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Select Boetry.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY J. A. BLACEMAN. Hard by the bread and dusty street, Where maples throw a cooling shade, And frequent trend of playful foot A bire and bester way has made: The school house standeth, old and rade, And there a score of years both mood.

The windows cartainless and here, Are marred oft with a broken pane, Until the shrill autumnal air, Or wintry blast, beat through again; And the rude beaches and the walls Are rough with uncouth outs and securit

The zill that bubbles sparkling by, Has not a free, unbroken fow: Its floods quaint, mimie mills supply, And infant navies o'er it ge; And where it slumbers still and wide The boys in winter skats and slide.

And passing by the half-oped door, You hear the teacher, loud and clear, Pouring his precepts evermore Into the young and listless ear. Patience and hope his tolls attend, And in his beart their sanshine lead.

A plain, contented man is be-He burns no mess incomes to fame Tie his alike unmoved to be. 'Midet kindling fattery or blame A husbandman in mind's rich soil, He deeme it preed to delve and tell.

He leves to gase on coming years, And watch those buoyant spirits climb-Frail creatures of his cares and feare-High up the fame-paved mount of Time; And thinks, right hopefully, to share Their triumphs and their heaves there

Now at the golden wase of day, O'erioved to hail their labors e'er The little legions, wild for play, Burst forth, with frolie and aprear While down their mirth's Lethenn tide All thoughts of books and lessons glide

Dearer then all earth's kingly halls Thou, rough old school-house, art to me; Thy time-browned sides and crumbling walls Hoard many a precious memory Of that far past, when life was now. Seasons were days, and dreams were true

Not in high pompous courts of state, Provid freedom's land! thy hopes eashrine; But where for life's great combats wait Treth's armies, radiant and divine. Time's mightiest destinies are wrought. Where the young potent soul is taught.

Choice Miscellany.

A NIGHT IN THE DISSECTING-ROOM.

BY MRS. LOUISE PLATT. Fatherly, Motherly, Sisterly, brotherly, Feelings had changed; Love by harsh evidence Thrown from its eminence Even God's providence

one of the settled convictions of the world. Any wondering want confounded street to had been in. Thomas Wickley, the father long, burning letters frequently to her, and re-rasse. not lively, reckless youths, would be considered of the pretty Mary, entered his apartment. He ceived long truthful letters in return. With what "Vot—you ron't kom out!" roared Hans, in very ignorant, or devoid of truth. And the came in, as justly indignant fathers always do a beating heart she stole in the crowd that thronged all the grief of rejected love. "Den you goes mit The majority of them, bred at home, the sons of Reynolds or Coleman would have had him. wealthy parents, are sent to large cities, to pass in crowds the season of lecture; and, being suddenly removed beyond restraint, and countenanced by each other it is little wonder they break into youthful extravagance, that too often English, German and American Hardware and ends in habits of sin and misery. The short passage, Nalls, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 sage between the hospital and dissecting-room rings with laughter, and the wild exuberance of and then burst into a roar of laughter. Wickgraves. The hotel in which I have passed the and indignant. The Hon. Fletcher smoothed winter, is in the neighborhood of a medical col- his wrinkled front immediately. lege, and my two little rooms look down upon the street along which troops of students pass laughing and chatting—in their queer dresses, made up of sacks, blouses, and caps. From time to time, as my health would permit, I have, reminded by these youths, given the history of a years.' I give it here much curtailed, and only my son." regret that facts cannot be made more entertain-

ing.

The scenery of the U-na-ka plains is exceed. ingly beautiful and peculiar. Yet one traveling from early morn till even, over roads level as a railway, may at last become wearied with a sameness of quiet beauty that seems to be without end. But to see the specimens preserved in Frankenstein's sketches, is to have a life-pension in pictured leveliness. The green sward, cropped close by huge droves of cattle, stretches out for miles and miles, dotted by groves of bur-oak, interlacing their gnarled boughs, upon which the bright green foliage hangs denser than that of any other species of American tree, or thread- you'd tell me who writ them?" ed by silvery rivulets that glide slowly along between flowery banks, as if they seemed loath to leave the paradise they adorn, or broken by little wood-covered mounds that swell up like isl- found a lyric of seventeen verses, of an amorous ands in a flowery sea; or one sees a little lake mystic character. The reader must not think calmly mirroring the quiet heavens above, like a me romancing if I give as specimens a few lines beautiful nun in a cloistered convent. No rocks of the best. Men in love will spin out just such no distant mountains melting in the hasy noon- gossamer threads, that, floating in the merry no wide seas or sweeping rivers-no swelling up | sunlight of youth, look very beautiful. A steady lands, yet in their own quiet way the U-na-ka member of the bar, who, I doubt not, is at this plains are as beautiful as they.

beauty to immortalize on canvass, so the Hon. rhyme would be as annoying as a poor client, William Flatcher selected a scene of exceeding did, once upon a time, address volumes of verse beauty in the midst of which to place his home to me, until he found that I was in a fair mood and gratify his taste for retirement, where he to label all as "rejected addresses," when he sudcould look the fairest nature in the face. A dreamy dealy took to special pleading with eminent sucindolent man of fine intellect, he had struggled cess. To poor Dudley's poetry. for years at the bar with various success, when, through the influence of some friends, he was elevated to the bench, and shortly after, a near relative dying, left him an immense fortune .--The judge gave up his judgeship, presented his fine library to a nephew, and, with wife and only child, retired to his U-na-ka farm, to settle down over books and dreams for the remainder of his useless life. He would have certainly accomplished this sleepy purpose, but for the only child -a boy-who acted upon Mr. Fletcher like a corn, with the difference that love, not hate, made

the young development of himself exceedinly The younger Fletcher, humored by the indelent father and fond mother, had every whim gratified, every wish anticipated. When the educated selfishness proposed breaking his neck by riding a colt that seemed unmanageable, the proposition was acceded to by the foolish parents amid earnest protestations, prayers, and loud lamenta- this man's daughter?" tions. From the time he fell from the table, in a fit of indigestion, having gorged himself with 'to marry her." plum-cake, to his nemeteenth year, when he dis- This little speech had been carefully prepared flying from a fee, the great clouds relied down friend." This probably alludes to Madame Jucharged a load of small shot from his double-bar- in anticipation of just such a scene; and Dudley over the distant horizon, and left the bright stars mel, the wealthy second wife of Col. Burr, who rel Manton into the back of John, the coachman, intended to speak it boldly and well, as the pre- sparkling coldly in the clear atmosphere of the obtained a divorce from him a few years previ-

tiful the orbs were, the setting was in keeping.

A prettier specimen of Heaven's choicest handithe age when youths, like creepers, stretch out their arms to cling to something, saw and loved the little cottager—the tenant's daughter. Dudpoetry, and wandered about at unseasonable tutor kept Dudley too close at his books. The Hon. Fletcher said the boy had the dyspensisthe tutor hinted the truth, but no one would lis-

How the youth prospered in his wooing, the tutor himself soon had striking proof. This priwate pedagogue was a large, dirty man, who wore his hair standing on end, and kept his nails in mourning. Somewhat indignant at not being heard when he suggested the real cause of Dudley's trouble, this mortal made himself a committee of one, to investigate and report. By close watching he discovered that his pupil was in the habit of stealing out at a late hour of the night to stroll past the cottage, whistling as he went a popular melody. By closer observation he dislittle fairy flitted by and disappeared in the willow grove, that fringed the brook. Ah! ha! thought the tutor, we will have occular proof.— He gave himself up to a few days' hard thinking, which resulted in a plot. One dark night, shortly after, he had the Hon. Fletcher and his hopeful closeted in deep discourse, while the mother close application, the redoubtable tutor wrapped himself comfortably in the idea of a successful trick, and stalked past the cottage and whistled, well as he was able, the popular melody. Then he stole into the willow grove. The night, as I have said, was dark and stormy. The heavens, veiled by heavy clouds, gave no light, and the willows swung to and fro in the fitful winds that swept through them. The tutor listened—he pew, listening to that divine man, the Rev. Thebeard a quick, light step, and turned. Alas! no odore Smoothe, preach from a marble pulpit, uploving arms were clasped around his neck, but, on the rightcourness of right and the sinfulness of in their place, a cudgel fell upon his nose, break-ing down that important feature. The blow shown the downward path carpeted and beautiknocked the tutor down, but recovering, with a ful to a poor, innocent boy, that, under your wild cry of murder, he fled—his speed greatly increased by a shower of thumps that for a while rained upon his back. He reached the house, Vet this is what you have to answer for sid no misery and death—what is an awful chill would have fallen upon your soul. and, with a face like Banquo's, rushed through beautifully sculptured stone, telling of a virtuwaves rippled—all was still. the library, frightening the Hon. Fletcher, wife

and son terribly. Medical students are merry fellows. This is The next morning the elder Mr. Fletcher was one of the settled convictions of the world. Any wondering what confounded scrape that fool tu-

"You say my son has been paying improper attention to your daughter?" "And that you beat him for it?"

morning, for I made them last night." The Hon, Fletcher opened wide his blue eyes "Excuse me, sir; my merriment is out of

convince you of a slight mistake." "No you can't" was the rude response.

"Yes, I think I can; and let me assure you, I medical student, who came from the same sunny they shall be married, or this fellow must quit plains upon which I passed three of my happiest my house. Wait one moment, I have sent for

terrupted by the entrance of Dudley. The young man started when he saw the visitor; but his face was as smooth as youth and soap could make.

no leave the house: You say you beat him-he certainly does not look in that plight." The man stared, evidently puzzled; but fumbling at his pocket, he pulled out a bundle of letters, and spread them before his honor.

"I don't know who I did beat last night. I did beat some one, that's a fact. But may be The judge took the first papers. It was Dudfully like poetry. He examined it closely, and

As the Frankensteins selected knots of still musty law books, looking as if the jingle of a

Tis sed, sweet May, to part with thee,
More and than words may tell;
To give thy form to memory,
To breathe a last farevell;
How leads the memory and the set of the How long thy every thought and tone Of mine have been a part; And now to treed life's path alone, Oh! well may break my heart. As the dew is to the drooping Sower

As sight-stars to the sea,
As sunlight to the summer hour,
Is thy sweet veice to me.
Oh! gentle May—soul of my heart—
Oh! wild-bird of the wood; "Did you write this stuff?" asked the father

after he had, with cruel deliberation, read the covered with blushes. "And what do you mean by it-am I to un-

"Yes, sir. I love Mary Wickley, and intend

sult of that consultation was a determination to he could not be made out. Mary seated herself

love and poverty."

The dim twilight of the next early dawn saw Dudley seated by the driver upon the stage, and, as he felt the huge affair swing under him, the ley had ever been gratified with all he sighed for, and, of course, saw no obsticle in the path to obtain what he so earnestly admired. He waded in to pluck the lily, never seeing the slime and the utter desolation that fell upon the heart of this face, over which he saw traces of tears, and earth that might cling to him in the act. To do the youth justice, however, he was as sincere and honest in his hopes, as thoughtless, selfish youths ever are. He paled apace—his appetite, came like country cousins, unexpectedly; he read much like country cousins and the utter desolation that fell upon the heart of this face, over which he saw traces of tears, and inhabitants learned that the enraged Russians like inhabitants learned that the enraged Russians inhabitants learned that the and turned to weary drudgery, lightened by no hope; and these passed away, and a gentle smile hours. His fond, good mother, said the private kind words, no looks of gentle sympathy. Save settled upon the fair face, as a mellow sunset tutor kept Dudley too close at his books. The us from our friends should read—Lord, save us upon a wintry scene. She was dreaming—the from our natural guardians.

and entered society under the guardianship of Mrs. Col. Hays. Dr. Calomel taught him the grand mystery of dosing—Mrs. Col. Hays gave him lessons in the sublime mystery of being dosed. This lady, elegant, beautiful, and rich, entities—her will undisputed, and her wishes equippages, flashing along, would be turned to carefully considered by a dozen other families, who held in common with her iron sway over socovered that soon after this performance, a white had ever fallen upon her snowy character; she darken down in gloom and tears. But, thank he compared the splendor of his aunt's drawing. eternity opens before us. room, satined, alippered, powdered and perfumed ful closeted in deep discourse, while the mother the contrast between Mary—poor little Mary—sat with her knitting close by, throwing in a few and those fashionables in his mind, was great; maternal remarks upon Dudley's ill-health and and when Mrs. Col. Hays made a casual allusion to "little love-scrapes" in the country, shame entered and took side with love. He did not love her less, but he pitied her more; and the brave thought of an humble home and happy fireside took flight, never, never to return.

Mrs. Col. Hays—lady of Col. Cabell Hays-

ous wife and Christian neighbor, will save you! Dudley continued to love the little May, he na!"

could not help that; but it was not with the pure eame in, and sitting timidly upon a coil of rope, hockschwerehoth!" heard her name called out by the greasy postaway with the dear unopened letter. How she "Yes—and I guess he carries the marks this hid herself in retired places, in the woods, in the form of Hans Von Rosenbaum around that dwelyouth blooms like a flower, rich and rank among ley looked at the unseasonable merriment sullen the poor girl. How the heart sickens at the missionable traveler hears at last a dismal wail in erable lies that line a way like this.

summer's vacation at his father's house. How shadow. place. I feel deeply for you-but I can soon changed they found him. No longer a willful, bashful boy, he now came out in all the colors of an accomplished, impudent, empty-headed scamp. I will not pause to tell of his meetings with Mary—of the many hours passed together without the knowledge of parents or friends.— a high state of excitement by an attempt on the give no countenance to such things. If you wish, with Mary-of the many hours passed together books, to society, to vices he now followed up with an engerness that can only be accounted for you are rich," began Wickley, when he was in- by a restless desire to drown all remembrance of the past. He received letters frequently from Mary, long, sad, wretched letters, blotted with tears. He answered them with hasty scrawls, one note to a dozen letters, and at last ceased to answer them at all. He ceased to study, his nights were passed in brawls, drunken orgies, his days in sleeping off the effect of bad wine and ex-

hausting revelry. I have not the heart to detail the sufferings of poor little Mary. How she toiled on from day to day, between sleepless nights of agony and shame, until her cheeks seemed wasted away by tears. Her parents, suspecting the truth, treated her harshly; Summer had faded into autumn, ley's writing, and, at arm's length, looked fright and autumn into winter. Weeks and weeks had gone by without a word from Dudley. When filled with despair, one night, after a harsh lecture from her misguided father, she promised on the morrow to tell him all. With this promise she was permitted to retire, but not to rest. Soon as the door of her little room was closed, she sat down and wrote to her parents the bitter truth. Then gathering her cloak about her shoulders, moment in his dull, grim office, pouring over she fled into the dark, wintry night. She would go, she would seek Dudley, for what purpose she could not say-but at home there was no hope,

no life. Through the long dismal night the poor girl walked along the rough frozen road that led to the city. Over wide dreary fields that seemed to stretch out in the gloom of night, miles and miles away: through groaning woods, that shriek-ed in the winds as they rubbed their giant arms together; past farm houses-with windows, from which twinkled little lights, and where the deepmouthed watch-dog bayed fierce and honestly; through sleeping villages, where the winds swept, for she had no thought for the present. In the present, there lay a dull, acking pain about her little, timid, commonplace girl was now a heroine. In her father's cottage her mother walked attention of all present. In a moment the atquietly about her pleasant duties, singing a low, sad melody that her children might sleep—the fire was sparkling brightly upon the hearth, light—the lady and remain some moments in conversations. ing up the walls and rafters of that holy place, tion. The enigma was soon solved. The lady while she, the dearest, loveliest of all, was fice. derstand that you have been secretly addressing ing alone, in the stormy night, far, far away.

A prettier specimen of Heaven's choicest handiwork never peeped out in hill and woodland.—
Upon the most exclusive carpets she would have
been a distinguished feature, so delicate, graceful
and beautiful was she; but in the U-na-ka wilds,
she looked like a water-lily turning up its pure.

world and be counted of a benefitties in behalf of
the could not be made out. Mary seated herself
upon the middle seat, but a lurch of the stage
upon the middle seat, but a lurch of the stage
threw her forward upon the buffalo robe, which
unrolled, and an old gentleman peered savagely
out. displaying a upon the middle seat, but a lurch of the stage
threw her forward upon the buffalo robe, which
unrolled, and an old gentleman peered savagely
out. displaying a upon the middle seat, but a lurch of the stage
threw her forward upon the buffalo robe, which
unrolled, and an old gentleman peered savagely
out. displaying a wrinkled front, in which age
world and be counted of a benefitties in behalf of she looked like a water-lily turning up its pure, world, and be cured of absurdities in behalf of pale face from a marshy pool. Dudley, just at love and poverty."

It was about uttering an ugly curation, when the sight of Mary's sad, pale, young face checked him: and Mary's sad, pale, young face checked him; and. moving over, he not only gave her a seat, but insisted upon foiding a part of the warm robe about

> voice of her mother broke upon her ear, kind, Dudley, in the midst of the vast city, opened gentle, fogiving; and he was there—the past all his books under the guidance of Doctor. Calomel forgotten, the future all brigtness. Sleep on, had great sway in what is considered "the world." take our last ride, not only the criminal seated Her house was thronged with fashionable non- in his rude cart would shudder. What gay ciety. She was cold, correct, graceful-in fact, ily groups, with hope in their midst, wending a thorough-bred woman of the world. No stain their way to church or home, would see earth turned with freezing dignity upon the slightest kind Heaven! the dread unknown comes silently departure from rectitude, and yet was the most on, with all shadows behind; and we laugh or perfect teacher of vice Satan ever commissioned. cry, as joys or cares possess us, up to the very Dudley was dazzled and delighted; and when second when his iron hand is at our heart, and

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

German Literature.

The following "Gem of Foreign Literature, from the Bizarra, in the language of Gery Von Knipperhauser, the Dutch eritic, "ish goot?"

From the German of Henrick Hinklel THE RIGHT SIDE OF LOVE .- Midnight veiled the heavens with inky blackness as Hans Von Rosenbaum stepped from orgical halls of the Kin-kel Lager hans Zum Sausund Braus. The foam odore Smoothe, preach from a marble pulpit, up- of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the soul with the memories of cries for "another pretzel!" and "pring in de Luger." and the thril-

Once more in agony rose that cry-"Kat-a-ri-

Deep from the recesses of the second story love that once made life so beautiful. He wrote window murmured an answer. "Nix komm he-

world in a received opinion is right for once.— upon the stage, and told his story very much as the village post-office upon the day the great coach der teufel and be dondered! Gotshimmelkreuse-

A brick flew from his hand, skimmed through master, as he sorted over the letters. With what the misty air there was the jingle of broken a trembling hand she gave the pay and hastened glass—a cry in female Dutch—and all was silent. cellar or garret, and read and read, through tears ling, still rings from the window the ghostly cry of joy, the delicious poison. What Dudley re- of "nix komm herause" still wings its way on the ceived in his gay life he transmitted in letter to night wind a phantom brick bat; and still the A year rolled by, and Dudley returned to pass re-echoed and reflected in their ghosts or in their

Love and Vengeance.

Six weeks fied by, and Dudley returned to his part of a woman to kill a man in the billiardrooms of the St. Charles Hotel; and, indeed the attempt was but too near successful. John Hitselburger, the victim, was the gamekeeper of the billiard-rooms, and had charge of the apartments by night and by day. Occasionally, a girl named Bridget Quinn had been employed, after the rooms were closed at night, to scrub and clean them, and generally the game-keeper remained in the rooms to look after his cues and balls .-During these midnight scrabbings it is said that John made very improper advances to Bridget, and, indeed, went so far as to encompass her ruin by triumphing over her virtue. When Mrs. Bridget Murphy, the mother of Bridget Quinn, learned how matters stood, her ire became uncontrollable, and summoning her daughter to her side, she repaired, armed with a huge and keenedged knife, to the billiard-room in search of John. It was shortly after mid-day when the two arrived, and every table was surrounded by anxious players. Even John had a cue in his hands. and was glorying over the fact that he had just made a run of thirty, which he concluded by pocketing both of the dark balls and thereby terminating the game in his favor. The younger Bridget sent for the gay knight of the cue, and stood apart with him for a time in earnest conversation. What the conversation was, we could not learn; yet, certain it is that, before it ended, the elder Bridget approached, whispering something hissingly into the ear of Hitselburger, and then plunged the knife (which she had hitherto concealed beneath her mantle) thrice into his body. The daughter, when she saw what her mother had done, seized her with frantic grasp in order to prevent her from again using her knife. In the mean time Hitselburger staggered and fell, and was eventually conveyed to the Charity Hospital, where but small hopes of his recovery are entertained. Both the mother and the daughmaking the signs creak dismally, the once timid and delicate girl pushed on. She had no fear,

AARON BURR'S WIFE .- The Paris Patrie of a heart; all the rest of her fevered being was far late date has the following: "At the last Tuilleoff, in the huge, great city with Dudley. The ries ball, the brilliant toilette of a stranger, with President of the United States, with whom Louis and cost his father a large sum to keep his beir face to an elequent effort in behalf of virtuous winter's night. Then came morning, and the out to his decesse. She owns a large landed escated by la

there, when the place was suddenly surrounded by a column of 150 Hungarian gerillas, who rushed upon their hated foes with unexpected

sians were buried in the common ditch. It was ken to him shrunk back and was silent. not long, however, before the rumor reached Losonez that General Grabbe had sworn to take ed for a moment whether he should interfere, vengeance on the town for the surprise of his but experienced a natural reluctance to draw soldiers. At length, on Aug. 7, the affrighted on himself the brutal violence of his gigantic and ges in the town, and nearly every family had ing pity for the insulted, and disgust toward the dead members to bury or sick to tend.

The town was speedily surrounded by the Russian advanced guard, composed of Cossacks, ner assumed an upright position, and the mass-whose first measure was to cut off all retreat for the dwas suffered to fall from it without effort or whose first measure was to cut off all retreat for those who might still endeavor to escape.—
"Hungarian dogs!" they cried to the unfortunate fugitives, as they drove them back with

Ere long, a Russian major presented himself and a pair of bright grey eyes sought the fiarce at the Town Hall, and the municipality having optics of the ferocious Kentuckian Without secreted themselves, or taken to flight, named a word, this "lay figure" passed his hand under magistrate and mayor among the town's people his collar at the back of his neck, and slowly and present, imposing upon the place a ransom of 27,000 rations of bread, 100 oxen, 100 quintals of lard, 200 bushels of vegetables, 100 cords of wood, 100 casks of wine, 25 casks of alcohol, James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Longues and Longue 100 casks of brandy, 50,000 rations of hay, 500 isians, and if you don't put that eigar out of the bushels of oats, and 20 quintals of tobacco.

Saas had consumed nearly all the provision that first free passage was refused them; they were his long knife in its eccentric hiding place, and insulted, beaten and threatened with death; but without saying a word to any one, refolded his after having been subjected to much ill-treat cloak around him, and did not utter another subment, succeeded in making their way to Gen. lable to the end of the journey.—Quarterly likely likely to the end of the journey.—Quarterly likely likely likely likely likely like Grabbe, who received them brutally, although at view of January. the same time promising to spare the innocent. murmur of the evening breeze mingled in his ants, told them there should be no burning.— But the soldiers were more frank in announcing the truth. At last night came-and what a night pretzel!" and "pring in de Liger." and the thrilling of harps and—for it had been concert night.

About 10 "clock, a troop of Cossacks dashed in—the trial been concert night.

"Kata-ri-na!" he cried from the bottom of his to the town and drove the inhabitants towards heart and voice—Kata-ri-na!—komm heraus!"

The bears gight in the rine leave the guerrillas had been interred. There, they were sine Wilson, by the Camanche Indians, inst had been deposited, and as they were about to do law (boys) were taken off prisoners. so, with mattock and spade, there rose a yell from their focs: "With your nails, dogs that

were regaled by a shower of blows. All were plete nuclity. Of course, the principal demand was for the money, and when they had none, they were lacerated with cuts of the kantschuk The last regiments, finding nothing more to take, unheard of cruelties. Officers as well as common soldiers, shared in the booty.

When all the stolen articles had been convey-

ed to the Russian camp, some of the battalions re-entered the town with pitchforks and sticks. and broke to pieces everything they had not been able to carry away. They did not leave a single article of furniture entire. Decending into the cellars, they bilged all the wine they could not drink. The excesses committed by these drunken barbarians surpassed ail that any one could imagine or dare to describ. I will say nothing of the outrages committed upon women and girls. of the outrages committed upon women and girls.

Although an eye-witness, I can scarcely believe them. This much, however, I will say, that nei-Chickasaw Indian, who lives near this post. ther the churches nor the resting places of the He had been out with some Shawness for the dend were respected. This sack, of which the like has never, perhaps, been elsewhere committed, lasted thirty-six hours. During that whole time the town was surrounded so that no one could pass out of it. The descruction was complete, the ruin was total-but even all that was not enough.

On the 9th of August, fire was applied to all the houses. The fragments of broken furniture, were heaped up in the centre of the rooms and fire set to them with torches prepared for the purpose. By a refinement of cruelty, while this unfortunate town was burning, the Russian regimental bands played their national airs. The flames, the savage music, the ferocious yells and laughter, mingled with cries of despair from a brought in there by some friendly Indians, who wild throng of naked, maltreated, famished and had bought him from the Camanches lately. frantic people, made up a catalogue of horrors that cannot be conceived.

In a few hours the whole town was in flames. Those who attempted to extinguish the confiagration-a vain effort at best-were beaten back by the patrols, who even drove many of the inhabitants into the flames. Towards evening the survivors were led to Apatfalra, where it was years of age, who dresses in the highest style of told them they were to be massacred. But this the latest fashion, and who is favored by heaves menace produced no affect upon them; they had already suffered too much for that, and so they were permitted to live, as the worst punishment were assembled, and five francs given to each

rillas disguised as peasants." After this unblushing and infamous falsehood.

SMOKING IN A STAGE.

The late Mr. Clay was a man of great resolu-That night were slowly on, and toward moraing the rear-guard of the northern storm came country, and at the end of fifteen years he had following anecdote to a friend of ours: Traveling ridiculous. A thousand other stories are tolking the rear-guard of the northern storm came country, and at the end of fifteen years he had following anecdote to a friend of ours: Traveling ridiculous. hurrying by. In scattered groups of hosts, as if recognized the widow of his old American in early manhood in a public conveyance in a about the pranks of young Williams, but we re-South-eastern State he found himself in a com- serve them till his case comes up for examine pany of three other persons, consisting of a young tion. - N. O. Delta. lady and gentleman, her husband, and an individual muffled in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in arrived at St. Louis from Denmark, on their way a tete-a-tete with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, to the Salt Lake country.

He had plenty of money, and no care for it.—
His selfishness was ignorant thoughtlessness, for he did many generous acts—if they cost him little trouble. His hand went to and from his well-filled purse quite easily—and he flung his father's money from him like a criminal than an advocate. Mr. Wickley saw quite money from him like a lord.

When in his nineteenth year, one pair of sparking black eyes at least saw Dudley dash by upon mis blood mare without dislike. These eyes belonged to a little girl, the daughter of one of the Hon. Fletcher's tenants; and however beautiful the orbs were, the setting was in keeping.

He had plenty of money, and no care for it.—
His selfishness was ignorant thoughtlessness, for he did many generous acts—if they cost him little story and the story in getting up and hurrying on. About noon the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, com manded by ten officers, arrived at Losonez.—
They had been scarcely fifted morning in a wool-bloomed to flat the result in the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, com manded by ten officers, arrived at Losonez.—
They had been scarce, and pulled forth the coach, smoking getting up and hurrying on. About noon the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, com manded by ten officers, arrived at Losonez.—
They had been scarce, and pulled forth the coach, smoking getting up and hurrying on. About noon the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, com manded by ten officers, arrived at Losonez.—
They had been scarcely fift or the coach, smoking setting up and hurrying on. About noon the stage came by, and the driver, seeing a frail or the morning, ninety Russian soldiers, com manded by ten officers, arrived at Losonez.—
They had the the fift was a quafortis." In fact, he cold air about, and officers were breakfasting in stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his compen-ion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid for my place. I'll smoke as much as I dara impetuosity, Three Russian officers were killed; please, and all his shan't stop me, no how."—
the rest, with all the common soldiers, were cap. With that he looked dagers and rolled his With that he looked dagers and rolled him tured, excepting only a few who managed to except eyes round as fiercely as a rattle-snake. It evident that he had no objection to a quartel, After this feat the guerillas withdrew. When and that if it occurred it was likely to lead to a they at length departed, the bodies of the Rus- deadly struggle. The young man who had spel

Clay felt his gullantry aroused. He considerinsulter, he determined to take no notice, when. very quietly indeed, the cloaked figure in the cor-

excitement. The small but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a tightly buttoned frock coat, with ac-thing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this This exorbitant ransom was laid upon the knife through your bowels, as sure as death." town, with an accompanying threat that if it | Clay said he never forgot in after life the ex-

were not paid by 8 o'clock the next morning, the pression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. place should be destroyed. To satisfy such de. The predominant impression made upon him was mand was impossible, for a few days previously the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apthe army of Gorgey, and the corps of General parently the same conviction impressed itself ere Saas had consumed nearly all the provision that long upon the offender. During two or three secould be found in the neighborhood. Yet every conds his eyes met those of Bowie. He was the exertion was made, and then the deputation of weaker, and he quailed. With a curse he tops burghers presented themselves at the head-quar- the cigar from between his teeth, and flong it, ters of Gen. Grabbe, to reach which, it was necessary to pass through the Russian army. At this Col. James Bowie as deliberately replaced

But, by afternoon, the pillage began in some of the streets. The officers, to console the inhabit. With Her Found.

FORT WASHTA, CHOCTAW NATION, Chickasaw District, Feb. 11, 1854.

ordered to open the pit in which the dead soldiers summer, by whom she and her two brothers in

The facts and the particulars of Mrs. Wilson's capture, and the two boys, near the fort, "Phasve are!" and they were forced to obey. The tom Hill," Texas, are corroborated by the same general pillage commenced after midnight. The facts related to me here, by the discharged solsignal was given by a blast of trumpets. The dier, alluded to by her in her narrative, (the selregiments passed in, one after another. This dier having passed this way to Arkaness) ales, thronging host, constantly renewed, did not con- in relation to the Mexican driver being scalped tent itself with pillaging the houses, but they and shot, as Mrs. W. relates. The soldier state even tore from the inhabitants their clothing, ed here, on his arrival, that he was unable to not excepting their linen and shoes. Those who keep up to the wagon with Mrs. Wilson and the did not yield to this outrage with a good grace, two boys, the Mexican driving, and as his horse was worn down, and on coming up to it he found soon reduced to a condition bordering on com- the woman and both boys gone, the wagon robbed of all its contents mules gone also, and the Mexican driver lying that the wagon, inschalle, having been shot and scaped. The soldier carried him to a small stream near by, washed his wounds. Dutch. All things in heaven and on earth are avenged themselves for the disappointment by and afterwide carried him for several days on his back. They were destitute of provisions, the Indians having stolen all from the wag-n .--They lived for some days on the remains of a carcass of a dead ox, found by the road side, using an old rasor for a knife, being the only instrument the soldier had to cut.

After several days slow travelling, they arrived at "Phantom Hill" post, where the soldier left the Mexican, recovering. Nothing has been heard on this frontier of the two boys alluded to in Mrs. Wilsons narrative, until ten days since, when one about swelve years old, eating himself last four months, trading for mules with Camanches. They found the white boy, with the Camanches, in a very destitute condition respecting clothing, having but few rags on his person,

Aaron Brown, with the characteristic nubleness of heart peculiar to his tribe, seeing the white boy in captivity, and badly used, proposed trading some goods for him. A few days passed before the trade was concluded. After giving several hundred dollars' worth of goods for the boy, the Camanches wanted to draw bargain, they could extert more, as they perceived Brown manifested a desire to have the lad. A few days since, I heard from Fort Arbuckle, situated sixty-five miles west of this post, that a unite boy had been This boy proves to be the other brother-in-law of Mrs. Wilson, showing that all the captives are now safe. Steps will be taken to restore them to their friends. Very respectfully, SAMUEL C. HUMES, Sutler, U. S. A.

A POLISHED JUVENILE -James Williams & heat became insupportable, and the wretched flash young gentleman about fourteen or after with a very pretty, girlish, and innocent-looking face, was arrested on Tuesday evening, at the lake end of the Pontchartrain railroad, on a that could be inflicted upon them. But in order charge of having picked a lady's pocket of a to make their work complete, on the next day, purse containing \$50. The youngster maintains while the army was commencing its march, they a brazen and independent port, and talks of his rights as an American citizen in an air which one, with the following words: "Strict investiga- would shame the most ultra of know-nothings. tion has been made, and we have discovered that He had money to a considerable amount conceal the town was fired, not by Russians, but by guer- ed in four different parts of his dress, and stated that he was a Philadelphia gentleman, who, without stealing, could afford to board at the St. the army moved off, and the wretched townspec- Charles. He has of late driven fast horses two ple returned to gaze upon the smoky rains of or three times a week to the Lake Hotel, where their dwellings, so lately the homes of peace and he eats costly dinners, which he washes down with champagne. A few nights ago he, in the dress of a sentimental miss, fascinated a certain official functionary at a masquerade ball, and at length, pretending to yield to the persuasions of the gay deceiver, went away with him. The re-

About 400 men, women and children have just