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Select Poetry.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

For the walk of Monterey,
The high, rugged plain,
The morning sun and the
The words of a young girl
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The words of a young girl

rine Carlton would well become his hall, and he
determined to make her his, if he could but
verify the stories he heard of her expecta-

With him, to plan and to execute had always
been one and the same work, and he had little
difficulty in ascertaining who paid her bills at
the school.

When Bromley reminded him of the old
serge his face fell. The look of contentment
and happiness left it. He was silent for a mo-

him very much. He was the same round-faced,
jolly, good-natured fellow he had known, with
a broad English brogue, and a broader English
laugh.

When Bromley reminded him of the old
serge his face fell. The look of contentment
and happiness left it. He was silent for a mo-

"I did not think you had sent for me to
speak of that, or I should not have come, Bro-
mley."

His lips, drove back the foul word to the heart
that originated it.
"Have a care how you bandy harsh words here,
Mr. Bromley."

"This from you, Stevens?—D—o you, Sir,
what do you mean by striking me?"
"Because you choose to insult me."

"Of course he need not ask," said Frederick
Bromley entering. "I would as soon trust her
with a tiger."

DELL MORELL.

For beneath a highland mountain,
Booned by dark enchantment's spell,
Sleep the bones King's fairest daughter,
Lovingly Princess, DELL MORELL.

A Rich Old Uncle and a Bilious Fever.

BY OUR FAMILIAR PHYSICIAN.

even a shilling—the will being made in favor of
Linda and her successors.
This discovery was maddening, but worse
than all, the rich old uncle had thrown away his
ugly wig, and the hump on his back, and his
wooden leg, and he stood up as Linda's youthful
bridegroom—the tall, handsome stranger.

Truths Well Told

The Rochester Democrat, though a rank aboli-
tion paper, hits off his Know Nothing allies of
the North, after the following manner—"most
glorious to behold!"

The parrot phrases "no north, no south, no
east, no west," and "Americans must rule Ameri-
ca," are repeated over and over again by the
Know Nothings as though they were new, original
and striking.

Linda was engaged to young Slocum, an
embody lawyer of fashion and of some talent,
who had only the slender income of his pro-

Moral Suicide.

Self murder is a crime which all men regard
with horror. That a man should take his own
life, is not only contrary to religion, but so shock-
ing to nature, that we find it hard to believe that
one has done it in his right mind.

Against committing such an act men need no
persuasion, for their natural love of life is more
powerful than any command of duty.

And yet there is a self murder, which is very
common, and which is far worse than this; a
suicide, not of the body, but of the soul. When
a man loosens the silver cord of life, or breaks
the golden bowl, he only abridges by a few short
years his continuance in the world.

How to Dry Pumpkins and Make the Pie.—
Perhaps some don't know the best way to dry
pumpkins. It is this—cut them up and stew
them till they are soft.

Choice Miscellany.

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

When years have passed rapidly away,
a man had resigned his seat on the
bench, his possession in—County,
from the night of his death, he
had been placed in the county and in
place in the county and in place
occupied by John Bromley, who, by
his skill, notwithstanding, had con-

When Bromley arrived at his home after an
absence of about ninety days, he learned that
a girl was in the field in the shape of his own
cousin's daughter.

But rumor reached the ears of John Bromley
that his mother was in America, and had had
knowledge of this new engagement, and had approved
it.

Just at this time, a thunderbolt fell on
his head, he could not have been more startled
than he was at an action in partition, common-
law against him by Frederick Bromley on behalf
of an unknown person, as grantee of Kate Cam-
eron, one-fourth of the estate of her grand-

"I found her in the hour of her utmost anguish
and took her back to my heart. God had blessed
us both with many happy years since then,
and we have loved you beyond all words to tell,
and now I must tell you who was your father,
and who—"

It needed but one blow more.
Mrs. Carlton entered. He looked at her,
and the strong man quailed before the presence
of the woman he had wronged and abandoned.

"Thank God, John Bromley, that you have
failed in your designs to-night. That sneer
avails you little here. Thank God, I say, John
Bromley!"

"I am a man of honor, and a gentleman
who had been listening quietly remarked,
"Ain't you the Captain of the Northumberland
boat?" "Well," said he, "stranger, may-be, I
am."

One of the Reporters of the Bulletin furnishes
the following:
Going to Wilmington the other day in the
cars, we saw a rather singular looking individual,
somewhat stout, rather carelessly dressed, and
with a straw hat pressed down over his eyes; he
was also distinguished by an imperturbable and
apparently taciturn sort of look.

"Caterwisher!—Opposition Line."
The Caterwisher:—I never need a doc-
tor's bill, because the road after describing a
circle comes round to the same place. . . . I
was going on to the other day, when we came to
that 'ard place I need an engine comin' smacked
in to the hind car. . . . I thought it belonged to
another train, but it turned out to be the loco-

He here paused a minute, and a gentleman
who had been listening quietly remarked,
"Ain't you the Captain of the Northumberland
boat?" "Well," said he, "stranger, may-be, I
am."

Roars of laughter greeted his answer, as the
secret of his opposition to the "Caterwisher"
thus came out.
A HINT ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—
Have you ever observed what a dislike servants
have to anything cheap? They hate saving their
master's money. I tried the experiment with
great success the other day. Finding we con-

When, however, Slocum arrived some three or
four miles farther, toward the edge of the city,
he saw his view that called up other emo-
tions than those of pleasure at the safety of his
beloved.

Linda was seated upon the turf, reclining
against the trunk of a tree. A tall, handsome
stranger was leaning over her, having her brow
with water and pouring the magnetism of his warm
life into her fainting energies.

"The next day, the tall, handsome stranger
calculated upon the lovely girl he had rescued from
death, to enquire after her health.

What was his dismay upon arriving home,
when he found his quondam bride clad had mar-
ried his rich old uncle that the "will" had been
re-made, that he (Slocum) was out off without

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pumpkins. It is this—cut them up and stew
them till they are soft.

THE YOU SO HEART.—"Childhood is like a ship-
ping, and when it comes to age all around it.
Remember that an impious party of a young
man may 'perish' upon a young heart like a
careless spray of water thrown upon polished
steel, staining it with rust that no after efforts
can efface."

At the breaking up of a dinner party,
two of the company fell down stairs, the one
tumbled on the first landing place, the other
rolled to the bottom. It was observed that the
first was dead drunk. "Yes," said a wag, "but
he is not so far gone as the gentleman below."

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