VOLUME 25.

ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1855.

Chief Magistrate of Spoosestadt:

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. POGERS. KENNEDY & REYNOLDS,

[Successors to Cadwell & Bennett,]
Likand Ratatt. Drakker in Hardware, Crockery, Glassnt Saddlery. No. II and 12. Empire Block, corn. of Fifth
Living treets, Eric, Pa. rie, ra. - 3 Kerredy, - 3 W. Keynolds. DR J L STEWART, Co Private Lan and Bungron. Office, Stewart & Bin-ling Store, corner of State and Seventh street. Res-second street, one door east of Sassafras street. W B RUSHMORE,

With Churchill, Walkley & Johnson, is and Jobbers of Poreign and Domestic Dry Goods

the 183 Broadway New York

this C Churchill. Hazelton Walkley,

M Joinson, W. B. Rushmore H B HAVERSTICK,

Marts Davor, Wholesale and Betail dealer in Flour, toround Feed, and all kinds of Grain, east side of the square, Beebe's Block, Erie, Pa. 44 SAMUEL T STERRETT & CO., is an of Tim. Copper and Sheet-From Ware, Whole-Retail, Corner of French and Fifth-street, opposite more? House, Erie Pa. Every structe is the above line on hand, together with an extensive assortinent of and Cooking I tensile, &c. All kinds of Roofing and perceuted with nestness and dispatch, on reasonable

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY.

NEILER & WARREN, A PATENTA A. WALKERAY,
it betters in Erchange, No. I American Block. Cotmainte on all the Principal Cliffor of the United Statesmotiva, and proceeds promptly remitted. Bank Notes,
justics to bought and sold. Interest paid on TIME
Money remitted to Europe, Land Warrants, bought,
judiciated on the most reasonable terms. A A CRAIG. h. Prace. Office removed to No. 1 Hughes Block, 9d floor, State street, Erie, Pa.

E CHAPIN

Fig. 1 the Violin and Guitar, residence on Sixth st.

Fig. 1 to John P. Vincent. Music arranged for Dawley mrs Emily

Davie C J

Theline mrs Maria W M. SHERMAN, Pr 41. SAREASMAN,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST
Ratasween Brown's Hotel and the Reed House. Thr
printing has been awarded him for the best pictures for
c essively. Price \$1.00 and upwards

L W. OLDS L. W. OLLPS

A Read manufacturers of Well and Cistern
1 superior quality, the best and cheapest now in use
1 sove Pery Block, ingrear of finddel's Purnace, State i i mily size calibre for conveying water for fam-mechanical purposes made to order L T FOX,

DR EMERY,

G. W. TODD. With Caruth Terry, & Dew. BURTON & HERRON. ... Seens TO J. R. BURTON & CO.,) (Second Relati Bedfers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, name to see, Dec Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, (second) Findings, No. 5 Reed House

DR O L ELLIOTT. stier-Office and dwelling in South Park Roy DR. S. C. BROWNELL.

PRRESTYPE LIKENESSES FOR I DOLLAR. Hiles Isaac E. H ABELL, in the best style of the art, and warranted not

T D EDWARDS, D D WALKER & CO., vo, produce and Commission Merchants, fourth Ware est of the Public Bridge, Eric, Passers in Cont. Salt, Plaster, Sincco, Fish, Lime and one, Iron, Naile, Bioves, Castings, &c., with insurvivities for shipping either by steamboats, Propellers, e., or by Railroad

STAY AND COLUMNITOR AT LAW, Office on Prench Mt , South , storner of the Park, Erie, Pa VINCENT, HIMROD & CO.

RERNOT Stoves, Hollow Ware, Enginess, Mach Cars, Se. State St., Erie, Ph. THOMAS M. AUSTIN. TAIL OF THE PERM OF Q TOOMS & CO RR IN Chocks, Whiches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical cuments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Facey Goods, pesale and retail

H JARECKI, J. B. GUNNISON Books, Stationary, Monthly Mgazines, Cheap Pul sheett Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Poeket Cu Fist door west of the Reed House, Erie BOOTH & STEWART.

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO. ngs & lone to order, STERRETT & GRAY,

A there and Retail Dealers in Wet and Dry Groce-sions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Wood van a Stone Ware, Plour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Nails

M SANFORD & CO T HERON STUART.

RT FUS REED ceh, (Reman and American Hardware and Cut-CADWELL & GRISWOLD,

is Joulers, and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Grocéries of trissware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iton, Steel, Nails &7 Impire Stores, State Street, four doors below

GEORGE H CUTLER of Low, Girard, Eric County Page Coffeetions and JOSIAH KELLOGG,

CARTER & BROTHER.

* and Read Dealers in Drugs, Medicine, controllers, &c., No. 8, Reed House, Kris, JAMES LYTLE.

Merchant, Larlot, on the Public of State street, brie JOHN SWENEY,

to the Prace Other in the room former! JOHN HEARN & CO.

GEORGE J. MORTON and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Er J C MARSHALL, (1,4%) Office up stairs in Tamus my (• Prothon tars)s office, brie TIBBALS, HAYES & CC

· Bry Goods, Dry Groceries, Cruckery,

→ Brown's New Hotel, Eric. Pa SMITH JACKSON & SON. W THORNTON.

NOTARY PUBLIC

J W DOUGLASS,

TANNER & MAGILL,

C B WRIGHT & CO., in recurs and bealers in Gold and Silver Coin, mearies I and Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also,
altern the principal crites in the I mon, and all parts.
I county for sale. Other, Williams' Block, corner
irect and Public Square. ic Square 7 P Ballet. C. E BUNHISON. WEBB & THAYER,

kars and Wholesale Dealers in every description of the fire Brick, fire Clay and fire Hand, manufactory, mond and Third streets on the Canal Erie, Pa uscar (* Thayrn

List of Letters BMAINING in the Post Office at Brie, May 1, 1855.
Persons calling for these letters will please say

'Advertised. Akely Juhn Irving Robert Irwin A S Boyd Sarah J Buckley William Jordon Mary Ann James Abel 2 Johnston G A Burt L D Boom mrs Mary Boyle miss Jane Burton Morgan Boom miss C Benton Davis Birch John Jones Theron Johnston Sarah Jane Kneeland Gerard Bennett John L Beny G S Barton William ! Baldwin W Barnart Nicholas

Kendall James Kendrick miss Susan Kemball Howard Kinsley miss Elsy L Murray miss Mary Moors AJ Mitchell Wallace Miles James Miller Jacob Brown Christian Brady Patrick Mix Hiram W Milner mrs Hannah Mix mrs Mary Miller mrs Agnes Meris mrs B Cass John Covill L F 3 Morgan M A Morris Martin Comstock capt J F : Morgan J Mills J.G. & W. I. Jook miss Sarah J Marsh John Metrall B S look muss Mary E Manderville L S Hack mrs

Cammel Murdock Canty Mary Canington Edward Memahon James McDonnel Perry arter William Joseph McCormick James Owen miss Rache Oaks Washington hurch Josopa Owen mrs M J Clark Brancis Poor muss Clara Clark H F Piteler Samuel Pierce Daniel Pixley P 2 Peterson miss F Parker Caleb C Darling mrs Maria Dunlap mrs Susan Robinson Barney Rice Rutu. Rogers Lucinda Dumars mass Elizabeth Dumar- J A Evans miss Clara

Sunders ints Scott Win C Stafford Nathan Spencer J G Steel John Sherwood John French Ezra Eoster miss Hariett Sherman Henry W Shatiers S. H. & Co. Fuster Lewis Foot Sarah Foster E K Sincum Jocob Smith miss E J Smith N H Ferries into Harriett Smith M F Fay miss Jane Fairchild mrs Eliza D Tait Andrew J Gardner unts Harriet Thompson mass M.L. Thornington Issue Gray Maria Woodside miss C Wil iams Henry J Green C William Harriet J Gray miss Eirzabeth Villiams ince Abagail Gray H S Woodworth miss Laur Graham William Hunt Edwin Weish miss Ellen

Wolsh miss Ruby

Walker miss E

Waters Daniel Wetmore Chaw

Walker mrs Bebecca G Walker Morton G

Weis John 2 Weaver Wm

Waters H D

Way Sterling

Wheeler P

White James A

Van Vlick rev G W

Van Wort miss L.

Hunt Samuel Hunter John C - Howard Lauson Horseheck Frederick . Hall Emaily Hilborn miss Mary Ann side of Harding John Harrington James Longburst mrs Lucinda Loyer Barbara Lynch Mary Ann Law Wm

Youngs John Zimmerman Thos Co-Partnership Notice. Thankful for the liberal patronage extended t me. I hope the same will be extended to the new firm Erie, April 9, 1855. WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

All those that know themselves in lebted to me will please call and settle on or before the 15th May next, as I

want and must have my books equared up by that time. A word to the wise is sufficient

BE not like the "whitened sepulchre," but call a New in Egypt and procure the genuine covering for your wall. I have a large assertment of the genuine wall

THE Co Partnership heretofore existing between Cadwell & Bennett was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1-t day of April, 1855. All persons knowing them: selves indebted to us either by note or hook account, will Stores for a short time for settlement
April 16, 1555. 48 CADWELL & BENNETT. NEW MUSIC. Store in the American Block. Among which may be

Come with thy Sweet Voice again. Guitar and Piano. I'm not My Soff at all. Irish Capatol. Variations, by W. V. Wallace, on coming thro' the Rys My Lodging is in the cold ground and others. My Longing is in say
My Mary Dear, for Guitar.
La lielie Eursse, a Waltz, by D. Albert. Beautiful.

Old Folks Quadrills, easy for negatives.

Would you learn me to Mourn.

Kate of Kildare, and lots more, all pretty.

New Violin Music, cheap, entirely a new thing. Call at

MANN'S Music Store. MANN'S Music Store.

Persons wishing Points Tuned by an old experience
hand, will please leave their names at Mann's Music Store.

The best Tuner alive will be here in about ten days or

CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the name and style of STEWART & SIN CLAIR, for the purpose of engaging in the Drug, Paint, and thi business, and all other business connected there-

Mr T. S. Sinclair, formerly of the firm of Burton & Sin-

A CARD

THE subscribers having sold their entire stock of Hardware, Saddiery, Crockery and Glassware, to Rogers, Kennedy & Reynolds, would say to their numerous customers and the public generally that the above named firm ar picasure in recommending them to the public as competent, bonest, and well worthy of their patronage

Erie, April 14, 1855. CADWELL & BENNETT.

GREAT WESTERN TIN SHOP.

MLRPHY, would respectfully inform his ferends and if public generally, that he still continues in the Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Business,

First Boat for Chicago. This bisaniers Key Stone Buste, Queen City and Louisiana will leave C. M. Reed's Dock for Cuicaga and intermediate pris as soon as the ice will permit, and probably two weeks sooner than any Boats can get C. M. REED. For freight or passage apply to

MEMOVED. M. CIAPIN.

Revinen: District needs and the Public cause, up of section of State attreet and the Public cause, up of sections, the presence of State attreet and the Public cause, up of sections of State attreet and the Public cause, up of sections, compared by the section of State attreet and the Public cause, up of sections of State attreet and the Public cause of State attreet. When the section of State attreet and the Public cause of State attreet and the Public cause of State attreet. When the section of State attreet and the Public cause of State attreet. When the section of State attreet and the Public attreet and the Public attreet. When the section of State attreet and the Public attreet. When the section of State attreet, where the

Select Boetry.

THE MOUR OF DEATH.

BY H. W. BOOKWHILL When is thine home, O Death! Is it when spring's first gales, their flight delaying, When the sweet flowers and rustling leaves are playing Or when the fragrant breath Of summer fills the green depths of the wood,

Or antumn saddens the sweet sellinde? Is it when from his bed Amid the dewy grass the lack is seringing To great the marn that through the vale comes singing Or when the west is red With the soft fires of samest, and the light

Of stars makes holy the still, chermed night? Alas! we know full well When summer through the perfemed woods has fee That all her lovely flowing that cold and dead; Yet whe! O who can help

How soon life's transient beauty may be o'er, And we too pass away to be no more!

It may be in the bloom And beauty of life's fair and opening years, Or when our eyes long filled with bitter tears Look forward to the tomb. Envying the rest of those whose souls have flown Before us to the Infinite Unknown!

It may be in the hour When those who love us best around us meet, And lips are pressed to lips in kisses sweet. Or when misfortunes lower. And taught by faith to bear our weary load,

We "lean the broken spirit apon God." In pure and humble trust So shall the good man pass to his reward. Nor shall be deem life's thorny paths too hard, Though, prone smid the dust, Earth may to him a resting place deny, And naught be left him here except to die!

Yet in thy fearful hour, ome when it may, () Death' his eyes shall see By faith the bleeding Lamb of Calvary, And welcome thy stern power, That bears him to that fair and radiant shore Where sorrow comes to break the heart no more.

- Western Literary Massenger. Choice Miscellang.

A DAY IN SNOOSESTADT. Freely Translated from the German.

BY SINOR PERP.

CHAPTER VII. The loud raps of the jailor on the Burgomaster's door, soon arroused that worthy from his which soon called the Post master to the window. print, he hastily donned his morning gown, and without taking off his red night cap, he opened

angrily. "O. sir, the State is in danger," exclaimed

Klas Hans. "What, Klas, it it you. What has happened

"The criminal ---"Well, sir?"

"Has escaped!" "What!"

"My honor, my reputation, my salary, all, all

are gone. I will go and drown myself." "Silence, sir, silence. This matter must be circumstances of this dreadful affair. Speak low. late?"

"You must know, your honor, that every evening I am obliged to talte a half a loaf of bread and a jug of water to the criminal. Well, I did so this evening. When I left the prisoner she was ground." cheerful and happy. Her hand-cuffs were fastened, her good straw bed was well shook up, and I wished her joy of the honor which was to be conferred on her to-morrow, and advised her to go to bed, and then went to bed myself. About an hour age, my wife struck her elbow into my side. Klas, said she, what noise is that? The cats are making a great rattle up-stairs. What cats? said I, for I knew that cats were 110 longer

make their beds for their young ones in your ho- words in full) nor's chair-" "Proceed, sir, proceed."

"I listened-I peered aro and-I suspectedwondered, until perhaps I had spent a half an hour. At length I jumped out of bed, lighted my door. When I thrust my lead into the cell, I almost fainted with fright and amazement. The

bird had flown. The cage was empty." "The Devil must have he lped her." "Ah, who knows? She had taken off her handcuffs, and had broken a greet hole through the wall into my pantry, and there she found a ham and three sausages, which she stole, and jumped grateful to you."

through the window." "A witch! a witch!" exclaimed the Burgo master. "She shall be burned alive. I will make such an announcement to-morrow in the

Town Hall. Klas year must go out and cut some

"But, sir, we must catch her first."

"How ur fortwaste this is! I have waited nine long years; nine long years have I patiently examined her case. The papers and documents alread y fill three bushel braskets, and to-morrow, I was to have reaped my just reward. All Succeed studt had anticipated the solemn hour, when I should read aloud the sentence to the culprit;already did I see her standing in the public stocks, an example to evil doers, and a proof that justice is administered in Success adt with a liberal and impartial hand, and now ald my proud hopes are busted like soap bubbles, and I shall be the laughing stock of the town."

"My reputation! my sala ry! my ham!" exclaim ed K'as in piteous tones. "Silence," shouted the incensed Bungomas "Who assisted the pr isoner to make her es-

"The evil one, sir. O, sir I know she must have been in league with him. She was most the Burgomaster. artful. She could talk lik e a lady; and she read books all day long. She left two books on the

"Pardon me for having spoiled your ceremotoo tedious for me. I had a desire, a heartfelt desire, once more to breath the free, fresh air of

"Most high and powerful Burgomaster, and

"Could she not have waited until she was sitting in the stocks?" inquired Klas, hotly. "Silence, sir," exclaimed the Burgomaster,

and then resumed the letter: "I am indebted to your brother Mr. Van Dam for my freedom-" The Burgomaster gased at Klas with an ex-

pression of stupid amazement. "What, my brother!" oried he. "Is he mad?" "Thank God," mid Klas, gleefully, "we must

hold him to bail." "Silence, sir," said the Burgomaster returning to the letter.

"He had the kindness to loan me a few of his books. Among them I found the life of Jack Shephard, and in that book I learned how to make my escape, by courage, patience, and perseverance. The moment has arrived. I fly! I must thank you, Mr. Burgomaster for your mouldy bread." "Perhaps," said the Burgomaster, "she wanted me to send her fruit cake-" "I am grateful to Mr. Klas Haus for his muddy water."

"It was as clear as a crystal. I got it from the mill-pond." "Silence, sir," cried the Burgomaster, vexed at the interruption. "I trust the citisens of Snoosestadt will hold me in their remem brance. I am sorry that I stole the cow, nine years ago; but she was very poor. May Heaven bless your Excellency, and give you a good appetite for the feast which you have prepared to follow my degradation to-morrow. EVE SOHUMWINKLE." "O," groaned the Burgomaster. "How the Dundertowners will triumph. My honor, the rep-

utation of Snoosestadt .- All, all, is lost. Listen Klas are you not acquainted with some patriotic citizen who would allow his wife to stand in the stocks to-morrow. She might sit with her back to the crowd, and they would never know the difference."

"I know no one. They all like to see such things; but none like to be the actors themselves."

"Alas! alas. And my brother, my stupid brother is fast asleep when he should be in action.' The Burgomaster new assailed the door of his brother's house with a series of furious raps,

clear out! I don't open my store so late' Thus saying he shat the window blinds, and

vanished "What a stupid follow," said the Burgomaster a customer of his infertal store Get up, I say, get up," cried he, and renewed his raps on the door with ten fold violence

"Now, you below there," said the Postmaster opening the window again, "if you dont go away. I will wake up the first watchman I can find, and have you taken to jail "

"You had better wake yourself up first." "What do I hear? Is it you, my brother, the hushed up Now tell me in a whisper all the Burgomaster What are you doing out there so

> "Come down, come down. I have bad news? "What! a fire?"

"I wish it had only been a fire, and much more wish that your old house was burnt down to the

"Heaven forbid. I'll be with you in a mo ment." In a short time, Mr Van Dam, robed only in his night-gown, stood by his brother's side. "Well, well," cried he, "what has hap-

"O, brother you have conducted yourself excellently well."

"With your --- books." (1)ur readers must allowed in the City Hall, since they used to excuse us for not writing out the Burgomaster's

"Why do you call them so? ment to the prisoner."

reature had so many long and tedious hours, that funteen, hastened up-stairs, and slyly opened the out of charity, I now and then sent her a ro- that his first born, a girl, should be named after mance of robbers."

"Excellent" "I sent her a hymn book once" "O, you have converted her. She has gone-

he has escaped " "She has stolen my ham," said Klas. "And," continued the Burgomaster, "she is

"To me?" "There," said the Burgomaster giving his bro-

ther the letter. "Read that" Mr. Van Dam took the letter with trembling hands, and opening it, hastily read by the light

of Klas Hans' lantern. At this moment Pippin, disturbed by the conused noise in the stoop, opened his window and

thrust his night-caped head forth "What murmurings, can those be?" thoug'at he, "what is it that is grumbling and spattering

'There, I knew it," said the Burgomaster, p ereiving Pippin. "All the fools in Snoosest adt are waking up."

"What did I hear?" thought Pippiu, "can it possible?" "If you can run fast, Mr. Pippin," said the Burgomaster, "you may come down and chase

"What, has Rosa eloped? On the wings of the wind I fly," and in a few moments Pippin made his appearance in the street in the same isteresting attire which characterized the Burgomaster's brother-Mr. Van Dam. "Well how does that taste, brother?"' inquir-

"I am astonished," replied Van Dam. "Of what use is that. Your astonishment cant

"Mr. Pippin," said the Burgomaster, "My opinion is that you are a fool, if not a fool, then you are mad. What are you talking about sir! ny for to-morrow. The time has at length grown The criminal, Mr. Pippin, the criminal who was to be punished to-morrow, has escaped."

· 中人,由于这些**国际中心是明显**在一次,这么,就由于我们就是国家主要,他们一个一个一个,他们就是一种的一个,这个一个一个,他们也是一个一个一个一个一个一个一个

"And stolen my ham and samsages," added Klas Hana "And our worthy brother, has assisted her to

make her escape." "She read Jack Shephard," said Van Dam. "What a misfortune?" exclaimed Pippin -

"What will become of the poem, I have written, especially for the occasion?" "The Dundertowners will laugh themselves to

death," said Mr. Van Dam. "I don't care for that," said the Burgomaster. "What will they think of us in the city?" "They will say we have no law nor order, and my brother the Burgomaster will be disgraced."

"And I shall be obliged to put my brother the Postmaster, in jail." "O, woe! O, woe!" exclained Van Dam,-"Ring the alarm bell, she must be captured." "It is a very dark night," said the Burgomas

"Then command the lamps to be lighted," re-

plied Van Dam. "You know that the moon shines to-night, according to the almanac," said the Burgomaster. "But the welfare of the State; the safety of your brother, and your own honor and reputation demands it," insisted Vs.n Dam, "I myself

will furnish the oil, Klas, light the lamp yonder." Klas bestened to obey the order, and when he had illuminated the lamp, he caught a glimpse of Rosa's dress. "Ah!" cried he, "the criminal! the criminal! there she stands before our very

"How? what!" cried all in amazement. "Yearnd the evil one is with her," replied Klas. "Come forth, come forth, thou godless creature," said the Burgomaster, sternly

'Where are my sausages?" cried Klas as he seized Rosa roughly by the arm. "It is I, your daughter Ross," said Ross, approaching her father, "Bid this man release me

"Can I believe my eyes?" exclaimed the Bur-"Rosa, my affianced Rosa, here," shouted the excited Pippin.

"It is a deception of the devil," affirmed Klas energetically. "And you too, Mr Eager?" said the Burgo-

master, as Edger approached "Did I not say so?" said Pippin the incensed father, while Van Dam elevated his had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the

"his horror and sorrow" "To-morrow, dear father, you shall know all.

that Pippin I abhor."

injured Pippin "Sir," said Enger to the Burgomaster, grave- | lect him-having merely learned that his name I nesure you that I will do as I say, athough I

the town, if you do not. She has been found in the middle of the street, in the night with a man. Nobody will marry her after that."

"I. at least will not," said Pippin, angrily. "Thanks, Mr Pippin," said Rosa, "but you

niust consent to be my friend. "Well, well," said the Burgomaster, "let us

Our readers can easily imagine the sequel of mg for him The advertisement was nearly a our story. The Burgomaster was not obliged to year old-yet I doubted not-and soon as the put his brother in prison. Pippin consoled him-"Every body reads, now-a-days. The poor forgive Mr. Eager; but we must here state that she not only forgave him but that she consended her. The only individual that fid not seem to said I sternly "Arthur - Lamb" said he, the happy thereafter, was our friend Klas Hans. He never forgot the loss of his ham and sauggages. From that time his office as jailor became a perfect sinecure. He never had occasion to lock the door of the prison on a single criminal. It remains for us to state that although the Deople of Snoosestadt were somewhat indignant at the loss of the spectacle they had so long anticiwhich the Burgomaster, at Edger's expense,

gave them the following day. Our political friends of all parties will enjoy the following: Before an election in Pennsylvania, a few years sine 2, Hans, who was a locofoco, went to see his fat her in law, who was a strong whig. "How te to Hans?" said the old "How te to fader?" "How you coing to rote dis fall, Hans?" "Oh, mit te locos, of course, lader." "Vot! you are coing to fote for dat locos dicket?" "Yes, fader, you know I's a locos, and I must vote for the locos dicket." "Now, Hans, I'll tell you what I'll do mit you-you no fote for the locos, and I no fote for the vigs, and den you see don't you, Hans?" "Very vell, fader." "Vill you do it Hans!" "Yes fader." 'Now don't forget, Hans." "No, fa der." After the election Hans went again to visit his father-in-law. "How to to, Hans?" a sid the old man. "How te do fader?" "Vell, Hans, did you go to te bolls?" "Yes, fader, I had to do it; they sot around me, and wouldn't let me off, fa-"Oh, you raseal, you no do us you say, Ians!" Hans was discovered, and in his conf usion rather meekly asked, "Did you go to te b olls, fader?" "To be sure I did," "And did o oHs, fader?" To be sure I did," replied where they remained several days. One morn- so it appears that the Department did not give the old Dutchman, in tones of earnest exciteing the other two beys came to his room early, up all hope of the safety of the officers and crew
ing the other two beys came to his room early, up all hope of the safety of the officers and crew
and showed him a large amount of Jewelry, de., of the doomed ship until that time. It is now

WM A GALBRAITH, to the first office on Sixth street, upposite the received in the stocks to-morrow."

M. CHAPIN,

Reviews Description of states of the stock of t

A LAMENT.

Where is my own bright land? Where is my own dear home? Where now the joyous scenes 'Mong which I loved to roam' Where is the merry heart? Where now my boyhood's years?

O' give me back those days With all their April tears' O' give.me back the time When friendship seemed like truth-My heart was light and gay,

In those dear hours of youth' The morrow never came That did not bring its joy-But now, the world seems ad -I would I were a boy.

Ambition's dream has passed--Its promise gave no bloom! No sunshine beams for me, No hope dispels my gloom! Take back the laurel'd brow-Take back my care-worn years-But give me once again,

My boyhood's hopes and fears!

PHE: LOST BOY.

The editor of the Sandusky Mirror was formerly Warden in the Ohio Penitentiary He gives the following, as one of the incidents which occurred while he had control of that In-

stitution: I had been but a few months in charge of the Prison, when my attention was attracted to, and deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein, and pernitted to work in the same shops with old and of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter, which he had sent to the father, hardened convicts. The interest was increased on every evening, as I saw them congregated in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and thence and promising his assistance to procure the young o their gloomy bed-rooms, which are more like iving sepulchres, with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys, being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies, as they marched to the terrible 'lock sleep,' and consequently, more easily attracted attention To see many youthful forms and bright countenances, mingled with the old and hardened scoundrels, whose visages betokened vice, malice and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys, a lad about seventeen years of age, who had particularly attracted my attention; not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow, and the silent, uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life He was often complained of by both officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rules of propriety; yet he seldom had any excuse or apology, and never denyed a charge He took the reprimand, and once a punishment, without a the great iron door, and the grating sound of its tear or a murmur, almost as a matter of course. "What have you been doing there?" inquired seemingly thankful that it was no worse. He hands to heaven, unable to express in words, light of home, parents, and friends, if not the luxuries of life But the light of hope seemed to have gone out-his health was poor-his face to nave gone out—his health was poor—his face holding a convicts cap in his hand, I never heard angrily. "He mistakes his brother, the Burgo To-morrow, dear father, you shall know all pale—his frame fragile—and no fire beamed in master and Chief Magnetate of Snoosestadt, for that Pinnin Labbur" saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I would "O, thou barbarous woman!" exclaimed the go to him, and learn his history—but there were so many duties to perform, so much to learn, and

> ly, "I have long loved your daughter, and would was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was her. I wrote in answer to the advertisement make make her my wife. Give me your cousent, and glarg and larceny, indicating a very bad boy, for upon the Directors, that they readily joined in I will promise to assist you out of your present dilemma. I will tell them in the city a goodly disconnected on the city a goodly dilemma. I will tell them in the city a goodly dilemma. I will tell them in the city a goodly dilemma could outlive his sentence, and his countenance of the partition—though it was a long time before McLean consented. He was exceedingly cautious and product—but the old man clung to him story of your proceedings here, and I will so ar- indicated that he felt it. He worked at stonerange it that you will not be obliged to arrest cutting, on the New State House—hence my opyour brother. It will be a difficult matter; but portunities for seeing him were less than though plead anew his cause. At length, excited by cannot deny but that the affair looks pretty bad." | that on the next Sabbath, as he came from Sab. | ing autorested, picked up the answer to the ad "You had better consent, brother," said Van bath School, I would send for him, and learn his Dam earnestly. "The girl will be the talk of history It happened however, that I was one per, I had read and re-read, while delayed, until at last my eye fell upon an advertisement of 'A LOST BOY!-Information wanted of a boy named Arthur-,' (I will not give his real name, for perhaps be is still living,, and then followed a trent to see his son free. When the lad came out description of the boy, exactly corresponding in citizen's dress, the aged parent was too full for with that of the young convict. Arthur Lamb — utterance. He hugged the released convict to now go into the house. "We'll talk the matter | Then there was somebody who cared for the poor boy, if, indeed, it was him; perhaps a mother, his

self with the old proverb, "That there are many | pale, uncomplaining face and hopeless guit-"Who, sir, has allowed you to afford amuse- fishes in the sea uncaught." Miss Spindle con- thinking, no doubt, that something had gone soled herself by vowing that she would never wrong and been laid to his charge.

I was examining the Convict's Register, when he came in-and when I looked up there he stood, a perfect ungine of despair! I asked him

his name. He replied "Arthur," Arthur what. "Have you a father or mother living?"

His eye brightened-his voice quivered, as he exclaimed— "Oh, you have heard from mother !- Is she live? Is she well?" and tears which I had never seen him shed before, ran like great rain have pitched into "the Supreme Ruler" after this drops from his cheeks. As he became calm fashion: from suspense, I told him I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him of the universe to remove from us our friend and pated, they were fully satisfied by a great feast to read. He took the advertisement which I acquaintance, Wm. Poole, of New Yorkeity, and

> exclaimed and tears choked his utterance. I assured him that the advertisement was all his taking off," &c could tell him about his parents-and that as it requested information, I desired to know what should write in reply The advertisement directed

tian Chronicle, New York. our mother's heart." "I told him I must write-and that it would be lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know there he was, but the terrible uncertainty which

consented—and taking him to my room, I drew not eulogy. But the law had been passed, and from him in substance the following story: His father was a respectable and wealthy me chanic in an interior town of the State of New-York. That at the holding of the State Agrienltural Fair, in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home. s you say, and go to the West. He foolishly consented, mander and four Licutenants, in place of to use to the West. He foolishly consented, with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and mander and four Licutenants, in place of the "And did great fortune? They came as far as Cleveland, The 18th of April is the date of the promotion." the night. Knowing that he was in need of for Aspinwall. Capt. Gerry, the comme OKANHERRIES ON UPLANT 16. - It is stated in funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take officer, was the son of Elbridge Gerry, Vice Pre-

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

fate-never expecting to get out of prison, or see his parents again. Upon inquiring of the two young convists who came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was strictly true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home, and unknowingly recerving stolen goods! Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow I at down and wrote a full description of Arthur. his condition, and history, as I obtained it from him; painting the horrors of the place; the hopelessness of his being reformed there, even if guilty-and the probability of his never living out his sentence; and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the directions in the advertisement But week after week passed and no answer came! The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother-until at last, "hope long deferred memed to make his heart sick," and again he drooped and pined. At length a letter came—such a letter. It was from the Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York. He had been absent to a distant city, but the moment he read my letter the good man responded. The father of the poor boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long and inveterious absence; he had left his former place of residence; had moved from city to city, rom town to town, and traveled up and down the country, seeking the loved and the lost! he had spent the most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, "pining for her first-born, and would not be comforted " They then lived in a western city, whither they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy! or that a change

convict's partion This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed paind and pleased-hope and fear, joy and grief filled his heart, alternately; but from thence his

eve beamed brighter, his steap was lighter, and tope seemed to dance in every nerve! Days passed-and at last there came a man to the Prison, rushing frantically into the office, demanding to see his boy "My boy! my boy!
Oh, let me see him" The clerk who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son. 'Arthur--- ' 'No such name on our books-your son cannot be here." "He is here! Show him to me! Here air, is your own letter! Why do you mock me" The clerk looked over the letter-saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the convict wanted, and rang the bell for the Messenger "There is the Warden, sir-it was his letter you showed" Too much of a good thing is often unpleasant The old man embraced me and wept like a child A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife, heaped blessings upon my head But the rattling of I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half shrick and agonizing groun as the old man gave, when he beheld the altered appearance of his boy, as he stood, clad in the degrading stripes, and before' I have seen many similiar scenes since and become inured to them, but this one seemed

as if it would burst my brain! I drew up and signed a petition for the pardor do, that day after day passed, and I would need of the young convict—and such a deep and favorable Timpression did the perusal of the letter -following him from his office to his country he had worked in the prison yard—still his pale the earnest append of the father, the Director face haunted me day and night—and I resolved looked over the papers again—his wife become vertisement-i ad it, and then tears came to the day in a store, waiting for the transaction of some den would let all those young rascals out if he business, and having picked up an old newspa- could. Those who know (lov Wood, will not wonder that he was easily prevailed upon, in such a

case—and the pardon was granted. Need I describe the old man's joy. How he laughed and wept' walked and ran-all impahis bosom-kissed him-wept and prayed!-Grasping my hand he tendered me his farmfather, his brothers and sisters, who were search his gold watch—anything I would take. Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine, and his boy by the hand and escorted them to the gate-literally bowing

> I never saw them more! But the young man is doing well, and a sing may he live to reward the filial affection of his parents This case may be but one among a hundred where the muor nee of the convict is clear-but

> even where guitt is clear there should be pity for youth and some proper means taken to restore them to the paths of retitude and honor. ST WILLIAM A POOLE - Religius fanaticism and brutal rowdysm seem to be inspired into a rivairy of sentimentalism, over the death of

Bill Poole The Empire Club, of Baltimore. had cut out from the paper, and as he read it he the peculiar, outrageous and aggravated circumstance under which said deed was committed, call upon us in tones not to be unheeded to express

our abhorrence and detestation of the manner of

The Rev J. B Wakely, who preached the funeral culogy of Poole, figured at the Tabernacle, New York, in the Temperance Jubilee, and information to be sent to the editor of the Christian the course of his eulogy upon Goy. Clark and the Whig Lagislature, let fly the following infa-"Oh, do not write," he said, "it will break mous assault on Gov Seymour. The New York Times reports the speech: "The Governor's veto power was mentioned

Any Governor who would veto such a law as the prohibitory law just passed, he only desired to must haunt her mind day and night. So he preach the juneral sermon, and write his elegy now was the time for congratulation.

Poole and the Empire ('lub swell into dignity in camparison with this envenomed hypo-

SAD RECORD. -The Washington Union contains a list promotious, compromising one Commander and four Lieutenants, in place of the poor fellows of that grade, "lost in the Albany." which they said they had won at cards, during upwards of six months since the Albert sailed