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## Select Poetry.

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**  
BY MISS ANN S. BRIDGES.

Her face was like a flower,  
And her eyes were like stars,  
And her smile was like a sun,  
And her voice was like a bird.

She was so sweet and so true,  
And so kind and so good,  
That I could not live without her,  
And I would not live without her.

She was the love of my life,  
And she was the love of my soul,  
And she was the love of my heart,  
And she was the love of my mind.

She was the love of my life,  
And she was the love of my soul,  
And she was the love of my heart,  
And she was the love of my mind.

## Choice Miscellany.

**THE MERCHANT'S HEART.**  
OR, THE JEW'S WAGER.

Mathias, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boyhood upward, in traveling for the sake of gain, to the east and to the west, and to the islands of the south seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigor of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden on the borders of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants; but those who were introduced to his intimacy knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in his youth, he had left his father, and his brother, and his sisters in health, although poor, but when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that they were no one to share his prosperity, and a bright came over his head.

The gossip in the bazaar soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna the Christian tailor, one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbor, the Jewish money-changer:—"I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Mathias will found consolation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will find a family which shall be celebrated in this city as long as its prosperity endures." To this the Jew replied:—"What is the value of thy stock? Three jack-ets returned upon thy hands, a rusty pair of scissors, an old stool, and some bundles of thread? Verily the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his neighbor, and then answered:—"I will throw in Zarifch, the ebony-black girl whom I bought last spring to follow my wife when she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pondered awhile, leaning his grey beard on the breast of his caftan. He remembered that forty years before, he, too, had returned from travel with his money bag, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection, and to the heaping of malice upon mankind. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affection in the heart, either of Christian, or of Jew, or of Mahomedan, but of gold. So he said:—"Let the odds be equal. I will venture thee hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Mathias does not take into his house a wife." "Agreed," cried the Christian. The neighbors were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Mathias was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life; and in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said sternly to the Christian tailor, "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy savings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to thyself."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is impossible for a good man to remain all his life alone. If thou wilt come to my house and see my wife and my little Gorges, dancing in the arms of the ebony-black girl, Zarifch, thou wilt

surely relent and seek at once to be as I am— Perhaps thou hast not well looked around thee. There is Miriam, the daughter of our baker, who is of majestic presence, being as big as thyself. She will suit thee to a hair, and, if thou desirest, my wife shall make proposals for thee this afternoon." Mathias laughed and frowned, and went on, and the Jew chuckling in his beard, said:—"O, Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from thy wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all be said?" But the Christian replied:—"In five years Saint Philotea wore away a stone as big as this stool with her kisses and tears—in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Mathias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where to find her? Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them nothing but love of dress, and love of themselves. How could their capricious and selfish natures find pleasure in communion with a man whom this world had long tried, and who wished to wait in meekness and patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Mathias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence; they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself, they freed him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends, and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest, that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin. People jesting with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But, although Mathias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly towards him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and, suddenly retiring from society, shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking but melancholy and discontent for his only companions.

At length Mathias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and to ride out to the base of the mountains; and, then putting foot to ground, to wander until evening amidst rocks and caverns. He could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall, and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays streaming in through the cleft of the rock, played upon his eyelids. He got up, and having said his prayer, went forth and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognize his whereabouts, and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object rapidly moving to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cow tangled about its horns in the direction of Mathias. "Ah!" said he, "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes, and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a stand still. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath, and unwinding the rope from the cow's horn; "if Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me."

"And who would find it in his heart to beat thee, child?" said the merchant, as he looked at her delicate form.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings upon thee, again I say, stranger!"

Mathias forgot all about Tarsus, and walked by the side of the girl, adding questions of her. He learned that she was the daughter of a bondswoman.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she to Mathias, whereupon he began to curse the Jew which had led her to that dance, and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However they were soon sitting side by side in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bondswoman was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry her, if she would have him; but although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great, that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Mathias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so, and for many weeks continued these meetings in which, for the first time since his youth, he found real happiness. At length, one day he took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her, and make her the mistress of his wealth. "My lord," she said, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bondswoman, and that there is no power that can free me?"

"Money can free thee, child," said Mathias.

"Not so," replied she; "for it is an ancient privilege of this monetary that bondswomen shall forever appertain to it. If any freeman casts his eyes upon one of us, and desires to marry her, he must quit his estate and become a slave, he and his descendants forever, to the monetary. This is why I was not married last year to Skander, the porker, who offered twenty pigs for my freedom, but who refused to give up his liberty." Mathias internally thanked heaven for having given an independent spirit to the porker, and replied, smiling:—"Believe me, Carine, that the fathers love money—they all do—and I shall purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, shaking her head, "they refused twenty pigs."

"I will give twenty marks of gold, lady," cried Mathias, enraged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much, and

that, if she were, it was of no use, talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By Saint Maron!" exclaimed Mathias, "I can buy their whole monetary!"

He was mistaken. The monetary of Belafca was the richest in all the east, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the proposition of the merchant—who went straight to him that very day—by saying that on no account could the liberty of Carine be granted. "If thou wouldst marry her," said he, looking at Mathias thought, more wicked than a demon, "thou must give up all thy wealth to us, and become our bondswoman." With this answer the lover went sadly away, and returned to Tarsus saying to himself—"It is impossible for me to give up, not only the pains of all my life, but even my liberty, for the sake of this cow-girl. I must try to forget her."

No he went back among his friends, and began again to walk in the bazaars. When the Jew saw him, he cried out:—"Hail, oh wise man, who did not burthen himself with the society of a woman!" But the merchant frowned black upon him, and turned away; and, to the surprise of all the neighbors, went and sat down by the side of the Christian tailor, and, taking his hand, whispered to him:—"Tose thy shop, my friend, and lead me, that I may see, as thou didst promise, thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have now three, George, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Mathias; "and also the ebony-black girl, Zarifch."

"Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Mathias to himself, "that it is the law of heaven that every man shall marry." The tailor shut up his shop and took the merchant home and showed him his domestic wealth—that is to say, his pretty wife, his three young children, and a coal-black girl called Zars, who was kneeling down in the court yard. "My friend," said Mathias, "what wouldst thou do if the powerful were to say to thee: thou must be deprived of all this, or else lose thy liberty and become a slave?"

"Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders, "yet some live without it; but none can live without love."

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monetary, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers of the monetary, "to see if I may have my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine."

"It is too late," was the reply; "Skander, the porker, has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting a chain upon his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage with Carine."

Mathias smote his breast with his hands, and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monetary, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "The porker had a previous claim;" but the monk, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyment which the merchant's wealth would afford them ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hastened to Carine's opinion was asked; and she, seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartily condemned the unwarmed porker to liberty, and said:—"Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed, and whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the more interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boog, the treasurer of the monetary, set off to take an inventory of the wealth, which had thus fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Mathias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stipulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pastures with her; and, next morning, he found himself with her; and, next morning, he found himself with her; and, next morning, he found himself with her.

Meanwhile the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Mathias, and was stricken with rage, and roused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monetary and summoned the chief, saying:—"Know, O, monk, that Mathias is my friend; and it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from me, say, I to the monetary. He is a liberal citizen, and I will not lose him from amongst us." The governor spoke thus by reason of certain loans without interest and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls) with which Mathias had freely obliged the governor; he also hoped a consequence of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monetary bid his head was humbled; and the governor and he parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Mathias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monetary, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monetary, over and above a round sum which Boog, the treasurer, had not found in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Traditions dilate with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband; who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty, or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the store as heart happy."

Two Purses.—The young lady who put so much in her letter that she could not get an envelope large enough to contain it, is sister to the indebted gentleman who was so puzzled up that he could not see out of his eyes.

## LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

FROM THE HOME GAZETTE.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators—and in its application frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely disseminated from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident which greatly amused our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1844—we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week and to relieve us of the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had just convened.

Among the prisoners in the bar, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the bar, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a fearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to inquire the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one which was sympathetic for the lad was excited. How we pitied him! The bright youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of age. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a trifle—no more.

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where from its very position it was impossible for any person to suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and still his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft—a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of the employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this little rogue an example to others by punishment. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected sight else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fond-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney had volunteered in his defence, gave no encouragement—so we learned it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared to be greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him; from which he took the Bible that had been used in solemnizing the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks—among which were heard a harsh fellow close by, as crying out:—"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying,

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge on the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throbb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and, before his conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech inflecting to that degree which caused tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and a voice was there, that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite and now represents the district in the councils of the nation. The lad has

## A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated by his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung, as the train neared the station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that going?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman, "they have to countenance ringing about ten miles before they can get to a station, or else the train would run by before the bell could be heard. Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so far that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; no use, whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee; "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles; but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate—hurricanes were no whar, and I had to hold my hat on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let whistle on, screeching like a trooper. 'It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use.' The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, said the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying before me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horse. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lighters, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they could not sleep with so much light in the night-time. Finally, we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifty minutes every forty miles. But I can't say as that is the rest I know to be so."

**MARRIAGES OF LOVE AND CONVENIENCE.**  
"Every where, but in novels," says a recent writer, "the marriage of convenience has proved an excellent institution, while what are called love matches have been, are, and ever will be, prolific of misery." The Boston Purveyor: "We should like to see the impudent old foggy who said that. It is only to tell him his teeth that he lies—lies like the telegraph—lies like a lawyer—lies like a steamboat runner—lies like the prospectus of a new magazine." So "marriages of convenience" are better than love matches, are they? Do you know that love is all that make marriage honest, or even decent? That marriage without love is a stretch in the nostrils of God and men? That love is heavenly in its origin, divine in its influence, and glorious in its enjoyment; while "convenience"—which is but a smooth glass for lust or avarice—is the prolific parent of incoherence, heart-burnings, wrangling, discord, and divorce? Of course you don't; but every man of sense and observation knows that the mistakes of youth and romance in their matrimonial alliances, are light and unfrequent, compared with the coldly-planned blunders and equally-concocted disasters of sagacious boodlers of fifty, and weary spinsters of thirty-five."

**GOOD AND BAD LUCK.**—I may here, here as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in a river, where he killed away his time fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another who steadily followed his trade as steadily followed his bottle. Another who was honest and constant to his work, yet by perpetual misjudgments—was lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who was not ruined by a bad wife. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, is impregnable to the assaults of all the ill that fools ever dreamt of.

**AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION.**—"Jo, when you grow up, do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionary store?"

"I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but I want to be a minister."

"O, don't be a minister, Jo, for you can't go to a circus then."

"I know that, Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know how Mrs. Love-grew adores Rev. Mr. Prestlyface, and would'n you like to be adored, Tom?"

"Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses."

"O, yes, you can; ministers drive fast horses now-a-days, and besides that, Tom, when they have a bilious attack the worshippers send them on a foreign tour, then they get remembered in will, and often have nice presents, and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country-seat, and a town-house, and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?"

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game-of-warmer.—Saturday Eve. Gazette.

## Discovery of Ruined Cities within the Great Basin.

The Great Basin is the middle of our Territory, bounded on the North by the Wahsatch Mountains and the settlements of the Mormons on the South by the Gila, and the West by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown. Trappers and mountaineers have passed all around the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed it with the exception of Mr. Beale, who traversed on his recent trip its Northern slope, and Capt. Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who explored nearly though its centre in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore is known regarding it, but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Capt. Walker we have gathered many particulars regarding his celestial, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within it; the Rio Colorado, Chiquito, or Little Red River, runs entirely across it, about 100 miles to the North of the Gila and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About 120 miles still further North the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the Little Red, and empties into Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand River itself pursues a course a little South of West across the Northern part of the Basin, while the Avonkree, a large river discovered by Mr. Beale, Green River, and the Rio Verden, are all large streams, which drain the Northern mountain rim and run in a Southerly direction into the Colorado.

The Great Basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande is an immense table land, broken towards the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached Sierras.

Almost all the streams run through deep canons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited even by the lowest order of Indians. But though now so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidences that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their handiwork still remains to attest their former greatness. Capt. Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table land. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of the Gila, it was not until his last trip across, that he ever saw a structure standing. On that occasion he had penetrated about midway from the Colorado into the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with the Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine further. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which lay the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped towards Red River, and the lines of the streets could be distinctly traced, running regularly at right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stone, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was no ordinary conflagration, but must have been some great furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano, as the stones were all burnt, some of them almost incinerated, others glazed as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have fallen before it. In the centre of the city we refer to, rose abruptly a rock twenty or thirty feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls 15 or 18 feet long, and 10 feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have melted to cinders, and to have sunk to a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Capt. Walker spent some time examining this interesting spot—the traces of many of the streets and the outlines of the houses; but could find no other wall standing—as often as he had seen ruins of this character, he had never, until this occasion, discovered any of the simple masonry of the ancient people. Here he found a number of hand-mills, similar to those still used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about two feet long, and ten inches wide, the one followed out, and the other made convex like a roller to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Straws all around, might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, and others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antique pottery in every part of the country, from the San Juan to the Gila.

Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several ruins a little off his route near it, but he could not stop to examine them. On this side of the Colorado he has never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people that once thickly settled this region. They look with wonder upon these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Capt. Walker, who we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderful retentive memory, is of opinion that this Basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fire. The hills discovered prove that the ancient race once lived in the country as it now appears could not be killed, hence it is inferred it was a hardy and happy people in early days. The