ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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... Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal. ... Agent for a daily line of Upper Lake ... Dock Erie, Pa

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... Office No 5 Reed Block, State Street ... Leaves at 11½ o'clock, A M ... 2½ o'clock, P M.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic ... ready made clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. ... Block, State street, Erie.

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Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hard ... No 1 Brown's New Hotel

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Dry Goods, Groceries, hardware, Queens Ware, ... Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

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Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., ... and carefully drawn. Office, Wright's Block, State street, Erie, Pa

M CHAPIN, Resident Dentist.—Office in the Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth Streets, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and ... warranted

CHAUNCY HULBURT.
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... and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic ... Goods, No 152 Market street, Philadelphia.

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Bankers, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, ... uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposite. Also, Sight Drafts on the principal cities of the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State Street and Public Square
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WEBB & THAYER,
Manufacturers and wholesale Dealers in every description of Stone Ware, fire Brick, fire Clay and fire Sand manufactory, between Second and Third Streets on the Canal. Erie, Pa.
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Wholesale & Retail dealers in China, Glass, Crockery, Brittania & Bohemian Ware. Lamps, Domes, Wicks, Mirrors, Vases &c. &c. China Hall, No. 6, Bonnel Block State st. Erie Pa.,
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Dealers in Stoves, Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron Ware. Beatty's Block, near the Court House, Erie Penna.
J. I. TANNER. S G MAGILL

For Sale,
ERIE CITY MILLS & WATER PRIVILEGE,
With the Land between the Railroad on State and Turnpike Streets.

THIS Mill is in the most perfect Flouring and Custom Mill west of Albany, (so acknowledged by experienced Millers,) and being located near the Railroad Depot, is well adapted for Merchant business. The undersigned will sell on terms of payment that will be advantageous to the purchaser. Erie, Sep. 24, 19, C. M'SPARREN

FALL CAMPAIGN OPENING.
At No. 7, Reed House.

I AM now receiving my Fall Goods, all selected from late importations, consequently the styles are new, and I must say very attractive. Designing greatly to extend the custom branch of our business, which is hereafter to receive a large share of our attention, we have taken particular pains in selecting the goods suited to the trade, and they will be cut and made up by workmen of experience and taste, and I warranted to give satisfaction. As heretofore the system of low prices for good pay, will be maintained, and we are determined to spare no effort to make ours the most popular clothing establishment in the city. Our stock is now very large and complete—all qualities of Broad Cloth and colors, extra superfine French Cloth and Doe Skins, French Cassimeres, many styles, some very beautiful, embroidered Silk Velvet and Silk Vestings, plain and figured, new styles. Shirts and Collars, Suspenders, &c., all of which are open to the public for inspection
JACOB KOCH, No 7 Reed House.
Erie Sept. 22, 1853.

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY
Successors to J. M. Smith & Co.,
Wholesale Grocers, No. 7, Bonnell Block, Erie.

THE subscribers having taken the store formerly occupied by J. M. Smith & Co., have and are receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected

Stock of Groceries.

Our Goods were bought for Cash, and most of them previous to the late advance; we would therefore respectfully invite merchants and others wanting goods in our line to examine our stock before going to Buffalo or New York. We wish it to be understood that for CASH goods can be purchased as cheap here as in New York with the addition of freight.

The following will comprise some of the articles in our line:—N. O. Pulverized, Crushed and Granulated Muscovado P R, Coffee Sugars, P R Muscavado and N. O. Molasses, Steward's Syrup, Honey, Green and Black Teas of all grades; Rio, Laguaira and Java Coffee Tobacco from 10c to 6s. per pound. Fruits, Nuts, Prunes, Pepper Pimento, Cassia, Nutmegs, Cloves, Indigo, Rice, White Fish, Mackarel, Cod and Herring, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c. In addition to our Stock we have a large stock of

Pure Wines and Liquors,

Which will be sold at prices that will defy competition. London and Philadelphia Porter, Scotch Ale, &c. We are also Agents for Moffet's Buffalo Ale.

Please give us a call and we will satisfy you that there is no humbug in what we say.
Nov. 5—25 CLEMENS & CAUGHEY

Books and Stationary, Very Cheap.
At No. 9 Brown's Block.

WE have just received our full stock of *Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Writing fluid, Pen's holders*, and the thousand other articles belonging to our trade, all of which we are anxious to sell and for the cash they can be bought very cheap. Those in want will do well to call. Don't forget the place, No 9, Brown's Block.

Why Don't You Read?

JUST received the following excellent books at the ... Book Store, No. 9, Brown's Block.

The Robber's Wife	A man in search of a Wife
The Mystic Vial.	Dare Devil Dick
Ellen De Vere,	Jack and his Pals
Rebel Scout,	Captain Kyd.
Mother Remembers	Jack Final,
Jane Seton,	Lafitte,
	Modern Pirates

And numerous other good things, marvels, wonders, ... which are offered cheap.

"It Saved His Life."

A YOUNG man was very much enamored ... of getting courage to tell her his feelings. He continued ... hesitation, and doubts, and fears, for a long time, ... whereupon he called at No 9, Brown's Book and Stationery Store New Berrian Warrants, and found a pamphlet ... two down. Those who are afflicted can do the same ... if we have a few more left of the same sort. We don't deem it ... Pens, Pencil, Paper, &c. ... of the ... purpose.

Cookery Without A Master.

A FEW copies of *Mrs Beachers Domestic Receipt Book*, the ... book out—warranted to get a good meal without the ... of the *Master*, when properly applied. To be had at No ... Brown's Book, where you will also see a good assortment ... Blank Books, Drawing Paper, self sealing Envelopes, ... and a few copies of those necessary family articles called Dream Books.

To Tailor's and Clothier's.

A QUANTITY of Tailor's pattern paper just received ... a new article, never kept in the city before. Call soon at No 9 Brown's Block—where you will also see a good assortment ... Blank Books, Writing Fluid, Pens, Pencils, Ink, ... Cards, &c., &c., and quite as low as the cheapest. Thankful for ... past favors.

REMOVAL AND CHANGE.
Immense and Attractive Stock.

CHRIST. HALLOWELL & CO., Philadelphia, Having ... removed into their splendid new warehouse, entrances No 147 Market, and No 21 North Fourth street, are opening ... the Spring trade an assortment of Silk and Fancy Goods, that for extent and variety will surpass any stock ever offered in that market. Entering into their new store, which is ...

One of the Largest in America,

with a business of an unusual amount already established, ... something largely to increase it, especially with those who ... for cash, and believing that the fairest system in jobbing goods is to have uniform prices they will be compelled to sell at a much smaller profit than can possibly be afforded where long credits are given. Under their cash and short credit system the necessity for charging large profits, does not exist, and by selling their goods at a very small advance on the foreign cost, they mean to make it the interest of every judge of goods, to buy upon the following

TERMS:

Cash buyers will receive a discount of six per cent, if the money be paid in bar funds, within 10 days from date of bill—Uncurrent money will only be taken at its market value on the day it is received. To merchants of undoubted standing a credit of six months will be given if desired. Where money is remitted in advance of maturity a discount at the rate of twelve per cent per annum will be allowed. They ask from merchants visiting the Eastern cities, the favor of an examination of their stock, being satisfied that they will be convinced that it is not for their interest to pay the large profits that are absolutely essential to those who give long credits. 2m39

M. L. Hallowell, J. L. Hallowell, T. W. Sweny, Jas. Traquair, A. W. Little, E. B. Hutchinson.

FRAUD!

ALL who want Axes of the real Collins & Co. make, should be particular to notice the stamps, as there are various counterfeits and imitations stamped Collins and labelled much like ours, which are fraudulently sold in some parts of the United States as our manufacture. They are made in different parts of the country by various axe-makers, and are generally of very inferior quality. The genuine Collins axes, which have acquired such an extensive reputation, are invariably stamped "COLLINS & CO. HARTFORD," and each axe has a printed label with my signature. It is now more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS since we commenced the business with the stamp of "Collins & Co Hartford," and I do not know of any other axe-maker by the name of Collins in the United States. SAM. W. COLLINS
Sept. 10, 1853 1y17.

New Goods from Philadelphia.

WE are now opening a lot of New Goods which we will be pleased to show our friends. SELDEN & ELY
Erie, Feb. 1st, 1854. 40

Home Manufactures.

STOCKTON & FULLER are now prepared to make to order, Silver Spoons, Forks, PITCHERS, Tea Sets, Cups, and in fact any article of Silver Goods, at as good rates, and in as good style as it can be had in Eastern Cities.

A large stock of Forks, Spoons, Cups, and the "little things," constantly on hand.

Engraving done in the neatest manner. Having a commodious shop and two good workmen, one of whom "can't be beat" this side of Philadelphia, we are confident we can give satisfaction to all. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. The trade supplied at eastern prices. Please call and see how we do it. Park Row, a few doors east of Brown's Hotel

March 11, 1854

Russia For the Six Foot Track!!
TO THE POWERS THAT BE.

SINCE the agitation of the public mind consequent upon the recent change of gauge has somewhat subsided and the people, found in the consciousness of rectitude, have returned to their various vocations, with the invincible determination of resisting the aggressive spirit of monopoly to the last drop, we beg leave to inform them that we too have gone to work again with renewed energy, and can now furnish them with anything we have at greatly reduced rates, in prospect of the "good time coming," and though ready at all times to do battle in defence of the integrity of our adopted city, yet when not so engaged we can always be found at home to greet our friends with smiling visages, and furnish them with them requisites to domestic comfort which constitute our assortment.

We have STOVES of every style for Parlor, Office and Kitchen; TIN WARE in endless variety; Cisterns, Pumps and Copper Boilers, Lead Pipe and Brass Kettles, Coal Hods and Stove Pipe, Iron Scoops and Coal Shovels, Shovels and Tongs and Brass candlesticks, Britannia Ware and childrens' Toys, Pork Forks and patent Strainers, and a variety of utensils essential to the culinary department, can always be found at the Home furnishing establishment of TANNER & MAGILL.
Dec. 17,—31. Beatty's Block, near the Court House, Erie, Pa.

NEW STYLES OF LADIES' CLOAKS.—Just received, this morning, another lot of Ladies' Cloaks, of the latest fashion, also, a fine assortment of Ladies Gaiter and Trimmings at the Emporse. Erie Nov. 26. CARWELL & BENNETT.

Original Poetry.

For the Erie Observer.

THE SABBATH BELLS

BY J. W. DOUGAN

Peal out sweet bells, your solemn chime
Bears back my heart to boyhood's time
When first I heard your music flow
In those blest days, long, long ago,
And when my bosom pure and free
Heaved with a thrill of ecstacy
At every deep toned soothing sound
Which hill and glen re echoed round

Peal out sweet bells! this day of rest
By God's unerring word is blest
That Man, from all his labors free,
Might homage pay the Deity.
For angels in their high abode
Perpetual homage sing to God
And myriads on the earth rejoice,
Sweet Sabbath bells, to hear your voice.

Peal out sweet bells, your every tone
With holy thoughts inspires the soul
Awakes devotion in the breast
And lulls the troubled heart to rest,
And, while deep stillness reigns around
And nought is heard but the solemn sound
Reverberating on the air,
Accept, O God, our humble prayer!

Choice Miscellany.

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.

A TOUCHING STORY

It was a stormy evening in the month of November that a Russian gentleman, called Jarosl—, his wife, and their little daughter Helena, and their faithful servant, in a heavy traveling chariot and four, driven by two postilions, drew up at the only inn of the little town of Kobria, which lies on the borders of Russia and Poland. They were returning from their travels in Europe and as the Baron had already overstayed the time he had intended to be absent from home, and the weather was every day growing worse and worse, he was anxious to press forward with all the speed possible. The furcaps of the postilions, the long manes and tails of their horses, and even the rough leather portmanteaus were white with frost, clouds of steam rose from the weary beasts, as the landlord coming up to the door of the chariot, observed that his honor would not think of proceeding further.

"Not if I were at liberty to follow my own inclinations," said the baron, "but as it is I am pressed for time, and we must get over another stage to-night."

"It is a long one, sir," said the landlord, "thirty versts at least, and you have the forest of Rosler to pass. The road is bad, and I dare say the snow is deep, and the wolves are getting hungry."

"Oh, I am not afraid of wolves," cried the Baron, "they would not dare to attack a carriage so early in the year as this. Let us have four good horses and we may be in by nine, for it is not more than half past six."

"Well, sir, I cannot; man must have his own way; but, if you may not regret it, on the termination. Horses on directly, Nicholas. But may be your honor and your honor's lady will take something hot, for you will need it before you get to Borsvo."

So a cup of spiced wine was brought for the travelers, and Erick had a double portion. He sat wrapt up in a huge fur cloak on a seat in front of a box in front, for the Baron's carriage was old fashioned, had been built in England. In few moments the fresh horses were harnessed, and the postilions cracked their whips, and amidst the thanks and good night of the landlord the carriage rolled on.

"It is bitterly cold," said the baroness, as she pulled the cloak more completely around her, and took little Helena on her lap—"it is bitterly cold and a fearful night to travel."

"What, Catharine, a Russian, and yet afraid of a little snow. If the moon can but break thro' the clouds, as it is trying to do, we shall have a pleasant ride yet," replied the husband.

"Well, I am glad we come on, too," said the wife, "it is pleasant to think that every mile we travel, brings us nearer home, and my dear little Nicholas and Frederica."

They were now passing over a wild moor, the wind whistled mournfully round the carriage, driving and chasing the snow before it, for it was snowing heavily. The glare of the lamps cast a kind of a ghastly haze on the immediate neighborhood of the carriage, and seemed to make the distance still darker.

"O, mamma" cried Helena, "let me come closer to you, it makes me afraid to look out of the window."

"Why, what should you be afraid of my lovely one?"

"One is always afraid in the dark, you know mamma; and then just listen to the wind how it howls."

The clouds passed off, the moon was walking in brightness, the wheels rolled noiselessly along over the snow, and as far as the eye could see was one glittering sea of white. On passed the carriage.

"What is Erick looking at?" asked the baroness, for the box was so low that its occupant might be seen from the window.

"I cannot tell," said her husband, "but he must have good eyes if he can see anything."

"Hark! what is that?" cried his wife, as a long low, melancholy howl, different from the wind and yet like it, was heard for a moment and then died away.

"It is wolves," replied the baron, "this cold weather makes them restless."

"There it is again, it is certainly nearer."

"Erick," said his master, letting down the front window, "tell the boys to drive on, we must keep out of the way of the wolves."

"On with you men," shouted Erick; and then in a low voice he said, "I doubt whether we can altogether get out of the way sir."

"How is that?" asked the Baron much alarmed.

"There is a large pack of them, and they are in scent of us."

"There they are not more than half a mile off now."

"What are we to do?" asked the baron, "I know you are a Centland man and more used to those things than I am."

"Why sir," said the servant, "if they come up with us we will take no notice of them unless they attack us. As they are very timid creatures, the glare of the lamps and the sight of us will keep them off, and in an hour we shall be in. But I would advise you to draw the bullets from your large pistols, and load them with swan shot as it would be more to the purpose to wound a good many than to kill one or two."

"O, pa!" cried Helena, as the baron took his pistols from the top of the carriage.

"We shall do what we can, my dear child, and God will do the rest for us. There is no great danger from these wolves except in the very depth of winter, and if there were, He who delivered David from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear, and Daniel from the seven hungry lions, can deliver us also."

"They are coming," said Erick.

The baron looked, and about a hundred yards back, to the right, in the gloom he could just make out a grey mass moving through the trees and leaping into the carriage track. They did not howl, but bayed fearfully, and gained steadily on the carriage. The drivers plied both whip and spur, and the horses themselves, in an agony of fear, broke into a canter, despite the depth of the snow.

"Do you think there is any danger, my dear husband?" asked the baroness.

"I cannot tell," said her husband, "they do not seem disposed to attack us yet, but they are certainly savage. It is for the horses we have to fear first."

"Are they gaining on us?"

"A little, but they are not putting on their speed; they could be up with us in a moment if they liked."

Thus the carriage rolled on; for about two minutes Erick never took his eyes off the pack, and the baron thrusting himself out from the left window, watching them carefully.

"Are your pistols loaded, sir?" cried Erick.

"All with swan shot."

"I have two loaded with ball, and two with shot, so we shall do."

The pack was now not more than ten yards behind the carriage; there might be about two hundred in it. At the head was an old, strong, grey-headed wolf. The leader sprang on one of the wheel-horses, and at the same time received a bullet through his head from Erick who was prepared for him.

"Now, sir, if you will let me have a piece of string we may be able to make something of it," said Erick.

"A piece of string?" cried his master, "yes here it is, but to what purpose?"

"Why, sir," said he, "wolves are cowardly creatures, as they are always suspecting a trap; so I will just tie the string to this stick, and let it drag behind the carriage. It will keep them off for a minute."

Erick was right; the stick was dragged along about the distance of ten feet behind it, and they were plainly afraid of it. At last they began to grow bolder, they seemed to have discovered the trick, passed the stick, and were again making up to the carriage.

"They will be upon us in a moment," cried Erick. "When I cry now, sir, be ready to fire upon them from one side, and so I will upon the other."

"Very well."

Helena sat with her hand to her mother's, looking up to her face. Her mother looked bad, but very calm; she was evidently praying.

"Now, sir," cried Erick.

Master and servant fired at the same moment; there was a savage yell from the foremost of the fierce pack, and three or four fell.

"Load again," cried Erick, "of the lasts you will want all your pistols so."

After they had fired once or twice, the wolves were no longer frightened by the fires and flash; and they began to surround the coach on every side.

"There is but one thing left," said Erick, we must cut the traces of one of the leaders and turn him off—that will divert them for a little while." Acting to the foreboy he directed him to cut the traces of his horse. The man obeyed and the mortified animal started off right into the forest, and with a tremendous yell the whole pack rushed after him.

"Now, God be thanked," exclaimed the baroness, "we may be safe after all."

"As God will it if it pleases Him," replied the servant, "but I think it will not last long, and ... be up to us again."

"But where do you imagine we are from the post?" anxiously inquired the baron.

"Some half a mile," answered Erick, "but they will be up to us the very direct. I never knew ... Hark! they have got ..."

A shriek there came across, or rather a succession of shrieks, so horrible in its sound that once heard it could never be forgotten. Helena and her mother clung to ... what can it be?"

"The poor horses," exclaimed the baron, "they are tearing him to pieces."

"No sir," shrieked Erick, "the most horrible of all things."

"Drive for your lives," shouted Erick, "they will be here presently."

But the snow became deeper and the road worse, and the three horses were with fatigue ill supplied the place of four fresh ones. On the right hand the road thinned a little, opening into a glade in the centre of which was a frozen pond; as the travelers passed it, the wolves appeared lashing up the valley, and the jaws and head of many were steeped in blood.

"We must let another horse go," cried Erick, "or they will be too much for us; but we must take care what we are about. You and I, sir, will fire at once and then do you, Peter," he added addressing the foremost post boy, "cut the traces of your horse, jump down, and leap up here by me."

This was done, and the pack were again drawn off. The remaining two horses strained their utmost, and travelers intently listened for any sign of the appearance of their enemies.—The baron spoke to Erick, but received no answer, he seemed taken up by his thoughts. At length the carriage reached the top of the hill, and at the distance of apparently two miles before it, a clear study light was to be seen.

"Thank God! there is Bolivia," exclaimed Erick. "Now, then, sir, I believe that you are safe."

As he spoke the wolves were again heard in the distance, and though the post light grew lighter and larger every moment, the pack gained on them, and at last surrounded them.

"It must come at last, my dear master," said Erick. "I have served you and your father these twenty years, but I never did you better service than I now intend to do. If we all remain together we shall torn to pieces. I shall get down and with my pistols I shall, I trust, be able to keep them at bay a few minutes. You go on with all speed possible, and leave me here. I know you will take care of my wife and child."

"No, Erick," said the baroness," we will all be saved or all perish together. I could not bear to escape at the price of your blood."

"No, indeed, Erick," said little Helena.

The baron looked at his wife and child, and said nothing.

"Besides, I will try to climb a tree," said Erick, "may be they will give me time. But if I delay a moment longer we shall all be lost together."

"God bless you, Erick," said his master.—"God bless you, and he will bless you. If you perish I will look on your wife as a sister and bring up your child as my own."

"Thank you, sir," said Erick, firmly.

"Now God be with you all. Fire, sir, two pistols at once."

And the baron fired: Erick leaped to the ground. On dashed the horses, the back terrified for a moment, stood still and bayed. Almost instantly they heard the report of a pistol, and about a minute or two close together. But they heard no more.

And now they were within a hundred yards of the strong built inn; the pack are closed behind them; the post boy cracks his whip; the baron and the whole party shout, and as the carriage dashed up to the door, and a fresh light pours into the road, the wolves turn and the baron and family are safe.

Of Erick no trace was found. His pistols were discovered next morning, where he had been left, three discharged, one still loaded; it is supposed he had not time to fire it before he was pulled down. I need not tell you how nobly the baron fulfilled his promise to his wife and child.

On the sacred spot stands a monument, bearing on one side of its pedestal the name and story of Erick, on the other—"Greater love hath no man than—that a man may lay down his own life for his friend."

A New Way of Keeping a Secret.

An amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:

"Molly, our housemaid, is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soap suds, that amounts to passion. She is a bustling, busy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed blundering Hibernian, who hovers above our bookshelves, makes war upon our love-papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners.

"One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered:

"'An' it plase yer honor, I'm a poor girl, and han't much larnin,' and ye sees, plase yer honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the betther than him doesn't brathe in ould Iriland, has been writin' of me a lether—a love letther, plase yer honor, an'—'

"We guessed at the embarrassment, and offered to relieve it by reading the letter to her.—Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers.

"'Shure,' she resumed, 'an' that's jist what I want, but it isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be likin' to know ov the secrets between us, and so (here she twisted the cotton quite nervously) if it 'ill only plase yer honor, while yer radeing it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if ye'll *jist put this bit of cotton in yer ears an', stop up yer hearin', an' thin the secrets 'ill be unknown to yer!*'

"We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since, we have laughed heartily as we have related the incident.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Life as it Is.

Let us make an excursion down the street and see what we can learn. Yonder is the wreck of a rich man's son. He was permitted to grow up without employment, went and came as he pleased, and spent his time in the gratification of spontaneous passions, desires and inclinations, with no one to check him when his course was evil, or encourage him in the ways of wisdom.—His father was rich, and for that reason the son thought he had nothing to do, no part in honest labor to perform.

Well, the father died, and the son inherited a portion of his abundant wealth, and having never earned money by honest toil, he knew not the value of it, and having no knowledge of business he knew not how to use it, so he gave loose reins to his appetites and passions, and ran at a rapid pace down the broad road to dissipation. Now behold him a broken-down man, bowed with infirmity, a mere wreck of what he was both physically and mentally. His money is gone and he lives on the charity of those whose hearts are open with pity. Such is the fate of scores and hundreds and thousands that are born of fortune.

And there, on the opposite side, in that comfortable mansion, lives the son of a poor cobbler. Fifteen years ago he left the humble room of his parent, and went forth into the broad world at age to seek his fortune. All his treasures consisted of his kit of tools, a good knowledge of his trade, honest principles, industrious habits, and twenty-five coppers. Now he is the owner of that elegant mansion, is doing a thriving business, possesses an unbroken constitution, and bids fair to arrive at a good old age. Such is the lot of scores, hundreds and thousands who never boasted of wealthy parentage.

Go into any city, and you will almost invariably find that the most enterprising men are of poor parentage—men who have had to row against wind and tide while on the other hand, a majority of the descendants of rich families are below mediocrity in talents, live a short time like drones, on the labor of others, and then go down to untimely graves.

What a lesson should this be to those who are by all means, either fair or foul, accumulating treasures for their children!

If the rich would train their children to regular habits of industry, very many of them would be saved from intemperance, misery and untimely end.

A Retort.

During the war of 1812, it was the misfortune of many American officers to be prisoners in Canada, and not always to meet with the best of treatment. True, they were physically well attended to, and generally messed with their captors; but they were subject to jibes and mortifying remarks, which not unfrequently called forth a Roland for an Oliver. On one of these occasions, (it was just after the flight of the President from Washington, and before the news of his safety had reached Quebec,) and English officer gave the insulting toast under the circumstance:

"Mr. Madison, dead or alive."

Words cannot express the indignation of the American officers, nor their surprise when they saw a prisoner rise from his chair returning *thanks* for this recollection of his country's chief magistrate, and in the blandest voice call on all to fill, as he was about to make a return. There was a peculiar something visible, however, which led his companions to think they might follow his example, which they accordingly did. In a calm unmoved voice, he gave the toast—

"His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, *drunk or sober!*"

Had a shell exploded on the table, the amazement could not have been greater, and the person who had given the first toast, said—

"That, sir, is an insult."

"No," replied the American, "it is a reply to one, that is all."

He continued—

"If it be an insult, resent it."

The English are in the main a chivalrous race, and the commencer of the wordy dispute was induced to explain, and the party dispersed.

This retort is sometimes attributed to the late Major General Kearney, and at others to the late Major Lomax, of the artillery; both were capable of it, for they were men of quick wit, and nerve and courage to sustain what they thought circumstances demanded on all occasions.

☞ Whether you are playing on the stage or the world, your character should be well dressed. Broadcloth is generally received with a smile though covering a rascal; while linsey woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

☞ The great race between a night-mare and a clothes horse came off a short time since. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide awake, so the horse took the prize.

☞ Why is a watch dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out in the night and taken in in the morning.

The Stolen Hides.

William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by as "one who walketh humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If property tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and, when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder.—Without looking up, he said—

"I have brought these back, Mr Savery.—Where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell how this happened; we will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said—

"Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back toward her, and he did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said, in choked voice—

"It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children are starving. You have sent me many a meal—God bless you, and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied Savery. "The secret remains between ourselves.—Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for the last time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bite now and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps, it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless, thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first, but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words—

"Try to do well, John, and thou will always find a friend in me."

He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them, but after John died, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

THE WALTZ.

The following remarks in a letter from an American traveller in Italy in 1805, copied from the Anthology, then published in Boston, giving some account of the origin of the Waltz, and expressing fears that it might be introduced among us at some future day, were for the republication at this time.

"Among other corrupting fashions, which have been introduced here by the French officers, is a lascivious dance called the Waltz, originally learned by them in Germany, but which is exactly adapted to the taste of the young French officers, who are in quarters in a city full of pretty women, whose morals are loose enough to permit them to join in this dance. As you probably have never seen it, and for the sake of your feelings I pray you never may, I will give you a short description of it, in order that you may form some opinion of the degree of danger the morals on the continent of Europe.

In the first place, the ladies are dressed *a la Grecque*; that is to say, with the *least possible attire*, leaving a little room for the imagination as possible, the breast and arms totally exposed or covered only with gauze or crape. Thus prepared for this embracing dance, the gentleman clasps with both arms the lady firmly round the waist, while she gently puts one of hers round his body, and softly reclines the other upon his neck. You will probably expect some description of an elegant figure, executed with taste, and affording variety and amusement. No, the *attitude* constitutes *all the pleasure* and all the novelty of the dance. The dancers thus embracing and embraced, begin to turn most furiously precisely like our shaking Quakers, and as the motion would make them dizzy if they did not keep their eyes fixed upon some object which turns as rapidly as themselves, they have an apology for the most languishing gaze upon each other. In this state of painful revolution they continue, till nature is exhausted, when the lady is exactly prepared to repose herself, which she does in the arms of her companion. The dance is soon renewed, and as it has no other object than a languishing embrace, it generally continues for several hours, exhibiting neither variety, nor graceful motion. I do not think that it is more indecent to act than it is to see it. The lady or the gentleman, who could do either without a blush, may rely upon it that they are half corrupted."

AN EDITOR'S VINDICATION OF A FRIEND.—An editor in vindicating the private character of a friend, who had been nailed for the crime of sheep-stealing, thus defends him:

"We have known Mr. Thomas for twelve years. Our acquaintance commenced with the great equinoxial storm which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think raised the best marrowfat peas we ever eat. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor and troubled with fits. In all the relations of a husband, father, uncle and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church member, and a man of known integrity for ten years. And as to sheep stealing, that he would have done it if he could get an opportunity is without foundation in point of fact. Mr. Thomas could have stolen our lead pencil several times, but he didn't do it."

☞ A very honest chap in Boston, wishes to sell his horse, with a Roman nose in condition, and very fond of traveling—having run away four times within a week."

Don't Speak Harshly.

"She is the greatest liar I ever knew!"

This was uttered by a little girl, to another walking with her, of one whom they had just met. Being a woman, you may easily know my curios