The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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

CLEMENS, CAUGHEY & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo Ale Nos. 1 and 2 Commercial Buildings, North side of public square, Erie, Pa.

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

DR. W. M. WOOD,
Office at his residence on West Sixth Street. 3m34

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

E. M. COLE,
BOOK BINDER, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, &c., in Second Story of Rindernecht's Block, Erie. Pa

EMPIRE STORES.
WM. A. GRISWOLD, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c.

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

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

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

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

GRAY & FARRAR,
WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in West India Goods Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, ..., Cigars Fish, oil, &c &c, Nos 3 and 4, Commercial Buildings, Erie, Pa
... GRAY ... FARRAR.

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

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND ..., State Street, No 7 Bonnell Block.

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

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

JAMES CROOK,
BUILDER and Manufacturer of Sash, and Blinds, Peach st, in the shop formerly occupied ... Jones

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

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

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 Missouri and Iowa; will also fill all orders for the purchase of Missouri Swamp Land, &c.

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

L. A. MORRISON,
Wholesale Dealer in Flour, Pork, Beef, Salt, &c., No 1, Commercial Buildings, Erie, Pa 35

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

L. I. BALDWIN,
(*Successor to Clark & Baldwin,*)
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No 6 Reed House, Erie, Pa Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c, &c 22

L. W. OLDS,
MANUFACTURER & Wholesale and Retail dealer 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.

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

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

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

MRS. S. H. HALL.
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Millinery, Hosiery, Zephyr Knitting, and Yankee Notions. Together with a general assortment of Ladies Goods Peach street, 4th above Depot. jan 21—33 t

MISS F. E. RHODES,
FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms in Beebe's Block, East Park, Erie, Pa. ☞ Stitching done ... done to Order. ☜ Fashions received monthly

RINDERNECHT & BECKMAN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, and dealers in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds. Wood and Willow Ware, Nails and Glass, at No 2 Wright's Block Erie Pa
... RINDERNECHT. HENRY BECKMAN.

P. & J. MINNIG,
DEALERS 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. 4Wright's Block, State street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie. Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealersin Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
... ROGERS, R. A. BENNETT.

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

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

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

☞ **S. ADAMS ROBINSON, M. D.**—Homeopathist and Surgeon, Erie, Pa. OFFICE second floor, Sterrett's Block, Cheapside. Residence, Brown's Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 9, A. M., 1½ to 3, and 6½ to 8, P. M. Business (city or county,) promptly attended to at all hours feb 18—37.30 tf.

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

T. S. SINCLAIR,
(*Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,*)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, Corner of State and 5th st's, Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Office removed to corner rooms of 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.

THE

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 30.

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

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

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.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

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

No. 7, Bonnell Block, State Street.
Erie, Oct 8, 1859. 18.

E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,

IMPORTERS OF
COGNAC & ROCHELLE BRANDIES,
HOLLAND GIN,
Scotch and Irish Whiskies,
PORT, SHERRY, MADERIA AND CHAMPAGNE WINES.
ALSO DEALERS IN
Choice Old Monongahela,
WHEAT,
AND RYE WHISKIES
E. P. M. & BRO.,

Have on hand the Largest and Best Selected Stock of
Fine Old Whiskey
Of any dealers in the United States; all of which is highly improved by age. E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO.,
ly 25 5 North Front st., Phila

J. N. KLINE & CO.,

Successors to *KLINE & CARROLL*
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.
No 116 Walnut Street, and No. 11 Granite St
Philadelphia.

J. N. KLINE. JOS. M. GREGORY T. W. IVINS.
March 3, 1859 1y38.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
Agents for
FAIRBANK'S SCALES!

No. 7, Bonnell Block, State Street.
Erie, Oct. 8, 1859. 18.

L. A. MORRISON,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Flour, Pork, Beef, Salt, Grain,
CLOVER, TIMOTHY SEED, &c
No. 1, Commercial Buildings,
NORTH SIDE THE PARK,
Between State and Peach Sts. *ERIE, PA.*
Feb18 1y37

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—1y35

FLEMING BRO'S.,

(*SUCCESSORS TO*
GEORGE W. SMITH.)
Brewers, Malsters and Hop Dealers.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of GEORGE W. SMITH, in 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, Kennett 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. ... Wholesale Grocers, ... our sole agents for this vicinity.
feb18 1y37 FLEMING BRO'S

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—36.

BOOKS.

Magazines, Paper, Stationery,
WALL-PAPER, &c.,
AT
PARK ROW BOOK STORE.

D. P. ENSIGN, Proprietor.
Erie, Feb. 26, 1859.

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.

HEDGE SHEARS, Pruning Knives, Budding Knives, at J. C. SELDEN'S

FRESH TOMATOES HERMETICALLY Sealed, retaining the original flavor, in small cans for family use, on sale at
Erie, June 11, 1859.—1 HANSON'S.

$1,00. ONE DOLLAR. $1,00.
A GOOD WARRANTED AXE can be bought for $1 at J. C. SELDEN'S.

SCALES! SCALES!!
I am prepared to furnish Scales of any kind or size at much less prices than ever before sold in this city.
Aug. 20. J. C. SELDEN.

HORSE BLANKETS.—100 Horse Blankets, assorted qualities, cheap by
Jan. 7. J. C SELDEN.

SPICES of all KINDS,
at No. 2, Wright's Block.
April 9, 1859. BECKMAN, KENDIG &Co.

PARIS FANS, COMBS & HAIR PINS,
☞ Latest Styles,—just opened at the West Park Jewelry Store. T. M. AUSTIN.
Feb 25, 1859.

SPALDING'S LIQUID GLUE.—By the dozen or single bottle, by ... C... TER & BRO.

SLEIGH BELLS.—Another lot of those cheap Sleigh Bells have been received by
Jan, 7. J. C. SELDEN.

E ERIE

ERIE, PA.

Poetical.

THE TRUNDLE BED.

BY R. H. [illegible]

As I rummaged through the attic,
  List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
  And against the window pane—
Peeping over chest and boxes,
  Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the furthest corner
  What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
  Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
  Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents
  What I since have often read,
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
  Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
  That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
  Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
  To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
  By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
  Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
  Carefully the word she said,
Never can be forgotten—
  Deep are they in mem'ry driven
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
  Father! who art in heaven!"

This she taught me, then she told me
  Of its import great and deep,
After which I learned to utter
  "Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted,
  And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked "Our Father,
  O, do Thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother,
  Long has lain beneath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
  Revels in the home of God
But that scene at summer twilight,
  Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
  When I see my trundle bed.

Choice Literature.

A Fire in the Praries.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD

On a beautiful Christmas morning in the year 186[illegible], two persons commenced their day's journey from the eastern branch of Trinity river, in northern Texas, to visit some friends residing fifty miles to the west. Their course led them over a level expanse of shrinkless prairie, as smooth, measureless and sublime in its solitude as a tranquil sea. The blue-eyed heaven, calm and cloudless, as if its ethereal tints had never been stained with a tear, bent low in love with such a landscape, and the soft arms of the encircling horizon embraced it tenderly, as the mother fondles her sleeping child.

Although it is now mid-winter, and the tall and tangled masses of once luxuriant grass had lost forever its glory of emerald green, and looked brown and withered, yet still, in that genial clime of the sun, prolific nature, delighting in life, refused not to put forth many flowers of delicate form and brilliant colors, which gleamed here and there, on the boundless bosom of the prairie, like golden ornaments [illegible] the dark-hued dress of a beautiful woman. The air itself was sweet and sunny, and gently imbued with the divine haze of Indian summer.

The thoughts and feelings of the two temporary travelers harmonized well with the scenes around them, and might indeed have lent romantic lustre to any, the most desolate perspective. One of them was a young girl, who had scarcely passed the happy prime of virgin sixteen. Her fine form, exquisitely shaped and of a full development for her years, seemed to be instinct with living force and uncontrollable animation and all her graceful movements in the easy, wavering line, which is described in free space by one familiar with the whip and bridle, told of many a wild gallop over the prairies, and mad races on the moonlight green. Her enchanting face, where the rose and lily blended, also showed the warmest hues of joyous health. Her complexion was such as never borrowed its brilliancy from the smoky atmospheres of capitals or the tainted breath of theatre and drawing room. All its glowing tints had been caught by contact with the pearl-showers of morning dew, with the sunbeam and drops of celestial rain, and with the wings of the wind fresh from the misty mountain summits that never had touched the poison of pool or fen-land. Her eyes were blue as the heaven above her head, and wore an arch expression of mingled kindness and mischief, as a playful smile rested continually on her features, like the luminous shadow of starlight on the sea. As she rode rapidly onward, her voice might be heard ringing loud and clear, like the unrestrained accents of a child—now in the melody of some merry song, and anon in wild laughter—that music of the innocent heart, which lingers not after the entrance of subtlety and sin.

Her companion, a noble, manly figure, with a smooth, soaring forehead, and intellectual cast of countenance, with dark eyes and hair, might, perhaps, have numbered nearly tice her years, and, without any traces of the march of time, nevertheless presented to the most indifferent observer that serious look of profound tho't and wild melancholy which reveals the soul of the student, and tells the tale of many a stern struggle with the tempests of life, and days of shipwreck as well as sunshine. But, although he possessed beyond most men the faculty divine, the dreamy imagination of the poet and painter, with intense devotion for the dreams of natural scenery, the beauties of field and forest, and the changes of magical meaning that come and go in the sky, yet on the present occasion all the grandeur round and above him failed to attract his attention, even for the briefest moment, from the face that beamed by his side. To his ardent fancy, her eyes were more lustrous than the evening star, and the lightest tone that trembled on her laughing red lips surpassed all the hymns of the angels in heaven. Her smile thrilled his bosom like an arrow of flame, and set every wave of blood on fire, as with lightning. The accidental touch of her slender hand, the very rustle of her robes, made his heart beat as if it would break with the spasms of pure, yet all-powerful love.

But who were these two travelers over the great prairie, on that beautiful Christmas morning—the one all radiant with innocence, the other, ardent love? The young girl was the only daughter of Captain Mason, so celebrated in the early history of Texas; and the man was the private tutor, employed at an expensive salary by her fond father, to attend to her education.—The indulgent parent might have foreseen the probable consequence of such an intimate relation between youth and beauty. If, however, the thought ever entered his mind, it gave him no uneasiness; for, although proud, his vanity did not rest on nobility of birth, or his possession of riches.

[illegible] OBSERVER.

$1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY [illegible] MAY 19, 1860. NUMBER 50.

Himself of lowly [illegible] the patient founder of his own [illegible] he despised too much the ridicule of the parvenus to imitate their folly; [illegible] measured every individual by the standard of his personal merit, and regarded [illegible] the attributes which lead to independence than the acquisitions that result from their exercise; and hence he cared [illegible] who might win the affections of his [illegible] provided the chosen lover had [illegible] a brave spirit, and sufficient [illegible] to insure her life's happiness.

Thus, the main obstacle that opposed the success of the private teacher was to be found in the character of the maiden herself. She entertained for him the warmest feelings of friendship, [illegible] even childish reverence. *His society* had become essential of her enjoyment, [illegible] almost of her existence; she was sad and discontented in his absence, and her [illegible] flew to meet his return; like a singing bird at the coming of its mate; but still her heart remained untouched by the golden arrow, which once fixed in the quivering flesh causes it to burn with passionate bliss or else to bleed forever.

Edwin Greenville, after [illegible] his charming pupil in the principal branches of science, had wandered with her, at will, over the field of modern literature, hoping all the while that some line of poetry, or tender passage of [illegible] would at last waken the slumbering Psyche to a vision of the blooming [illegible]; but she disappointed all expectation by the seemingly strange levity of her mind. The inimitable pathos of Byron, the sparkling passion of Moore, the [illegible] painting of Bulwer, only provoked a smile of admiration whenever these [illegible] of the theme approached the borders of the fairy land, encircled by [illegible] with the starry custus. Mary [illegible] comprehended no more of the subject than an infant in its cradle. Many times, and, indeed, nearly every day—the enamored teacher perpetrated extemporaneous effusions of tenderness himself, that sounded very similar to serious attempts to [illegible] love-making, if the wild girl could have understood it; but, unfortunately, on every occasion she burst into a laugh in the speaker's face.

As a last resort he opened to her eyes the pictured pages of the French school of novel writers, and read the flame-language of Eugene Sue, and the [illegible] wonders of the enthusiastic Dumas. But the chaste mind of the virgin pupil revolted against the subtle poison concealed in their glittering flower-cups, though wearing the appearance of heavenly dews, and she flung away, with unutterable loathing, those volumes of dangerous delusion, where the phase alone is pure, with the thought polluting as the terrible virus of contagion and inevitable death.

Nevertheless the lover, though he had almost ceased to hope, would not entirely yield to the demons of despair, but wavered between doubt and desire. It was this that cast the shadowy gloom on his brow, which all the sunbeams of the bright Christmas morning could not chase [illegible] gild with the lustre of the gentle [illegible]

As they rode swiftly [illegible] to accomplish a journey of [illegible] miles before twilight in the event [illegible] possible, the lover called the attention of the young girl to every remarkable [illegible] which came within view, for [illegible] blue cranes in the [illegible] with their tall forms strongly defined against the azure of the horizon, and their long necks stretched upwards, as if in the act of listening to the whispers of the wind, telling the weird secrets of the solitary prairies; but she answered with a peal of merriment that they were not half so nice as her mother's geese!

He pointed out an immense herd of wild horses careering like a whirlwind in their fetterless freedom, over the fenceless expanse, with their [illegible] like thunder afar off, and their flowing tails erected, like banners in battle; and she replied, with a mocking smile, that none of them could race with Selim, meaning the magnificent animal beneath her saddle; and she started away at a rate of the utmost speed as if intending to demonstrate practically the truth of her boast.

In fine, at nearly every observation of her companion, her happy laughter rung on the wind; and to all his serious sayings she responded with playful jests.

At length he imagined a method which, he felt sure, would tame her wildness. He related a story of unalleviated horror, that was said to be founded on facts, which occurred near the spot where they were then passing:—How a family of emigrants had encamped there, one Christmas evening just ten years ago, without suspicion or prospect of peril. How they feasted themselves on the delicious marrow of the bison, and a thousand stars smild at their merriment, as they sung themselves to sleep with old songs of war and love. Now the Camaches discovered them, and surrounded their tent with a circle of flame; and how those who were not burned alive fell beneath the hail of hurtling arrows, while the bleeding scalps were torn from their quivering heads, as trophies for the dance in distant mountains.

"We are traveling," he added, solemnly, "over a very dangerous road." And indeed he uttered nothing but the naked truth.

"Well, have you not a revolver?" said the laughing maiden—and added, confidently; "If any Camanche rides a horse that can overtake Selim, he may have my scalp, with the greatest welcome!" And thus did the gay-hearted girl turn every subject into mirth or ridicule.

About noon the sun began to glow with almost summer heat, and the air in the distance glittered with the delusive *mirage so* common in the prairies, and which so nearly resembles streams and beautiful lakes of water as not unfrequently to deceive the most experienced eye. In noticing this optical phenomenon, far ahead, Edwin fancied that he perceived a wreath of blue smoke suddenly ascend, and trail its lazy length along the sky. He said nothing, for that, too, might perhaps be an illusion of the eye or imagination, or at most but a slight festoon of dark clouds or mist, exhaled by the sunbeams. As they advanced, however, the appearance enlarged and deepened its intensity until the menace of that most awful of all earthly perils—fire in the prairie—forced itself upon their attention, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Huge volumes of smoke soon darkened the heavens over the remote path before them, and warned them back from the shadows of death; but, on turning in terror to retrace their steps, they shuddered to behold that the same danger had stationed itself behind them, as if to cut them off from the chances of a retreat. A sea of fire and billowed smoke rolled fiercely along the road they had lately traveled. To render the hope of escape still more precarious, the atmosphere, but the minute austerior calm and halcyon, first uttered a soft murmur, the gentle sigh of new-born zephyrs, then this augmented to a strong breeze, and at length swelled to a perfect hurricane.

But one course of action now remained for the terrified travelers—to fly from the fire-fiend in a southerly direction, towards a misty line projected on the verge of the horizon, and which they supposed to be forest; if they could only reach that, they might consider themselves secure from the impending peril.

"Come on!" cried the young girl, as she wielded her whip with a merciless hand, and Selim spurned the earth, like the spirit of a whirlwind.

"See! I am by your side!" shouted Edwin, as both horses flew onwards, as arrows from the bow.

But, rapid as was their flight, their infuriate foe seemed to move faster, and multiplied itself in different places—far before them—both to the right and left—as if an army of demons had engaged to kindle the dry grass, wherever it lay in heaviest abundance. The air grew black as midnight, and became hot and suffocating, till they gasped with difficulty for the breathe of life; and yet nearer, and even louder, roared the ocean of flame around them; its surging waves scorched the haunches of their haunches, and singed the gloss of their garments; in a moment more the burning tide would swallow them up like the conflagration of a world, when suddenly their affrighted animals plunged into a lazy pool, that immersed them to the height of their saddles.

"Let us dismount," exclaimed Edwin.—"Thank God! the water will defend us from its old enemy, the fire." And leaping into the lake, he lifted down the young girl, half dead with fear and horror, and supporting her in his arms, sheltered her with his own body from the pursuit of the devouring element. But these two were not the only living forms that sought protection in the depths of this liquid asylum. Birds, beasts, and baneful reptiles, shapes the most hideous and loathsome, came there, as to a refuge for universal life the spotted panther and the black wolf; the graceful fawn and the great limbed bison; the rattlesnake, with its golden stripes, and the copperhead, with its redish brown tints; and innumerable fowls of the air, nearly stifled with the smoke and heat of the burning blast—all gentle and the most savage creatures—stood or lay in close proximity, gasping at the surface of the water, their native fierceness, for the time, thoroughly tamed by the presence of overpowering danger. The pool resembled Noah's ark in the general deluge, only here the billows were of fire!

The crimsoned-colored fiend, however, as yet was merely baffled, not defeated; for, uttering wild sounds as of infernal laughter, he swept down to the margin of the lake, and licked it with blood-red tongues of wavering flame, in search of the fugitives that had escaped his vengeance; then, giving one mighty bound, he leaped over the gulf, a distance of more than a hundred feet, and hurried onwards, with a roar like thunder, after fresh victims of his hellish rage.

For a brief space, while both banks were on fire, the temperature seemed unendurable. The very surface of the water appeared to boil.

"Oh, we shall die!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Then we shall die together!" answered the man, as he pressed her more fondly to his bosom.

But the danger was soon over, and the meeting dispersed—the travelers to pursue their journey, and the animals of prey to seek their former haunts and recur to their former habits, without being either wiser or better than they were before. Need I say, however, that one human soul went [illegible] from the terrors of that awful scene [illegible] than when she came? [illegible] young girl was gone [illegible] eternal responsibilities and [illegible] of existence, made her a woman, and opened the golden gates of her heart for the entrance of the angel of love. The converse of the two may be imagined as they moved over the smoking and blackened prairie. They both drew the not illogical conclusion, that those who had been so closely united in the hour of extreme danger ought never more to be parted till the day of death.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

From "Leisure Moments"

The Lottery Ticket, and the Prize it Drew.

BY MARTHIA H. BUTT.

"What makes you so dispirited and dolorous of late, Roland?" remarked a dark-eyed sister as the young man alluded to entered the parlor and took a seat on the sofa. "Really," she continued, fastening her dark eyes on him, while a mischievous smile lingered on her fair features and her delicate foot tapped the pliant carpet petulantly, "I cannot tell the day when I saw you look so solemn and gloomy as you now do: in fact, brother, you look as melancholy as a weather-beaten gable on a rainy day. Now, I should really like to know the cause of this, and if there is any remedy or antidote that I can prescribe, I shall be most happy to do it. I am sure the day never was fairer, the sky clearer, the meadow more beautifully carpeted with soft green grass, nor the peach trees fuller of gay blossoms, than now. Then why this sombreness, if I may be allowed the use of the epithet, of your deportment?"

When she concluded, Roland looked up as grave and awe-inspiring as a deacon when exhorting his hearers to repentance, and inquired in a corresponding tone—

"Have you got through, sister?"

"Through? No. I can give you a whole lecture, if you wish; how do you like the tone of my remarks?"

"I have nothing in particular to say, either *pro* or *con*, because they were anticipated. You charge me with being gloomy, and I, with equal propriety, can retort by calling you querulous: because, if I am merry and jubilant, I am foolish in your opinion and estimation, and when I am thoughtful and serious, you say I am doleful as a funeral train. Now, is this not true sister?"

"I must, like the culprit at the bar of justice plead guilty as to part, while to the remainder I will plead the general answer; whereby I controvert each allegation and deny the same."

"Of a verety, Amelia, I should advise you to enter some lawyer's office and commence reading Blackstone and Kent, as you quote legal phraseology as fluently as an infant does the Hebrew tongue," said Roland, laughingly.

"Avast to your joking, especially at the present time, as I wish to learn the cause of your late conduct."

"There it is, again; when I do make a pleasant remark, you repudiate it immediately; but I don't feel disposed to enter into and altercation with you; and will, as you appear to be so anxious to learn it, tell you why I have been some what thoughtful for the last month or so."

"Now you begin to talk as a brother should; and by all means, go on."

"To gratify your womanly curiosity, then, I was just ruminating over what I have lately done, and——"

He dropped his head and paused, as though the thought was terrible and too painful to relate.

She saw with astonishment this singular manœuvre, and said, in an agitated manner—

"Go on, brother; tell me all! You surely have not committed a mur——"

The remainder of the word was uttered in an inaudable whisper.

After sighing nervously, he raised his head and replied—

"No, 'Melia; I have not committed anything that is strictly criminal, other than in moral view, and even then, I might be exonerated."

"You have excited my curiosity to its highest pitch; so please tell me about the matter, so that, if necessary, I can aid you; and if it is so that it will not admit of aid, that I can sympathise with you."

"Thank you sister, for your kindness; but I do amazingly hate to tell you anything at all concerning it, as it in no wise relates to you; and, furthermore, I am sorry that I have been the unhappy means of arousing your curiosity."

"Oh, plague take you, brother, for thus tormenting me. I never thought you were so cruel. Pray tell me all, as you have told me a part."

"Well, I have taken a——"

"What, brother, what?" she eagerly asked interupting him.

"Do no permit yourself to become so excited; I have done nothing so very outrageous."

"As I was saying, I have taken——"

"Nobody's life, I hope; have you brother?"

"You appear very apprehensive and mistrustful least I should have done that which is wrong; so much so, in fact, as to totally disregard your promise to cease interrupting me while I relate that which gives you so much uneasiness and dissatisfacton. If you will endeavor to keep as quiet as you convenietly can, I will proceed.

Perceiving that her eagerness had led her too far, she slightly bit her lips, and requested him to tell his story, and she'd "do the best she could."

"To commence anew. I have lately taken a chance in a lottery which has caused all this (so called) 'seriousness.'"

"I am sincerely sorry, Roland, that you have been again allured from the path of strict integrity, by the tempting inducements held out by these lotteries. Don't you remember you promised me, not long ago, that you would never risk any more in these fraudelent concerns? I should think, too, that your experience in that business was sufficient to steel your heart against them all. You know the manner in which they are conducted, and that a prize scarce ever leaves the firm who own the lottery. The are nothing more or less than a fraud or an imposition, where the community is annually robbed of many thousands of dollars. You have purchased ticket after ticket, and package after package, and what have you realized from it? Why, sir, nothing but an empty purse and a burning anxiety to try again, only to lose more. If you have purchased another ticket, and whether you draw a prize or another blank, let it be the last one. Harken to the advice of a sister, and you will never fill a suicide's grave."

"St. Peter, St. John, St. Michael, and St. Dominic, deliver me from being obliged to swallow all the orthodox morality that you can preach; but this is quite immaterial, as my determination is concluded, and it precisely corresponds with your advice. I should not have purchased this last chance had I not been confident of securing a prize. Indeed, I am so sure of it that I would not sell my chance for a thousand pounds sterling, which amount Ned Harris offered me, yesterday."

"So you choose rather to make him your confidant, than your sister!"

"Ha! ha! 'Melia, I wonder if you think I could trust you with a secret of mine, with any degree of certainty that you would retain it? I never yet came in contact with a woman who could keep a secret in any other way than to keep it a-going."

"How provoking you are, this morning! [illegible] lottery, please inform me when you expect to receive a prize."

"As you haven't asked me *which* particular lottery I have procured the chance in, I will tell you something as to the time of its being drawn. I think in about a month. That I shall get a prize, rest assured; but I must now fulfill an engagement previously made."

Saying which he sprang to his feet and left the house.

"What a diffident set of beings these brothers are," mused Amelia, after Roland had quitted her presence. "No doubt he thinks my curiosity is excited to its highest degree: and by his conduct he appears determined to keep it there; but I am not foolish enough to permit such a small matter as the purchase of a lottery ticket—a mere piece of paper—and as worthless as it is small—to agitate *my* feelings a particle. No, no; he may do as he has a mind to. I shouldn't have said a word about his looks, hadn't I suspected something more radical in effect was in his head."

"Well, well," continued she, after a moment's pause, "things have arrived at a pretty pass when a brother can't or won't trust his sister. I'm sure I don't care anything about his chance, other than I wish he would lose, just because he cast such insinuations upon the ladies. Talk about a woman's not being able to keep a secret, when he knows I kept one for him a whole week; and when I did tell it, it was purely accidental. But never mind, I may yet be the possessor of a secret that he would like to know, when I will retaliate this conduct of his."

After thus relieving herself of her pent-up thoughts, she seated herself before her piano, and commenced drumming away just as though she was going to drown her curiosity in "the concord of" anything but "sweet sounds." Alas! such was not the case; and the more she played the more agitated she became.

Finding that music was but a poor antidote for a disturbed mind, she reclined on the sofa and began reading "Bleak House," which possessed the "sovereign balm," sought for, because in less than ten minutes she was wandering in the fairy realms of dreamland.

Roland, in the meantime, sauntered down street, and called upon a certain young lady of his acquaintance, to whom he had already applied the endearing epithet of "my dear Saran;" and he might have changed it a little, with equal propriety, and read thus: "My intended."

A pleasant hour, or an hour very pleasly spent in her society, when he journeyed on, down the shadowy vale of life. I will not deign to tell or even presume the nature of their conversation, being but yet a novice in such matters.

Time passed onward as rapidly as usual, until a month had disappeared, when Roland entered his sister's apartment one evening, and said, in a meaning tone—

"There, sister, is the ticket of which I spoke, some time since."

On receiving it she hastily glanced at it, and found it to be a wedding card.

"Oh, you cruel wretch, you!" she exclaimed in well-affected astonishment, "to thus fool me."

"Why, sis, I did not try to deceive you; you tried to fool yourself."

"I don't know whether to construe this as real, or another ruse of yours. Is it or is it not a ruse?"

"I am perfectly honest in this; the card means just what it says; and now that you have learned in *which* lottery I purchased the chance in, will you tell me whether or no you deem my course and selection a judicious one, taking into consideration the fact that I was so sure of getting a prize."

"Yes, with all sincerity, I can say, in biblical language, 'Thou hast done well,' for a better girl never smiled over a cook-stove than Sarah Kayton. While I disapprove of your having kept all knowledge of your courtship from me, I must say that you have made a good selection."

"No, not a particle. When I made that remark, I had direct reference to money lotteries, and never even thought of what

Would not [illegible] the same opinion [illegible] now that I did then."

"Well, [illegible] always [illegible] my [illegible]

A month after [illegible] a pleasant vine-clad [illegible] in the village of N——, [illegible] been a witness to a practical demonstration of "love in a cottage."

There dwelt Roland and Sarah, as contented and as happy as [illegible] possibly can be.

Although many years have since passed, and reverses have crossed his threshold, yet he has never had occasion to regret the procuring of his last "*Lottery Ticket*, nor the PRIZE IT DREW."

☞ A remarkable suit has lately been decided in the Court of Sessions at Edinburg, Scotland. Mrs. Catharine Leslie entered suit to have it declared that she was the wife of the late Cathcart Leslie. It was proven they became engaged in 1822, and in 1837 they formally accepted of each other as man and wife, without any other ceremony or witnesses, agreeing to keep it secret until he was rich enough to support her. They lived apart for thirty years, continually corresponding until his death in 1857. The Scotch judges decided in favor of Mrs. Leslie, in accordance with the law of Scotland, which, in order to make a marriage legal, requires no form or ceremony, *civil or religious*; no notice, no witnesses, but merely the consent of the parties; and if this latter can be proved at any subsequent period, even after the lapse of years, by subsequent written acknowledgement or oath of reference, the parties will be held to have been legally married, whether living together or not.

GOOD-BYE.—So naturally does that word come to the lips when we are called upon to part from those whom we esteem and love. But what is the meaning of the phrase? It has now passed into an ordinary salutation, and is generally used as a mere expression of affectionate interest and goodwill. Few who employ it, know that originally it implied *a solemn prayer and blessing*. If it were to be set forth in full, it would be, "God be with you." So it used to be said and written in old times. Those pious words, so full of earnestness and containing the best wish for time and eternity which we can offer one another, have been so changed in the course of years, that they have lost their original meaning. The prayer, "God be with you," has been narrowed down by contracted spelling and pronunciation, to "Good-bye."

☞ A Machine has been invented by M. Combarieu, and submitted to the English government, for making type. At present the characters are moulded one by one, and are finished up afterwards, passing through *two or three* hands. M. Combarieu, by his machine, produce 10,000 of these characters at one stroke. Each letter is then seperated by a mechanical saw, which divides them with mathematical precision and regularity. The consequnce of this invention will be production increased per cent.; exactitude and regularity hitherto unattainable; the use of harder metal, which will avoid the frequent renewel of printers' material, and the reduction by one-half of the outlay. M. Combarieu, announces his intention of producing characters in steel, the durability of which must be beyond calculation.

A COLORED DIVINE.—A negro preacher, who, like some other preachers, was in habit of using big words, but did not always succeed in getting hold of the right one, made a funny mistake once. His text was, "Broad is the road that leadeth to death, and many there be who go there; but narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be who take it."

"Beloved brudders, thar be two roads, ebberybody goes in one or odder of 'em; that's one road, and dat am de broad road, and dat leads right down to damnation, and a great many goes in it; but dar am anudder road, an' dat am de narrer road, dat leads straight up to perdition."

"If dat's de case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis nigga cuts for de woods!"

THE MARRYING WOMAN MATED AGAIN.—A couple of years ago we noticed the death of the fourth or fifth husband of a German milliner woman residing in the Third District. In due time, after that, we mentioned the lady's marriage to her fifth or sixth husband. Last year we chronicled the death of this husband. We have now to state that the lady is again married; this husband as some say, being her seventh, and as others maintain, her eighth. The singular fatality among the husbands, and the singular luck and bad luck of the woman in being wife and widow every other year, naturally attract much attention in the lower end of the city. The case is without a parallel, so far as we know.—The thing is especially wonderful to the ladies, who say that the woman has nothing to commend her personally, beyond a fine set of teeth.—*N. O. Crescent.*

MELANCHOLY TRUTH.—The Schenectady *Star* copies the notice of the death of Mr. Slessinger, a short-hand Reporter at the Poor House of this county a few days ago, and remarks:—

We never knew this man, but we have known scores of newspaper attaches, who lived, loved, toiled and sickened, died often alone, amid poverty, delirium and strangers.

Alas! how little the outside world knoweth of such men, of their struggles, their temptations, their sore griefs and heavy hearts. The Press is at once the hand that feeds, and the hand that strikes them down. The Newspaper is the grave of Genius, and the Pawnbroker's where brains are bartered for bread.

Warm, close rooms, sedentary employment, merely tolerable salaries, and loneliness of heart—what a prospect! The young authorling enters the band of Editors and Reporters with a free fancy, vigorous health, high hopes, and a desire to do good. He finds, with time, a change within him. He writes more readily, and dares to think freely. The Press has its studied Conventionalisms as well as Society. Public opinion is a thing Publishers have little faith in—*if they trusted it more it would come to treat them more charitably.* The cynicism of the Press is ghastly—horrible—and the Editors, reporters and attaches imbibe the poison, wither under it, die and are buried, leaving no sign.

Speak out O Local Editors and City Reporters! Tell us, O majestic Editors-in-Chief if we say not truly! Do ye never *think* what we have for once dared to *say*?

It is not so wonderful, then, that to men so circumstanced, the Syren of the Cup sings sweet strains, beguiling them to their ruin.

THE MAN WHO DARES TO DO RIGHT.—The man who stands in the breach of universal public censure, with all the fashions of opinion disgracing him, in the thoughts of the lookers-on—with the tide of obloquy beating against his breast, and the fingers of the mighty, combined many, pointing him to scorn—nay, with the fury of the drunken rabble threatening with instant death—and, worse than all, having no present friend to whisper a word of defence or palliation in his behalf to the revilers, but bravely giving his naked head to the storm, because he knows himself to be virtuous in his purpose; that man shall come forth from the fiery ordeal like tried gold. Philosophy shall embalm his name in her richest unction. History shall give him a place on her brightest page, and old, yea, hoary far off posterity shall remember him as of yesterday!

☞ The census of clerks just taken in Washington, shows this industrious little army to number in all 906 men, within a fraction of a full regiment.