The Erie Observer.

[illegible] POLITICAL JOURNAL

[illegible] F. SLOAN.

[illegible]

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. [illegible]

[illegible] Business Directory at [illegible]

[illegible]

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

[illegible] CRAIG, [illegible]

[illegible] KELSEY, [illegible] Boots and Shoes at Whole- [illegible] State street,

[illegible] & CO., [illegible] Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in [illegible] Wines and Liquors, also [illegible] Commercial Buildings, [illegible]

CHARLES W. KELSO, ATTORNEY AT LAW, [illegible] office to that of Elijah Babbitt, Esq. [illegible] of the Public Square, [illegible] to all business entrusted to his care.

DR. J. L. STEWART, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. [illegible] Paragon Block. Residence, Brown's Hotel. [illegible] o'clock, P. M. [illegible]

DR. D. L. ELLIOTT, RESIDENT DENTIST, [illegible] dwelling in south Park Row, [illegible] of Erie Bank buildings.

[illegible] M. COLE, BOOK BINDER, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

EMPIRE STORES. [illegible] Jobber and Retail [illegible] description of Foreign and Domestic Dry [illegible] Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c.

[illegible] C. WILSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Erie, Pa. [illegible] near the Park [illegible] will always be found in his office, and [illegible] attended to.

[illegible] SEABURY, DEALER IN IMPORTED WINES AND LIQUORS, [illegible] Brandies, Gins, &c. [illegible] Malaga Sherry, Port and all kinds [illegible] Wines, also manufacturer of rectified Whiskey [illegible] Monongahela, &c., Reed House [illegible]

GEORGE H. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, [illegible] and other business attended to with [illegible] dispatch.

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

HAY & FARRAR, WHOLESALE GROCERS, and dealers in [illegible] Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, [illegible] Nos. 3 and 4, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

[illegible] & JORDAN, [illegible]

[illegible] BURGESS & CO., [illegible]

[illegible] SWEENY, [illegible]

[illegible] & CO., [illegible]

[illegible] GOOD, [illegible]

[illegible] W. AYRES, [illegible] and [illegible] Erie, Pa.

[illegible] W. DOUGLASS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office removed to [illegible] of State street, on the north side of the [illegible]

JOHN W. WALKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible] attention to the [illegible] payment of Taxes in the [illegible] will also fill all orders [illegible] Swamp Land, &c.

J. C. SELDEN, WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in [illegible] kinds [illegible] Hardware, [illegible] Saddlery and Carriage [illegible] Belting and Packing, French street, opposite the [illegible] Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE [illegible] in the several Courts of Erie county, [illegible] prompt and faithful attention to all business en- [illegible] either as an Attorney or Magistrate. [illegible] Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth [illegible]

[illegible] MORRISON, Wholesale Dealer in Flour, Pork, [illegible] Commercial Buildings, Erie, Pa.

[illegible] ODELL, & MARSH, MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Agricultural Implements, [illegible] Pa.

[illegible] W. OLDS, [illegible] Wholesale and Retail [illegible] Pumps of superior quality, the [illegible] Shop on Twelfth street, [illegible] Erie, Pa. [illegible] Aqueduct for carrying water for [illegible] purposes for sale cheap.

M. SANFORD & CO., DEALERS IN Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, [illegible] Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the prin- [illegible] cities constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House [illegible] Square, Erie.

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

MRS. S. H. HALL, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Millinery, Hosiery, Zephyr Knitting, and Yankee No- [illegible] together with a general assortment of Ladies [illegible] Peach street, 4th above Depot. [illegible]

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

RINDERNECHT & BECKMAN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS and [illegible] in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and [illegible] Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block [illegible] RINDERNECHT [illegible] BECKMAN.

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

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

S. NEWTON PETTIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Cheshunt [illegible]

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

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

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

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

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

WM. H. LUCE, DENTIST, [illegible] Public Square [illegible]

WM. A. GALBRAITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office [illegible] 6th street, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

W. E. MAGILL, DENTIST, [illegible] Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

[illegible] SPENCER. SELDEN MARVIN.

SPENCER & MARVIN, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. OFFICE, Paragon Block, near North West Corner of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BUTTER! BUTTER!—We will pay cash for Butter in Firkins or less quantity, during the coming season. may5 VINCENT, TIBBALS, SHIRK & CO.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 31. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1860. NUMBER 20.

AMERICAN GIFT ENTERPRISE.

A New Plan for Selling Goods.

The only institution of the kind in the world.

THIRD YEAR OF THE ENTERPRISE.

Price of GIFTS, 25 cts; 50 cts., & $1,00.

ARTICLES DISTRIBUTED.

PURSES OF MONEY, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DRY GOODS, BOOKS, JEWELRY, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., &c.

Positively the best CHANCE known to Make Money.

Every person ordering Gifts from this institution will get valuable gifts of the very best quality, worth from the amount invested to $1,000.

GIFTS sent on daily to our patrons free of transportation charges. Great inducements to form clubs. To one in a club of 40, at 50 cts. each, we will give a Hunting cased Lever Silver Watch, and fully 60 cts. and upwards worth of goods to each of the others in the club. To one in a club of 50 at $1,00 each we will give a beautiful purse containing a Ten Dollar Gold piece, [illegible] another in the same club, we will give a superb Silver Watch, and warrant it to keep time for one year. And to all others in the club we will give one dollar and upward's worth of goods. Persons acting as agents in getting up clubs and sending single orders can deduct 25 per cent on all moneys collected. Those sending orders for the American Gift Enterprise, will please make a report as often as once a week. Persons ordering Gifts and not being satisfied on arrival of the goods, can have their money by returning the Gifts in good order. Send money by express when convenient; or send carefully by mail. Gifts shipped in 48 hours after the order is received.

Address all orders to J. M. COLLIFF, & Co., Wellsville, Ohio.

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 high[ly] improved by age. E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO., 6 North Front st., Phila.

J. N. KLINE & CO.,

Successors to KLINE & CARROLL

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.

No. 110 Walnut Street and No. 11 Granite St.

Philadelphia.

J. N. KLINE. [illegible] W. [illegible] March 3, 1859. 1858.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Agents for

FAIRBANK'S SCALES!

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

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 [illegible] Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale.

Orders promptly attended to. [illegible]

FLEMING BRO'S.,

SUCCESSORS TO

GEORGE W. SMITH,

Brewers, Malsters and Hop Dealers.

HAVING purchased the entire interest of GEORGE W. SMITH in the [illegible]

Point Brewery, Pittsburg,

We are now prepared to furnish to the numerous customers of the old firm, with an article of X, XX, Kennet and Bitter Ales, that cannot be excelled [illegible] ment in this country.

For the accommodation of our customers in this [illegible] tion, we have appointed Messrs. Caughey & Clark, Whole- sale Grocers, of Erie, our sole agents for this vicinity. feb18—1y37 FLEMING BRO'S.

BOOKS,

Magazines, Paper, Stationery,

WALL PAPER, &c.,

AT

PARK ROW BOOK STORE.

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

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!

THE subscribers have now on hand the largest and most varied Stock of

GROCERIES

ever in this city, which we offer to sell [illegible]

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

as low for Cash or Short Credit as any House [illegible] city. Give us a call and examine.

RINDERNECHT & BECKMAN'S No. 2 Wright's Block, [illegible]

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

FRESH TOMATOES HERMETICALLY sealed, retaining the original flavor [illegible] Erie, June 11, 1860—1. HANSON.

$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.

SPICES of all KINDS, at No. 2, Wright's Block. April 9, 1860. BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO.

PARIS FANS, COMBS & HAIR PINS, Latest Styles,—just opened at the West Park Jewelry Store. T. M. AUSTIN. Feb. 25, 1860.

TRY BANYARD'S Y. H. Tea for 5s to $1 per pound. Imperial Tea for 5s to 6s per pound. Gunpowder Tea for 6s per pound. Oolong and Souchong 4s to 5s per lb. Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.

3 3 3 3

WRIGHT'S BLOCK,

STATE STREET. ERIE, PA.,

Where a full assortment of choice

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Domestic and Foreign Fruits,

Willow, Wood and Stone Ware, Vegetables, &c., are always on hand and selling cheap, at JOHN BANYARD'S New Grocery. April 28.

Cash! Cash!!

100,000 DOZEN EGGS.—We will pay for the above quantity of good fresh eggs, delivered in barrels or less quantity, at our store on State, between 11th and 12th Streets. may5 VINCENT, TIBBALS, SHIRK & CO.

CASH

DRY GOODS HOUSE!

Wholesale & Retail!!

IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT!

Of Low Prices Inaugurated!!

Ladies' Cloaks and Cloths,

Hoop Skirts,

BEST and CHEAPEST!

SILKS,

RICH AND RARE!

CARPETINGS,

AND

Oil Cloths &c.

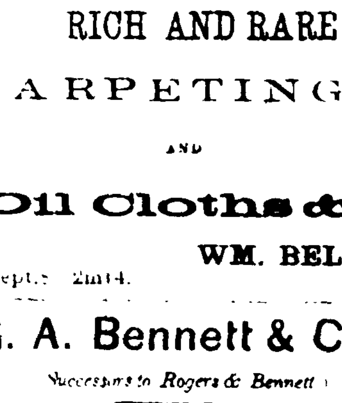
WM. BELL.

Sept. [illegible]

G. A. Bennett & Co.,

Successors to Rogers & Bennett.

HARDWARE CROCKERY



CUTLERY and GLASS WARE

Nos. 11 and 12 EMPIRE BLOCK,

HAVE a large and well Selected Stock of

IRON, NAILS, STEEL, SPIKE, AXLES, SPRINGS, ANVILS, VICES, BELLOWS,

Ames' Shovels and Spades!

NAILS—PIPE BOXES—WASHER—SAW—HOES—HORSE SHOES—

SADDLERY,

HARNESS TRIMMINGS, &c.

CUTLERY! PLATED WARE!

In fact almost every thing, at the Old Stand, EMPIRE BLOCK, Nos. 11 and 12

State Street, Erie, Pa.

Jan 28—31 G. A. BENNETT & CO.

Rare & Valuable Real Estate for Sale at Orphans' Court Sale.

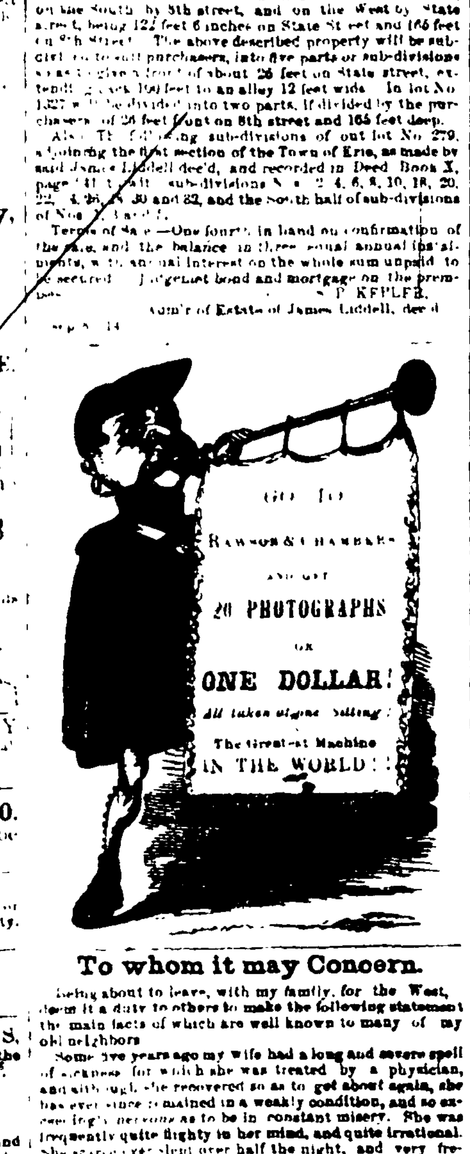
BY virtue of an order from the Orphans' Court of Erie county, [illegible] directed, I shall expose [illegible] on Saturday, the [illegible] o'clock P. M. at the Court House, in the city of Erie, the following described Real Estate, belonging to the Estate of James Liddell, late of [illegible] deceased, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Sum- [illegible] bounded as follows: Beginning at the North West corner at a post thence by tract No. 372, North [illegible] to a cucumber tree, Thence by [illegible] 26 deg. East 108 perches to a post; [illegible] of tract No. 392, South 64 deg. West [illegible] and thence by tract No. 393, North 26 deg. West 108 perches to the place of beginning 106 acres [illegible] about—acres improved and allowance, and [illegible] erected thereon a good frame house and barn. [illegible] The following described Real Estate in the city of Erie, being part of In lot No. 1400 and the whole of In lot No. 1397, bounded on the North by part of in-lot No. 1400 and [illegible] No. 1399, on the East by in-lot No. 1396; on the South by 5th street, and on the West by State street, being 122 feet 6 inches on State St. eet and 165 feet on 9th Street. The above described property will be sub- divided to suit purchasers, into five parts or sub-divisions [illegible] a front of about 26 feet on State street, ex- tending back 165 feet to an alley 12 feet wide. In lot No. 1327 will be divided into two parts, if divided by the pur- chasers, of 26 feet front on 8th street and 165 feet deep.

Also The following sub-divisions of out lot No. 279, adjoining the first section of the Town of Erie, as made by said James Liddell dec'd, and recorded in Deed Book X, page 141 [illegible] sub-divisions No. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32, and the South half of sub-divisions of No. [illegible]

Terms of Sale.—One fourth in hand on confirmation of the sale, and the balance in three equal annual instal- ments, with annual interest on the whole sum unpaid to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage on the prem- ises. [illegible] P. KEPLER, Adm'r of Estate of James Liddell, dec'd.

Sept. [illegible] 14



To whom it may Concern.

Being about to leave, with my family, for the West, I deem it a duty to others to make the following statement the main facts of which are well known to many of my old neighbors.

Some five years ago my wife had a long and severe spell of sickness for which she was treated by a physician, and although she recovered so as to get about again, she has ever since remained in a weakly condition, and so exceedingly nervous as to be in constant misery. She was frequently quite flighty in her mind, and quite irrational. She scarcely ever slept over half the night, and very frequently would be awake the entire night, and would then be so flighty and so easily startled at every trifling occurrence that the whole family were kept in trouble. I had tried and medicine from several physicians, but they only afforded their slight temporary relief. I heard of CARTER'S NERVE PILLS, but having so little faith in advertised medicines I declined trying them. But being about to move away to the West, and her condition becoming still more distressing, and being again advised to try the Nerve Pills, I ventured to take a twenty-five cent box. She took one Pill in the afternoon and one at bed-time, and in less than half an hour after lying down she was asleep and rested well the whole night, and next day felt greatly improved, both in mind and body. I have since had two more boxes and she has continued to use them, and is steadily gaining in strength and improving in every respect. We certainly regard it as a most fortunate circumstance that we got hold of these Pills, as the relief already obtained by using them, is very great, and the certainty we feel of further and enduring benefit is most gratifying. Those only who have been in like condition can fully understand or appreciate our feelings, and to all such we most earnestly recommend a trial of these Pills.

J. R. PERRY

North East, Erie County, Pa., Aug., 24, 1860.—18.

A COLUMN OF [illegible]

THE PARTING [illegible]

One kind wish before [illegible],
Drop a tear, and bid [illegible];
Though we sever, my [illegible]
Till we meet, shall [illegible].

Yet, yet weep not so, [illegible]
Let me kiss that [illegible]
Though my body must [illegible]
All my soul will still [illegible]

All my soul, and all [illegible]
And every wish shall [illegible]
One kind kiss, then, [illegible]
Drop a tear, and bid [illegible]

Ignorance and Conceit [illegible] the worst qualities to combat [illegible] to dispute with a statesman [illegible] head.

Wife (complainingly) — "I haven't more than a third of the bed." Husband (triumphantly)—"Well, that's all the law allows you."

Plutarch says, in his life of Alexander, that the Babylonians used, during dog days, to sleep on skins filled with water.— In these days many men sleep on skins filled with bad whiskey.

An old bachelor would like much to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

A medical journal says that single women have the headache more than married ones. That may be; but don't married men have the headache oftener than single ones?

A little girl showing her cousin, about four years old, a star, said—"That star up there is bigger than the world."— "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

"Julius, what part of de ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?" "Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat. What is it?" "Why, ob course, it's de hims."

Mr. Bradley, conductor of the train which conveyed the Prince of Wales from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, was presented by His Highness with a valuable gold pencil case containing a knife and a toothpick.

"Died by the visitation of God," was the verdict of a Catskill (N. Y.) Coroner's Jury, after an inquest on the body of a woman who, with the [illegible] band, drank a gallon and a [illegible] in one day.

Said a man to a little [illegible] up the Bowery, with his cigar [illegible] fast, "My boy, you would [illegible] bread and butter in your [illegible] a cigar." "I know it," [illegible] "but it would not be half so [illegible]"

The slaveholder [illegible] on the negro, but the [illegible] places a higher. The [illegible] at a thousand or fifteen [illegible] but the Black Republican [illegible] the Union, which he [illegible] emancipate him.

The most fascinating [illegible] those that can most enrich [illegible] ments of existence. In [illegible] attaching sense, they are [illegible] partake of our pleasures [illegible] liveliest and most devoted manner. [illegible] ty is little without this. With it she is, indeed, triumphant.

"What makes you get up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast table about ten o'clock. "Late! why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, sir, for the future, don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

Col. Hugh Forbes, whose name figured so extensively in the papers during the John Brown excitement, and who latterly, has been in the employ of Garibaldi as commander of Mezzena, in Sicily, is said to be out of office once more. He was found to be incompetent and impracticable, a disturber of the peace and an oppressor of the officers under him; therefore, he has been superceded, and now goes about sicily denouncing Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel.

The Buffalo *Express* says there is an old man among the inmates of the poorhouse in that city who read the story of the revolution before it was published— read it from manuscript, as fast as it was written. He was a youth then, not old enough to enlist in the actual service of his country, but he had a father who was, and many were the cartridges he made for that father's use. Is the poorhouse the place for such a man?

A short time ago a man named Crandan made his escape from the Allegheny county jail. For the information of the curious he has lately written back the following account of his escape. "I suppose it is a mystery to some how I got away, consequently I will give you a brief history of my departure. The *modus operandi* was this: I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the Angelic town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of pleasure and liberty."

A young woman named Lizzy Donaldson, essayed to walk across one of the streets of Cincinnati on a wire, last week, and had nearly accoplished the feat, when the holder of one of the guy ropes, in his admiration for the spangled petticoat above him, looked upward, forgot his business, and threw the fair performer from her foothold, to the terror and dismay of the witnesses. Fortunately, she had already passed the middle of the street, where a fall might have been fatal, and dropped elegantly some ten feet upon the one-story store beneath.

SMALL STATURE BUT LARGE FAITH.—Last winter, a little boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. On being questioned, he confessed that he often got little to do, and the lady further asked, if he did not fear he could not get on. The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a 'feller,' if he puts his trust in him, and does the best he can?"

The Lake Superior *Journal* relates the following: "A Frenchman named Bodet, being in the woods a few miles from this village, unfortunately cut off his great toe, severing it entirely from his foot. Picking it up, he put it in his pocket, walked half a mile, found some bloodroot which he mashed up, applied it thoroughly to the stump, as well as to the cut off portion, and restored the latter to its place. As the result the parts owned each other, and have grown together as firmly as ever, and the man has just as good a toe as he had before, except that in healing it adhered partially to the next toe. Incredible as this may seem, it is vouched for by authority which we do not feel at liberty to question."

Select Literature.

Mark Goldsmith's Lesson.

Mark Goldsmith was always called "an [illegible] of a man" by the people of our [illegible] He lived in the old red house that [illegible] the Four Corners, where the high branching elms overhang the roof, and make the wide open, green yard in front of it shady all the summer long.

Travelers used to stop their tired horses at the "Old Red," as it was then familiarly called, and let them rest awhile, and then drive them through the brook, just across the way, to drink its pure water, which, with a gentle murmur, rippled down thro' Mark's green meadows. Yet but few ever came to tarry long at the Old Red, for, tho' Mark had a large farm, and spread a good table, he was so surly himself, and his housekeeper was so precise, that none felt at ease. Some few of the old neighbors, who remembered Mark in his earlier days, had quite charity enough to say, "Ah, the old 'Squire was quite another man before his wife died! That broke him down."

But, at the time of which we write, the aforesaid housekeeper had found in Jack Wallace, the butcher, a "congenial spirit," as she confidently told the 'Squire's maiden sister. How that could be nobody quite understood, for two persons more unlike were not to be found in the whole county of Berkshire. But Nancy Tompkins was "well to do" in the world, while Jack Wallace's affairs stood at sixes and sevens; so that nobody dared to trust him, and, when he found that Nancy Tompkins would, why, he thought that they were congenial spirits, too, and so they were married.

But what was to become of Mark Goldsmith?

It would be hard to tell, *if it had not* been that a cheerful, hazel-eyed daughter was a part Mark's household, and had, under the training of Nancy Tompkins, grown up into one of the neatest, brightest little housekeepers that was ever seen on *a farm*.

Now Mark loved this daughter more than words could tell, but he always acted as if he were afraid she would find it out. So when she came to him with any new plan, or to tell him of some pleasant thing that had occurred, he would send her away with a pshaw, and a rough word or two beside. Yet, if he found she was really grieved, he would set his wits to work to contrive something that would make her happy again.

A ride to the shire town on business would be sure to come up the next day, and, of course, Mary must go to hold the mare, when he got out to go into the bank and the store.

Now Mary liked a ride of this kind right well, especially as it usually resulted in [illegible] of a new gown of "French calico," as Mark called it, or what she liked [illegible] a book from Giles' county bookstore [illegible] an extra offence on his part [illegible] though Mark [illegible] thought "it [illegible] house with [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] of affection [illegible] broke out [illegible] could not make amends for [illegible] then, at the same time [illegible] to herself, "I could get along, but that is such a hateful word, as though he didn't care a bit whether I was happy or not."

Some two months before the time when *our story commences*, good parson Hopkins had died, and his vacant pulpit was now filled by a young minister, to whom the society more latterly gave a call.

It was many weeks before Mark Goldsmith could be induced to go and hear "the youngster," as he called him, preach. But when he did, Mary felt almost sure that for once her father would agree with her in the opinion of the minister. So she broke the customary silence of their homeward ride, by saying:

"Now father, did you ever hear a better sermon?"

"Pshaw!" said Mark. "*one* of Parson Hopkins, was worth forty on 'em."

Mary sank back in the chaise with a sigh, saying mentally, "It's of no use; my father is bent upon disliking everything and everybody."

The young minister had never called at the "Old Red," but he had got as far as Aunt Sarah's, which was only two houses off, and it so occurred that the very day and the very hour he was there Mary stepped in to see Aunt Sarah, too. She was so surprised in going into the parlor to find a visitor there, that she stopped abashed in the doorway, with her sun bonnet in her hand, and her cheeks blushing like June roses.

"My niece, Mary Goldsmith," said Aunt Sarah.

The minister rose and held out his hand, and while Mary stammered out an apology for intruding he said, with considerable emphasis:

"A very welcome intrusion Miss Mary."

Of course, when he went away, Miss Mary had to invite him to call at the "Old Red" some time, and see her father, and, of course, he did not forget the invitation.— Mark Goldsmith was not at home the day he came, but Mary told him "the minister waited a full hour in hopes he would come."

We do not vouch for the truth of her statement.

Mary always went to the Friday evening meeting with Aunt Sarah, and Mark always sat up until she got home. One night he was sure he heard a deeper toned voice than a woman conversing with her as she came up the yard. But the "good nights" were exchanged outside the door, and she came in alone. She saw that a cloud had settled down on the old man's brow, but it cleared away as his eyes fell on her face radiant with happiness, for, so like her mother was she at that moment, he longed to fold her to his heart, and tell her of it. But never a lover hid more jealously his passion than Mark Goldsmith his overwhelming love for his daughter. So the cloud gathered again, as he spoke sternly:

"Who came home with you, Mary?— Tom Brown?"

Mary hesitated a moment, and then, going up to her father, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and, with blushes mantling her cheeks, said:

"No, father, it was the minister—and I think he likes me."

"Pshaw!" said Mark. "It's my broad acres he likes better."

As if an arrow had pierced her very heart, Mary turned and left him. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

The old grey cat, who had followed her mistress upstairs, jumped into her lap, and rubbed her head lovingly against Mary's hands.

"Oh, puss," said she, crying more heartily, "I'm glad there's one in the house to love me."

When this good thorough cry was over Mary *felt better. And, as she stood up in* the moon lit room, folding her shawl, a pleasant thought seemed to come to her, for a smile broke over her face, like sudden sunshine after April showers.

"Yes, I will—I will do so," she said, laying the folded shawl on the bureau, and bringing down her hand upon it energetically. "My father must learn the lesson sometime, and why not now?"

What this lesson was we shall see.

The rough repulse he had given his child's generous confidence troubled Mark *for many* days afterward, and was the secret spring of many a new plan for her happiness. When the next Friday night came, he secretly hoped that Mary would have the same company homeward, and when the time drew near for to her to be there, he lit the two tall lamps on the mantle piece. This made a decided addition to the ordinary illumination given to the room by a single candle—addition enough, Mark thought, as he rolled up the two front curtains, to make "the child" understand that her companion would be welcome if he chose to come in.

For a long while Mark sat uneasily watching the face of the old fashioned clock in the corner, for Mary was somewhat later than usual. When she came, however, she opened the door so gently that a less watchful ear would not have heard her at all.

"She's a bashful child," thought the old man, "and feels sort a shy," for he truly thought the minister was in the entry behind her, so he said with more than common cheerfulness, "Ask him in, Mary, ask him in."

"There's nobody here, father," she replied gravely. "I came from Aunt Sarah's alone."

"Umph!" said Mark.

Mary made no allusion to either lamps or window curtains, and after telling her father, as she usually did, the various items of news she had gleaned from Aunt Sarah, quietly withdrew, and left him to his meditations.

As for Mark, he concluded Mary had made a mistake in thinking herself an object of special regard to the minister, and said to himself musingly, as he laid down on his pillow,

"Umph! wiser heads than yours, child, make mistakes in their reckonings."

Whether Miss Mary had made a mistake we do not say, but it is certain that the minister thought he had, when he came out into the church porch that Friday evening, and found her gone.

On the next Wednesday the sewing circle was held and the minister was invited to tea. Now, Mary was there, and had left word at home for the hired man to come for her with the chaise at nine o'clock. The minister had made several ineffectual attempts to speak to her during the evening, and when he heard that the chaise had come, and she was going to ride home, he somewhat anxiously followed her into the entry, saying in an undertone:

"I have been trying all the evening to speak to you" (as though she did not know it,) adding, "shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"I shall be at Aunt Sarah's," said Mary, "and," she continued, with a roguish smile, "Aunt Sarah will be very glad to see you there."

From that time, Mary spent all her Thursday evenings at Aunt Sarah's, and Miss Sykes, with whom the minister boarded, said she did not know what it all meant, [illegible] was one evening in the week [illegible] always went away, with- [illegible] where he was going. [illegible]

[illegible]

One day, about a month after this [illegible] Mark went down to [illegible] Joe Smith, the grocer's [illegible]

"Well, 'Squire, how do you like the new parson?"

"Umph!" said Mark, "he's no great."

"Well, anyhow he likes the folks up at the Old Red, I'm thinking."

Mark looked up at Joe, inquiringly, and then said:

"Pshaw! he never comes there."

"Well, if he don't he wants to, and that is just as bad," *said* Joe. "Folks say—and you mustn't mind it if I am plain with you, 'Squire—folks say you hold rather too tight a rein with that girl of your'n."

Mark made no reply, but, gathering up the packages that Joe had been tying up, he strode out of the store without stopping to settle his bill.

"The 'Squire's pretty huffy," said Joe, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as he watched the unwonted speed with which the old mare took her master up the hill. Now there was one creature that Mark was never harsh to, and that was this same old mare. "She is a knowing beast," he used to say. Anybody could see she took advantage of her master's amiable weakness, for whenever she happened to feel like it, no matter when, no matter where, she would suddenly stop and have a resting spell.

On the day in question, however, she so far sympathized with Mark's haste to get away from Joe Smith that she kept up a brisk trot until they were half-way to the "Old Red."

But old habits are not easily broken, and the shady retired hollow they had now come to proved too great a temptation for the old mare, so the trot subsided into a walk, and the walk into a decided stop.— Mark sat with his knit brows and compressed lips, thinking of what Joe had said and hardly noticed where he was.

It was a charming summer afternoon, and a slight breeze rustled the myriad leaves in the branches over his head, as though the old trees were whispering secrets to each other. Whether any such romantic idea was suggested to Mark we cannot say, only he roused up, somewhat suddenly, and, looking about him, said with evident emotion, "Yes, this is the very place." Tears gathered in the old man's eyes, and though he brushed them away with his hard, rough hand, they still kept coming.

Yes, this was the very place where, twenty five years before, Mark Goldsmith had told the beautiful Mary Willard the story of his love, the very place where together they had promised to love each other until death. Mark was then poor, while her father, Major Willard, was a rich man, yet he well remembered the kindness of the old Major, the free consent he gave to their union, and the wealth that was transferred to him at his death.

Nor did Mark forget (though he almost wished he could) that Mary Willard had said to him on that betrothal night, "Oh, Mark, if my father should oppose us I should die! And was not Mary Goldsmith another Mary Willard, with the same loving disposition and winning ways? And was it not possible for the young minister to love her just as he himself had loved her sainted mother? What if he had been taunted with wanting Major Willard's broad acres instead of his daughter?

This thought was too much for Mark, and he gave the reins a sudden and violent jerk, that started the old mare into a brisk trot again.

Mark, however, did not drive directly to the Old Red, but turned down the lane that led to sister Sally's, and drove round *into her yard. She immediately came to* the door, for, though her brother often called, he seldom got out of his wagon.— He used to say, "Nobody can call me an old man, Sally, I'm sure, but I reckon 'tis *the rheumatism makes me kind of stiff.*"

But this afternoon he got out and followed her into her pleasant sitting room, and sat down in the arm chair.

Delighted with so unusual an occurrence, the old lady made extra efforts to entertain him, and, having exhausted all the topics concerning his affairs, she began to talk of her own, entering at last into a somewhat lengthy account of the capture and subsequent destruction of a mouse that had got into her chamber, the night before.

Mark had not paid much attention to anything she had said. Something very different was evidently on his mind, and, before she had finished the mouse story, he made two ineffectual attempts to interpose a question. Each time he got as far as, "Sally, how do you like him?" but his sister went perseveringly on, until he abruptly said:

"Confound the mouse, Sally! How do *you like the young minister?*"

A little surprised, but not at all taken aback by the suddenness of the question, Sally said:

"Ah, we are very fortunate! Not many such young men now-a-days." And then she gave a deep sigh.

"Well, what is the matter with you, then?" said Mark.

"Oh, I was only thinking," said the old lady, solemnly, "what a pity 'tis that good young folks, who like each other, can't come together and get married as they used to. Ah! times are changed," and she heaved another sigh.

"Umph!" said Mark. "What has that to do with the minister?"

"Just this, Mark Goldsmith," said Sally, as, bending forward, she rested her arms upon her knees, and looked up into Mark's face. "It is as plain as A, B, C, that the young minister likes your Mary, and you won't let him have her. And now, in a day or two, he goes away for three or four weeks, and, if he can't have the one he wants here, why he'll have *to try to find a* wife somewhere else, for of course a parson without a wife isn't worth much to a country parish, and that you know as well as I do, Mark. Then, as for Mary, if he does so, it will break her heart, that's all."

"Umph!" said Mark, rising and walking to the window, "what's to be done?"

"Well! I don't really know, unless you have the sewing circle at the Old Red next week; that might bring matters right."

The sewing circle at the Old Red! The thought of it made Mark start, and yet, by the nervous twitching of his mouth, Sally concluded he was trying to consent to it.

At last he said, "Well, tell the child she may have it, if she wants to," and then he went out of the house without speaking another word, leaving Aunt Sally with her mind full of business and her heart full of joy.

And so the sewing circle met at the Old Red! And of course the minister stopped to talk with the 'Squire after the folks had gone. And *of course* Mary sat down by her father's side to hear what he had to say.

There was a pause at last in the conversation, when the minister, reaching his hand across the table, laid it on the old man's arm, saying:

"'Squire, you have got one thing that I want."

"Name it!" said the 'Squire, clenching the table with his hands, and compressing his lips, as though he felt the crisis had come.

"Not your broad acres, sir, but your daughter!"

"She is yours!" said Mark in a clear, decided tone; then, suddenly rising, he placed the minister's and Mary's hands together. He tried in vain for a moment to speak; at last, laying his own hand upon the young minister's shoulder, and looking upon Mary, he said:

"*He's* got just what he asked *for!* But I'll treat you both alike. If *you* want anything, a[sk]."

With tears glistening in her eyes, Mary threw her arms around the old man's neck, and said:

"Yes, father, there is one thing. Promise never to say "Pshaw!" to me any more."

"I promise!" said Mark.

And Mark Goldsmith had learned his lesson.

POLITICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.—The custom [illegible] in some parts of our county) of [illegible] for any office to [illegible] with regard to their course upon [illegible] and impossible questions, is thus satirized by a correspondent of a South Carolina journal, the Spartansburg *Express*:

To the candidates for the Legislature of South Carolina:

If elected, will you vote for a sufficient appropriation, by the Legislature, to have the Artesian Well in Charleston bored through to the *Celestial* Empire, so that South Carolina may *drop* through in the event of Mr. Lincoln's election?

In the event that the African slave trade is not re-opened, will you favor an appropriation, by the *Legislature*, for the importation of monkeys to pick out cotton?

Will you vote for a law to prevent the Aurora Borealis from making its appearance south of Mason & Dixon's line?

Will you vote for an appropriation to aid in defraying the expenses of the visit of the Prince of *Whales* to the United States?

In the event of your election, will you, in accordance with the strict rules of political economy, vote for appropriating the superfluous gas so freely generated by that body, in aid of Professor Lowe's intended balloon excursion to Europe?

If elected, which hotel will you stop at in Columbia?

Which of the candidates for the Legislature do you think will be elected?

In view of the great importance of the foregoing solemn questions, and the necessity of specific and categorical answers to the same. "What are you going to do about it?"

Are you in favor of making such simpletons of yourselves as to answer all questions which may be propounded to you through the papers?

If the last question is answered in the affirmative, we repeat with emphasis the ominous question, "What *are* you going to about it?"

In answer to a query from a correspondent, the Chicago *Journal* says that "Artemus Ward," whose humerous writings are known in the daily papers, is Mr. Brown, the Local Editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. "Artemus Ward, the showman," is a name assumed by him, though there is really a man by that name, and a regular genius in the Show business, who exhibits wax figures "and sech," and makes a great deal of fun, down in Indiana. Mr. Brown is a young man of fine abilities as a writer. He was "brought up to the business" being a jour printer "by trade," and an editor by education. He don't look like a funny man at all, being "on the contrary, quite the reverse;" but that he is a funny man, none will doubt who have read his queer "Artemus Ward" letters.

WHY IN THUNDER.—Judge Norton was solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also at once egotistical and sensitive to ridicule.

Judge Nelson was a wit, careless of decorum and had a sharp voice. He did not like Judge Norton.

At a bar supper, Judge Norton, in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, the rude practice of that period, and the discomforts of the profession in a new country, described in a tragic manner a thunder storm which once overtook him in riding the old circuit.

It was night in the forest, the scene was awful, "and," said the Judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Why, then," interrupted Nelson, in his peculiar squeal, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"

The party roared, the splendid period was spoiled, and the poor Judge sat down.

A butcher suggests the very sensible idea, that if certain people would exercise as much caution in regard to their drink, as they do concerning their meat, there would be a decline in the price of bad liquor.