ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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...UME 26. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1855. NUMBER 2.

...INESS DIRECTORY.

...HARR & PAYNE
...Merchants Dealers in Coal, Fish, ... Public Dock east of ...
...JAS. G. PAYNE.

...KINSON RETURNED.
...M. E. Church Office ...

...ARK & METCALF,
...Brokers, Erie Pa. Interest allowed on ... Drafts, Checks and Specie, ... Warrants bought and sold. Collections ... United States ...

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...& Bennett ... Hardware, Crockery, Glass ...

...L. STEWART,
...Stewart & Sin ... and Seventh streets. Residence ... Sassafras street

...RUSHMORE,
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...EAVERSTICK,
...Retail Dealer in Flour, ... east side of the ...

...STERRETT & CO.,
...Water, Whole ... assortment of ... kinds of Roofing ...

...ENS & CAUGHEY,
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...A. WARREN,
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...A. CRAIG
...No. 1 Hughes Block, 2d ... Pa.

...CHAPIN
...on Sixth st ... arranged for ...

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...Medicines, Paints, Oils, ... Perfumery, Fine Soaps, ... YORK DOLLAR

...ABELL,
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...EDWARDS,
...Warren Pa. Professional ... prompt attention

...WALKER & CO.,
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...SON GRAHAM,
...French st., South ...

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...Machinists ...

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...Brooks & ... Opposite, Nautical ... Range and Fancy Goods

...H. JARECKI,
...Erie Pa.

...B. GUNNISON
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...OOTH & STEWART,
...Dry Goods ... Brown's Hotel

...DELL, KEPLER & CO
...Machinery and ...

...FRRETT & GRAY,
...Wood ... Erie street, up ...

...M. S. LANE,
...over Jackson's ... State

...SANFORD & CO.
...Commission of the ... Stationery ...

...TON STEARNS,
...Grocery and Provision ...

...ELIS REED
...Sash and Door ... Reed ...

...ELIA SHERWOOD,
...Groceries ... Ware from Steel Saws ... Tool Boxes ...

...H. BUTLER,
...Commissions and ... Agent for ...

...STAY, No. 1, Erie ...

...A. BROTHER
...Medicine, Paints ... Erie, Pa.

...ASIS LYON
...Square, a few ...

...HN SAVINLY,
...formerly of ...

...HARN & CO
...Lake Steamers, Pub ...

...GEO. J. MORTON
...Dock, Erie ...

...C. MARSHALL,
...Commons Hall building, ...

...BALS, HAYES & CO.,
...Crockery, Hardware, ... Erie, Pa.

...SMITH, JACKSON & SON
...Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, ... Erie, Pa.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately drawn. Office in Wright's Block, State ...

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...Dentist—Office in the American Block, corner of State street and the Public Square, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted.

MAGILL & CO. DENTISTS,
...their office in Beatty's Block, north side of the public square, are prepared to compete with all other operators in prices, estimating work according to its quality and real value. ...

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
...Dentist—Office and dwelling in South Park Row—All work warranted.

Select Poetry.

From the Dublin Nation.

UNDER THE MOON

Under the moon as the twilight breeze,
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voices that come through the night
Under the elm row, misty and dark,
Love's sweet laughter rings from the bank—
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp
Hark! 'mid the foliage blossomed with June,
Tinkles a serenade under the moon

Under the moon in the village street,
Gossiping groups in the shadow meet,
Seated at dusky doorways there,
Red-tipped maidens taste of the air
Whispering now of their lover's eyes,
Blue as the beatiful summer skies
Whispering now of their flatteries sweet,
As autumn's fruitage dropped the ripe nut,
Until they cadence a trembling tune,
Soft as their pulses, under the moon

Under the moon by the ... shore
The wind walks over its space ...
Courting the snowy blossomed ...
Daidily dipping through azure ...
Over the crisp foam ...
The musing mariner's in ...
As by the rising helm with hands
Lit in the compass lamp ...
Thinking of those he left at home
Sad on the green shore under the moon

Under the moon by the dusty road
Pace we on to the old abode—
The listless splendor floating ...
Over its sycamore's roof ...
Peering into the casement ...
Pile with many a brown old book
Spirits are they whose pages ...
With thoughtfulness ... and ...
Spirit, amid whose silence ...
Our own shall slumber under the moon

Choice Miscellany.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

AN EPISODE OF OF THE WAR

"If you had a brother to ... I should understand it; or if you were going ... course some bad friend, but, as it is, I must say, Sara, this sudden resolution of yours seems to me a very, very goose scheme," said Mr. H —— to his sister-in-law, as they they walked to ... handsome summer residence in the gray twilight of a quiet ... pensive autumnal afternoon

"Every Englishman is a brother to me, and a friend also, in one sense," answered Sara, gently yet firmly; "and you well know, George, that my resolution is not a sudden one by any means. Besides, you must recollect how many things have occurred to make me feel that it is right for me to undertake this duty. Remember how particularly I have been fitted and prepared for the work. You can not have forgotten that terrible accident at the coal-pits, and how much of the care of the sufferers devolved upon me. And then that awful cholera time! Oh, George! you can not but feel that, far from embarking in a wild goose scheme, I am only following a course which, without any seeking of mine, has been pointed out to me.

"But you seem to forget, Sara, that it was your own people whose sufferings ... that the accident took place in Henry ... Again, in that cholera time—awful ... —all the sick were kinsfolk ... brother's tenants. Your charity ... their own cottages, had made intimate acquaintance with every man, woman and child among them before those who were taken ... to the Hall—a rather Quixotic ... I think it was, on Henry's part, but, at ... he is at liberty to do what he pleases. You know ... I have always ... very much surprised that he ... his approval to such a scheme as this. What he and Edith can be thinking of, I ... passes my powers of comprehension." And the worthy gentleman shook his head and quickened his steps in proportion as his vexation rose higher, while glancing at the handsome but decidedly sickly woman walking by his side, and thinking how unfitted she was, alike by nature and gentle nurture, for the ... in the hospitals at Scutari.

"What Henry and Edith are thinking of," said Sara, "I can readily tell you. They are thinking that I ought not to shrink from a work for which I have been as it were educated. They feel that in becoming a nurse, I am not forsaking duties of more paramount importance. They know, by experience, that I have strength and nerve sufficient for any demands that are likely to be made upon either. They have seen that it was not without a struggle I made up my mind at first, but that afterward I considered it the greatest privilege that had ever been bestowed upon me, to be allowed to join that devoted band of women who are using all their energies in the blest work in which woman can be engaged." And while Sara spoke, her deep blue eyes brightened, even though they were filled with tears, and her mouth quivered with emotion. But she hastily wiped away her tears, and resumed her expression of calm composure, when her brother-in-law, in a slightly sarcastic tone, replied.

"Oh! if you are going to fly away on your enthusiastic wings, you must excuse me from attempting to follow you. I only profess to look at the common-sense view of the matter; and notwithstanding all your arguments, you have failed to make me see the propriety of an English lady, brought up as you have been in the midst of every luxury, and carefully guarded from the sight and sound of every thing which, for one moment, might shock a woman's delicacy or refined taste, voluntarily exposing herself to the chance—nay, the certainty—of witnessing scenes which ought never to pass before her eyes, and hearing expressions which ought never to enter her ears. You have no conception of the sort of conversation which takes place among them, you can not possibly form any idea of the wickedness and ribald conversation of their camps and barracks, and you must not expect that because they are wounded, because they have lost an arm, or a leg, they will be transformed into different men. On the contrary, it is in the midst of sickness and suffering that character often shows itself most clearly; and what the real character of most of these men is, I am certainly better able to judge than you. It is very different, let me tell you, from a lady's *beau-ideal* of a *preux chevalier*. Then, when they are beginning to recover! Good heavens! that you should be exposed to the chance of hearing their coarse jests, their profane language! No, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that you are all wrong. Your motive is a good one, but you will for ever repent the delusion into which it has led you."

"If I had not prayed often and earnestly to be guided aright," answered Sara, in a low reverential tone, "then, perhaps, I might have doubted whether I was not undertaking something which was beyond my powers, and out of my province. But ever since it was proposed to me to offer myself—you must recollect that the suggestion, in the first instance, did not come from me—I have met with every encouragement to proceed. I am not blinding my eyes to what I shall have to encounter. And if it should unhappily be as you say, it will only make me feel that it would have been far worse if women had not been there, in some degree to check it by their presence. As for the recollection of it, I have no doubt that it will very soon pass away from my memory."

"All very well, Sara, if there are not others better qualified for the work than you. Far be it from me to wish that our brave wounded men should not all have proper attendance and attention given to them. But this will be much better provided by the people who have been regularly brought up to the work—proper hospital nurses, endowed with more physical and mental strength of a certain kind that English ladies can boast, or indeed, I for one should wish to see them possess. You think, perhaps, you are doing these soldiers a kindness by going out to wait upon them. You fancy most likely that some of them will be gratified by the attendance of *real* ladies. You will find out that all this is nothing but a species of self deception. Depend upon it, our soldiers will much prefer being taken care of by people selected from their own class of life, and will only feel awkward, uncomfortable, and constrained, under the nursing of persons so different in every way from those to whom they are accustomed.

"Oh, George! if there were a sufficient staff of proper hospital nurses, I should never for a moment have thought of offering my services. Do you fancy that it costs me nothing to leave this dear place, and still dearer friends? Do you think, I would, for a moment, have acceded to the wish of those who have asked me to bid farewell for a time, we know not how long to all that makes life pleasant and lovely, if I had thought there were others better qualified for the work than I? It was the conviction of the want of such properly qualified people which mainly induced me to think of becoming a hospital nurse. Surely, if the common run of nurses are spoken of as ... accustomed to drown disgust in brandy, they can not be the right description of people to send out as attendants upon our wounded men. Believe me, that, after all, arduous though our duties may be, they will not be half so trying or distressing as you are apt to imagine."

And Sara looked at her brother-in-law with a ... on her face, which ought to have ... every doubt and cloud from his mind, if ... so wedded to his common sense ... —and something more than common-sense is needed to understand the motives which prompt to such undertakings.

"But consider what your *going out* entails," he continued, "you are obliged to take a servant to look for you, and to wait upon you, and separate accommodation must be provided for you, whereas, had common hospital nurses alone been sent out, they would have required no better quarters than such as the wounded men have assigned to them, and if they themselves had been attacked by sickness, they would not have felt the want of comforts which to ladies are indispensable.

"In that case we shall have our own servants to wait upon us, and they will see that we want for nothing that is really necessary. Besides, they will be able to give us hope in many things, such as preparing little remedies for the sick, and assisting us in our care of them in more ways than I have time to tell you of just now," said Sara, looking heartily weary of the discussion.

"Well, my dear Sara, I suppose a wilful woman must have her way. I am sure you will believe that although I have thought it right to tender you some of my observations, I have still several reasons left, which I may give you at some future time, if you appreciate the generous devotion, and ... which induces you to leave a happy home, and friends who dearly love you, in order to go and soften the sufferings of our brave fellow countrymen by your presence and care."

So saying he held out his hand, and tenderly was its pressure returned by his sister, though ... the words she spoke were

"Oh, George! the sunshine of my life is over ... I was made to know that I must live for the many, instead of devoting my ... only to one. You understand me now."

* * * * * * *

Shift we the scene. Time has passed, and the sulphurous smoke of cannon from a bed of honor is the judgment seat of God. An awful change! The battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, have been fought, and before the yet unbreached walls of Sebastopol, a decimated, but undaunted army, lies intrenched. To the desperate and tenacious valor both of Frank and Anglo Saxon, let the ravages of famine, pestilence and war bear undying testimony. But, alas! the means by which such glory is attained only put humanity and Christianity to the blush—History dares not record, and the world strives to forget them.

History does not tell how many of France and England's bravest soldiery die with curses and imprecations on their lips, and murder in their hearts! History does not tell of the grief, anxiety, and final despair of the widowed wives and orphaned children! History does not tell the tale of long protracted suffering, to which death comes as a blessed boon! History does not tell how many stout yeomen would forfeit their claims, even to courage itself, to be once more at their own cottage firesides! History does not truly paint the agony of a single dying soldier on the field! But we can see him. Now he raises himself wearily on his arm amidst a heap of hostile slain—man and beast. The sea of battle has rolled over the adjoining hill, and is hidden from his view. No succor is near. Mercy has mantled her face for very shame. Yet he fought like a Roman for his household gods in the very fiercest of that fiery charge! Damp dews are on the ground. His wounded limbs are already stiffened with cold, and the dusky shadows of night—the precursors of death—are creeping on.

Hark! the tumultuous tide is borne hitherward again. But what mockery to him is that shout of victory! What cares he, at such moment, to see the red cross or the tricolor carried triumphantly into the heart of the enemy's ranks! His eyes do not glisten now at the sight of those retreating masses of disordered chivalry. The tramp of horses, and the thunder of artillery, are no longer heeded by him; for the heart of the dying soldier, if heart he has, is far, far away—Home, wife, friends, pass in dreary array, to haunt and torment him to the grave. There let him rest. The "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" have faded away, and the realities of this royal pastime stand unmasked. They are ruin, despair, death.

Ay, Famine, Pestilence, and War, in the allied armies of France and England, have not left their work incomplete. Ship-loads of sick and wounded are taken from the scene of carnage.—Tossed upon the stormy waves of the Euxine during several days, many die before they reach their destined asylum. But vessel after vessel arrives with its freight of human suffering, and the great hospital at Scutari is speedily filled.

The noble women who left England to nurse the wounded soldiers were already engaged in their arduous labors. Sara, too, was there.—She had soothed the last moments of many a sufferer, and now looked pale and wearied with unwonted exertion. The sight of their agony was almost greater than she could bear—far, far more terrible than she had ever anticipated.—She, too, found that there were realities in war over which history silently draws a veil. Man can face the battle-field, but with all his hardihood and courage he will shrink from the hospital. Woman's fortitude is required there.

Yet Sara did not falter in her self-imposed task, though words in unknown tongues, shrieks of pain, mutterings of prayer, and even execrations were often her only reward. Though uncouth, mutilated forms, which once gloried in the perfection of manly strength and beauty, constantly met her eye, she still persevered with unswerving fidelity to the cause in which she was engaged. A deaf ear was never turned by her to the sufferer's entreaties, especially when they came from one of her own countrymen. The same sympathy, care, and attention was bestowed upon all.

On the day of which we speak, many new patients were brought into the hospital. It was a solemn and distressing sight. Here was a tall grenadier who had lost both his legs, and, though he was now dying in great agony, no murmur or other indication of pain escaped his lips. It was the stoicism of a Spartan hero! From the damp perspiration collected on his forehead, you might conceive somewhat of the agony he endured.

Another near him—in the wild delirium of fever—fancied himself in a cavalry charge, trampling down the enemy's infantry, while he shouted again and again as in the frenzy of the fight. Further on, might be heard shrieks or low convulsive moanings, which told their own tale. A few seemed resigned to their fate, and others were silently praying their last prayer.

Among these, was one brought in that same morning. He had been desperately wounded at Balaklava, and life was now fast ebbing away. Judging from his ghastly face and closed eyelids, he seemed unconscious of all around. He might have been thirty-five years of age, and was doubtless above the rank of a common soldier, for there was a noble appearance about his features, wasted and haggard though they were with suffering, which would have arrested the attention of the most casual observer.

"Who is he?" whispered one of the nurses to Sara.

"Which one?"

"There. He opens his eyes and seems to be looking at you. Do you know him?"

She uttered a shriek.

"Why, what's the matter?"

But Sara was on her knees now by the bedside. And while her companions were wondering at her emotion, she had placed her arm around the sick man's head, speaking fondly, passionately, and as they fancied, incoherently to him. His eyes turned, with a troubled expression, towards hers, rested there long ere they betrayed any sign of recognition. At last the light of memory flashed over the features of the dying man. He could not speak, but he smiled; and it was a smile that death could not banish from his face. The struggling spirit had quietly severed the silver cord that bound it to earth even then, and the sobs of the kneeling woman were not needed to reveal the secret of a long-cherished but hopeless love.

Filial Devotion and its Reward.

An aged rag picker died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a greengrocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her situation would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to pay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the savings for her wedding attire, but of all her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of the faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. "So, my good Susette, I find you have lost your place." said he, "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "I, sir?" exclaimed Susette, "you are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every one would laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me?" "Oh, if that is the only objection, we shall soon get over it, come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you." Susette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Susette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. A thousand gold napoleons were concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass became the just reward of the noble girl and her disinterested lover.

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.—This fact is either not known to parents, or very little regarded.—The first thing a baby wants is fresh air, and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born it should have air and light; and neither be shut up in a close, darkened room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady after her confinement, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking-chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight. When I inquired for the newly-arrived, the nurse came, and after taking off fold after fold, there at last was the poor, little, half-smothered baby, gasping for breath. Mother and nurse got a lecture that time.

Returning in an omnibus, a pretty woman got in, with her baby completely enveloped in its blanket. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was. The babe had as good a right to breathe, and to have the purest air to be had, as anybody; and as there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

"Madam," said I, "you are smothering that child."

She smiled and shook her head; she didn't believe a word of it.

"You are making it breathe its own breath over and over; and no air is fit to breathe but once. It needs fresh air as much as you do. I am a physician and I can't let you make your child sick."

She uncovered the baby's head; it took a long breath, and if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtedly would have said, "Thank you, doctor."

WANTED IMMEDIATALY.—Will some of our readers benefit the rest of mankind by inventing some method to make truth as agreeable as falsehood, a receipt for praising a pretty girl without giving offence to her old sister; some way of collecting a small debt without having to earn the money a second time at the attempt; how to induce a constant reader of a newspaper to become a constant subscriber; a plan of editing a newspaper without being considered dull by the giddy, frivolous by the "serious-minded," unappreciated by three-fourths, and cheated by the other quarter?

THE GAMBLER'S DESTINY.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

The "Mine the Oro" was a gambling saloon, situated on Washington street, and opposite the "El Dorado," and in 1849 it was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest Monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey, but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the end of the war with Mexico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and after his arrival a young man entered this saloon, and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited with the play and maddened by his losses he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck a severe blow upon the face; as quick as thought the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him right through the breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators present, the doors soon closed, and medical assistance called, in aid of the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound. The doctor enquired what State he was from.

"From Vermont," replied the wounded man.

The gambler raised its head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being his native State, the mere mention of its name interested him. The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any.

"Montpelier," replied the wounded man.

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his play mate, in childhood—perhaps a school-mate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury he had inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet. A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound—when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished sent for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife—she is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney street—tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life and there is my bank, and $10,000 in Burgoyne's—you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until his inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility; the gambler sat down by the side of the wounded man and bathed his head with water, and staunched the flow of blood from the wound until the arrival of the wife, she came accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers—Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from the lips as the tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her that there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours he would die. She sank down on her knees and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God for her dying husband and the murderer. The gambler asked the forgiveness of the wounded man for the wrong he had committed, and also that of the wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, is for not obeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother—not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hail-stones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet; I still lived—oh, God! and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men, when not one comrade was left to tell of the deeds in the battle, I escaped unscathed.—Why was I not killed like the rest? All that I was proud and pleasing to a man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been class mates together at the same school; received instructions of the same aged man. We were born beneath the same roof, and oh, God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!"

And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor. The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glassy eyes wandered about the room as if in search of some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is brother William here? I—" and the words choaked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow. The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul, and forgiveness of the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife and said:

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents that we are both dead—but, oh! do not tell them how we died."

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of that pistol sounded again, and the fatricide had ceased to live.

On the hill near Rincon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone at their head, with the simple inscription—"BROTHERS."—*Golden Era.*

A PREDICTION TEN YEARS AGO FULFILLED.—The late Dr. Duncan, of Cincinnati, who was known all over the nation as a thoroughgoing and indefatigable Democrat, ten years ago made a speech in the House of Representatives that contained a prediction which is now in the process of fulfillment. Said Dr. Duncan, in a spirit of prophecy, speaking of the whig party:

"I begin with the unprincipled practice they have of changing their name. They have changed their name with the periodical return of every Presidential election; and this for the purpose of concealing their principles and deceiving people. Their last name was whig, and that name they kept as long as it would answer their purpose; but they will never fight another battle under the banner inscribed whig, again. Having exhausted the political vocabulary, they return to the abuse and persecution of the Irish and Germans which characterised the party in the administration of the elder Adams. Nothing is longer to be feared from a change of name.—The people contemplate them as they do a stranger, who gives himself a new or different name in every town or village through which he passes."—*Reg.*

The Burglar.

A WARNING TO "FAST" FATHERS AND SONS.

We heard the other day of a ludicrous incident which occurred not far from this good city, and which shows how liable people are to make fools of themselves when saturated with alcoholic beverages. As a general thing, a drunken man either represents a devil or a fool, and sometimes both these amiable characters together. Of course, the latter is the most harmless, as nobody is injured but the performer. It is the noisy, quarrelsome drunkard that we fear most in society, for his acts; but the sully drunkard exerts the most pernicious influence. Many persons would scorn or fear to get intoxicated if it made them rabid or dangerous, but consider it harmless to get slightly merry now and then, and if they are a little silly, why, it's of no consequence. But, this preamble we fear will be a bore.

Mr. Discount is a stout, bald-headed, red-faced gentleman, some fifty years of age. He is a sort of broker, shaver, a dealer in notes, speculates and trades in anything, if he can make money by it. He generally has money to let at 25 or 30 per cent, but is remarkably sharp after the security. Indeed, he sometimes takes "collateral" for small loans, and invariably has several gold watches for sale. People generally call him "Old Discount." Old Discount is a wine-bibber, or rather, a brandy-bibber, and he loves a "good time" with all the zest of any fast young man—for instance, his son Billy.

Now it chanced that one evening last week—we are not prepared to state what evening—old Discount, with a lot of his brother cronies, indulged in a champagne supper, or, to accord with our previous statements as to the gentleman's preference, we shall say a brandy supper, at the William Tell, which, as every body knows, is an institution where victuals and drink are compounded and dispensed in excellent style. As usual, on such occasions, old Discount drank his full proportion of "smashes"—we think light of these curious stimulants is his usual allowance on such occasions, besides a bottle of sparkling Catawba. As a natural consequence, old Discount was first garrulous, then silly, then noisy, and then—drunk. Not so drunk, however, but what he could walk. It was the boast of old Discount, as settling his hat firmly down and preparing to start, that he "was wash't never-sur mellier but wat the-he could walk well nuff." This boast was illustrated by a sort of roll out into the street.

Homeward, along Eighth street, blundered old Discount. The lamp-posts seemed uncommonly thick. Grating and cellar-doors were wonderfully plenty, and the width of the street troubled him much more than the length. But after divers circumbentions, and not a few hard bumps against solid substances, old Discount arrived in front of his own house; and while he was taking a stupid survey of the premises, to satisfy himself that he was in the right locality, he espied somebody in the recess of his front door.

Now, Bill Discount is a fast young man. He is a clerk in a store down town, and although only eighteen years old, loves a "bender" better than his respected daddy. Bill dresses flashy, smokes, chews—loves julaps, punches and cobblers, in their season, admires fast horses, and has been to the gymnasium for several years. It is his pride that he can "handle his paws" in a scientific manner. His "old man" (i. e. father) can now testify to that—William Discount had that evening met several of his kindred spirits: Tom Smart, Sam Crowder, and Gus Brag, and together, they had been "on a time." They had patronized some dozen coffee houses, visited the theatre, and dropped in for a few moments to see some ladies of their acquaintance who lived on a certain retired street. At the last stopping point Bill had concluded to leave the party and go home, assigning as a reason, that he was obliged to get up early in the morning. But Sam Crowder insisted that such an excuse was a humbug, but, that Bill being "tight," had better tumble into bed and stay there. Accordingly Young Discount turned, and arrived at the door of his paternal mansion just five minutes before his father.

It was after twelve o'clock; the streets were silent and deserted, and a neighboring lamp shed a faint stream of light across the pavement in front of Mr. Discount's house. Bill drew forth his night key, but putting it into the wrong orifice, it wirled round and round with out springing the lock.

It was quite dark in the recess, and so to find the key-hole more readily, the young gentleman, kneeled down and commenced feeling about in a very undignified style. It was at this moment that he was espied by his honored senior.

Old Discount looked—rubbed his eyes, took off his hat and looked again, and then, with drunken wisdom muttered, "Now, this is there's a burglar at my door—he's on leavoring to break in. I'd better first reason with him." So with great caution, old Discount approached the door, and steadying himself for an instant to collect his strength, planted like an insane bear upon his only son Billy. It was a vigorous rush, and the unfortunate William being taken completely by surprise, was jammed with great violence against the door, to the material damage of his rather handsome face, especially his nose, which is a fine aquiline. Old Discount was also half-stunned, for missing his balance, his head struck heavily against the door post, and a broad gash was made across his temple. Still he had sense enough to stammer out in a thick and broken manner—"Giv' up—I'm call a policeman if yer-yer—don't."

Although astounded, Bill Discount was not caught so easily. He had not the most remote idea that it was his father who had thus rudely and outrageously assaulted him as he was peaceably getting into his own home. He supposed it was some quarrelsome individual, or a deluded watchman or a thief. Accordingly he struggled up, and giving vent to his wrath, in a string of violent words, planted in the stomach of his prostrate dad a vigorous kick, and then "squaring off" gave him a blow full in the face. This wasn't all; he grabbed the old gentleman by one leg, and pulled him out full upon the sidewalk, exclaiming "come out here, you blackguard, and let's see who you are!"

Old Discount was somewhat sobered by the affray; the speaker's voice seemed familiar. He rolled over and muttered—"Bill, B-Bill, ain't that you?" William Discount, clerk for Tweed & Gingham, started back in wonder! He bent down—yes, there was the bulky form, the red face, the bald head, (now bloody,) the blue coat with brass buttons, the big watch-chain of his own father. No mistake—it was the "old man" sure enough, and so he replied surrily, "Yes, it's me, but what the devil did you jump on to me for?"

"Why," groaned the old gentleman, bill-shaver and pawnbroker, "I thought you was a burglar! I was going to catch you at it."

"Catch me at it!" snarled Billy, "Why, you're drunk as a fool!"

Old Discount answered not a word, he had a faint, misty perception that his promising son was not far from the same situation, and as the former unlocked the door he groped his way into the hall, and soon after to the bed room of Mrs. Discount, whom he entertained with a confused account of how somebody had assaulted and beaten him as he was coming quietly home from a "very late bis-bis-ness 'gagement." Mrs. D., however, had her doubts about that "business engagement," but she dressed her husband's head, and like a prudent woman, delayed her investigations until morning. What transpired then, we leave our readers to imagine. Both old Discount and young Discount felt remarkably foolish; and we are somewhat afraid that their wrath will be excited by this little notice of their evening's performance. We beg them to keep cool.—*Cincinnati Times.*

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

A British "Greytown" Bombardment.

When the Cyane battered the nests of the Greytown pirates about the heads of the freebooters, the London press thought it was a most wanton act of barbarity, and so it would have been if the inhabitants had been any thing better than common disturbers of everybody's peace who was traveling that way. But John, our paternal ancestor, has a little affair of the same kind of his own of much greater enormity, for he has not the excuse to offer for his conduct that we had. The "citizens" of England, as the Times now calls those who used to be classed as subjects, were not in the least annoyed by the cause which induced his interference. Her Majesty's steamship the Antelope has been "shelling" Old Town Calabar, one of the stations of the African missions, and the town was completely destroyed by the conflagration produced. What had the Old Town savages done to her Majesty to rouse their indignation? They had complied with an immemorial custom among the natives of sacrificing the slaves of a chief when he dies, the slaves being considered as the evil genius of the chief, having cast the evil eye upon him, which caused his death. The missionaries demanded that those who made the sacrifice should be given up as murderers. The natives refused and treated this interference with their customs with scorn, and so they were "shelled" by the Antelope. We do not condemn the morality of the act; but as her Majesty, according to the immemorial custom of Great Britain, is sacrificing thousands of her own brave subjects in the Crimea for the glory of Old England, it is very questionable, if the Old Town "niggers" had the naval means to do so, whether they would have an equal moral right to bombard London with an African steamer, and set her Majesty's palace on fire, if she obstinately persists in continuing the war. In any event, if it were wrong to break up a piratical settlement, located in the most frequented route of American travel, it was still worse to burn out a village of ignorant Africans, who were enjoying their own peculiar customs, which interfered with no other people's rights.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.—It is a curious coincidence, says the New York *Times*, that "Sir Charles Trevelyan, who mapped out the 'road sponing' in Ireland, and thereby sent two millions of her population into famine graves, is the same person whose mismanagement has effected the destruction of the British army before Sebastopol. However, the knight Trevelyan is not altogether to blame—it is a system of aristocracy on which the whole responsibility rests. In 1847, in Ireland, when whole towns and villages were dying of hunger, and the Government had depots of grain established, no relief could be afforded unless the complicated forms had all been filled in due order. A ship lay in the bay of Galway, in 1847, filled with provisions for the starving people, and applications were sent to Sir Charles Trevelyan's head quarters in Dublin Castle for relief, the reply was a refusal, because a prescribed form had not been regularly filled. A deputation afterwards waited on the Dublin Castle officials to say that food was in the bay, and that the people were actually dying of hunger, and the answer was—we cannot afford relief until you fill up these forms, but before the forms could be filled up thousands died of starvation. The same thing occurred in the Crimea. Ships laden with provisions were at Balaklava, but officers who came for the clothing and food, were sent back to Sebastopol, because the regular printed commissariat papers had not been officially filled; and the result was the death of the men who were depending upon the commissariat supplies. What occurred in Ireland, under the same rule, in the year 1847, has been repeated, with tenfold disastrous effects to England, in 1854. The old fogyism of aristocracy is accountable for the whole of it."

TAXING ECCLESSIASTICAL PROPERTY.—The discussion between Archbishop Hughes and Senator Brooks, relative to the real estate held by the former, has directed public attention to the subject of church property generally, and it is quite likely that some good and wholesome legislation in reference to it will be adopted as a consequence. The Board of Supervisors in New York city propose to tax the Archbishop's property the same as other real estate, and there is no good reason why the principle of equal taxation should not be applied to all property; ecclesiastical property has been exempted from taxes on account of a former provision in the constitution, which prevented ministers of the gospel and priests of any denomination from being eligible to office, but this provision of the constitution has long been repealed, and the reason for exemption being removed, the privilege of exemption ought to go with it. In this State there has been no such restriction of clergymen, but church property is, nevertheless exempted from taxation—receiving all the benefits of protection under the laws, and all the advantages which spring from the increased value of property in a prosperous and industrious community, and yet not contributing one cent to the community in taxes for the enjoyment of these benefits and pecuniary advantages. Six years ago the church property exempted from taxation in this State amounted to nearly twelve millions of dollars.—In New York it amounts to over twenty-one millions of dollars. Why should not this property bear its equal share of taxation?—*Phila Ledger.*

AMERICAN SOLDIERY.—The last *Westminster Review* has an article on America that widely contrasts with much that has hitherto come from the British press. For instance, it says:

"One knows not what is most to be admired in the Mexican war—the facility with which an army of volunteers submitted to discipline, the perfection of their weapons, new inventions of America, handled with a skill previously unknown—the goodness of their commissariat in a wild and vast country, or the flexibility of their mechanical adaptations as to reporting, printing and communicating homeward. For thirty years past, the merchant ships of the United States have notoriously been far better built than those of Great Britain; and as in 1812 our gunners were very inferior to theirs, so at the crisis of the Mexican war, into which they plunged out of a long peace, their practice in small arms was immeasurably superior to anything that trained British regulars had at that time attained."

A PRETTY GOOD ONE