The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

☞ [illegible] single subscribers, if paid in advance [illegible] copies will be sent to one address for $5, and at the same rate for larger clubs.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

☞ [illegible] 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

☞ [illegible] a year, changeable at pleasure, $10 [illegible] months, $6, 6 months, $8, 9 months, [illegible] year $15

[illegible] 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, [illegible] $15

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

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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

E. M. COLE,
BOOK BINDER, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, [illegible] 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] second story of the building occupied by F. & M. [illegible]. He will always be found in his office, and business punctually attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, and [illegible] in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and Willow Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] KINDERNECHT HENRY BECKMAN 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 [illegible] and Iowa; will also fill all orders for the purchase of Missouri Swamp Land, &c.

MISS A. E. COLE,
(Successor to I. R. Blake,)
MANUFACTURER and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, [illegible]bons, 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.
[illegible] 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, opposite West Park, near Peach st.

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

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

WM. A. GALBRAITH.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on 5th street, [illegible] opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

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

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

W. E. MAGILL.
DENTIST. Office in Rozen- [illegible] north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. 26

ALLEN A. CRAIG.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Office in New [illegible] corner of Peach Street and the Public Square, [illegible]

ROGERS & BENNETT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] ROGERS, R. A. BENNETT.

McCONKEY & SHANNON.
(Successors to Barney & McConkey.)
DEALERS in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery. Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. [illegible] Reed House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE.
TAILOR, in the room recently [illegible] as a Law Office, over 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 principal cities constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House, [illegible] Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO.,
BUILDERS and Manufacturers of Sash, [illegible] 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 [illegible] & 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. [illegible] Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] GRAY F. F. FARRAR.

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

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

MISS E. R. RHODES,
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. [illegible] 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 [illegible] Buffalo [illegible] Nos. 1 and 2 Commercial Buildings, North side of public square, Erie, Pa.
WM. 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.— Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, first block east of Erie Bank buildings.
Erie, July 10, 1858.

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

McCARTER & KELLOGG.
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c. [illegible] State Street, Erie, Penn. 5

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. [illegible]errett's Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

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

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

DEAF AND BLIND.
DR. GRISWOLD, Oculist and Aurist, No. 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible] his attention exclusively to the treatment of Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
[illegible] 1860. [illegible]

SCOTT & RANKIN.
DEALERS in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. 51
[illegible] 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.

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

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

$1,00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 30.

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.

TEETH!

W. H. LUCE, thankful for the liberal patronage given him, announces that having procured the assistance of G. J. LUCE, he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work promptly and in the latest and most improved styles, and the attention of the public is again called to the

CONTINUOUS GUM WORK,

which he has been engaged in making for the past year, to the entire satisfaction of his patrons, that he is now prepared to put up Teeth on

VULCANIZED RUBBER,

which has the same advantages possessed by the Continuous Gum Work, leaving no seams or spaces for the accumulation of food, and giving to the face a perfectly natural expression, and for clasps it is preferable to any other material used, as it will not wear the teeth. Teeth put on gold or silver for those who prefer it.

Particular attention paid to filling and preserving natural teeth, and also to the correction of irregularities.—Office in Beatty's Block, Park Row

Erie, Dec 24, 1859—6m29. W. H. LUCE

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.

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 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, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Hosiery, Zephyr Hoods, Knitting Yarn and materials for Embroidery, Lace Veils, Kid Gloves, of 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

CHARLES W. KELSO, *ATTORNEY AT LAW,* Has removed his Office to that of ELIJAH BABBITT Esq., southwest *corner* of the Public Square, where he will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

Erie, Dec 2, 1859 3m26

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 6 lb cans, sold at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,

No. 5 Reed House.

26 tf

CHOICE LIQUORS, for Medicinal purposes, on draught and in bottles, for sale at

BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,

No. 5 Reed House.

26 tf.

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,

No. 5 Reed House.

26 tf

PAINT BRUSHES.—The finest assortment of Paint Brushes in the City for sale at

BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,

No. 5 Reed House

26tf

Fun and Other Luxuries.

☞ GOD SAVE THE STATES:—

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave!
Thou hast the pow'r to save,
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On him we wait.
Lord, hear our nation's cry;
Be Thou forever nigh;
May Freedom never die;
God save the States!

☞ JOHN BULL'S LAST.

When I can aim my rifle clear,
At Frenchmen in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And shoot them when they rise.

☞ It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of a wife.

☞ Flattery is the milk of human kindness turned into butter.

☞ A large heart expands the chest; it is a great deal better than gymnastics.

☞ Patrick gave his testimony in the riot case: "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me was two brick bats."

☞ If you want an ignoramus to respect you "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

☞ Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one young lady.

☞ Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency, it does a man no good to carry around a lightening rod to attract trouble.

☞ To enjoy good eating keep good natured: for an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

☞ A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford, saying: "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!"

☞ At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used for a drum. If there was anything in the keg, we guess the men rallied at the tap.

☞ A Texas editor named his child Kansas. Another one wickedly says he would be afraid to call a child "Kansas" for fear it would never have any constitution.

☞ A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since: A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots! The lady recovered immediately.

☞ "How do you and your wife get along?" "'Tis rather badly; she gave me her hand a year ago, and I thanked her, but she gives it to me now every time I dare to speak, and I'd thank her not to."

☞ The London *News* says that the United States has been stationary during the last twenty-five years. We think every man acquainted with our history must admit that we have *gained ground* in that time.

☞ "Gentlemen of the Jury," said an Arkansas lawyer, "would you set a trap to catch a bear? would you make fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen, I am sure you would not. Then how can you be guilty of the gross absurdity of finding my client guilty of manslaughter for taking the life of a woman."

☞ "What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson?" asked the counsel of a witness. "Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to be particular," replied Thompson. "I don't wish to insinuate that Mr. Slopes is not a good musician. Not at all. But I could not help observing that after he commenced playing on the clarionet, a saw filer, who lived next door, left home, and has never since been heard of!"

☞ A girl down East having professed religion, was so extremely happy that she was ever afterwards heard singing at the top of her voice that old hymn, "The love of God is coming down," &c. Nothing stopped her from singing this song. One day old Jowler, the house dog, came in while she was singing, and helped himself to a piece of meat that was on the table.—Polly observing the movement of Jowler, continuing her favorite hymn, said

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down,
Halle Hallelujah.
You nasty stinking lop-eared hound,
O, glory Hallelujah."

HOW TO GET A CRIMINAL PARDONED.—The following correspondence between a well-known legal gentleman in Washington and another party, tells its own story.

JEFFERSONVILLE LA., Nov. 1, 1859.

Mr ——: Dear Sir—I am well aware that you are thoroughly acquainted with all our Government officers, and, through your official business, often in close relation to each other: I am also satisfied that any business entrusted to you will be attended to. Now, sir, having had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance some few years ago in Washington, I will ask you, as a personal friend, for information to the following points—knowing your ability to do justice to your client:

1st. Can you (for a good fee,) have a man, or get a man pardoned from a State Prison, on a charge of passing U. S. bogus coin?

2d. There is a good petition now before the President, with other reliable papers, in behalf of a case mentioned in No. 1.—(Will you see to it?)

3d. How much will you charge to have the prisoner released in a month or two months.

The papers on file in the office of the Attorney Gen. Black will give you a clear insight of the present case, and how it stands.

Now, sir, if you will undertake the business let me know by your earliest opportunity what your fee is, or will be, and what is yet to be filed with Judge Black.—You can inspect the papers under the name of ————, who is a personal friend of mine, and a physician of high standing.—If you need my personal attention to the case let me know by return mail; and if you wish any further information apply to me; hoping soon to hear from you.

I remain respectfully yours, D. E——.

REPLY.

MR. D. E——: Dear Sir.—As it is my opinion that there are a great deal too many rascals out of the penitentiary in this country I must decline to further defeat the ends of justice by doing anything for those that are in.

Yours respectfully, ————.

November 5, '59.

P. S.—I am obliged for your good opinion in other respects.

Poetical.

GRAY HAIRS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Gray hairs!—I marvel why they strike
Such terror and dismay,
No mark of wickedness or shame
Or foul disgrace are they.
As silently as infants dreams
Steal o'er the cradle-down,
They weave their sparkling silver threads
In with the black, or brown.

Gray hairs!—the waning beauty shrieks
Before her mirror's face,
And forth the unblest invader flies,
Uprooted from its place.
Oh, lady, stay that lilly hand,
If one such guest should fall,
They say a dozen more will come
To attend the funeral.

Gray hairs!—I saw the Queen of France
Arrayed in regal state,
Received the elite of all the lands,
The titled and the great;
And while her dignity and grace
Were prais'd by every tongue,
The long white ringlets o'er her brow
In fearless clusters hung.

Gray hairs!—when sprinkled here and there,
In beard and whiskers, too,
Inspire respect and confidence,
More than the youthful hue;
Of knowledge of mankind they tell,
Perchance of serious thought,
And lessons at the expensive school
Of sage Experience taught.

Gray hairs!—I think them beautiful,
Around the ancient face,
Like pure, unsullied snows that lend
The wintry landscapes grace;
When found in Wisdom's ways they crown
With wealth's exhaustless store,
A prelude to that home of joy
Where change is known no more!

Choice Literature.

LUKE BLAIR'S

ENCOUNTER WITH A PACK OF WOLVES.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

"God have mercy upon us!" This exclamation was not more sudden than startingly uttered, and sent the chills creeping from the leaping heart in pricking sensation over the skin.

It was the first time I had ever noticed such a tremor in the old squatter's tones or a manner which indicated that he ever felt fear. It was something unusual, and with my own young pulse quickened, I watched the old man by the dim light of the fire.

I had known Luke Blair—"Old Luke," [illegible] knew nothing of his history. There was a mystery about him which none ever penetrated, and an eccentricity of manner which gave his movements a peculiar interest to his rough but true-hearted comrades. He spent his time in the woods, and never brought in anything but wolves' scalps.—There was a fierce burning look in his eye as he flung them upon the ground, and he would sit for hours after one of his excursions with his head bowed between his hands.

As unsocial as was the squatter, he was respected by all who had come in contact with him. He was brave to madness, and yet as cool in danger as in his camp. Nor was there anything rough in his manners; on the contrary, there was an easy bearing—almost elegance—which bespoke a day of education and refinement. And when he *did* speak his language was well chosen.

Blair had other qualifications which won the respect of the hardy spirits around him. He was six feet high, broad shouldered, full chested, and form erect, and his limbs were models of symmetry and strength; his hair and beard had grown unshorn since we had known him, and were thickly sprinkled with gray. But the forehead, though darkly bronzed and deeply seamed, was almost massive, and the head of faultless mould. The eye was dark, lustrous, and in excitement, of peculiar and fascinating power. Around his neck was some sacred token, which no eye had seen, and which he guarded with a jealous care.

There was something about the old man—his commanding presence, his bravery, and his lonely habits and sad manner—which won my young heart, and I watched every opportunity of manifesting my regard. I had engaged him to guide me to the Mississippi, by the way of ——— Prairie.

For several days we threaded the dense forests which intervened, and under great difficulties. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, the cold was intense, and rendered more intolerable by the fierce wind from the prairie waste. We were warmly dressed, but there were times the weary frame began to feel the dreary influence of the sleep which steals so fatally over the senses.

On the night in question we had turned aside to seek the shelter of a grove of small timber, and to find fuel for our fire. We had faced the blinding storm all day, and could hardly keep sufficiently awake to kindle the fire and secure wood for the night. We had just accomplished this when the hunter made the exclamation at the head of our story. I was awake at once, and the blood tingled through my veins, for I knew that Luke Blair would not so speak without cause.

"Hark!"

The word was but a whisper, but had a terrible distinctness. His hand had involuntarily sought his rifle, and his head turned towards the woods I heard nothing but the wild roar of the storm as it swept by.

"There 'tis again! The devils are on our track!" and he clutched his knife handle with a steady grap, and breathed hardly through his thin nostrils.

I heard the noise this time, which had attracted his attention before, swelling, as the storm lulled an instant, into a wild, protracted howl, as from a thousand famished throats, clear, dismal, and wailing with that fearful tone which startles the boldest, even at their firesides. Blair turned, and as our eyes met he slowly whispered—

"A pack of hungry wolves! God have mercy upon us!"

A sickening sensation went like a flash to the heart, and then came burning thoughts of home, and again the chills, as I thought of the shelterless prairie and blinding snow.

"Again! the black devils are on our tracks!" As Blair spoke he laid his hand upon my arm, and with an expression of sadness which I never shall forget looked me steadily in the eye. There was a tremor of the lip which I had never seen before. It was not fear—I knew that—but some terrible remembrance or present

ment which came over him with irresistible power.

"The hour has come! I know it would—have felt it for days. I do not fear death, but it is horrible to be hunted down in such a spot as this, and be torn by infernal devils."

His breath came thick and hissing thro' his clenched teeth, and his chest heaved with intense emotion.

"Here," said he, lifting the soiled string over his head; and taking a locket attached to it in his hand, "is the shadow of one you never knew, but the original was once the light of my young life, and come with me to this territory when the world was bright with hope. I left her in the cabin, one day, and went to my work, as usual. She crossed the valley, and came where I was working. Wishing to fell the tree I was at work upon, I urged her to cross the log over the creek before dark, and I would immediately follow her. She had not been gone but a little time, when there burst up between me and our cabin that long, freezing sound, the howl of a wolf. It was answered as if from a thousand throats, up and down the valley, until one wild, startling, unearthly howl swelled on the still evening air. God, how that howl went to the soul! I reeled in utter weakness, a moment, but soon rallied, and with the speed and energy of despair, rushed down the path. I had reached the stream, and was upon the old trunk thrown across, when another and a different sound reached my ears. It seemed that my brain would burn into ashes under the fiery heat, and my heart burst from my bosom. That was the cry of my wife—a clear, wailing shriek of mental agony."

Blair dropped his head and thrust his fingers into his ears, as if that terrible sound was again ringing through the forest. A moment, and he hurriedly resumed:

"I remembered no more until the morning broke, and the sun smiled through the trees upon the terrible scene. It was horrible! The ground was torn and stained with dark spots, where pools of blood had sunk away. Seven long black bodies lay around gashed by the axe, some of them glaring fiercely as they fell, their tongues thrust out and the white fangs gleaming fearful in their open jaws. The axe itself lay within reach, red with blood its entire length. My own arms were also stained, and still damp. But, God of mercy! a worse sight than all this met my gaze of returning consciousness. Tightly in my arms I was holding the head of my wife, her form bare, and limbs torn into shreds.

* * * * *

The old man sobbed convulsively, and wrung his *hands until it seemed that* the blood would start from his fingers.

"Coming!"

Again, and nearer than before, the dismal howl rose above the storm. The camp fire burned dimly in the blinding storm of snow, and a sense of loneliness and terror came over the spirit darker than the sky overhead.

"Here take this," said Blair, as he handed me the locket, "and if you survive, carry it to———, New York, and I will thank you. Boy, I am not afraid to die. Death will be rest, and I shall see Maria. We must take to the tree. It is freeze, or death by the wolves. Quick, boy! Good-by."

I felt the hot tears drop on my hand as the old man pressed his quivering lips [illegible] the trees.

We had need to be quick, for we had hardly reached the branches when a score of long, gloomy shadows shot out of the surrounding darkness, and sent up a yell which went to the heart colder than the breath of the wintry blast. They paid but little attention to the dim fire, and scenting their prey gathered in a shadowy circle beneath us.

"Lash yourself fast, boy, and commend your soul to God, for you will freeze, and better to rot on the oak than to be torn by the devils."

"It's of no use," he continued, as I sugsuggested that the sound of our guns might reach the inmates of the cabin, "they would not hear 'em in the storm and besides, I swear by the living God, that I will send some of them to h—ll before I die."

Blair commenced his deadly work, and as one of the wolves fell the others fought and snarled, and gnashed their teeth over the horrid feast. Their teeth sounded like the smiting of steel upon steel. Still they howled more fiercely as the slaughter went on.

"My gun is wet, and will not go," I heard Blair mutter with a curse. "Damn 'em I'll try them with the axe."

My wildly uttered warning was too late, for, as it swelled above the sounds below, with unnatural strength Blair leaped down with a shout of rage and defiance, and with his axe and knife fought the pack face to face.

I grew sick at heart as I watched with burning eye-balls the struggle through the darkness. I could see the black forms swarming around the trunk, where Blair had backed up. After the first howl of joy, as it seemed to me, when Blair jumped down, the wolves were less noisy, and apparently more wary, for they seemed to realize that they had an enemy to deal with. I madly called to him, and muttered curses as I tried to untie the thongs with which I had lashed myself to the trunk.

"Ha, ha! glorious sport here, boy; another devil the less!" and his maniac laugh and shout came up scarcely less startling than those of the wolves around him. I knew that he was mad.

I could hear the vice-like jaws close constantly around Blair, and now and then his axe sink with a heavy, crunching sound into some skull, and then all grew more dim; a delicious feeling of happiness crept over me; the sounds of the strife below died out, and sweet dreams stole over me. like the Summer's breath. The reports of our rifles had reached the cabin, which, as I afterwards learned, was not twenty rods from where we camped. The inmates, numbering some fourteen, by the addition of emigrants who had stopped in the storm, came out with dogs and guns, and reached the spot but a moment too late. Blair had lodged his axe so deeply in the head of a wolf that the corners remained fast, and the others tore him down. They were literally shot down with their fangs holding to the torn flesh, and his warm blood jetting over their shaggy skins. The mangled body was snatched from them, and I cut down from the tree and carried to the cabin.

I was all Winter recovering from my injuries. The awakening from that dream of death was a terrible awakening, and I suffered more than pen can describe.

Blair was buried on the edge of the prairie, and when I left in the Spring the early flowers were already springing upon his grave. The old man rests sweetly under the wide shadow of the old oak.

I carried the locket to its destination.—The sister clutched it eagerly, and thanked me, though her heart almost broke under the stroke. I remained in New York through the Summer, and in the Autumn the sister returned with me to ——Prairie; and we built our cabin within sight of the brother's grave. The oak is now dead and splintered, and the spot where he died densely covered with an undergrowth, whose vines shut out the light of day, and guarded it even from the footfall of man or beast. *Last week our dog brought out* a skull, with the wide gash of an axe hit through the top. Quietly, and without the knowledge of my wife, I went and tossed the memento into the thickest growth of the place.—*Daily Wisconsin.*

From the Washington Star.

Scene at the Dead-Letter Office—Vendue of Unclaimed Letters.

A stranger in the city would have been puzzled to account for the furious eagerness displayed last night by the crowd struggling to get into McGuire's auction room. The fair sex was just as crazy as the men, and not a few ladies braved the mud and rain, and jostled at the door for admission in right good earnest. The attraction was the great "Dead Letter Office Sale," advertised for some weeks to take place on this night.

It was announced that the catalogue consisted of articles accumulated in the Dead Letter office since 1857, (the Department having used effort to find the proper owners and being unable to do so,) and they would now be sold for the postage; the proceeds, if any, after paying the charges to be deposited in the United States Treasury, subject to order should the proper owners hereafter be found. The articles came from the post office in sealed packages and no opportunity having thus been obtained of getting a peep of examination, the bidding was somewhat in the dark, but generally spirited. The buyers naturally supposed that the articles thus sent by mail *as pledges of affection must be about the* correct thing in point of value.

The auctioneer said he would warrant nothing as they wanted to close the thing up finally, but if he knew anything to be worthless he would intimate the fact when it was put up.

A very large portion—perhaps three quarters—of the articles were pieces of jewelry. Of these again a large portion were finger rings there being no less than five hundred and four many of them heavy plain gold wedding rings. Then there were ear-rings in any quantity gold pencils bracelets, gold and silver watches, chains, lockets, fruit knive, breast pins, studs, fob chains, medals, &c. &c.

One of the lockets put up for sale, on being opened was found to contain a miniature, and was immediately withdrawn, as the Department reserves all portraits, not being allowed by the law to sell them.

There was quite a sprinkling of books. The Way to Heaven, Life and Speeches of HenryClay, 2 vols., keeping the Heart.—Fatalist, 100 Chatechisms, Fort's Medical practice, Stockton's Sermons, Missouri Harmony, African Preacher, Paradise Lost, Allyn's Ritual, Laws of Georgia, a dozen Catechisms, Fred Douglas, Sumner Family, Life of Fremont, Danger in the Dark, Green Book, Hymn Book, Flowers of Piety, Catholic Missal, Livingstone's Travels, five German Books, Cotton is King, Bay State Glee Book, &c., &c.

Among the odd things in the Miscellany were an extraordinary pair of embroidered suspenders (German style) which sold for $1; 1 regalia, 5th degree, I. O. O. F., brought $1 75; patent inhaling tube, to cure consumption, 96 cents; box of dissecting instruments, scarificator, half a dozen chemises, gaffs for game fowel, 1 cornfield hoe, (directed to Queen Victoria—the postage on which amounted to $16;) German pipes, gold foil, inkstand, kid gloves, [illegible] violin strings, lot of mourning goods, 2 shawls and sacks, comfort linen, braids for colored persons, black summer coat, bed quilt, ear trumpet, three pair boots, brogans, lot of hardware, sign on cotton cloth—"Ready-Made Clothing," lots of awls, 5 dozen watch crystals, and so on to the number of six or seven hundred articles.

An Incident in the Cars.—On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents are not common in the cars, I think. This opinion I expressed to my friend Romers the other day. In reply to my remark he related a little adventure, which as it is apropos and moreover involves a little love and sentiment, I give it without apology, in his own words. It proves that in the most unlikely places, love and sentiments may be discovered.

"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte D———, to whom at the time I was quite devoted. We got in one of the crowded avenue cars, Charlotte could scarce find room to spread her crinoline, and arrange her voluminous flounces. I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the platform, and held in her arms a small child while a little girl clung to her skirts. She looked tired and weary, but there was no vacant place, to be sure, Charlotte might have condensed her flounces, but she did not. Beside her however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying by moving down closer to others, to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss ———. At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw, she invited the poor burdened female to be seated. Charlotte D——— drew her drapery around her and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new comer, who was, however cleanly and decently, though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle about the small half-clad form, and put her muff over the half frozen little blue hands.

"So great was the crowd, that I alone seemed to observe her. The child shivered—the keen wind from the open window blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly draw from under her cloak a little crimsom woolen shawl, and softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the mother looked in confused wonder. After a short time she arose to leave the cars, and would have removed the shawl. "No, keep it on, keep it for her. The woman did not answer; the conductor hurried her out, but her eyes swam in tears, which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she descended to a basement.

"Soon after, my unknown arose also to start. I was in despair, for I wanted to *follow* and *discover her residence*, but could not leave Miss D——.

"How glad, then, was I, to see her bowing as she passed out to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the door-way. From him ere many minutes, I had learned the name and address.

"To shorten my story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the small incident which introduced her to me showed her real character. A few days after our marriage I showed her the blessed crimson shawl which I had redeemed from its owner and shall always keep it as a memento.

"There are sometimes pleasant things to be found even in unexpected places—certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."

☞ A young Miss accepted the offer of a young man to gallant her home, and afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, should the fact become public, dismissed him about halfway home, enjoining secrecy. "Don't be afraid said," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

They are Sleeping.

They are sleeping; two lie nestled
  In one little bed; the other
Only yet with life has wrestled
  On the bosom of its mother.
Hushed are now in placid slumber
  All their merry shouts and laughter,
Sounds of gambols out of number
  Echo still from floor and rafter.

Around his head with arms entwining
  Willy Ben, his eyelids parted,
So that through the lashes shining
  Furtive rays are strangely darted;
By some elfish vision troubled,
  Wears his brow a shade defiant;
Battling with his fingers doubled,
  Wizard grey or cruel giant.

Jenny's cheeks are flushed: her tresses
  On the pillow loosely scattered,
And one little hand still presses
  On the tiny shoes that pattered
Up and down the house but lately;
  Laughter round her mouth still lingers
Roguishly, and yet sedately,
  On her lips two slender fingers.

Healthy, happy, they are sleeping!
  Baby's face so round and simple,
Although wet from recent weeping,
  Has a smile in every dimple.
All is love and peace about them,
  Wooing us to fresh caressings,
God! what were this world without them!
  How to thank Thee for these blessings!

An Exciting Scene.—Years ago when I was a youngster, I became an assistant of Dr. B., the superintendent of a public insane asylum. As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable, and had the freedom of a high walled garden; while others, being violent and dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms. Sometimes one of the last named gentlemen would get loose, a fact which he usually announced by breaking things generally, upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot at which he was "elevating the ancient Henry," and advancing upon him with steadfast gaze, would march him off to his room. We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and strong as an ostrich.—He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back docilely when any one of us made our appearance.

The asylum had a saloon in the centre with a door at each end; and one of the doors requiring fixing, once upon a time, a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones, and quietly possessed himself of a long sharp chisel. When the carpenter looked around the madman gave a grin and a poke of the chisel at him; whereupon the man of chips scuttled out and loked the door—then, while the enemy was battering away at it, he rushed around and locked the door at the other end. Having thus caged Jones, he gave the alarm; and I supposing it was an ordinary case, which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush at me. I incontinently bolted. The doctor was sent for. He came, reconnoitering through the keyhole, and ascertaining that the enemy was at the other end of the room he opened the door, and saw at once that he could do nothing with the loose maniac. Here was apparently a dilemma. A crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrollable and armed with a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and to starve him would be a tedious affair. The doctor did not hesitate long.

"Alfred, said he, "go down into the surgery, fill the largest syringe with hartshorn, and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down and brought back a quart syringe with hartshorn diluted—for I didn't want to kill the man. Then the doctor, the carpenter and myself formed an army of invasion. We threw open the door and entered in the following battle array: I being the shortest of the three, marched first holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our popgun flashed in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on his shoulder, like a piece of flying artillery.—Finally, in the rear, in the safest place, like all great generals, came Dr. B.

The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall on a chair, eyeing us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced towards him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked, and the handle seemed to increase, until it was very long. When we got within a few feet of him, he jupmed up, and sprang towards me.—Whiz! spatter! splash! went the quart of hartshorn into his countenance—down he went like a log—it would have knocked down a battalion: and while he was catching his breath we caught him.—*Recollections of a Physician.*

☞ When Governor Tallmadge came out to Fond du Lac, then a territory, his new home was graced by several grown-up daughters. The Indians were "there and thereabouts" at the time, and frequently were met by members of the Governor's family. It was an era in female dress when the bustle was a desired accession of grace and outline, but new to the aborigines.—A grave old chief one day was asked what he thought of the Governor's daughters.—"Pretty squaws, nice white squaws, pity 'um backs broke." What would the old chief say now, in these modern days, of wide spread crinoline?

☞ Lady Stamford, who, it seems, considers herself, and with every reason, too, a first rate steeple chaser, finding few can surpass her daring, or defeat her in a long run, has (says the *Court Circular,*) with the chivalric mettle of more primitive days challenged another lady, renowned for her cross-country daring, and who presumes herself a mighty huntress before heir liege lord, to an equestrian tournament across a rather difficult country, for £500 a side.—The scene of this interesting wager is in the county of Limerick.

☞ John Kain who was sentenced to imprisonment for life two years ago, at Cincinnati, for the murder of Richard Singleton, the seducer of his daughter, had a new trial at that place a few days ago on a writ of error and was acquitted. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says, "that the fact that he had been driven to commit the act by the seduction of a daughter—the popular expression in the Sickles case—and in view that he had been in the Penitentiary nearly two years—these combined, doubtless weighed with the jury in determining their verdict."

The Sidewalk Cemetery.—One of our exchanges tells a good story of a jolly fellow who, on "the Glorious Fourth," passing along the streets of Springfield saw the inscription, "B. K. Bliss, Apothecary," neatly chiseled on a marble slab in the center of the sidewalk. Stepping reverently over the stone, he turned around, and reading slowly, "B. K. Bliss, *Apoplexy,*" exclaimed, "Apoplexy—yes—well—but what in—— did they bury him under the sidewalk for?"

☞ They have had weather at St. Paul, Minn., which sent the quicksilver 30° below zero. A local editor says—"We feel that we have made a Cain expedition in coming to Minnesota. If we were only Abel we would leave it. Cold! why, it's cold enough to freeze the tail off of a cast-iron monkey. If we could only get our hands on a few thousand yellow boys, we'd make a stampede for old Virginny, where the people are not so *shivery* as they are in this quarter. Speaking of quarters, we haven't seen one these six weeks."

☞ A pious young man visiting a prison, in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place.—A small girl's answer was that she "stole a saw-mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested."