her, and let us ge her home."

It was a miserable walk. Mary cried hysterically, and twice again made her insane efforts to get back to Ash-pool. It was something, indeed, to thank God for aloud, as Mrs. Ward did when they had her safe in the house-place and the door locked. They put her into the great-chair that had been her father's, and Alice kindled the fire, while her mother sat still and soothed the unhappy girl as well as she might. But Mary was not in a condition to listen or profit much. She was sensible that they whom she had most dreaded to see had taken her to their hearts and had not reproached her; but she was sensible also that she was a wicked girl, who had brought shame and sorrow upon all belonging to her, and that her own troubles were but just begun. Miss Timble had made her understand that too distinctly ever to be effaced from her memory. Neither Mrs. Ward nor Alice asked a single question, though what had happened came upon them like a thunder-clap; for the present they were only intent on getting Mary quieted and put to rest. This was not easy to accomplish; she rejected food, and declared she would starve herself to deat—she would not live to be a disgrace to everybody who loved her—if she were in her grave they would forgive and forget her by-and-by.

"Hush! Mary darling, don't talk like that," said Alice; "If God forgives thee, shurely thy mother an' thy sister can."

"Miss Timble said you couldn't and that the best thing I could do would be to die out of the way."

"Miss Timbles has not had the same temptation fro' the flesh an' the devil as thee, Mary, or she'd know better than to speak like that. If thee sins no more thy mother's heart will never turn again thee; we maun't to be more just than God, Alice. Theo has been very wrong, but thee belongs to us, Mary, if thee had been ten times as wrong; I ha' no right an' no desire to cut thee off. Alice, a sup o' hot tea would do all o' us good, Mary'll drink out o' my cup."

And when the tea was made, Mary was prevailed on to put her trembling lips to it and drink, and then she let herself be taken up stairs, undressed, and laid on the bed without any resistance, only now and then she looked wonderingly in her mother's face, as if what was passing bewildered her, and every few minutes a convulsive fit of sobs and tears shook her slight frame from head to foot.

Alice busied herself in folding up her sister's clothes, and when that was done she stood by the bed foot, looking pityingly at Mary, until her mother spoke. "Go thee to my bed, Alice: I'll sleep with thy sister to-night, for the less she gets talking the better." So Alice went away and shut the door.

But Mary could not sleep, and before the morning she had confessed herself to her mother—her love and her weakness, her misery and her despair. It was not without some entreaty that Mary would tell the name of him who had deceived her; but at last, having exacted a promise of silence from her mother, she did so.— Nothing was likely to astonish Mrs. Ward after the lamentable discovery of her darling's frailty, and when she heard the name of the rector's son, she only sighed, and said, "Who could have thought it!"

Good people are often awfully severe;— the next day Mrs. Ward had this severity to suffer. She was alone in the house-place about noon, Alice and Mary being together up-stairs, when she saw the erect, solemn figure of the rector coming over the fields. She did not meet him reverentially at the gate, as her custom was, but let him knock at the door and then silently admit him. The rector was not an unkind man at heart, but he was rather magisterial in his office; he was more priest than pastor, and he was neither by nature or habit, used to tender dealing with the bruised sinners of his flock. Mrs. Ward colored painfully as he metaphorically put her into the witness box.

"Mrs. Ward, is this true that I hear about Mary—her misconduct?" said he, as if he were pre-assured of his answer.

"I am not one to defend wrong doing, Mr. Lascells as you well know but Mary's my child, and I will say this for her—she's more to be pitied than blamed, and him that deceived her is the greater sinner o' the two," replied Mrs. Ward, firmly. "He had better knowledge o' what's good an' what's bad than she had, an' it was a very poor thing o' him to ruin her that loved him. My girl's not vain or mean-minded like sum, an' her undoing would not ha' come about had she not been over-persuaded through the tenderness o' her poor heart."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

PRESIDENTIAL QUALIFICATION.—A gentleman who has lately visited St. Louis, had the honor of calling on the Hon. Edward Bates, in many quarters regarded with much favor, as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. From the account the visitor gives of his interview, we think he (the visitor) was pretty good at "pumping," and made the most of his opportunity, to find out the views of Mr. Bates on public questions.

According to this writer, Mr. Bates has some important qualifications for the Presidency, the chief of which is, that although 65 years old, and the father of sixteen children, his backbone is as staunch as most people's at forty. Well, why not take these things into account? They are better recommendations than Fremont had in 1856, and better by half than many candidates of both parties now aspiring to the nomination, can present.

It will be recollected that Mr. Bates, in a letter written not many months ago to the Whig committee in New York depreciated the continued agitation of the Negro question. This writer, who has been fishing out his opinions, tells us of the very original and ingenious mode in which Mr. Bates proposed to stop this agitation. It is "to crush out, politically, the Democratic party." That is not bad, and we think Mr. Bates is entitled to a patent for the invention.

But seriously, Mr. Bates is a gentleman of highly respectable talents, and something of a statesman, as well as a good lawyer. But if he has any design of running for the Presidency, he had best keep clear of "drummers," of whatever political faction. It must however occure to him, that another slate has been made up at Albany, on which his name is not written, unless it be for the second, instead of the first place on the ticket.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A strong-minded female of Baltimore mortgaged a negro boy to a merchant in that city. To save the lad she pretended he was dead and dressed him in girl's clothes. The merchant, however, suspected something, and police officers soon justified his suspicions by exposing the deception. The lady, finding that she could not retain the boy, sallied out to meet the man who held the mortgage. She found him in front of the station-house conversing with several gentleman. Approaching, she remarked, "I suppose you think you are smart," and at the same time planting a tremendous sockdolager in his face. Apparently well pleased with her exploit, she walked away as unconcerned as if nothing had transpired.

"We've Got a Baby,"

The following letter which bears internal evidence of being a bona fide epistle, was picked up in one of our streets yesterday:—

UTICA, May 12, 1859.

Brother and sister Stebbins—we have got a little baby at our house, a little girl baby —that's so. How I wish this might find you in the same situation. You know I always wished you well. But our baby is none of your common babies. She laughs (and cries) so pretty, you can have no idea how handsome she is. It is decided by the best of judges (her mother and me,) that she is the handsomest child that ever lived, and everybody says, "what a pretty child, how much she looks like her father;"— children will resemble their parents you know. I wouldn't take twenty dollars for her; no sir, no temptation. Perhaps you think I'm a fool. Who cares—guess you'd be a fool if you had such a baby. I wish your domestic affairs would come to a crisis (cry-sis.) You must excuse all mistakes, for I'm so delighted and transported that I expect there is a right smart chance that I may go crazy.

Why, you can't think how I acted the day the little stranger came along. Mrs. Boardman and I were the attending physicians, and what she didn't know I didn't either. Felt a little considerable scared, looked for my hat two, three, several times, and wondered how far it was to Texas. But after the excitement was over wasn't I tickled *some!* If it hadn't been for that white hat of mine I couldn't have told which end my head was on. I went up stairs a dozen times, or less, after my hat —went and looked at the baby *and forgot it every time.* Sold a man some goods on "tick," and charged him "To 1 baby six pence per pound." But I'm calmer now think I shall entirely recover. Begin to think that ain't such a cunning affair after all. Its quite a *night institution.* It takes one half the bed, and right in the middle and I have to sleep all round on the edge. Can't roll over and kick as I used to. might wake up the baby. And if I just happen to roll on the little thing in the night then there's a fuss, for my wife would make a *great* ado if I should kill that baby. She sleeps with one eye open.

I'll tell you about how I get along nights. The other night I went to bed as usual, got into a snooze, when my wife called "John! John! there's a mouse in my band-box and it will ruin my bonnet." Well, I rolls off the bed-rail and makes a wake for the band-box. Mouse takes the hint and leaves, and I balance myself on the bed rail again, go to sleep, and dream of the old song which says, "bless me, this is pleasant, riding on a rail." But soon I am awakened by my wife, (watchful creature,) calling "John! I guess that mouse is in the lower bureau drawer, where all the baby things are." So up I get once more and make a lunge for the bureau, and mouse leaves as usual, while I, like the old quaker, wish for some profane person to d—n that mouse. Well, I get on the rail once more and dream of sending an order to Chicago for mouse traps. Well, I dream away awhile, till I am once more awakened by the old familiar call, "John! John! that baby wants tending to." Well, no matter, you mean what I know.

The next morning I have to be careful in using the towels "all is not gold that glitters." But I must keep still and stand it all for the dear little baby mother's little precious lamb.

Good bye; yours as much as possible
DIGHTON.

P. S.—Our baby's name is Fanny [illegible].
N. B.—Don't forget the baby's name.
D.

Descanting upon low-necked dresses a day or two ago, the New York *Times* cites an instance to illustrate the disgustingly immodest extreme to which this fashion is carried by the respectable [illegible] of that city. The writer says: "Walking down Broadway behind a lady of evident respectability a day or two ago, we could look under, not over, her shoulders, and have, by strange apertures, a telescopic view of the street beyond and in front of the said lady. Nor is this an extreme case. Quite the contrary. It appears, just at present to be the general rule for street costume. Crinoline which is stretched at the bottom to do duty as a volunteer street-sweeper, appears to be shrunk at the top in an equal ratio, like Paddy's blanket it is lengthened at one end by a piece cut off from the other. This may all be very well for those wild and reckless individuals whose motto is "neck or nothing," but for staid, sober and quiet folks, it is a melancholy waste of the raw material. In sober sadness, we seriously and earnestly object to a style so excessively *[illegible]* which is French for low-necked dress, as a style for street costume. It is conducive neither to health nor to morality. It is also in bad taste, and instead of exciting admiration in the opposite sex, only provokes remarks, little complementary to those who indulge in it. Therefore it is a mistake, since women loves to please, and the sooner it is reformed the better.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN.—The Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald*, a prominent black republican paper, expresses itself in the following style: "All true friends of the 'colored race will adopt the motto, 'Africa for the Africans.' Their present condition 'is that of slavery and subjection all over the 'land, nor does it promise to be any better 'in the future. The only national measures 'that will help them are the suppression of 'the slave trade; the recognition of the 'nationality and independence of Hayti and 'Liberia; and the establishment of a line of 'steamers to the African coast that will carry 'passengers at the lowest rates, and give 'continents. It is all nonsense to talk 'frequent communication between the two, 'about an equality of races on this continent; 'it will not be in this century, if it is in the 'next.' What a confession is this for an anti-slavery man to make. The abolition party has been in existence for more than thirty years, and yet the condition of the negro is "that of slavery and subjection all over the land," and "it does not promise to be any better in the future." What, then, has abolitionism accomplished?

One of our exchanges says, that two little German boys who attended one of the New York Schools recently attracted the attention of their teacher. He had noticed their distressed appearance for several days. Their mysterious grief growing daily more manifest, the teacher asked them the reason. Their parents had no more bread for them, they replied, and starvation was fast reducing their strength. The kind teacher, moved with pity, took them home with him, spread a repast on his table, and bade them sit down and eat. They at length sat down to the table, but refused to eat. In vain did he urge them to eat; not a crum would they touch. Thinking that perhaps a shy bashfulness made them act thus, he pretended to leave them alone as he went into another room. Looking through the door, saw one of the boys fold his little hands ask a blessing on the food and its giver. We need not say that the teacher was greatly moved with this touching scene. Half famished as they were the little heroes must first pray, before they eat.

PICTORIAL SHEETS.—The Republican papers of this State are endeavoring to increase their attractiveness by wood engravings.— Among others recently published, we have noticed without particular admiration, the "ugly mug" of the People's candidate for Auditor General, Thomas E. Cochran, Esq. Thomas is not a bad sort of a man, but we are mistaken if a general inspection of this almost hideous engraving, which is said to be a good likeness, will add to his strength. Take out the picture.—*State Sentinel.*

A desperate battle is reported to have taken place on the 22d of July, between the Sioux and Aurakara Indians, in which twenty-eight of the former and sixteen of the latter were killed. Another battle was expected, and it was believed that the weaker party would be exterminated.