THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

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The Erie Observer.

LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS.—Single subscribers, if paid in advance, $1. Three Copies will be sent to one address for $4, and same rate for larger clubs. Any subscriber failing to pay within the year, will be charged 50 cents. Subscriptions to be discontinued and the account made out at the rate of $2 per year, and left with a proper officer for collection.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

SEABURY, DEALER IN IMPORTED WINES AND LIQUORS, sell Brands of French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champaigne, Hock or Claret, Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds of Domestic Wines; also manufacturer of rectified Whiskey, Old Rye, Bourbon, Monongahela, &c., Reed House, on French Street, Erie, Pa.

J. C. BURGESS & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, State Street, Nov 26 Brown's Block.

H. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, Second Story of Mackenzie's Block, Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

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

S. NEWTON PETTIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa. Feb 26, 1859.—1y38

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

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

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

WM. A. GALBRAITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, (Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, Corner of State and Fifth sts, Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

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

W. K. MAGILL, DENTIST, Office in Rosenweig's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. 26.

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

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

M'CONKEY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & M'Conkey,) DEALERS in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery. Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 2 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

P. MINNIG, DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 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 warranted.

GRAY & FARRAR, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 1, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. G. W. GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

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

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

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

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

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

CAUGHEY & CLARK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffatt's Buffalo Ale. No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa. WM. M. CAUGHEY, R. J. CLARK.

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

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

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

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, RESIDENT DENTIST.—Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, first block east of Erie Bank building. Erie, July 16, 1859.

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

M'CARTER & KELLOGG, WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware, &c., State Street, Erie, Pa.

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

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

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

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

DEAF AND BLIND. DR. GRISWOLD, Oculist and Aurist, No. 220 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. Feb. 26, 1859.—1y.

MORTIMER PHELPS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over Murphy's Tin Shop, between Brown's Hotel and Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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

J. S. BALDWIN, (Successor to Child & Baldwin,) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 2 Reed House, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

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 store, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE In the City of Erie!

IN anticipation of a considerable increase in the Trade to this City, by the opening of the Railway and Erie Railroad, we are now receiving large additions to our STOCK, in all its departments, and are prepared to fill the orders of those who may favor us in that way, at prices that cannot fail to prove satisfactory and ensure a continuance of customs. Parties residing along or near the line of railroads, will find this City a most convenient point at which to supply themselves or replenish their various stocks, and the proprietors of the subscribers, The White Front Store, Exchange, adjoining the Bank of Erie, are thoroughly acquainted and can obtain any and every thing in the line of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, WINDOW GLASS, DYESTUFFS &c., &c., &c., &c.

Let those who have heretofore sent their orders Eastward, turn their attention to Erie, half a day's ride off. Nov. 6, 1859.—3m. CARTER & BROTHER.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.

GROCERIES, FLOUR, PORK, &c., AT WHOLESALE.

No. 10, Brown's Block, State Street, Erie, Oct. 8, 1859.

REHRER 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 Sleighing and 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.

PIANO FORTE AND MELODEON MANUFACTORY

SAVE TWENTY PER CENT BY BUYING OF WILLIAM WILLING ERIE, PENN'A.

THE experience of twenty years, and the idea that I could make PIANOS AND MELODEONS in Erie cheaper than I can buy them elsewhere, because rent is cheaper, lumber is cheaper, coal is cheaper, induced me to employ competent and complete, experienced workmen, who carried on a Piano Manufactory themselves for five years, and who sold my their entire stock necessary to make such instruments, and I am now prepared to furnish my numerous friends with Pianos and Melodeons

WARRANT THEM For any length of time, to give COMPLETE SATISFACTION. My reputation as a Musician and business man would be lost if these instruments should not prove good, and I assure the public that nothing is spared to bring about the desired result, viz:

Producing a fine and substantial Piano, which will give good satisfaction, and stay in tune longer than any Piano I know of.

TERMS VERY EASY: PRICES VERY REASONABLE!

PATRONIZE Your Own Citizens at Home! ORDERS at WHOLESALE or RETAIL, Executed promptly and fairly

Produce, orders on Stores, old Instruments, Lumber, and any thing else I can sell again to advantage in business, will be taken in exchange for Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Dulcimers and any thing else I have in my store.

PIANOS TO LET! TUNING DONE WELL! NEW MUSIC EVERY WEEK. NONE BUT THE BEST ARTICLES ON HAND. THE GENUINE UNRIVALED Chickering & Son's Piano Fortes, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Have you ever heard of a piano Chickering Piano?—Let me know where it is and I will exchange it. WM. WILLING.

TO EDITORS.—You all remember, I can offer Mr. Horace Waters of New York, has kindly for advertising in your papers. The undersigned will do a little better, if you will favor him with a call, and furnish you with any Piano you order or desire. Give me your order. WM. WILLING. Erie, June 18, 1859.—2

MILLINERY. MRS. CURTIS has returned from New York, and is now receiving her Stock of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS! Consisting of Silk, Satin and Straw Bonnets, Fancy Head Dresses, Caps, Flowers, Ribbons, Velvets, Classifier Velvet Ribbons, Gallons, Laces, &c., &c. Also, Genuine Hoop Skirts, Rockers, Hosiery Goods, Knitting Yarn and materials for Embroidery, Lace Veils, Kimbrels, superior quality, &c., &c., all of which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere. MILLINERS supplied with all goods in their line at Wholesale. MRS. M. CURTIS. Erie, Oct. 1, 1859.—tf.

ALWAYS READY. Colt's and other manufacture of Pistols, for sale very low, at ABBOTT'S, March 12. Pagoda Building.

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.—44tf.

BUILDERS HARD-WARE. A full and complete assortment of Builders Hardware, for sale very low by Oct. 22. J. C. SELDEN.

SADDLE & CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS. A full assortment of Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, for sale very low by 21. J. C. SELDEN.

CARPENTER'S and JOINER'S TOOLS. The largest and cheapest stock to be found in Erie, Oct. 22, 1859.—21. J. C. SELDEN'S.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, Cleavers, Mincing Knives, Butcher Knives, at the store of Oct. 22—41 J. C. SELDEN'S.

SHOVELS, and Tongs Stands, Blower Stands, for sale by Oct. 22. J. C. SELDEN.

TABLE CUTLERY, Pocket Knives, of all styles and qualities, at low prices, by Oct. 22, 59—41 J. C. SELDEN.

TIMOTHY SEED! TIMOTHY SEED! 100 Bushels nice Rear Clean Timothy Seed, just received, and for sale cheap by Erie, Oct. 14, 1859. BUCHAN KEYES & CO.

SOFAS, LOUNGES, CANE SEAT and Black Walnut Chairs, Mattresses, Feather Beds, Feathers, Beds and Bedsteads, of New York Manufacture for Cash, just rec'd from Buffalo, for sale by Oct. 22. G. D. ELLIOTT, Agent.

COAL OIL of a superior quality, constantly on hand of CARTER & BRO.

FURNITURE Of my own make and any description, selling at low prices, the Furniture Ware Rooms, recently occupied by Mr. Stout, on Sixth st. near the Market. Erie, Oct. 6, 1859. G. W. SCHLOTTERBECK.

50 SIZES OF WINDOW GLASS, of the best French and American, for sale very low by CARTER & BRO.

MADDER AND INDIGO, of the best quality, by the Chest or in the original package, for sale by CARTER & BRO. Nov. 5

Fun and Other Luxuries.

☞ It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue, to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and when these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

☞ The women of Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and make them wear little bells on their persons, to ascertain where they are and what they are about.

☞ "I can tell you how to save that horse," said a sickly looking man who was looking at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle. "How?" "Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

☞ The quakers gave the milkmaids of Syracuse, New York, a ball the other night; a significant rain occurred but the ball went on, and Mr. Waters was one of the managers, and all the men were gumm'd.

☞ "Here is Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to Ike a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contemplatively, and you will gain a great deal of information."

☞ A company of European Mormons, mostly from Scandinavia, has arrived in Utah. The party numbered 400 souls, and during the journey across the plains six death and three births occurred.

☞ An old man in Indiania recently cowhided his daughter, nineteen years old, for wearing hoops. Another father in the same State turned his daughter out of doors for the same offence.

☞ It is undeniable, says Prentice, that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and raise Cain.

☞ "What's the matter, Cæsar?" "Dat nigger dat lib down Cat ally hit me on de mouf wid his fist." "Well, didn't you strike him back, Cæsar?" "No, massa, but I strike him head!"

☞ Substract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he gives to chance—all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends, and by the folly of his enemies,—and the giant will often be left the pigmy.

☞ Mr. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, on Saturday appeared before Justice Osborne and gave bail in five hundred dollars to answer the charge of libel recently preferred against him by Commodore Vanderbilt.

☞ A minister called at the house of a friend of his the other day, and found the wife in tears. "What is the matter, my good sister?" said he. "Oh, dear, John, my good husband, has run away with widow Smith, and I'm out of snuff."

☞ A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and asked him if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a pair on."

☞ An exchange says that in a certain section there is a lady who has raised a handsome moustache on her upper lip.—Why, in this section there is a lady who has had half a dozen handsome moustaches on her upper lip, and all different shades of color.

☞ A man in Hartford has made application for a divorce from his wife, on the ground of her being lazy. He alleges that she will not get up in the morning, build a fire and get his breakfast at a seasonable hour. He finds no other fault with his bo-soun partner, but the Squire refuses to grant the prayer of the petitioner.

☞ A secret is like silence—you can not talk about it and keep it. It is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" Is it betrayin' you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, did I not do well to tell it to somebody that could?

☞ A gentleman thought he'd like something painted in the hall of a new house, and, chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged an Irishman for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. Gentleman enters:

"Nice colors, H., but where are the Israelites?" "Oh, they're passed over."

☞ "That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning. "So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye. "Ay! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls. "Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blue blazes. You should just have heard him holler, dad." The father looked unhappy while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

☞ Our readers have all heard the story of scaping the clergyman's tin-horn at camp-meeting, so that, when he went to call the congregation together he blew the "soft soap" over his brother clergymen, and how he exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have served the Lord thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d—d if I can't whip the man that scaped that horn!"

Our readers, we say, have all heard this, but perhaps never the sequel as given us yesterday by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent, which was being made by the preacher.—After a while he became interested and visibly affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, and with his face between his hands commenced groaning in the very bitterness of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. "No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no, there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the benevolent preacher—"have you stolen?"

"Oh, worse than that!"

"What? Have you been robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than that!"

"Murder?" shouted the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that," groaned the smitten sinner.

The preacher then commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, Brother Cole," shouted he—"hold my coat! I'm bound to find the fellow that scaped that horn!"

Poetical.

HAS SUMMER FLED?

BY WILLIS MYRTLE DE HAVEN.

And has the beautious summer fled!
It seemeth but a day,
Since to our vales the flowers were brought
By laughing, blue-eyed May!
Now o'er head's the Autumn sky,
And red no more the roses dye,
And faded is the violet blue;
The lily—that has withered too,
Sweet melody in Summer sung
From off a harp of thousand strings,
A harp—alas! that's now unstrung.
While scarce a single minstrel sings.
The murmur of the rippling stream
More hoarse unto the ear doth seem;
The feathered songsters of the grove
Have ceased to warble lays of love
The balmy breath of summer-time,
That kissed the dew-drops from the flowers,
With all its sweets had fled after
To sport 'mid softer bours.
Far upward in the mellow light
The blue hills rise upon the sight,
And 'mid the sunset's golden flush,
The forest leaves in beauty blush.

A few short days and Winter will
With hail and snow come striding on;
The woods, no longer lull'd in sleep,
Sway to the mighty tempest's plume.
Thus roll the seasons: varied still,
The fallen leaf, the frozen rill,
The budding flower, the brazen sky—
Now the smile, anon the sigh.

How swiftly flies each passing year!
The Summer's ended—harvest past—
And forest leaves of brilliant hue
Float on the wintery blast.
'Tis thus when sun-bright youth has fled,
How dark and drear the years ahead!
But in vain the sigh that agony heaves,
When Winter's winds close up Life's Leaves.

Choice Literature.

THE TREFOIL SCAR.

A TRAGEDY OF COMMON LIFE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

When James Hardcastle married Lucy Graver, everybody considered the match an excellent one. Perhaps it was as good as the average, but that is not saying much in its favor; and, I must confess, that by the time their marriage certificate was yellowed by two year's age, they quarreled like cats and dogs.

The fresh, pretty fa[illegible]'s daughter gradually faded into a [illegible]ed woman, unlovely and unlov[illegible] the gentlemanly and [illegible] developed into a stern-[illegible] whose cold gray eyes [illegible] humanitary expression. [illegible] Jimmy—Jimmy Hardcastle, [illegible] impassive temperament and [illegible] practicality, and his mother's fretful want of reason. When his father scolded him, his mother gave him sweetmeats. When his mother whipped him, his father laughed, and even encouraged the lad to retaliate.

The results of such a training could hardly be unforseen; and, while still at a tender age, Jimmy was an expert at all the baser kinds of mischief to which mean-spirited boys are prone. All boys love roguery—the passion is inherent—but they exhibit themselves in their *diablerie* as in their best actions. A boy of real nobility does mischief from mere thoughtlessness and superabundant animal spirits; but the child whose nature is actually warped, evinces an especial and unmistakeable malice in all his escapades.

Of this character were Jimmy Hardcastle's feats; and he improved so rapidly—in a retrograde direction—that he shortly became the terror of the whole neighborhood. He led a band of young outlaws, *vauriens* like himself, and avoid punishment with wonderful skill. At one time, the poisoning of every fowl in the village was accomplished in a single night—merely for mischief. At another, the grain fields were laid waste by fire, just when the grain was dry enough to cut. Then the windows of the church were broken by a volley of bricks that awoke and alarmed all who dwelt near; and finally it became necessary to establish a police system in the little town—containing only a few thousand of inhabitants—solely to repress the loose tendencies of half-a-dozen bad boys.

At this era, Jimmy had attained his sixteenth year, and was the hero of a hundred disgraceful adventures, some of which were sufficiently criminal to have sent him to the State Prison, had it been possible to fix any proofs upon him. Such were his consummate skill in execution, and tact in concealment, however, that all endeavors to brand him as the author of these misdoings proved eminently unsuccessful.

On one dark and stormy night, in Autumn, a new and more than usually outrageous piece of evil work was perpetrated by these young scoundrels. They undertook to burn down the village watch-house, erected for their especial accommodation, and succeeded only too well; for with it several other buildings were consumed, and much valuable property destroyed. As there were persons sleeping in the burned building, the crime was a high felony; and it was unsafe for the frightened dare-devils who committed it to remain in the community.

James Hardcastle, being unable to sleep, on the night of the incendiarism, arose from his bed at midnight to read. While thus engaged, he was surprised by the entrance of some one, through a hall window and over a piazza roof, and looking out of his chamber door, found his son ascending the stairs, partially intoxicated, and carrying a dark lantern. This evidence of his long-suspected complicity in the evil-doings of the village youth, exasperated the father, and a terrible interview ensued—a conversation such as I hope none of my readers will ever be party to. The boy—for he was still a mere boy—denied everything with the most solemn asservations; but his pallor and evident terror, when the shouts of the gathering crowd came to his ear from the scene of the conflagration, were proofs positive of his guilt.

The father, though ordinarily self-possessed and phlegmatic to excess, lost all command of his temper, at this evidence of his son's hardened nature, and from words of bitter reproach came to blows. The youthful desperado defended himself, until he received a severe wound on his shoulder, inflicted by a blow from a metal stair rod which happened to be lying in the hall. The ornamented trefoil end of this rod made a deep gash where it struck; and the son, more terrified than ever by the warm blood which he felt trickling down his bosom, fled from the house, with a frightful malediction upon it and all it contained.

Ten years passing unnoticed, found James Hardcastle, senior, in flourishing circumstances, and with an increased popularity as a lawyer that gave him hopes of attaining a political position. He did not aspire to statesmanship, but to the opportunities for amassing wealth that were, at that time, attendant on the holding of certain offices. The approaching campaign seemed to offer an excellent chance, and Hardcastle determined to seize upon it, if possible, even at any sacrifice.

His hopes were realized, so far as a nomination went. He was chosen candidate for the office of sheriff—a post that commanded great pecuniary emoluments, a few years ago—and during the campaign, he left no stone unturned to secure election.

The chief bugbear that was held up by the opposing party—the strongest weapon they employed against Hardcastle—was his son. Since the latter's flight, on the night of the fire, he had never been heard of; and, as the popular candidate had endeavored, so far as he could, to have the whole affair forgotten, the frequent repetition by his opponents of the fact that he had a felon son prowling about the earth—only awaiting his father's accession to office, perhaps, to return and take shelter under his new-found respectability—were just so many thorns in Hardcastle's side.

As the election approached, the hopeful candidate succeeded in quieting these unpleasant reminiscences somewhat, and flattered himself that his path was a smooth one thenceforth. His tranquil and expectant mood was sadly marred, however, by the reception of a long and eloquent letter from his banished son.

The young man had been leading a life of irregularity and petty misdoing in the city. He had been alternately rich and poor, gay and miserable, desperate and penitent, until he was tired of a rogue's life, and longed for the great peace that a clear conscience only can bring. He wrote to his father on the eve of a mighty temptation—he did not say what—and his decision between right and wrong depended upon the notice his letter received. If his father would permit him to return to his home, shield him from the penalty of a crime of which he alone had proofs, and help him to live an honest and useful life there, he would gladly forswear the evil courses he had so long followed. If not, he was becoming reckless, and would make one last stroke for an ill-gotten fortune.

The would-be sheriff answered to this earnest appeal and confession, thus:

"JAMES.—You have sinned, and it is right that you should suffer. Perhaps I may consider your proposition as practical, at some future time, but, just now, I really do not see how I can allow you to return here. My prospects would be ruined. I think that you had better wait, for a while at least, but do not do anything rash. Meanwhile, I am your father.

"JAS. HARDCASTLE."

The night that this brutal communication reached its destination, the ——bank was broken open, and several thousand dollars stolen from its vaults!

The next day, the police were on the track of the robbers, and had found traces that would undoubtedly lead to their speedy detection.

One of them was shortly overtaken, some two or three hundred miles from the city, and near the village where Hardcastle lived. The officer who discovered him displayed his warrant; and as he did so, fell dead—killed by a shot from the burglar's pistol.

At this additional crime, the country [illegible] the criminal was arrested, with the money of the pillaged band in his pockets, and the blood of the murdered officer upon his hands. The circumstances were so aggravated, and the evidence so clear, that the trial was short, and the conviction and sentence prompt.

While these events were transpiring, the elections had taken place. James Hardcastle was chosen sheriff by a large majority, and was hugging himself in anticipation of some five or six thousand dollars per annum, of fees and pickings to result from his office. The neighbors did not envy him the task of executing the lately convicted murderer—almost the first official duty he was called on to fulfill—but he was a man of nerve, and evinced no hesitation in the performance of what he considered his duty.

The doomed murderer refused to betray the faintest sign of weakness or emotion to any one. He said he had played a large game, and had lost. That was all, and he should pay forfeit as coolly as he could.

"I might astonish some of you," he said, to some charitable gentleman who visited him, "but I prefer to wait till I am in a public position—on the scaffold—when I shall reveal my real name and some other facts. Till then, gentlemen, I can dispense with your kind attentions. You can do me no good, and only bore me by trying. Good day; be careful to shut the door behind you!"

So, when he stood upon the scaffold, beneath the fatal rope, he announced a desire to say a few words. The permission being given, of course, he turned down the collar of his shirt, as if to prepare for the adjustment of the noose, and pointed to a deep and peculiar scar—a sort of trefoil-shaped mark, like a leaf.

"That will, good people," said he, in a clear, steady voice, "was given me by my father, Sheriff Hardcastle here, many years ago, on the night when I set fire to the watch-house, in this town. He struck me with a stair-rod, and left me this mark to remember him by. To him, also, I owe the somewhat disagreeable conditions under which I now address you; for had he permitted me to return to my old home and an honest life, when I asked, I should not have entered into my late unfortunate bank speculation. He preferred, however, to save his election, which my return would have defeated, perhaps; and the moral you may all draw for yourselves.—Father, I will trouble you to proceed with your functions!"

The spectators averted their faces with a feeling of indescribable horror. When they again looked toward the gallows, James Hardcastle junior was a convulsed and lifeless corpse, and James Hardcastle senior was being led from the prison yard, in an apparently idiotic condition.

From this state of apathy he never again aroused; and within a few weeks, another sheriff had to be chosen, to fill the vacancy left by his death.

A KALLOCH CASE IN CONNECTICUT.—It appears that the murderous jealousy which actuated Nathaniel Russell, the returned Californian, to attempt the butchery of the Rev Mr. Miner, in Danielsonville, on the 11th ult., was not without some foundation in fact. Miner has made a full confession, acknowledging that he has had intercourse with Mrs. Russell for two years past, while a part of the time he has been pastor of the Baptist Church in Killingly. He has left for parts unknown, leaving a wife and three or four children in Chestnut Hill village. The infuriated husband, it will be remembered, after bringing Miner into the house where Mrs. Russell was charged him with having induced and aided his wife to get a divorce, and with having been improperly intimate with her, and then attempted to kill the rascal with a bowie knife. Miner escaped with a few severe cuts, and ran for his life, Russell firing two pistol balls at him as he ran, but without effect.—*Hartford Times, Nov. 7th.*

A Very Mysterious Story of Life in Chicago—Is it True.

The New York *Mercury* of a recent date contains a long and remarkably curious story of certain events, which it alleges transpired in Chicago, and which are related with all the circumstantiality of truth. We copy the story from the *Mercury*, says the Chicago Democrat, suppressing the name, however, of one of the principal personages, and neither affirming nor denying our faith in the entire truth of the statement. The *Mercury* says:

"A few weeks ago a prominent firm of jewelers, doing business in this city, received a letter from Chicago, containing the following curious order: The writer said he was worth some hundreds of thousands, and being desirous of making his wife a handsome present, wished the Messrs. —— to manufacture for him immediately, a splendid golden urn of the most elaborate description, and LARGE ENOUGH TO CONTAIN A HUMAN HEART, as he intended to place HIS OWN heart in it, and give it to his lady as a keepsake! The letter wound up with a postscript to the effect that as Messrs. —— might want some proof of the writer's ability to foot the bill, he begged leave to refer them to his father-in-law, Mr. ——, of Chicago.

The jewelers were quite non-plussed by this singular order for a while, and hardly knew how to act. The whole affair looked like a freak of insanity; but so many men, acknowledged to be sane, had indulged in just such whims, that they resolved to seek farther information on the subject. The corresponding party at once addressed a letter to a customer in Chicago, desiring him to find out if such a man as the referee named in the order really existed, and if so, whether he were a responsible party.—In a few days an answer came, stating that there was a person at the locality named, and that he was one of the merchant princes of the Western city. This almost satisfied the New York firm that the order was genuine, but they still hesitated to fill it, and finally concluded to write to the referee, and ask his advice in the matter. This they did, and the consequence was that the Chicago merchant came to this city at once, steam haste, to prevent the filling of the order. He stated that the person who gave it had indeed been his son-in-law at one time, but was then a mad man—harmless, it was true, but still a madman—and destined to be placed in the asylum very soon. The old gentleman then went home, but scarcely had he left the city, when a second letter came from the son-in-law, complaining that the firm had not acknowledged the receipt of his order, and asking them whether they would fill it, or oblige him to apply to other parties. Rather provoked at what they considered a troublesome hoax, the jewellers very thoughtlessly wrote back to him that they had detected his true character, and would write to the Chicago authorities concerning him, if he played any more of his crazy pranks upon them.

Of course the threat was a vain one, but it had the effect to frighten the poor lunatic, and by heightening his madness, led him to commit "an outrage" that brought him before a certain portion of the Chicago public. One evening as an elegantly dressed lady was in the act of alighting from her carriage for the purpose of entering a dry goods store, he suddenly darted to the door of the vehicle, and with a loud cry threw his arms around the neck of the fair equestrian. The lady at first took him for an intoxicated man, but seemed to recognize him before she could cry [illegible] man and bystanders could pull the man away. The affair created a great sensation, which was heightened by the mad man's declaration that she was his wife, which he made with fearful oaths. Finally, however, the carriage was driven off, with the lady inside, and the lunatic taken before a magistrate. During the night he was securely confined in a comfortable apartment; and in the morning the person he claimed as his father-in-law was sent for and came.—Through the influence of the latter the examination was held in private, but enough leaked out by certain channels to show that the following strange story of manly constancy and woman's perfidy was revealed:

It seems that some years ago, James —— was a young man employed as clerk in a dry goods establishment on Broadway in this city. He received a rather meagre salary for one obliged to support himself alone, yet he would probably have remained there had he not lost his parents. Both died, within a week of each other, by cholera, and left their son to breast the world alone. Keenly feeling his great loss, and unwilling to remain in a city where almost every object reminded him of it, the young clerk "threw up" his situation and went to Chicago, carrying letters of recommendation from the employers he had quitted.—In Chicago he found a new employer in the person of a wealthy commission merchant, who received him into his counting house as assistant book-keeper.

His refined manners, sensitive disposition and practical ability, so won upon the merchant, that he invited him to his house before he had been in his employ two months, and treated him as a son rather than an employee. The mercant had a beautiful daughter, just entering her teens, who also took a great liking to the modest, retiring young book keeper, and as she always saw him when she visited her father's store, as well as when he visited the house, they soon became well acquainted, then innocently familiar, and finally loved. The rich merchant saw how the affair was likely to terminate; but he had formed a resolution to let his daughter select a husband for herself, and though his clerk had only a salary then, he resolved to make "a man" of him, if he continued to do as well as he had done.

He was not much astonished, therefore, nor very indignant, when the young man informed him that he loved and was beloved; but he told the youth that he was very foolish, and then consented to the alliance. In short, the pair were married, the lady receiving a dower of fifty thousand dollars, and the husband being accomodated with a sum sufficient to enable him to go into business with his father-in-law's nephew. They were very happy, and for nine months "all went merry as a marriage bell;" but at the end of that period, and just as the young husband began to feel himself able to repay the the loan with which his wife's father had kindly favored him, his partner basely absconded, after drawing so heavily upon the credit of the house, that he left it completely bankrupt.

The cruel blow filled James with despair—he found himself in debt, his credit gone, and to crown all, his father-in-law unjustly accused him of wild specul