The Erie Observer.

LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

☞ Fifteen lines or less make a square.

One square, one week,	$ 75	One square	3	months	$3 00
" " two "	1 00	One "	6	"	5 00
" " three "	1 25	One "	9	"	8 75

☞ One square a year, changeable at pleasure, $10. [illegible] 3 months, $6. 6 months, $8; 9 months, [illegible] year $15.

[illegible] or 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, [illegible] $18.

[illegible] inserted in the Business Directory at $3 per [illegible] lines allowed for a Card, over six and under [illegible] $4.

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

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. SABURY,
DEALER IN IMPORTED WINES AND LIQUORS, [illegible] of French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champaigne, [illegible], Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines, also manufacturer of rectified Whiskey, Rye, Bourbon, Monongahela, &c., Reed House, on [illegible] street, Erie.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND [illegible], State Street, No. 10 Brown's Block.

E. M. COLE,
BOOK BINDER, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, second Story of Rindernecht'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] 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, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] KNOBLOCHT. HENRY BECKMAN. ELI KENDIG.

JOHN W. WALKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible] give prompt attention to the locating of Land Warrants and the payment of Taxes in the States of Missouri and Iowa, will also fill all orders for the purchase [illegible] 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 [illegible] 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, [illegible] side West Park, near Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS in Fancy [illegible] Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., [illegible] Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Central [illegible] over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store, En[illegible] on State Street.

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

T. S. SINCLAIR,
(Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,)
[illegible] AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, Corner of State and [illegible] dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene [illegible] Fluid, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—[illegible] corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, [illegible] State street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

W. E. MAGILL,
DENTIST, Office in Rozen-[illegible] [illegible] side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

[illegible] A. CRAIG,
[illegible] Peach Street and the Public Square [illegible]

ROGERS & BENNETT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL [illegible] Hardware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.

McCONKEY & SHANNON,
Successors to Forace & M[illegible],
[illegible] in English, German and American Bar [illegible] and [illegible] Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel [illegible] House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE,
[illegible] James Sill, Esq.'s Law Office, [illegible] the Store of [illegible] 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 [illegible] constantly for sale. Office No. [illegible] Reed House [illegible] Square, Erie.

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

P. MINNIG,
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, [illegible] Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, [illegible] Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Terms Cash. Prices Low. No. 3 Wright's Block, [illegible] street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

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

GRAY & FARRAR,
WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in [illegible] India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, [illegible] Cigars, Fish, Oil, &c., &c. No. [illegible] Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

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

LIDDELL, MARSH, & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

MISS E. E. RHODES,
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER and Agent [illegible] Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] 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, [illegible] Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo [illegible] Nos. 1 and 2 Commercial Buildings, North side of [illegible] square, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] M. CAUGHEY. [illegible] CLARK.

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

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

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

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

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

McCARTER & KELLOGG,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c. &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

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, [illegible] 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 [illegible] Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE [illegible] Will practice in the several Courts of [illegible] County, [illegible] 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, Erie, Pa.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office removed to [illegible] west of State Street, on the north side of the [illegible] Erie, Pa.

DEAF AND BLIND.
DR. GRISWOLD, Oculist and [illegible] No. 25 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
[illegible] his attention exclusively to the treatment of [illegible] of the Eye and Ear.
[illegible]

MORTIMER PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over Murphy's Tin Shop, between Brown's Hotel and Reed House, Erie, Pa. 8

SCOTT & RANKIN,
DEALERS in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. 51
A. SCOTT. J. H. RANKIN.

L. I. BALDWIN,
(Successor to Clark & Baldwin.)
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c., &c. 22.

THE ERIE [illegible] OBSERVER.

$1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 30.

ERIE, PA.,

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

WILLING
Is filling up his Store with
His usual variety of
HOLIDAY GOODS,
And proposes to sell them
CHEAP ENOUGH
To induce purchasers to
COME UP TOWN
When they wish to lay in
A stock for the Little ones,
Or procure any in his line.
Oct 29. State street, between 8th & 9th.

NOTICE.

ALL persons, without exception, knowing themselves indebted to us, are earnestly requested to pay the same without delay, as the late change in our business renders an early disposal of unsettled affairs imperative, and we trust that the indulgence heretofore granted will be gratefully reciprocated by a prompt response to this notice. oct 8. J. JOHNSTON & BRO.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
PORK, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE.
No. 10, Brown's Block, State Street.
Erie, Oct 8, 1859. 18.

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, iron the same, induced me to employ competent and complete, experienced workmen, who carried on a Piano Manufactory themselves for five years, and who sold me their entire stock necessary to make such instruments, and I am now prepared to furnish my numerous friends
WITH
Pianos and Melodeons
Of superior Tone and finish, and will
WARRANT THEM
For any length of time, to give
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

His 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 [illegible] results, &c.

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!

◆

NEW MUSIC **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 or use in my 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 poor Chickering Piano?—Let me know where it is and I will exchange it.
WM WILLING

TO EDITORS.—You all remember the offer Mr Horace Waters of New York, has made for advertising in your papers. The undersigned will do a little better, if you will favor him with a call, and will 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,

Head Dresses, Caps, Flowers, Ribbons, ruches, Chenilles, Velvet Ribbons, Collars, Laces, &c., &c. Also, Corsetts, Hoop Skirts, Hosiery, Zephyr Hoods, Knitting Yarn and materials for Embroidery, Lace Veils, Kid Gloves, 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.—17.

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

BUILDERS HARDWARE
A full and complete assortment of Builders Hardware, for sale very low by oct29-21. 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 in the City, at
Erie, Oct 29, 1859.—21 J. C. SELDEN'S.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, Cleavers, Mincing Knives, Butcher Knives, at the store of
oct 29—21 J. C. SELDEN

SHOVELS, and Tongs Stands, Blower Stands, for sale by 21 J. C. SELDEN.

TABLE CUTLERY, Pocket Knives of all styles and qualities, at low prices, by
Oct, 29,'59—21 J. C. SELDEN.

TIMOTHY SEED! TIMOTHY SEED!!
100 Bushels nice New Clean Timothy Seed, just received, and for sale cheap by
Erie, Oct. 15, 1859. BECKMAN KENDIG & CO.

SOFAS, LOUNGES, CANE SEAT and Hair Seat Chairs, Mahogany Tables and Stands, Spring Beds, Feather Beds and Mattrasses, at New York prices, for Cash, just sent from East, for sale on commission, to the Agent nov5 G W ELLSEY, Erie

COAL OIL of a superior quality can be had of CARTER & BRO. Nov. 5, 1859.—22.

FURNITURE

OF my own make of any description, selling at low prices, for Produce, Store Pay, or by weekly payments to meet the times. G. W. ELLSEY,
Nov 5, 1859 State st., next 8th, Erie.

50 SIZES OF WINDOW GLASS!
FRENCH AND AMERICAN, by the box, for sale low by nov5 CARTER & BRO

MADDER AND INDIGO, of the very best quality, by the Cask or in less quantities, by
Nov 5 CARTER & BRO

Colors! Colors!!

RAW Umber, Burnt Umber, Burnt Sienna, Paris Green, Venetian Red, Chrome Yellow, &c., &c., ground in Oil and put up in 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb cans, sold at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf. No 5 Reed House.

CHOICE LIQUORS, for Medicinal purposes, on draught and in bottles, for sale at
BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf No. 5 Reed House.

CUD BEAR AND COCHENEAL, by
Nov 5 CARTER & BRO.

Carbon Oil!

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received and for sale at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
Erie, Dec. 3, 1859.—26 No 5 Reed House.

MATHEW'S LIQUID HAIR DYE!—The cheapest, safest and most convenient Hair Dye in use, for sale at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf No. 5 Reed House.

PAINT BRUSHES.—The finest assortment of Paint Brushes in the City for sale at
BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26tf No. 5 Reed House.

SPALDING'S LIQUID GLUE.
Sold by 26 CARTER & BRO.

Fun and Other Luxuries.

☞ THE GIRLS.—

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Blend with our evening dreams:
They haunt our lives
Like spirit wives,
Or—as naiads haunt the streams.

They sooth our pains,
They fill our brains
With dreams of sunnier hours.
God bless the girls,
God bless the curls,
God bless our human flowers.

☞ Miss Helen M. Dresser was lecturing to the people of Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 23d on the subject of Mormonism.—The papers say that Miss Helen "has been there!"

◆

☞ "Dick, why don't you turn that Buffalo robe t'other side out? that side is the warmest." "Bah, Tom, don't you suppose the animal knew how to wear his own hide?"

◆

☞ The Amsterdam Crystal Palace is to be completed and opened in the year 1861. It will be 400 feet in length by 200 feet in width, and the central dome will be 200 feet in heigt. The structure is to be of iron and glass.

◆

WILL vs. DEED.—Some of the Irish Judges of olden times were a little confused at times. One in giving his dictum on a certain cause "thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate himself." To it Curran frankly replied: "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally secure life interest to themselvee, but in this case I think your worship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

◆

THE GREAT EASTERN A SHOW VESSEL.—The *Great Eastern* is now controlled by Liverpool merchants. The *Journal* of that city says:

At Portland, without any consumption of coal, the small tax on visitors would realize six hundred dollars a day; that at Holyhead the same price of admission will produce something like two thousand dollars a day; that the sight of her gratifies the public, and that sight-seers pay better than passengers; that, this being the case, it would be absurd to sail her prematurely for America or any other place.

◆

ROMANCE.—The history of a *nymph du pave*—one of our most charming courtezans, in fact, is quite romantic. She is the daughter of a professor of theology in Ohio. Four years ago she was a belle in her native city—courted and admired, and hence vain and proud. A young man, a carpenter, now of this city, made honorable proposals of marriage, but was haughtily spurned. A merchant became her accepted lover—the wedding day was appointed—and the night before that one on which she expected to become his bride, and while her father was attending a meeting to raise funds for an African missionary enterprise, she was seduced by her lover. Next day he clandestinely left the city, having made an assignment. Her father, when the fruit of her shame was blossoming, absolutely kicked her from his door! A compassionate woman took her in—nursed her—her child lived four days, and she became per force, a prostitute. Such is the story of a woman's weakness and a father's hardness of heart, and such is the romance of novels actualized.—*Springfield (Ill.) Independent.*

◆◆

RATHER LUDICROUS.—A somewhat singular incident, combining the tragical and the ludicrous in about equal proportions, occurred not a thousand years ago. A man who lives in the upper part of the city "somewhere around," is unfortunate enough to be married to a downright handsome woman, and miserable enough to be jealous of her. He may have reason or he may not—as we are not a Court of Inquisition on private morals, and we say not.—Well, this gentleman had been reading how another gentleman in a like predicament, who resided in Canandaigua, had—by the shrewd dodge of pretending to go to church, and then not doing it—got a splendid chance to hammer a person who had invaded his marital rights, and he was nerved to an ambition to do something equally desperate. While he was in this state of mind he received an anonymous letter, (and the man who would write an anonymous letter on such a subject, would not have the courage to look at his own reflection in the looking-glass after dark.) This letter warned him to be on his guard against the felonious ingress of a gay Lothario to his room about half-past 9 o'clock at night—a time when he was generally absent. He resolved to be around and have his eye open, and he did. About half past 9 o'clock that evening, a good looking "p'lice'ifer"—we could give his name, but we won't, though we may say *en passant* that he is a perfectly honorable officer, was approached in haste by a young chap, who asked him to go in a hurry to the house of the gentleman above mentioned, as he believed there were robbers in the house: saying, also, that the gentleman wanted him to get in at the back window, which would be unfastend so as not to alarm the rascals. Stealthily went the officer; quietly he clambered over the alley fence; hastily he ran across the yard; eagerly pushed up the back window; unthinkingly he thrust his head into the opened window; when—whack! came something down upon the head, with a shock that made his brain whirl, and unnumbered stars promenade before his confused vision. The "ossifer" never doubted that one of the burglars was just coming out, and encountered him; but he never knew what it was to experience fear—so in he clambered, receiving two or three more of those awful punches meanwhile. Once in, he grasped the supposed burglar; around went his club, down went a jealous husband.

By this time the affair had created a great disturbance, the wife, who had been sewing up stairs, called a neighbor, who came in stocking feet and shirt-sleeves, candle in hand, to see what was the matter. The husband, confused by the blow on his head, no sooner saw the light, than he bounded forward, clutching the neighbor by the throat. The candle went on the floor and was extinguished; the policeman jumped forward to seize his supposed prisoner, whom he thought trying to make his escape; the wife screamed in shrill tones—and there was a lively time generally. When another light and an explanation came, it would be hard to see a more confused person than the policeman; a meaner looking one than the husband; or a more delighted one than the wife—who looked upon her husband as justly punished for his ungenerous suspicions of her. The Benedict did any amount of begging and apologizing—promising the officer any amount of reparation, and beseeched those attracted by the riot, for his honor to keep the matter a secret. But "murder will out." If anybody sees any guardian of the peace with a slightly green eye, he needn't say that he got any information from us on the subject.—*Troy Times.*

[illegible]

In the hour of [illegible] sorrow—
In the hour of [illegible]—
Wait not for the coming morrow,
To the sad [illegible]—
Make it thy [illegible] pleasure
To administer relief,
Freely opening thy treasure
To assuage a brother's grief.

Go and seek the orphan [illegible]—
Seek the widow in her tears,
And, on penury's pillow lying,
Go and dispel their darkest fears.
Seek the stranger sad and weary,
Pass not on the other side,
Though the task be sad and dreary,
Heeding not the scorn of pride.

Go, with manners unassuming,
In a meek and quiet way—
O'er the father ne'er [illegible],
Though thy brother [illegible] stray;
'Tis a Savior's kind compassion,
'Tis His righteousness alone,
All unmerited salvation
That round thy path hath shone.

When thy heart is warmly glowing,
With the sacred love of prayer,
Be thy works of kindness flowing,
Not as with a miser's care,
Duty e'er should be thy watchword—
Pity drop the balmy tear;
Always toward the fallen cherish
Sympathy and love sincere.

Choice Literature.

From the Cleveland Herald.

THRILLING ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Unparalled History of a Buckeye Boy.

In the year 1825 Mr. Elijah Brayton, one of the pioneers of the Northwestern part of Ohio, lived on his farm in Wyandot county near the present location of Carey. Mr. Brayton, then 39 years of age, had six children, three boys and three girls.

At that time the country was but sparsely settled, and the pioneers had not succeeded in entirely driving out the Red Men, who clung tenaciously to the villages and burying grounds which were all that remained to them of the broad State of Ohio, once their own. The Indians of that neighborhood consisted mostly of Senacas and Wyandots, with a few Paw-Paws and Pottawottomies. An Indian trail led from Upper Sandusky, where the Senecas had a village, past Wyandot town, a settlement of the Wyandot tribe of which a log house yet remains, and extended to Perrysburgh on the Maumee, from which place the trail passed up to the shore opposite Malden on the Canada side. Some of the Indians that lingered around the Northwest of Ohio, had sided with the British in the war of 1812, and a portion of the tribes annually took this trail to the North-west, passed over to Malden and drew their presents of blankets, guns, powder, and such articles. On their return it was not unusual for a party of Canadian Indians to accompany them and remain on a short visit. These annual expeditions to Canada usually took place in the Fall of the year.

On the 20th of September, 1825, William, the eldest son of Elijah Brayton, a lad of sixteen years, and his youngest brother Matthew, then [illegible] years and one month old, started out from the house to hunt up some stray cattle. They proceeded together until they came to a place not far from the site of the house in which William Brayton now resides. Here they were met by a neighbor who was also hunting up lost cattle. The two parties agreed to unite in the search and were about to set out, when Matthew, the little boy, complained of being too much fatigued to proceed any farther. His brother pointed out the path leading to the neighbor's house, which was but a short distance off, telling him to go up to the house and remain there until they came back. The little boy, Matthew, took the direction pointed out, whilst the others continued their search.

On returning from their cattle hunting expedition William Brayton was overwhelmed with consternation at finding that his brother had not arrived at the house of the neighbor, nor had he been heard of. Search was instantly set on foot. Traces of his little feet were plainly discernible along the path until it joined the track made by the logs which the neighbor had been drawing out of the woods. It was evident from the footprints that little Matthew had mistaken the path followed the log track up into the woods. The traces were followed up until they were hid among the fallen leaves in the vicinity of the Indian trail before spoken of. Filled with alarm, William and his companion retraced their steps and carried the news to the bereaved family. Mr. Brayton was plunged into a sea of grief and terror. The neighborhood was raised, and as soon as the news could reach the settlers three counties and part of a fourth turned out as one man. Every foot of ground was diligently searched, but in vain. The Wyandots became interested, and young and old started out in pursuit of the missing child. Hours lengthened into days, and days into weeks, but not the faintest trace could be discovered. An old settler, still alive, acted as storekeeper, and as each party come in after an unsuccessful hunt, he filled their meal bags and canteens, and sent them off again.

Meantime the brave mother kept on steadily at her household duties, her heart racked with a thousand pangs of fear, and her eyes turning ever to the window in hopes to be gladdened with the sight of that darling boy. But to *her* sight that boy was never fated to return—on earth, at least. Weeks passed away—weeks of agonizing hopes and fears, and then came the settled conviction that all hope was lost. It was believed that a party of Pottawattomies, who passed through about that time on the trail for Canada, had taken him with them. From time to time came rumors that the boy had been seen in this direction or in that, but speedy examination proved all these rumors to be without foundation. Once, about four years after his loss, a man who had been traveling among the Indian tribes of Illinois said that he had seen among the Pottawattomies in that State a white child, whose age and appearance corresponded with little Matthew. Mr. Brayton immediately wrote to Gen. Cass, then Indian Commissioner, but the answer was prompt—perhaps too prompt—that the report was certainly incorrect, "The Indians had no white child with them."

So the years wore on, and the incident became less fresh in men's memories. Not forgotten, however, for the hardy pioneers of Wyandot, Seneca, Hardin, Hancock and the adjoining counties, still among the histories of their pioneer life, told their children of the mysterious disappearance of the little Mathew Brayton. Not forgotten,—for the sturdy Elijah—though another boy had been added to his family to replace the one so sadly lost, and another girl to replace the one lost by death—still muttered of his "lost Mathew," and said that had he lived he would have been "the smartest of them all." Not forgotten, for deep in the heart of the eldest brother, William, sank the spoken or silently expressed reproach of the mother, that the

loss of the boy was owing to his carelessness in sending him off alone. Not forgotten, ah, no! not forgotten, by that fond maternal heart that yearned longingly for the missing lamb of the fold. The paling cheek, the wasting form, the decayed strength told how deep the love, how bitter the anguish of the mother for the lost son. If she were but sure of his fate—if but a rag of his clothes, but a particle of his body had remained to assure her that her darling had perished by wild beasts or been slain by still wilder men, it would have given at least rest to her weary heart, but this torturing mystery was too great to be borne. So the years wore on, until eighteen years ago that suffering heart was laid to rest beneath the turf, and all who knew the story sighed and said the fate of her boy had broken the motherly heart.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

The events of the first eight years of young Brayton's captivity are only known to him by the statements made to him at different times by the various bands of Indians, and their exact accuracy cannot therefore be known. It appears that he was carried off by the Pottawattomie Indians, and by them taken to Canada. It was told him that after being kept some time by this tribe he was sold to the Paw-Paws for about five gallons of whiskey, who traded him off to the Winnebagoes for 7 gallons of whiskey. With this tribe he remained for some time, and was eventually sold to the Chippewas, who soon transferred him to the Sioux for eleven gallons of whiskey. Here his first distinct recollections commence, twenty-six years ago, when he was "about a head shorter" than at the present time. Twenty-five years ago last April he was sold in Iowa to the Snakes and Copperheads. This tribe he accompanied in their migrations through California and Oregon, until they were at length crowded up into the far North-west. Here the tribe to which he belonged had been joined by portions of the Crows, Utahs, and Flat Heads, making a large aggregate, united under one general chief, with a number of subordinate chiefs. That portion of the tribe to which Matthew more particularly belonged remained principally in the Russian territory, and they paid frequent visits to Russian Forts on the Colville River.

About eight years since their supply of game during the winter ran low, and being almost both starved and frozen out, the portion of the tribe with which he was, moved off in direction of the Hudson's Bay trading posts. Here some of the traders marked his appearance, and told him that he was a "pale face." The whites demanded him, but the Indians absolutely refused either to give him up freely or to allow him to be ransomed. The tribe moved off from the white settlements and kept away for three years. During this time the principle chief gave him his daughter in marriage probably as an inducement for him to stay with the tribe from choice. Of this union two children have been born—a girl of five years known as *Tyfrona* ("Tame Deer,") and a boy, two years old last June, named *Tuloosa*.

The tribe send down a semi annual train to St. Paul, and have also visited St. Anthony and Selkirk's Red River Settlement. At the latter place, a quarrel sprang up between the whites and the Indians, relative to the possession of the white boy. The whites threatened the Indians that unless Mathew was allowed to search for his parents they would rescue him by force. He has visited St. Paul several times; the first time being when that place contained only six or seven French and Dutch houses. The tribe with which he traveled had a compass and watch enclosed in a copper case. These articles they used in traveling, having been instructed in their use by the Russians, who sold them to the Indians for evivalent to a hundred dollars.

In September, 1858, the annual train left the Russian territory for St. Paul and with them came young Brayton. He had become interested in tracing out his history and had succeeded in getting an account of the first eight years of his captivity, similar to that we have already given.—He was then exceedingly anxious to seek out his parents, and, after much solicitation, the present chief granted him the requisite permission. On the 16th of April this year he left St. Paul, accompanied by his Indian brother-in-law, who was a powerful chief, six Indian *braves*, three ponies and five dogs. At Chicago he was taken sick and remained to be cured.—The Indians returned to St Paul after arranging for his joining the next return train in July, 1860.

During his sickness his hair was cut short, the paint scrubbed off, and he was dressed in ordinary attire. On his recovery he was permitted to go at large, and at once took his way towards the south shore of Lake Erie, from which location he supposed that he had been stolen.

ON THE TRAIL.

On the 29th of August last, the "Indian Captive" was brought to our office by some persons to whom he applied for information. He told the story of his captivity, as we have narrated it above, and said that at Fremont he was told by a man who saw him there, that one Joseph Todd, who formerly lived in Cleveland, had lost a boy about the time the "Indian Captive" supposed himself to have been stolen. On this information he acted, and proceeded to hunt up the Todds, but without success. His story seemed to us very extraordinary, but a close and rigid examination failed to shake his testimony in the least. His description of Indian manners and customs, and of the Geography of the far Northwest, was perfectly accurate, as far as we could learn. He spoke English tolerably fluently, though with some peculiarities. At times he would be lost for the proper word, and would endeavor to illustrate his meaning by objects in the room. After once hearing a word he never forgot it.—He said that he could remember nothing of his life before he was stolen, nor of the first few years of his captivity. At first we were inclined to doubt his story, but were gradually convinced of its truth in some, if not all, of the particulars. Next morning he came again, having in the meantime sought out and conversed with Thomas Hickey, who had sailed with Kane in his Arctic Expeditions, and who was finally convinced of the truth of his narrative. The result of the second interview was our publishing his story requesting information, if any could be given, in regard to the family of the wanderer. The story was extensively copied throughout all parts of the United States and Canada, and considerable interest was awakened, despite the sneers of some people who thought every story a "humbug" that did not exactly suit their ideas.

The "Indian Captive" remained in the city several days, pursuing his inquiries, asking merely for information, and not seeking to make money by his story. On close enquiry we discovered that he lived on raw meat, and devoured things which are generally considered to be disgusting. His mode of living was also of a decided Indian character, and utterly repugnant to all civilized notions of comfort. After a few days he found that the Todd family, of which he was in search, had removed to Warren Trumbull county, and thither he went.

On arriving there he found that the persons he was after had most of them gone to a camp meeting in the neighborhood, and he immediately started to that spot.—Here he found that he was no relative of the Todd family. He attracted considerable attention among the members of the camp meeting, and was taken under the care of the Rev. William McIntire, a circuit preacher, who took him to a Conference meeting, and afterwards around some portions of his circuit. Whilst with this person the "Indian Captive" "experienced religion." He broke his scalping knife in two, giving half to the Mr. McIntire. At this time too he learned the Alphabet, being utterly unable to read or write.

At the end of his wanderings he had reached Warren county, North Pennsylvania, where he resided with Mr. McIntire. Here he calculated on remaining a short time, designing after that to make inquiries among the Chautauqua Indians, and if no trace of his parents could be found, to cross over to Canada, remain during the winter with the Canada Indians, and then rejoin his tribe in the summer.

On the 26th of September, one month after the first publication of the narrative, we received a letter from Dr. Asa Brayton, youngest son of Elijah Brayton previously referred to, and who was born after the loss of Mathew, stating that he had seen the *Herald's* article copied into another paper and giving some particulars of the loss of his brother. About a week afterwards Mr. Rufus Brayton, cousin of the lost boy, called on us, and made some inquiries relative to the "Indian Captive." He said that the missing boy would resemble him in color of hair, eyes, &c. As there was no resemblance, we told Mr. Brayton so, and he returned satisfied that this ended the matter. But the other members of the family moved by some unaccountable impulse, were not satisfied to let the matter rest there, and in a few days the second brother of the missing boy. Mr. Peter Brayton, called on us. He went to Warren, lost all trace of the object of his search, and went home discouraged.

On the 11th of the present month (November Mr. William Brayton, the oldest brother of the missing boy, and the one who had accompanied him on that memorable cattle hunting expedition, called on us! He expressed his firm determination not to return until he had seen the "Indian Captive," and satisfied himself in the matter. Having been instructed as to what course to pursue, he started for Erie, and soon got on the trail of the "Indian Captive." On Tuesday, the 15th inst., a farmer of New York State, just across the Pennsylvania line, drove over to Sugar Grove, where the "Captive" was staying, and took him over to his house for a short stay.—*He had been gone but a short time, when* a paper was received in Sugar Grove, noticing the search instituted by the Braytons. A doctor of the place immediately wrote a letter to the family. Just after it was mailed, Mr. William Brayton arrived, learned the course taken by the man of whom he was in search, and at once started after him.

FOUND AT LAST.

When Wm. Brayton set out from home in search of the "Indian Captive" his father imposed on him the necessity of looking out for two marks by which the lost brother could be indentified. One was a scar on the top of his head, caused by the cut of a razor which the father had made in lancing a boil, and the other was a scar on the great toe of the right foot resulting from the cut of an ax.

When Wm. Brayton reached the farmer's house to which the "Indian Captive" had gone, it had become dusk. On arriving he merely expressed his wish to see the "Indian," without stating the object of the interview. As he entered the room his heart beat with anxiety. Hope and fear agitated him, for there sat the object of his search, and a few moments would either end the suspense and agony of thirty-four years, or add the bitter pangs of disappointment.

A light was brought. The agitated older brother looked anxiously at the man, who returned his gaze with surprise not unmixed with apprehension. The features and form of the "Indian" strengthened his hopes. William at once resolved to at once put an end to both his hopes and fears, and bade the other sit down and take off his cap, then carefully parting the hair—*there was the scar*—plainly visible, exactly in the spot described by the father, and unmistakable in its character. With a quivering voice William told the other to pull off his right boot The foot was laid bare, and there, on the great toe, but strongly marked as in the other case, but clearly discernible, was the scar. Almost afraid to trust his own eyes, William called in a Doctor, who at once pointed out the scars, and showed that they were undoubtedly caused by sharp instruments.

There could be no mistake about it now. The brother—lost perhaps through the thoughtlessness of Wm. Brayton when a boy—was at length discovered by his means after thirty-four years of anxiety and suffering. Even then William would not commit himself too far but told the newly found brother that he would take him home, and await the decision of the father. The younger brother was at once eager to start. A letter was sent home, giving the glad news, and as soon as practicable the two set out in the same direction.

They passed through this city without more than a few minutes delay, merely leaving word for us in passing of the successful result of the search. At Clyde, where they changed cars for Carey, the utmost excitement reigned, and the throng to see the returned Indian Captive was so great that he could scarcely find room.

An old man there came forward, examined him closely, and declared his belief that he was the boy seen by him among the Pottawattamie Indians in Illinois, thirty years ago.

At every station on the road home crowds gathered, and, at Carey, where they expected to stop, hundreds were collected. Old men who had searched for the lost boy—aged mothers who had held him in their arms—young men who had heard the story narrated by their parents. But the couple stopped five miles north of Carey at Oregon station, and at once started for Wm. Brayton's house.

Here the family was gathered. The old man, 73 years of age, hale and vigorous—the brothers and the sisters. When the eldest brother entered with his charge the intense feeling that pervaded the hearts of all in the room can scarcely be imagined—cannot be described. The old father arose, placed his trembling hand on the head of the stranger, and searched for the scar, which he could scarcely see through the mist that filled his eyes. Then he knelt and examined the foot. For a moment every breath was hushed and the hearts of the other relatives almost ceased to beat. Then the old man tottered to his feet and with a gush of tears—the streams of affection which had been pent up for 34 years—fell on the neck of his son—Mathew Brayton! It is useless to attempt a description of the scene that followed.—The father that had so long secretly mourned for his child—the household pet; the brother who never forgot that it was from his company the little boy had passed away to a mysterious fate; the second brother who had been his playmate; the sisters who had fondled their little-brother in his infancy—all were gathered to share in that happy meeting. If *one other* could have been present! If the mother who had in silent sorrow descended to the grave could have been spared to see this day, then indeed the cup of happiness would have been full to overflowing.

—The news of the return spread like wild-fire. The return was on Thursday the 17th [illegible] years ago, came up, [illegible] known him as a little boy, acknowledged his identity.

The youngest brother, Dr. [illegible] who was born after the loss of Matthew, did not, of course, have the same means of prompt identification, and placed Matthew under a strict examination. At length, he too, was fully satisfied, and acknowledged that there was no longer a shadow of doubt about his being the long lost brother.—Every doubter, after examining the matter thoroughly, gave up his doubts, and it is no longer a matter of speculation in that neighborhood, but a fixed fact, that the "Indian Captive" is one and the same with the lost boy Matthew Brayton.

WHAT HE IS LIKE.

Matthew Brayton is a man about 5 ft. 8 in. high, light complexion, hazel eyes, and moderately dark hair. Like most of the family, he is beardless. After his change from Indian to civilized costume, he took cold which settled in his eyes, and caused a serious inflammation, necessitating his now being under surgical treatment.—When we first met him, about three months ago, he spoke English tolerably well, and now has improved very much in his speech. As long as we supposed him to have been stolen at three years old his good English was a difficulty in the way of believing his story, but a medical gentleman of great experience in such matters informed us shortly afterwards that he might be mistaken in his age when stolen, for it is not uncommon for a child of six or seven years of age among people of another language, and when he hears it generally spoken again to learn it as rapidly as if he had never known another language; in fact it seems to come to him naturally, which is exactly the process described by the "Indian Captive," when he first explained it to us.

On his breast he has some devices tatooed by the tribe when they feared his being rescued by the whites. On one thigh he bears some large scars from a deep gash inflicted by a tomahawk and stitched up with buckskin strips and a large thorn.—He has now but two Indian curiosities with him. One is his pipe of solid flint, weighing nine ounces, which he said it took him a month to drill out with a piece of steel, bear's oil and water. The other is an Indian dog, *nemi, of partly wolf* breed, and which is very obedient to commands given him in Indian language. Matthew is much attached to this dog, which once saved his life. He generally sleeps on the floor with his dog strapped by a bolt to his waist.

Matthew, at first, would eat nothing but raw meat, and now cannot eat it if more than just warmed. He can eat nothing that has salt in it. He speaks five different Indian languages, viz: Snake, Copperhead, Crow, Utah and Flat Head.

Besides the marks on his person, and other means of identification, Matthew Brayton has an unmistakeable resemblance to the rest of the family, particularly to the youngest brother. It is said that in some parts of his countenance, he also strongly resembles the deceased Mrs. Brayton.

At first he was determined to go back to his tribe, but now he begins to think of staying where he is. Whether the old restlessness will come back to him after a while cannot be told, but every inducement is held out to him to remain with his kindred. If he should again leave it would be a crushing blow to the now happy family.

THE UNITED FAMILY.

We paid a visit to the scene of the loss and the return, and spent some hours with the re-united family. It was a day never to be forgotten. Every person seen after taking the Sandusky, Dayton & Cincinnati cars from Clyde, was excited by the story. At Adrian and Carey it was the general theme of conversation. Old men from adjoining counties had come up to see the returned one, and satisfy themselves. All were convinced, and all were excited. We found the Braytons to be farmers in easy circumstances, and much respected by the community. They were open-hearted, but shrewd and thorough going people, of New England extraction. It was a touching sight to see the family together, and witness the happiness, too deep for expression, which reigned among the family.—The aged patriarch, of seventy-three years, could not contain his delight. The eldest brother, William, rejoiced in the thought that it was by *his* efforts that the missing brother has been restored. The hearts of the sisters, as one of them said, "jumped to him" at the first sight of the recovered lost one. As they remarked, the whole family accepted their new positions at once, and it appeared that the separation of so many years was but a dream.

The remarkable youthful look of the whole family struck us with surprise. All of them looked at least ten years younger than the actual fact.

It was Thanksgiving Day when we were with that family. And what a Thanksgiving Day for them! There was a sad tho't for the one whose presence would have crowned the happiness of the day. There was none to murmur, but all to unite the old patriarch's realization of the text: "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

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SELLING THE LAWYERS.—On Sunday night last, a stray "Billy Goat" who had long been a source of annoyance to the Police, was picked up by the officers of the Sixth Precinct and conveyed to the Station House, where he was locked up in a cell like any other vagabond. On Monday morning the officers thought they would make a little fun out of "Billy's" capture. So they sent word to a noted criminal lawyer at the Tombs that a client of his, named William Goetz, had been arrested and was then confined in a cell at the Sixth Precinct Station House. Seizing his hat and cane, the lawyer rushed to the rescue of his unfortunate client, resolved, if possible, to get him bailed out. On applying to the Sergeant in charge, the following dialogue ensued:

Counsel for William Goetz—"Sergeant, I would like to see one of your prisoners a few moments."

Sergeant (up to the joke) "What is his name Sir?"

Counsel—"William Goetz."

Sergeant—"Ah! yes. Hard case—very bad character. Do you know him?"

Counsel—"Know him! Yes, indeed I do, and I can assure you that you are entirely mistaken in regard to his character. I have known him for fifteen years, and can vouch for his respectability. Why he was once a member of the Common Council."

"Here, Jimmy, show the gentleman to the cell of Mr. Goetz."

Exit Council down stairs to the cells.—Arriving at No. 4 here he throws open the door and calls "Mr. Goetz! Mr. Goetz!"

"Billy," being tired of his confinement, and seeing a chance to escape, with a joyful and prolonged "ba-aa," rushes toward the door, and suddenly makes his exit between the counselor's legs, leaving that astonished and slightly mortified individual to ruefully reflect, as he sits on the floor of the cell, upon the ludicrous plight into which he has fallen. "Mr. Goetz" cuts up sundry pranks in and about the premises, in commemoration of his escape, while his counsel recovering his perpendicularity, immediately takes to his heels, and shows the laughing policemen a strait coat tail as he disappears around the corner. Of course the joke is considered too good to stop at this point, and the aggrieved counselor must have his revenge, so he sends another lawyer on the same errand who is likewise sold, and he takes his revenge on a third. In this way six or eight noted criminal lawyers visited the Sixth Ward Station House on Monday to see a client named "William Goetz."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*