THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

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The Erie Observer.

A POLITICAL JOURNAL

BY B. F. SLOAN.

...ge subscribers, if paid in advance ... will be sent to one address for $5, and larger clubs ... pay within the year, the ... account made out at ... with a proper officer for

ADVERTISING

... less than a square ... One square 3 months $1 00 ... 1 00 ... 1 00 ... 1 00 ... 2 00 ... 3 00 ... card, at pleasure, $10 ... one inch, $8 9 months, ... one year, $20 6 months, ... Business Directory at $3 per ... card, one line, and under ... cents, 10 cents a line, but no ... among the Special Notices ... permit frequent changes ... allowed two squares, paper, ... additional space, the charge will ... strictly ... business of the advertiser. Pay ... required in advance ... bills to be presented half yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

... CRAIG, ... Office in New ... and the Public Square, Erie

... A. KELSEY, ... on Boots and Shoes at Whole ... No. 13, Cadwell's Block State street,

... KECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERIES, and ... Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and ... No. 2 Wright's Block, ... HENRY KECKMAN. M. KENDIG.

CHARLES W. KELSO, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ... office to that of Elijah Babbitt, Esq., ... the Public Square, where he will at... ... business entrusted to his care. 3m24

... CHEEY & CLARK, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in ... imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, ... Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moflats Buffalo ... 2 Commercial Buildings, North side ... Erie, Pa. ... E. J. CLARK

... A. M. WOOD, ... residence on West Sixth Street. 3m24

... C. H. ELLIOTT, RESIDENT DENTIST ... Searching in south Park Row, ... East of Erie Bank buildings. ... July 30, 1859.

... H. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, ... Store of Gindernecht's Block, Erie, Pa.

EMPIRE STORES. Wm. A. Wakeman, Jobber, and Retail ... dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry ... Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c.

EWING C. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Erie Pa. ... State Street, near the Park, in the American ... story of the building, occupied by F. & M. ... He will always be found in his office, and ... ready to ...

... STADLEY, DEALER IN IMPORTED WINES AND LIQUORS, ... French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champagne, ... Malaga, Sherry, Port and all kinds ... also manufacturer of rectified Whis... ... Monongahela, &c., Reed House, on ...

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, ... and other business attended to with ... patch.

... J. MORTON, ... and Commission Merchant, ... Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and ...

... A. FARRAR, ... GROCERIES, and dealers in ... Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, ... &c., &c., Nos. 3 and 4 Com... Erie, Pa. ... F. A. FARRAR.

... YES & JORDAN, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN FANCY ... Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., ... Erie, Pa.

... BIGGESS & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND ... Street, No. 10 Brown's Block.

JOHN SWEENY, ... office in Beatty's ...

... HIN DUFFERN & CO., ... and Commission Merchants, ... and agent for a daily line of ... Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

JAMES CROOK, ... and Manufacturer of Sash, ... on the shop formerly occupied ...

JOHN W. VARES, MANUFACTURER, Wholesale and Retail ... kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking ... Chairs, No. 4 Keyser's Block, Erie, Pa.

... DOUGLASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office south side ... State Street, on the north side of the ...

JOHN W. WALKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, St. Louis, Mo. ... attention to the locating of Land ... the payment of Taxes in the States and Ter... will also fill all orders for the purchase ... Land, &c.

... SELDEN, WHOLESALE AND Retail Dealer in all kinds ... and American Hardware, Anvils, Vises, ... Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, ... and Packing, French street, opposite the ... Erie, Pa.

... F. DOWNING, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE ... practice in the several Courts of Erie County, ... and faithful attention to all business en... ... hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate ... in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth ...

... A. MORRISON, ... Dealer in Flour, Pork, Beef, Salt, &c., ... Commercial Buildings, Erie, Pa. 38

... DDELL & MARSH, MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Boilers, ... Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, ...

... BALDWIN, Successor to Clark & Baldwin, ... and Retail Druggist, No. 3 Reed House, Erie ... in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glass, ... Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c., &c. 22

... W. OLDS, MANUFACTURER & Wholesale and Retail ... and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the ... and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street ... Erie, Pa.

... Conductor for carrying water for family, farm or ... purposes for sale cheap.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barnes & M'Conkey,) ... in English, German and American Hardware and ... No. 2 Apollo Avenue, Second Store, No ... House, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO., DEALERS IN Gold, Silver, Book Notes, ... of Deposit, &c., which will range on the prin... cities constantly for sale. Office No. 3 Reed House Square, Erie.

MISS E. F. RHODES, FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER and Agent ... & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over ... Store, We... Pa. Stitching done to order.

M. CARTER & KELLOGG, WHOLESALE AND Retail Dealers in Groceries, ... Ship Chandlery, Wooden and Willow ware, &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

MRS. S. H. HALL, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer ... Hosiery, Zephyr Knitting and Yankee Notions, together with a general assortment of Ladies ... Fancy Goods, 4th above Depot. jan 21 33.1

MISS A. E. COLE, Successor to J. E. Hadley, ... and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in ... Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, ... Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon ... the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention ...

P. A. J. MINNIG, DEALER IN Groceries, Provisions, Pro... Nail, Grain, Flour, Fruit, Nuts, Glass, ... Willow and Stone Ware, ... No. 4 Wright's Block, ... Street 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Hard... Cutlery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 ... Block, corner of 6th and State streets, Erie, Pa. ... BENNETT.

S. NEWTON PETTIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. ... Office on Chestnut ... Mercer, Pa. ... 29, 1859—1y5

S. V. DAVENPORT, ATTORNEY AT Law—Office in Central ... over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store. Entrance ... State Street.

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

S. ADAMS ROBINSON, M. D.—Homœopathist and Surgeon, Erie, Pa. OFFICE ... Street's Block, Cheapside. Residence, ... Office hours, 8 to 9, A. M., 1 to 3, and ... Professional visits to city or country promptly at ... hours. Feb. 18 37:20-tf.

T. M. AUSTIN, DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jew... Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt ... Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, ... West Park near Peach st.

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

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

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

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

WM. H. LUCE, DENTIST, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

WILLIAM THORNTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store 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 Gun 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.

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!

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

FLEMING BRO'S.,

(SUCCESSORS TO

GEORGE W. SMITH.)

Brewers, Malsters and Hop Dealers.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of GEORGE W. SMITH, to the old and well-known

Point Brewery, Pittsburg,

We are now prepared to furnish to the numerous customers of the old firm, with an article of X, XX, Ennett and Bitter Ales, that cannot be excelled by any establishment in this country.

For the accommodation of our customers in this section, we have appointed Messrs Caughey & Clark, Wholesale Grocers, of Erie, our sole agents for this vicinity

FLEMING BROS.

feb18—1y37

COAL OIL! COAL OIL!!

SUPERIOR IN QUALITY AND LOWER in Price!

HAVING received a FRESH SUPPLY of the Purest and STRONGEST COAL OIL to be had in the country at reduced prices we can now offer it at

ONE DOLLAR THE GALLON,

by single Gallon and STILL lower when the quantity taken is greater. Remember the place is at the Drug Store of

CARTER & BROTHER.

Feb. 11

DE FOREST, ARMSTRONG, & CO.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

80 & 82 Chambers St., N. Y.

WOULD notify the Trade that they are opening Weekly, in new and beautiful patterns, the

WAMSUTTA PRINTS!

ALSO THE

AMOSKEAG!

A New Print, which excels every Print in the Country for perfection of execution and design in full Madder Colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale

Orders promptly attended to. feb4—1y34.

A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION!

H. T. HAVENS

HAVING purchased the Stock of Sumner & Co.

No. 3, REED HOUSE,

Will continue the Wholesale Liquor Business in all its branches, and will accommodate the public with

GOOD LIQUORS AT LOW PRICES!

I have in Stock and will continue to keep on hand the

BEST COMMON WHISKEY!

FINE DOUBLE RECTIFIED WHISKEY,
OLD RYE "
BOURBON "
MONONGAHELA "
IRISH AND SCOTCH "
BRANDIES, GIN,
JAMAICA AND NEW ENGLAND RUM!

The best brands of

CHAMPAGNE.

WINES—CORDIAL AND CATAWBA BITTERS, &c.

Warranted Pure for Medical Purposes.

Agent for Rhodes & Verner's Pittsburg Ale. Give me a call, the latch string is always out. feb11—3m.

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.

Another Horrible Southern Outrage! A Northern Contractor Lynched! The victim tells his own Story.

(Correspondence of the Observer.)

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1860

DEAR SLOAN:—I hasten to inform your readers of another outrage upon the person of a Northern man—the writer being the hopeless victim. It will confirm the suspicions of many of your honest readers, and conclusively prove "there is a screw loose" somewhere.

I arrived at the C—— Hotel about 6 o'clock P. M., registered my name and called for a Room. After I had arranged my toilet I returned to the office and enquired for Col. C. The clerk did not know where the Col. might be found—was somewhat acquainted with him, and would endeavor to find him. To his inquiry I informed him I had formerly known the Col. "Yes," was his reply, "he is a good fellow, but I dont think you can see him to-night; he is the Grand Commander of the order of the Red Cross, and recent developments in the Gulf demand immediate attention, he *will* be engaged." I did not urge the conversation further, but soon after went to my room. It was not cold, but Josh, the colored boy, had started a fire, and wanted to know if "Massa wanted anything moa, and added, I will clean youa boots, sa."

The room servants are gerally polite and attentive from habit, and always expect "gemlen" to pay them, as well as the host, for their attentions. I dismissed the boy telling him if any gentleman called to show him up. In about half an hour the boy returned and said some "gemlen" wished to see me in my room. I bade them come in, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Col. C., Major P., Capt. F. and two strangers who also bore the military title of Cols. They had heard of my arrival, came to welcome my return—suspected I was after a contract on their Road, and hoped I would succeed. They would see me again, had urgent business to attend to that night, but I must go to the saloon with them and take a punch. They would not listen to an excuse, and my plea of fatigue only made them more urgent in their demand. We retired to the saloon, talked a few moments over the beverage and parted, I to my room and they where glory called them.

After reading a while, as is my invariable custom, I retired for sleep. It was near midnight, but the city clock announced the parting knell of one before I elapsed into that half non-exhistent state of repose, when the body is at ease and the mind roaming in fields of fancy and delights: when the soul drinks in the past, the present, and revels in the future; a state I have often fancied to be nearly allied to our future spiritual existence, or a conscious foretaste of Heaven itself. How long this reverie lasted may not be known. The mind freed from earthly thraldom knows no time or space, and—

"Fleeting seconds mark the rolling years,
As moments measure the eternity of spheres."

But my reverie was broken by a hurried tramping in the hall, accompanied with language and fierce declamations so common in southern hotel brols that I expected two or three would fall victims to the treacherous bowie knife. Justice would wink again, and the world wag on as usual "He's not departed, he's one of em by Where is 43? H—l and Furies, bring him out" "God, I—I—I do-no, massa I no-er knows the numbers! I does'nt ten on dis floa." A hearty kick or blow sharpened the servant's recollection "Dis an the gemlen's room, but I does'nt know de number nary time."

My door was suddenly burst open, and from my half risen posture I was dragged out of bed and ordered to dress with all possible speed; but be silent, no one would come to my relief and I could expect no sympathy from men determined to maintain their rights. I hurriedly put on my clothes, when one of them shouted, "take him before our august council." I was seized by two and shoved and hauled down a flight of back stairs into an underground room which I supposed to be a store room near the saloon, it was feebly lighted, displayed several empty boxes, barrels, &c., a chalk mark on the floor, rope and a small tar bucket, and several fierce looking men I now saw that one of my captors had bro't a pillow from my room. One of the men wore a Ranchero blanket, and was seated on a box. An empty barrel marked Old Bourbon, was placed before him on its end. The chancellor, for so he was called, then gravely drew an immense plug of tobacco from his pocket, and with bowie knife of unusual dimensions, cut off about an inch square which he managed to get through the knotted and combined locks of his unkempt mustachie, then striking the barrel head with his clenched fist shouted, "The court will come to order; Lead up the prisoner." I was then asked by the chancellor what my "name mought be, how old, and where I mought a been born," could I swim, could I ride, was I in favor of the North West passage, what was the price of whiskey when Irish potatoes were worth three bits a peck, did I know where I was and what I was there for? &c., &c.—From the mixture of the serious and comical I was half in doubt whether to regard the whole as a joke or a serious reality. I gave them my name, age, and place nativity, was not much aquatic, an indifferent rider, had no objections of the North West Passage if it could be discovered without national dishonor, had not a very distinct idea of the room, never was in it before, but supposed they wished to have a little amusement at my expense, and proposed to call on the drinks if they would dismiss me. "No you don't, stranger," shouted half a dozen of them, and a convulsive shaking of fists confirmed the fears I had endavored to conceal. "Do you see them chalk marks thar?" asked the chancellor. I do. "Wal, thar's the identical spot where a cussed Yankee fell for poking his nose inter our affairs. Full of conceit he left his home where he mought a stayed, and came here to make us buy his tin kettles, wire mouse traps and wooden nutmegs, and babble about our instertutions; but we sent him to kingdom come on short notice. If you think this is a joke, you are *sold*." I assured them I had no small wares to peddle, made no war on their institutions; but on the contrary, had defended their social relations by word and pen; that I was a contractor on public works, had summered and wintered with them, and would refer them to some of the most respectable of their neighbors in the city to vouch for my former standing among them

I had defended their institutions politically, because the Constitution gave them the right, and morally, because I could never discover a remedy for the evil it was called, and they could not fairly accuse me of mercenary motives in wishing to construct their R. R., which was in all its bearings a southern measure, though I was willing to confess, I wished to make it pay.—I was answered. "You shall not *contract*—no-sir-ee, we can build our own Railroads. Your antecedents are well known to this council, we do not accuse you of mercenary motives, or abolition principles, but we intend to teach you a lesson you will remember as long as you live The court is disposed to be lenient on account of your former standing among us—we want no more Northern contractors among us. Dye hear? and the duration of your memory *may* depend upon the grace with which you submit to the sentence The sentence of the court is; you are to be cabbed and march the required distance out of the city—pinioned and tied to a tree—tarred and feathered, and left to the mercy of the public for release; that when released shall leave the state within 24 hours, never to return, and let your fate be a warning to all others. So let it be recorded." I made an effort to appeal to their proverbial hospitality, but was told *that* game was played out, and if I had any sense of justice I ought to be thankful for their leniency.

The rope was then knotted around my neck, I was led by one, and supported by two of my persecutors. The rest followed with the tar bucket and pillow. We passed two watchmen who were hailed with the pass words "'tis well," and they passed on without further notice of us; they were undoubtedly in the secret.

Soon after emerging from the city, some one called out *he rides*, and immediately a cedar rail was laid on the shoulders of two, and I was lifted astride. The rope was passed round my body leaving my arms free. The pillow was then handed me and I was told to grasp it tight, if I should fall it would save me from being hurt. They then started on a trot, which put my skill in balancing to a severe test, as well as was extremely galling to my sense of honor.—In crossing a little brook, the foremost stumbled on the bridge, and I was precipitated into the water. *He* *[illegible]* shouted my *tormentors*, and finally came to my rescue, wiped my face and moved on.—Turning into a cross-road, an oak tree was soon reached, the rope fastened to a limb so that I must stand erect, my coat and vest taken off, my hands tied behind me, the tar poured over my head, and the feathers empty'd over me. They then sang with demoniac gesture a closing ode and left me. I had taken no note of passing hours, but knew it would be some time before daylight, I could hope for release, and could I hope for humanity when found? My flesh ached, my limbs quivered and my teeth chattered, but the morning delayed its coming If moments of pleasure are too brief, those of anguish are immeasurably long, at length the dawn appeared and stimulated my hopes of release. The sun, bright and glorious, had already risen when one of Atres poor down trodden sons came near. He must pass me, but in my impatience I endeavored to call him, I could only utter a feeble voice. He did not quicken his pace, but when near me, stopped with surprise and pity mingled in his look. Untie me, Oh! untie, I cried. "Can't do it, massa, if old missus jis find out I'd gone and dun it, she'd burn me up alive, sartin, sure—she's death on abbilishuners." I entreated, begged, and expostulated, and am afraid I used some language not quite orthodox in my frenzy of despair, and promised to buy his freedom if he would untie me and let me go; with a most devilish grin he laughed out—"taint no use, dis chile been knocking at de doa dis half hour, I knowed you wanted to go, but the driver says he'll jes go and leff ye; spec dat punch little too strong—yah, yah, yah." I was released, my persecutors gone, tar and feathers and all; but my hair would persist in looking frightened, and was peculiarly sensitive at the roots. The stage was gone too. L.

A HARD NUT FOR SIMON.—Appended below, our readers, "Dems." and "Reps." will please find an extract from the New York *Evening Post*, most certainly the ablest especial friend of Senator Seward for the Presidency.

It appeared in the issue of that paper on receipt of the news of the Reading Convention and the nomination of Gen. Foster.

But, for a Seward organ to give such a slap in the face of our old democratic friend Simon and his republican allies—that is, if the Old Keystone is of any importance in a Presidential canvass!—"is highly intolerable, and not to be endured:"

"The vote of Pennsylvania will be given for the party *which next November shall* stand as the strongest and best united and consolidated.

It is no use to ask the politicians of Pennsylvania to nominate for us. They have neither the integrity nor sagacity to do it. Their State Convention has just given out the name of Simon Cameron as their choice—the man who drew $50,000 out of the United States Treasury, and held it three years as a fund to pay Blair & Rives for selling out the *Globe* to old Mr. Ritchie, as was explained a few days ago in the *Evening Post*. So long as Colonel Benton's scathing chapter on that affair remains history, such a candidate cannot carry a single State, even his own, for the Republican ticket."

A movement has been started in Philadelphia for the organization of a self-sustaining institution for homeless and outcast females, in which they can be employed and instructed in a progressive system of horticulture. The plan has been designed by Miss Emma Hardinge, the lecturer.

Poetical.

THE COCKNEY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's

He was clad in chequered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame.
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted,
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked "'Is really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome"
And declared upon his honor,—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer,—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the hart of making beer!

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That Hamericans spoke Heenglish,
But he deemed it quite habsurd
Yet he felt the deepest interest
In the missionary work,
And would like know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
He was grumbling o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton,
(So, methinks, I see him still)
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

Choice Literature.

THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars" a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time within three years Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston I wore my uniform, and (I may own up now) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the embryonic colonel or general within

Toward the middle of the forenoon an Irish woman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she, not having the respect for the military which others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side I am, or *was* a Democrat. The woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place In her arms she held a child—a young babe of some six or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly uncardetish weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little

At noon the train stopped for five minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby for a few moments while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The minutes passed away; one by one the passengers returned, presently, when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to re-ume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, oh horror of horrors! *where was that* woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore: still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars, and would come finally to assume her responsibility.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; everybody was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster. The conductor passed through; I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the d-l!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out streaking it like mad away from the depot, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child!" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it. Perhaps some of these ladies will help you take care of it till we get to Boston," and the conductor passed on.

As he went forward, evidently he told the story for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrases as, "Precious green, eh?" "Such a go!" "Looks fatherly!" ect., etc.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing in my arms a grip, for she uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped in a moment, and I looked at her. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such complacent placidity, that somehow I felt my anger dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too.

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was an ineffable greeny to get saddled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to the care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly.

But oh, how heavey she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children, day after day, in the way they do? For me, I'm certain I'd rather mow, though I never tried it.

However, to my story. Toward night my baby waked; and waked fretful and hungry, I suppose. She began to cry; a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look again, curious to see what master nurse would do.

I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, held it up to the window, I dandled it, I nearly turned it upside down; no use.—Baby properly despised my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing in my arms but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the younger ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed me with a knowing sort of leer, that, had not my arms been occupied, they would have had a hit straight out from the shoulder. One motherly looking person whom I approached hopingly, transfixed me with a stony, virtuous sort of glare, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed *the* unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife, and a colored girl with them, who held their babe in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fidgeting ever since it began to cry Can we do anything for you?"

The lady leaned past him.

"Will you let me look at your baby, Sir, a moment?" she asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest tones I had ever heard.

She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too! How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since that woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!"—She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms, at her husband, then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of others, made room for me on the seat with their nurse.

I explained the affair to him, told him my name, and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally unclasped some chains that held up its sleeves. A little minature was set in the clasp of each She looked at them, then she said,

"I am convinced, Sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. In the first place no mother *could* do such a thing; then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve chains are two miniatures. See! one a gentleman with epaulets, the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady Depend upon it, the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means What can be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case. If its parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. Only," I added, "I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you too noble to dread any thing. I will answer for the mother that has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband: "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that *I* exist"—She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest grumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby tending that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time

The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are all full, Sir Not a room to be had."

I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What is it to have a family in the land! "But where in the world, Mr Edward," he demanded, "did you get that child?" I told the story—He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged of her to take the child and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large bribe, but I was young and green.

She took the child.

"But sure an' ye're not the young gintleman that ud be afther laving ye're baby? Holy Vargin! my caruther ud be ruined intirely intirely?" I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and sent her off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognized the lad he had driven so often over the same road.

"How you're grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward! Your folks won't know you, I'm thinking, specially with that baby in your arms. Seems to me you're getting to be a family man a *leetle* too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to near my home I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped upon the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin, Ella, on whom I had always, from round-jacket days, been sneaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is *this* a place—" He broke down, so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting *a l'eari* for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, "Confounded spoony!"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I had no other steps to take.

We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned year after year I found her each time grown healthier and prettier, and she each time manifested an affection for me charmingly legitimate—for was she not "*My Baby!*" As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years, "by flood and field."

"My Baby" wrote me, at first often.—Her first letters were curious specimens—half written, half printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. "*I* do so and so—*I* think so and so—*I* love so and so." But years changed her caligraphy, and, alas! the feeling of her letters. Now, in her charming girlish characters, stood, "*Your mother* does so and so;" or, "*Your sister* thinks and loves," etc.

My mother wrote: "We can't call Perdida your 'Baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarce imagine our fair young queen was ever a baby. I am too old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet their pain is vain. We tried to be so cautious; but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that that makes her melt only to us. Will you never come home to see us and her?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state room next to mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage.

He had been absent from his country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to re-visit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruelest circumstances; and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again the spot that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for, nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child—sometimes, even in my waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted, in spite of myself; "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know! did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than live lost to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet"—and he sighed heavily—"I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared the remembrance of the miniature on "my baby's" sleeve chain with the figure before me.—*I made him explain all. He told me of* the child's birth, the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed, trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—as he supposed forever. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written; but further than that he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her child in