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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CHAUNCEY HULBURT,
[illegible] Head Quarters for DRY GOODS, No. [illegible] Market Street, Philadelphia.

McCREADY, MOTT & BRUNDAGE,
151 *Maiden Lane, Corner of Front Street, New York.* Distillers of Pure Refined [illegible] and N. E. Rum. [illegible] Burning Fluids [illegible] Resin, Pitch and Hard Turpentine, Bright Varnish, Coal Tar, and Naval Stores, of every description.

SMITH JACKSON & SON
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Dry Goods, Silks, Satins, [illegible] Laces, Gloves, [illegible] North East Corner of Park [illegible] on hand.
Smith Jackson. James G. Jackson.

GALBRAITH & DAVENPORT,
Attorneys at Law, Office nearly opposite the new Court House, Erie, Pa.
Wm A. Galbraith, S. A. Davenport.

Drs. Hoobs & Dickinson
HAVING entered into co-partnership, would respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Especial attention will be given to [illegible]
Erie, Oct. 4, 1855—41

BROWN'S HOTEL,
[illegible] the Park, [illegible]

P. MINNIG & BROTHER
Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, [illegible] Flour, Fruits, [illegible] Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware [illegible] No. 1, Wright's Block, [illegible] State St., Erie, Pa.

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[illegible] on the Public Square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

TANNER & KERN,
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[illegible] Spring Mattresses [illegible] without springs, &c. [illegible]

BARTON HOUSE,
A. C. Jackson, Proprietor. [illegible] Pennsylvania. [illegible]

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
[illegible] Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c. [illegible]

THOMAS MOORHEAD,
Notary Public. [illegible] Mortgages [illegible] Wright's Block, [illegible] Street.

EMPIRE STORES
[illegible]

STARR & PAYNE
[illegible]

CLARK & METCALF,
Bankers and [illegible]

ROGERS, KENNEDY & REYNOLDS,
[illegible]

DR. J. L. STEWART
[illegible]

W. B. RUSTFORD,
With Churchill, Watkins & Johnson, [illegible] New York.

H. B. HAVERSTICK
[illegible]

MOBLE & CO. DENTISTS
[illegible]

SAMUEL F. SHERMAN & CO.
[illegible]

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY.
[illegible]

WM. C. WARREN,
[illegible]

A. A. CRAIG
[illegible]
DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES [illegible]

E. H. ABELL,
(Successor to [illegible])
Daguerrean Artist, Public Square [illegible] Reed House [illegible]

[illegible]

BURTON & GRIFFIN
Wholesale & Retail [illegible]

T. D. EDWARDS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law [illegible] Professional business [illegible]

D. D. WALKER & CO.,
Forwarding [illegible] Public Bridge [illegible] Coal, Salt [illegible] Schooners [illegible]
D. D. Walker.

CARSON GRAHAM
[illegible]

THOMAS M. AUSTIN
[illegible] Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware [illegible]

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO.,
[illegible]

M. CHAMP,
[illegible]

STERRETT & GRAY,
[illegible] Dry Goods [illegible] Willow and Stone [illegible]

WM. S. LANE
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over Jackson's Store [illegible]

M. SANFORD & CO.
[illegible]

T. HERON STEWART
[illegible] one door [illegible]

RUFUS REED
[illegible]

GEORGE H. CUTLER
Attorney [illegible]

GEORGE H. GORDON
[illegible]

J. C. MARSHALL
Attorney [illegible]

J. W. DOUGLASS
[illegible]

[illegible]

Select Poetry.

THE TELEGRAPH SPIRIT.

[The telegraph wires utter, when the wind blows, certain singularly sad music tones, and when the wires pass through the frame of a tree the effect is strangely beautiful.]

Mysterious spirit! hark! I hear thee voicing,
Up where the wind-breathings [illegible]
Of mingled [illegible] and strange [illegible]—
As though [illegible] fear thee, yet to [illegible] were prone.

What doth it whisper 'mid the green tree's [illegible]
[illegible] tiny wings [illegible]
Call'st thou its love? Or is it thou [illegible]
With thine inconstant tongue of [illegible]?

Is it some life-tale thou art sadly telling?
Some tale of dark and passionate romance—
That the young leaflets seem with wonder swelling,
Shrinks at thy touch, and eye thee so askance?

Or are they timid only with emotion?
And pout their tiny lips up but for show,
O'er some new story of the heart's devotion
That thou art murmuring to the earth below?

Or, ravished from the grasp of time and distance,
Com'st thou with news, to gild with [illegible] joy,
The sad heart with a snow of frosted existence—
Making the old man feel once more a boy?

Or bear'st thou words too smooth not, but to slander?
Quiet, rapturing the noblest ties—
Just as the [illegible] without its thunder,
Blasts what it looks on with its venomous eyes?

Or is it, on capture cast thy [illegible] feeling,
That, like a caged-bird wrested from its home,
(Thy fluttering wing its sky-paths unforgetting)
Along thy prison-wires such murmurs come?

I hear thee now! and chafing, ah, how vain [illegible]
For thy [illegible] the death-grave [illegible]
Sighing [illegible]—struggling more [illegible]—
[illegible]

Choice Miscellany.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Those who weep not here shall weep eternally hereafter. — *Ecclesiæ Græ a Monument.*

My education continued, and they call [illegible] a "wise child," every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss E[illegible]" who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with [illegible] ble scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I pray Gabrielle to try and win their love; to read the Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath," but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and lived in [illegible] of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and tutor in Mr. Dacre, the upper, pious curate, [illegible] was a college friend of my brother's [illegible] a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas's [illegible] one, from the way he spoke to [illegible] subjects, and the anxiety he evinced [illegible] spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used [illegible] me his "wise little friend," and we [illegible] to speak of passages in the book [illegible]

[illegible]

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle [illegible] mother of as lovely a babe as ever ca[illegible] this world of woe; and it was a [illegible] to see [illegible] the young mother [illegible]

[illegible]

In less than twelve months after its birth that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity, and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Soon after followed this solemn event, the Misses Erminstoun wished to take the child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as [illegible] already so expensive an establishment [illegible] and now poor Thomas was gone, there was [illegible] no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm house."

All this came about in a few months, from one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudged her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child?" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet though it was as soft and musical as [illegible]

With Wood End Cottage, and find refuge in a retired farm house, as Mr. E[illegible] proposed, but we were [illegible] many [illegible] daughter [illegible] for our [illegible] never [illegible] with the [illegible] "She was [illegible] brought about, [illegible] to bring up the [illegible] daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for

[illegible] she had a cold heart and re[illegible] which had steeled their sympa[illegible] They thought themselves [illegible] Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses [illegible] Gabrielle and her poor [illegible] mere interlopers, who were [illegible] of their father's money.

W[illegible] Gabrielle say—"I have changed [illegible] another," but I never heard her [illegible] She was silent, even to me [illegible] lips; and what she felt [illegible] Little Ella was a pale flower, [illegible] mother; but as similar to the [illegible] rosebud.

"[illegible]" were the words I was continually [illegible] to myself. "I must not be an [illegible] Mr. Erminstoun. I have already [illegible] by my sister's union with his son, by having [illegible] received instruction in va[illegible] can I not do something [illegible]?" What this something was to be, I [illegible] define. My lameness precluded [illegible] and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts [illegible] Dacre, who often visited us, [illegible] and consolation to the [illegible] Gabrielle [illegible] his words, as she [illegible] and he could reprove [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline an ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most [illegible] settlements should be made. I laughed [illegible] his lordship's rhapsodies, be[illegible] and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, "What a pity, dearest, that we [illegible] such a noble father for our [illegible] possibility of Gabrielle's marrying [illegible] seventy never entered into my [illegible] Therefore my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered,

"Why cannot Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth?"

"Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

"But I mean to marry him, Ruth: could you doubt it? Could I have lived on as I have done, without prophetic hope to support me? Think you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth and power? Oh, Ruth, were I alone, it might be different." She spoke in a tone of anguish and passionate regret.—"But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub, "for her sake I would immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has any power to save and to elevate. She must not be doomed to poverty or dependence. No, no! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

"And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

"Name them not, Ruth; name them not if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do?"

Alas! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so. But Blanche Erminstoun will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires herculean effort to descend to the commonplaces of this every-day world, but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when previous sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies.

In at my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and [illegible] "Alas for woman's love, [illegible]

* * * * *

My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one (Gabrielle had stipulated for this) his lordship's chaplain performing the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away, and she was clad in muslin, now she was arrayed in satin and glittering gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of her bridegroom, gave her [illegible] hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was thus sworn, but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own, while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the Continent, where we remained [illegible] years. Gabrielle and myself [illegible] to every accomplishment, [illegible] It was charming to [illegible] beautiful sister [illegible] undertook, for she was [illegible] adorn the high station [illegible] Wherever we went [illegible] Lady Treherne's beauty [illegible] admiration, and high[illegible] gratified her fastidious [illegible] wise and prudent [illegible] There was one drawback to his lord[illegible] contentment, and this was the absence [illegible] much wished for heir, for Gabrielle [illegible] her husband; and our [illegible] child, of brilliant gifts and [illegible] became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to [illegible] It was settled ere we returned [illegible] that Ella was to drop the [illegible] and as Lord Treherne's [illegible] legal forms were to be [illegible] to ratify the change of name [illegible] of the family appellation of the Treherne.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle [illegible] aged husband, and thank [illegible] proof of regard; triumph [illegible] eyes and Lord Treherne laid his [illegible] blessing her as he did [illegible] him a good wife, in every [illegible] had never forgot that her [illegible] own. But Gabrielle did, for [illegible] her gratitude made her humble [illegible] he was humble toward her: [illegible] Treherne ever cease to think that [illegible] a favor in marrying him. [illegible] and entertainments were [illegible] the Abbey after our return, and [illegible] star on whom all gazed with admiration. All the country families [illegible] but the Erminstouns [illegible] Lady Treherne executed a hand[illegible] husband's family; she [illegible] in station and mind, to [illegible] remembrances of their former [illegible] There were but two Misses Erminstoun, the others were well married (according to the world's notion, that is); and the [illegible] given up hopes of yet be[illegible] Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into [illegible] something between a Sister of Charity and a Quaker [illegible] in exterior; perhaps [illegible] Mr. Dacre [illegible] too well; and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the [illegible] attendance on the charity schools, and [illegible] at church, Mr. Dacre remained [illegible] and wedded to celibacy. It [illegible] I approved of the marriage of [illegible] but I think he was at one time vul[illegible] that point.

How [illegible] it was to see him once more, to [illegible] his "wise little friend," with [illegible] smile and affectionate manner, [illegible] him—he looked rather [illegible] might, for he was a true [illegible] vineyard: nor was his mis[illegible] poor, the rich and noble also [illegible] Lord and Lady Treherne [illegible] and valued friend; nor [illegible] the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost [illegible] She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella with her gentle, winning ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that she loved him very much: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart misgives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came [illegible] frequently to Treherne, but he was a [illegible] observer and he saw we had set up an idol [illegible] ourselves in this child; he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yet, she *cered* [illegible] bare suggestion he hinted at—that [illegible] a jealous God," and permitted no [illegible] to pass unreproved.

Poor [illegible] how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness.

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother was by her coffin for days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her, there was an alarming expression in her eyes if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died, she was hopeful to the last: it was impossible, she said, that her child could die, her fearless could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender and sympathising heart; nerved by strength from above he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three, were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the bereaved mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and these words were spoken for soft solemn, and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the judgement day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was, and prostrate beside her dead child, cried, "I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature; deal with me as thou seest best." Pride abashed, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me, and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated between life and death, I knew that she was an altered being, and that this affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy-throne, forever crying,

"Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!"

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that the mother was about to rejoin her child in the mansions of the blessed. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were but pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle was hastening they would be united in glory—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him—indeed, he could scarcely bear me to be out his sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine.

He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in His merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before—of God's ways in bringing us to himself, chastening pride and self reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his "wise little Ruth;" as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the Abbey came into possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End Cottage was vacant, and I purchased it; and assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly and, I humbly trust, not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End Church to the memory of Gabrielle, and Ella his adopted daughter: the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side-by-side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed, as if weary—weary

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt: dim voices haunt me from the past: my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where "Ruth the cripple" reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, "dust to dust!"

"Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

"Our citizens are just now shaking their sides over an "escapade" without a parallel in the annals of even our not over quiet town. As the story is quite too good to be lost by any, we give the gist of it—of course suppressing names.

Yesterday a gay party of young gentlemen and ladies started out, ostensibly on a sleighing excursion. Hardly had they left the town before a confident of the parties let it be known that two of the gentlemen (with the consent of course of the ladies) intended while absent to transform themselves into sons-in-law to two gentlemen who had shown quite an aversion to the connection.

Instantly the fathers of the damsels, accompanied by the Sheriff, started in pursuit. At Gaines they found the entire party, minus one of the would-be grooms, who it seems had taken a by-road, and was then floundering through snowdrifts. Parental authority compelled the unwilling maidens to return—not however until the young gentleman who was on hand had vowed his determination to have his inamorata, "rescue or no rescue."

Arrived at home, this young lady was sent to her room, from which, while her parents were entertaining friends in the evening, she was somehow spirited away by her lover, taken before the "majesty of the law" incarnate in a justice, and before her absence was discovered at home the "twain were one flesh."

As for the other young man, in time he released himself from the snow drifts and cursing cold fate, returned home,

"A sadder and a wiser man."

To the happy parties we tender our congratulations, wishing them all the happiness Hymen has power to bestow upon his votaries. To the unsuccessful ones we offer our sympathy and a wish that parental opposition may no longer be interposed.—*Orleans Republican.*

Romance in Real Life.—A Richmond paper states that a young German employed for several years at a manufacturing establishment in that city and upon the public street as a common laborer, has within a short time past ascertained that his father is a wealthy clothing merchant in Boston. He stated to our informant that his father saw fit about twenty years ago to desert his family and business under particular circumstances, and embark for America. Since that time the unnatural parent has had no communication with his family, nor did any of them know what had been his fate until his son, now grown to manhood, emigrated to this country to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." After toiling for years he has by some means found out that his long-lost father is at the head of a very extensive establishment in Boston.

Another Sell—Madness with a Method in It.

One Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing, and prettily spoken woman, somewhere between sixteen and twenty five years of age, drove up to the door of the Insane Hospital, over which Dr. —— presides, and inquired for that gentleman. She was ushered into the reception room, and awaited the coming of the Doctor, with an air of *non chalance*, which rather fascinated the servant, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and undisguised pleasure. When left alone she amused herself—a woman always will—in gratifying her curiosity by inspecting the various articles in the room critically and thoroughly. The doctor being announced, she received him with one of those bewildering smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling could possibly resist.

The doctor welcomed her with more than usual cordiality, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, said she, with a glance full of melancholy, and a tone of more than usual tenderness, to ascertain of the doctor in person whether she could secure private quarters for her husband, who was subject to intense fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her "bitter, cruel as it was," could not alienate her love for him, which was the all-pervading passion of her soul. He had grown so violent of late that she wished to have him secured from violence to himself as to her, (and here the charming creature wept for some moments,) and if she could make an arrangement with the doctor, she urged that it should be kept as private as his most secret thoughts, and her husband beyond the scrutiny of visitors. And then she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and wept bitterly and long.

The doctor, as all who know his kind and tender heartedness will readily imagine, was not insensible to the touching recital of his visiter, and with that frankness which always characterized him, he promised to comply with her wishes, to give her husband a private apartment and his special care—and also to shield him from the gaze of curiosity-seekers who run down public institutions.

The lady was not long in arranging terms; she was not long in expressing her thanks, intermingled with tears; she was not long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not very long, in short, in taking her leave.—And as she stepped into her carriage, aided by the kind hand of the doctor, she turned her beautiful face towards him, and cast upon him a glance that was full of tenderness and solicitude, and inspired him anew with admiration and pity.

The carriage drove away, the doctor's eyes followed amid the clouds of dust which followed in its wake, until it was nearly lost to view.—Down the bridge, along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chesnut street, to a fashionable if not the fashionable jewelry establishment of our city, the carriage carried its sweet and solitary inmate glancing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a brilliant thought which requires another paragraph to learn.

She alighted and glided into the bazaar of gold and precious stones, with all the stateliness of a queen. One or two of the gentlemenly attendants ran to learn her wish.

She wanted to select a set of silver ware, not too plain, something neat tasteful and beautiful. The various paterns were shown, and a set valued at $500 was selected by the lady of stately tread. She desired the articles put up, a bill was made out and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her elegant port-monnaie but alas there was only about $10 in it. She had picked up the wrong port-monnaie, she said with bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She however, could arrange it. She was the wife of Dr ——, the principal physician of the Insane Hospital, and she desired her attendant to accompany her to that place, where she would pay him the $500 at once.

Who could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request spoken as much with the eyes as with the voice? Not the clerk, certainly.

The two got into the carriage together, and back it whirled to the hospital. The lady jumped out, and was warmly greeted by the doctor, who was at the entrance.

"Doctor this is my husband," said she assuming an air sweet and sorrowful.

The poor attendant started. He was struck aghast. He could not fathom her meaning.

"What did you say?"

"Doctor, this is my husband, please take him in charge."

"The devil, ma'am, I'm not your husband! what do you mean."

Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud, "he has another spasm—he has another attack. Oh! doctor, if you have pity in your soul, secure him, and save yourself and me from violence."

In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the corridor and into a room, and confined securely—the woman all the while following close behind, weeping as though her heart would break. The doctor and the lady returned to the reception room, and the latter, after giving the other an outline of the peculiarities of her alleged husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care which she desired to have bestowed upon him, left, promising to return again in a few days.—And away whirled the carriage, the silver ware and the lady, neither of whom have been heard of since.

The poor attendant was confined for three days before any one about the establishment, would convey a letter to his employers, who all the time were suspecting his honesty, and preparing to advertise him.

Upon the receipt of the letter, it did not take them long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied upon his arrival at the hospital, that he had been sold most sorrowfully indeed. And here, we think we will end the story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the past four days with many a hearty laugh.—*Phil. Times.*

A Cure for Hard Times.—If the people were to attend less to politics and more to useful labor they would have a greater abundance of food and at cheaper prices. Nearly all the popular movements of the day have reference to party politics and the elevation of some favored individual to office, where he can draw a good salary from the public without work. Were as much zeal displayed in spreading useful information among farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers, there would be a much more profitable investment of labor, much more prosperity, and a greater degree of liberality and enlightenment among the people. If somebody would start a national convention for the purpose of setting idlers to work, instead of creating useles public offices to withdraw them from labor, there would be a greater abundance of food for next year, and laboring people would not be driven to the brink of starvation as they now are.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Malt and Hops.—A German who had never in his life drunk anything but beer, was once presented with a glass of claret and another of madeira. On being asked his opinion of the two "tipples," he replied, "I dinks de claret has de post hope, put de madera has de post malt!"

Preserving the Purity of Elections.

From the Knickerbocker for December.

In the northwest portion of the State of Ohio in the county of Auglaize, there is a township the citizens of which are principally German, and, notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all democrats of the regular, 'unterrified' stripe.—From the time of the erection of the county up to the year 1852, there had never been a 'whig' vote cast in the township spoken of; although there were over six hundred voters, but, at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots it appeared that there was one whig amongst them. There was the proof, a regular straight-out whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by.—This created great commotion; their contentment was disturbed; there was a whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared vote the '*Vig Dicket*,' but their labors were unsuccessful. In the meantime another year rolled round, and the good 'people' were again assembled at the election precinct.—It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the '*Vig Dicket*,' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

"While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Starrett, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion.

"Vell, ve vas a vondering who it vas voted the vig dicket at the last election, said an old Dutchman.

"It was me,' said Sam, 'and it wa'nt nobody else!'

"I dinks not,' said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell you it was though,' said Sam, pulling out a whig ticket, 'and may I be chawed up if I aint going to do it again. I am going to vote *that* (holding out the ticket) and vote it open too. I'll let you know that I am an *independent American citizen* and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jemima.'

'So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, 'calm as a summer morning;' and true to his word Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter and said:

"Yaw, dat ish a vig dicket.'

"Well put it in the box,' said Sam.

"Vat you say?' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in de box?'

"Yes sir-ee, put it in the box! I am goin' to vote it!'

"Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a Vig dicket,' said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

"Well, I reckon I know it's a whig ticket,' said Sam, 'and I want you to put it in the box darnation quick, too.'

"No no, dat ish no goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take 'em any more, said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

"Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come thar to vote, and he'd be flambergasted if he wasn't goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in, and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and, notwithstanding Sam's remaining, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam, in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

"I tell you dat ish a Vig dicket, dat it ish nix goot; and dat we not take any [illegible]

"Sam again retired, cursing all democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

"Sam Starrett, I tells you vot it ish, if you will vote der Dimergrat dicket, and leef der gounty, we gifs you so much monish as dakes you vere you cum vrom.'

"Sam scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come thar to vote, and was't goin' away without voting, he guessed he'd do it.

"Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"Yaw, dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergratic dicket!' and dropped it in the box.

"It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

"That is what I call 'preserving the purity of elections.'"

A Sad Scene—Mother and Child Frozen to Death.—We learn from John Brooks, Esq., a Deputy Sheriff of this county, living in the town of Broome, that on the 8th January last, Mr. Joseph Thompson, of that town, having occasion to go to a mill about four miles distant from his house, left home for that purpose. His wife informed him on leaving that she was going to a quilting at Mr. Reed's, about three quarters of a mile from their residence. Her husband told her to remain there until his return, and he would call for her. She went, taking with her three children—one boy about seven years old, an infant about nine months old and her sister's child, about twelve years old. About five o'clock, P. M., Reed came to his house intoxicated, having a jug of liquor with him. He began to insult the women present, and laid his hand on Mrs. Thompson, when she slapped him in the face, at which he threw her on the fire. A son of Reed, a young man, interfered to protect the woman, when a scuffle ensued, between them in which the young man had his leg broken. Mrs. Thompson now left the house, it being about five o'clock, fearing to remain longer, and directed her way cross lots for her home. The night was intensely cold, and when about half way from her house the little boy became so cold as to be unable to go farther, and lay down in the snow. The mother, with her babe, crouched down behind him, and told the little girl to lay down with her. The girl did so, and they all lay there till morning. Mr. Thompson, on arriving home, took a lantern, and went in search of his wife and children. The girl, who survived, said she saw a light in the night at some distance from them, but she dared not make a noise, for fear Reed would come and kill them.—At daylight this girl was still able to walk, and wandered off till she got within sight of Justus Hagadorn's house, when she was discovered, and was brought into the house. When able to speak, she informed the family where and how she had passed the night. Mrs. Thompson and the little boy were found frozen to death. The infant, when found, was not frozen, but dead. The little girl will survive, with the loss of two of toes on each of her feet.—*Schoharie N. Y. Patriot.*

Inextricable.—Poor old Biggs of Boston labored under two great natural defects, the one being an inability to pronounce the letter V, and the other a "pecuniary retentiveness," vulgarly known as parsimony. "What a queer pronunciation your uncle has," observed some one to a nephew of Biggs. "Ah, yes," replied the graceless youth—"it is impossible to get a V out of him."