ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

N & MOORE, PUBLISHERS. — $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. — B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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ERIE OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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THE ERIE CITY MILLS, ERIE PENN. HAVERSTICK & CROUCH, Proprietors, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FLOUR, CORN, CORN MEAL, RYE, OATS, CHOP STUFF, SHORTS AND BRAN. FLOUR of all kinds kept constantly on hand, which we will sell as low as any other dealer in the city, and deliver free of charge within the city limits. All Flour warranted to be as represented. CASH paid for Grain—Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn and Buckwheat. R. R. HAVERSTICK, P. CROUCH. Erie, July 25, 1857.—11.

YE THAT WOULD HAVE JOHN ROBINSON'S FLOUR, AND MEAL That is honest Indian, call at Erie, July 23, 1857.—11. SHANNON BROTHERS.

FIRE INSURANCE. The Insurance for Town and Country! THE Erie County Mutual Insurance Company continues to make Insurance on every description of property in Town and Country, at as low rates as are consistent with security. Risks are divided into two classes, viz: the Farmer's, to which nothing but farm property and dwellings, 60 feet or over from exposures, are insured, and the Commercial, in which all kind of property are insured. The funds in either department are not liable for losses in the other. Cash Insurance made in either Department at the usual stock rates.

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GREAT WESTERN. Insurance and Trust Company, PHILADELPHIA. No. 331. (late 107) Walnut Street. CHARTER PERPETUAL. Authorized Capital, $500,000. FIRE INSURANCE. On Merchandise generally, Household Furniture, on Stores, Dwellings, &c., Limited or Perpetual. MARINE INSURANCE. On Cargoes, Freights, and Vessels to all parts of the world. INLAND INSURANCE. On Goods by Rivers, Canals, Lakes and Land Carriage, to all parts of the Country. DIRECTORS. Charles C. Lathrop, 1428 Walnut Street, Alexander Whilldin, 14 North Front Street, Henry D. Moore, Farquhar Buildings, Walnut Street, John C. Hunter, firm of Wright, Hunter & Co., E. Tracy, firm of Tracy & Baker, Thos. L. Gillespie, firm of Gillespie & Zeller, Hellwell S Bishop, firm of Bishop, Simons & Co., William Darling, (late of Reading, Isaac Hazlehurst, Attorney and Counsellor, J. R. M'Cardy, firm Jones, White & M'Cardy, John Rice, 90 South Fourth Street, James B. Smith, firm of James B. Smith & Co., Theo. W. Baker, Goldsmiths' Hall, Henry C. Wetmore, New York. C. C. LATHROP, President. WM. DARLING, Vice President. JOSEPH J. HUCKEL, Secretary and Treasurer. H. E. RICHARDSON, Assistant Secretary. B. K. BALDWIN, Surveyor. J. J. LINTS, Agent, Erie, Pa. August 22, 1857.—16

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. ARE now doing business on the Mutual plan, giving the insured a participation in the profits of the Company, without liability beyond the premium paid. Risks upon the Lake and Canals insured on the most favorable terms. Losses will be liberally and promptly adjusted. Fire risks on merchandise, buildings and other property, in town or country, for a limited term permanently. DIRECTORS. Joseph H. Seal, James C. Hand, Edmond Alounder, Theophilus Paulding, John C. Davis, H. James Brooks, Robert Burton, John Garrett, John B. Penrose, Hugh Craig, Samuel Edwards, George Sewell, Henry Lawrence, David B. Stacey, Edward Darlington, Charles Kelley, Isaac R. Davis, J. G. Johnson, William Falwell, William Hay, John J. Mowlin, Dr. S. Thomas, Dr. R. M. Huston, John Tuller, Jr., Spencer Mallvane, WM. MARTIN, Pres't. RICHARD S. NEWBOLD, Sec'y. Applications can be made at Erie, April 4, 1857. J. KELLOGG, Agent, Erie.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! GO TO G. A. BENNETT'S Insurance Office, corner of State and Fifth street, Wright's Block, up stairs, and get your property insured. He represents the following reliable Companies. MERCHANTS' FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia. Authorized Capital $400,000. Securely invested $300,000. FARMERS' UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, Athens, Bradford Co., Pa. Capital $100,000. All paid up and securely invested. Rates as low as security to the insured will permit. Erie, Dec. 13, 1856. G. A. BENNETT, Agt.

"EXCELSIOR" CLARK & BALDWIN, WHOLESALE & RETAIL Druggists and Apothecaries, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa., AND DEALERS IN DRUGS & MEDICINES, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Perfumery, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Brushes, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, &c. We would call the attention of the public to the large and well selected stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c., which we have on hand and will sell at the lowest possible figures. Country Merchants would do well to give us a call, as we can furnish goods in our line at New York prices. All the popular Patent Medicines of the day, Wholesale and Retail at Proprietor's prices and just from their hands. Being young men, and having no sympathy with old fogyism, no matter from what source it comes, we shall strive to lead rather than to be led. Please give us a call, as we hope by strict attention to business to merit the liberal patronage which has thus far been extended in our business career. A. M. CLARK. Erie, Feb 21, 1857. B. A. BALDWIN.

Select Poetry.

"The Bark that Never Can Return."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN

There floated forth a silent bark
Upon a solemn sea,
Its drooping flag was torn and dark,
No light-tower lent a warning spark—
Alas! alas! it was the bark
That bore my dreams from me

That bark—the classic one of yore,
That fled o'er ocean's blue—
The mocking, winged thing that bore
Young Theseus from the storied shore,
Looked not so sad in lonely vore
To Ariadne's view!

There was a pictured landscape there
That I had knelt before;
Some with blue eyes and gold-hued hair,
Some with dark beauty—oh, so rare!
Were wandering in the starlight there,
To meet my gaze—no more.

That Summer scene was sweet with flowers,
Of every form and hue;
And dark green trees and myrtle bowers,
Where song-birds came in dreamy hours
Ah, me! ah, me! that on those flowers
Should fall a Upas dew!

A palace that the angels made,
And painted for me there,
Kept softly in the light and shade,
And oft its marble halls displayed
A picture that my heart once made,
Which looked—so strangely fair

I watched that bark with weary eyes
Float on, and on, and on—
At last the air grew sad with sighs,
A blackness settled on the skies,
Winds wailed, tears trembled in my eyes,
Waves rose—and fell—'twas gone!

Wrecked—with the beauty of my dreams—
The idols of my love;
Wrecked—with the many golded gleams
Caught from a sun whose farewell beams
Flashed burning mockery on the dreams
Worshipped all else above!

Choice Miscellany.

CHANCE FOR SPECULATION; OR, THE UNLUCKY INVESTMENT.

BY CARL CANTRE.

Joshua Staples was born up among the Green Mountains, and until the age of twenty-one, labored contentedly on his father's farm About this time a maiden aunt died, bequeathing him what in his eyes seemed the enormous sum of one thousand dollars. Then for the first time Joshua imbibed a strong distaste for his hitherto contracted sphere of life, and announced his determination to "go down to Bostown," and get into business there

"What's the use of stayin' round here?,' said he, emphatically—' a feller that's got capital"—here he slapped his left hand on his beeches pocket—"can do somethin' better than work at diggin' taters for ten dollars a month."

"I'm afraid, Joshua," said his mother, solemnly, "that yer money 'll be the ruination of yer."

"Don't fret, mother," was the reply "I guess I know a thing or two They'll find me wide awake, they will—I'm up to all their tricks—They won't cheat me so easy"

The remonstrances of Mr. Staples, senior, proved no more effectual. Joshua disdained the idea of buying a farm at a little distance from his father's The voice of enterprise called him cityward, and thither he was resolved to go It was a bright spring morning when he mounted the stage in front of Deacon Jones' tavern, in all the glory of a new suit of blue cloth, the coat glistening with the brightest of brass buttons, on each of which might be seen an eagle with his wings spread, and just upon the point of flying—no inapt emblem of Joshua himself.

In due time, Joshua reached 'Bostown,' which to his untutored eyes, seemed a very Babel of discordant sounds, and magnificent beyond comparison.

Securing board in the family of a relative to which he had been recommended, he began to be on the look out for business Meanwhile he had made himself acquainted with the 'lions' of the New England metropolis, not escaping the impositions and trials which are wont to befall unsophisticated countrymen in the city. Of these little need be said, as the reader can easily imagine their nature We return to Joshua's prime object, which was to secure a good investment for his money, and obtain employment

In looking over a penny paper, his attention was arrested by the following advertisement

WANTED.—A clerk, to whom a liberal salary will be paid. Services light The highest testimonials will be required. Preference given to one who can furnish a thousand dollars, a liberal rate of interest will be paid. Address immediately JAMES DASH, No. 17, 8——Street.

"That's just the thing for me!" exclaimed our friend Joshua, laying down the paper excitedly: "just the thing, and no mistake! I'll go and see about it."

Joshua had acquired sufficient knowledge of the city during his frequent rambles, to enable him without difficulty to find the place indicated in the advertisement. He went up two pairs of stairs, and found his way into a small office fitted up with a standing desk, a table and an arm chair, in the latter of which sat a gentleman dressed in fashionable style, smoking a cigar.

"Is this Mr. Dash?" inquired Joshua awkwardly.

"That's my name," said Mr. Dash, very urbanely.

"I saw an advertisement that you writ in the papers, and——

"Precisely," said Mr. Dash, with still greater politeness. "Pray walk in and sit down. And you came to see about it did you?"

"Why yes, I thought I'd call You see, I've come down to Bostown to get into business. I kinder got tired of farming, and my Aunt Lydia Henshaw, she died, and left me a thousand dollars, and I thought I could do better with it in the city than I could to hum'

"And you thought quite right, too," said Mr. Dash, who understood his customer. "Why, sir, when I was at your age, I came from the country. I didn't have but a hundred dollars to start with, and now how much do you think I am worth?"

"Five thousand dollars?" said Joshua, hesitating whether he hadn't set it rather too high, as to tell the truth, be had.

"Five thousand, my dear fellow!" retorted Mr. Dash, with lofty contempt. "Five thousand! I'm worth fifty thousand dollars to-day."

"You don't say so!" returned Joshua, opening wide his eyes in amazement. "Then why don't you quit the business?"

"Because, Mr. ——, ahem—I don't remember your name."

"Staples," said our hero

"Ah, yes! Staples. Because Mr. Staples, I wish to help on promising young men like yourself for example. Another reason is, that I can't bear to be idle. My last young man has left me—gone into business for himself—in five years will be as rich as I am. The way I do is, to require them to put a thousand dollars into the business Then I give them interest on it, and pay them a liberal salary besides—so that they can't help doing well"

Joshua's mind was powerfully impressed by this representation. His only fear was that Mr. Dash might have already filled the place

"Kin you take me?" he asked with anxiety visible on his countenance.

"Umph! let me think," said Mr. Dash, reflectively 'I half promised the place to another young man, but he couldn't furnish satisfactory recommendations, so I was obliged to disappoint him: I suppose you can show testimonials of good character?"

"Yes," said Joshua, pulling out of his coat pocket, a couple of papers "Here's a stiffkitt from Parson Long, and here's another from Squire Holmes."

These Mr. Dash examined with an appearance of great attention, while Joshua in great anxiety, fidgetted in his chair, fearing that he might lose the brilliant chance which seemed almost within his reach.

"These are very satisfactory," said Mr. Dash, at length, to his infinite relief—'exceedingly, so. I may add, besides that, your appearance justifies the character which is given of you I am very careful in the selection of my clerks. Now I dare say you could'nt guess how many applications I have had within the last two days. But of course you couldn't. Then I will tell you. No less than twenty seven young men have offered themselves, and I have rejected them all.

"You don't say so!" returned Joshua, more and more prepossessed in favor of the situation

"Fact. But, somehow or other not one of them suited me altogether, until you came in. Then I said to myself—"This young man is honest; I can see it by his eye I think he will suit me."

"Then you will take me?"

"If we can agree upon terms How much do you expect?,'

"Well, I guess I will leave that to you."

"Will twenty dollars a week satisfy you?"

"Twenty dollars a week!" exclaimed the jubilant Joshua, who, at home, would have considered twenty dollars a month high wages—twenty dollars a week! Are you in earnest now?"

"Most certainly I am. That is what I usually give. Besides that, you shall have a certain proportion of the profits in return for the thousand dollars you put in."

"Jerusalem! twenty dollars a week!" exclaimed the enraptured Joshua. "Won't it make the folks at home stare a little?"

"Do you accept?" inquired Dash

"Accept? I guess I'd be a fool if I didn't!—When do you want me to come?"

"Can you be here to morrow morning?"

Certainly. What time do you open. Six o'clock?"

"No, not till eight. Our business does not require many hours' attendance. You will come at eight and leave at four. Out of this time you will be allowed an hour and a half for dinner, so that the actual time you are employed, will not be over six hours daily."

The next morning Joshua was at the office punctually.

"Glad to see you here in time. It's a good sign Have you brought the money?"

The thousand dollars were transferred to Mr. Dash, who pocketed them with the careless air of one who was accustomed to have much larger sums in his possession

"Before I show you what is to be done," he said, "I pay you in advance for the week's services. That is my invariable custom." So saying, he returned twenty dollars to Joshua, who accepted them with inward exultation, as an earnest of the good fortune that was to flow in upon him.

"I suppose Mr. Staples, you are used to writing?"

"I guess I am," said Joshua "I've attended 'ritin' school three quarters to Mr. Hyphen, the greatest 'ritin' master in our parts"

"I am glad to hear it. A good handwriting is very necessary for a business man Your employment here for the present, will consist entirely of writing"

"It's a thundering sight easier than ploughin' and hoein' and such like"

Mr Dash took down from a dusty shelf a thick ledger which appeared to be filled with accounts. This he placed on the desk, and beside it, one which was as yet blank.

"Here," said he, "I want the accounts in this ledger copied into the other. Be very particular to copy them carefully and accurately. You needn't try to be quick about it. Take your time, but do it carefully That's my motto."

"This looks like business," thought Joshua, as perched upon a high stool, he dipped his pen in the ink, and commenced his task. He bent over the desk and labored till the perspiration came out in big drops upon his forehead. He began to think, after all, that it was something like work

Meanwhile, his employer, who had been reading the morning paper, laid it down. "Better stop and rest a few minutes," said he, indulgently. "I am obliged to go out on business.—You can be reading the morning paper till you feel like going to work again. If I shouldn't be in by one, you can go to dinner then; but be sure to be back by half past two."

That night Joshua's fingers were so benumbed with writing that he did not feel like inditing a letter home. The next Sunday, however, he wrote a letter to his father, giving a glowing account of his success, and speaking in the most flattering terms of his employer

"I wonder what mother'l say now?" the letter concluded. "Ain't it a little better workin' for twenty dollars a week, and easy work at that, than to work hard all day farmin' for only ten dollars a month and found? I guess I shant come back again jest yet. I wonder what Sukey Snipe 'll say when she finds I've got into business in Boston and am making money like all possessed? She'll kinder wish she'd took up with my offer, I expect. But it's too late now. I guess I could marry most anybody now, but I shall keep my eye-teeth cut and not choose in a hurry. I don't care, as long as it pays so well. Mr. Dash is a first rate sort of a man anyhow, and has got a tremendous lot of money. I shouldn't wonder if he was the richest man in Bostown. Perhaps some time or other I shall go into partnership with him."

This letter created a great sensation in the birth place of Joshua Staples. The whole town rang with the rumors of his extraordinary good fortune, and no less than ten buxom country lasses told Mrs. Staples how much they'd always thought of Joshua, and hoped she would send their love to him when she wrote, while as many young men inquired through the same medium, whether he couldn't find places for them "down to Bostown."

On the sixth day of Joshua's apprenticeship, his employer come into the office hastily, and told him that imperative business called him to New York, where he might be absent several days.

"However," said he, "that won't interfere with your writing—you can come to the office every day just as usual, and do your writing just as if I were here. Here is the key of the office. Be very particular to look it up whenever you go out It isn't everybody, Mr. Staples, that I would trust so far, but I feel that I may confide in you."

Joshua was exceedingly flattered by this mark of confidence, and promised that everything should go on 'jest as if Mr. Dash were there himself."

His employer shook his hand cordially and departed.

A week—ten days passed, and Mr. Dash had not returned. Unsuspecting Joshua thought that business detained him. On the tenth day, however, a letter reached him, dated Halifax, which ran as follows:

"Good bye, old fellow! I'm off for Europe, and shall be half way across the Atlantic before this reaches you I don't think I shall require your services any longer, and as to the thousand dollars, I'm very sorry, but shall have to keep it to pay expenses. If ever I should really be worth fifty thousand dollars—ha! ha!—I'll pay the money with interest, but don't depend on it.

For the present I think you'd better go home and help your worthy father dig potatoes Pray give him my respects. I freely give you the two ledgers which remain in the office, likewise the furniture which you may sell for what you can get. Yours, in haste. JAMES DASH."

Some days afterwards the village coach stopped at the door of Mr. Staples, senior. Mrs. Staples rushed to the window.

"I wonder who in massy it can be!" she ejaculated. "Gracious, if it isn't Joshua! He's got a vacation, I guess, and come to make us a visit. Why, Joshua!" she continued, running out to meet him, "who'd a thought of seein' you?—I did'nt know but you'd forgot us, now you'd got to be a great man. How's your good employer, Mr Dash?"

"Mr. Dash be blasted!" said Joshua roughly

"Merciful heavens! Is the boy demented?"

"I wish I was," said Joshua, bitterly. "Mother, you was right after all. I wish I'd never seen Bostown!"

"What is the matter, Joshua?"

"I've lost all my money!"

"How, for gracious sake?"

"That confounded rascal, Dash, has gone off with it, and I shall never see it again—never!"

Here Joshua yielded to the strength of his feeling, and boo-hooed with great energy while his perplexed mother unskilled in the pharmacopœia of grief, prepared him some camomile tea, which he indignatly rejected.

It was a sad termination of Joshua's towering hopes, but time brought solace. He after a while resumed the occupation of farming, and now cultivates the farm adjoining his father's, which he occupies together with a buxom country maiden. Years have passed since his unlucky visit to 'Bostown,' but he cannot even hear the name without indulging in a hearty adjuration against the treacherous Dash, who, it is to be hoped, if he has any regard for his personal safety, will never fall in with his quondam clerk, Joshua Staples.

THE ALBANY SUICIDE.—The other day we chronicled the suicide at an Albany Hotel of Champlain L. Fletcher, who had lost at the races the day previous $15,000. The editor of the Oswego *Times* says of him:

Poor "Champ!" We knew him well. As early friends and schoolmates, our acquaintance was long and intimate. His father, resides at Bridgport, Vt., and is one of the wealthiest men in that State. The deceased married a young lady of Orwell, who in her own right was estimated to be worth $100,000. We were attending school at Bridgport, when in the fall of 1836 our friend set out for Orwell to spend the winter where he had taken a school, disclosing to us his intention to win the young lady who became his wife, we regret to say, not for herself, but for her *money*. After his marriage, taking up his residence in Orwell, we partially lost sight of him. We only know his habits became bad, and *believe* it was because *love* did not reign at home "Champ" was a clever, wholesouled, noble companion, as we beleve his wife was pure and lovely "Gold," cold, heartless gold, no doubt kept up an icy barrier between two hearts that ought to have loved, and lived in harmony and peace.

A tall, commanding figure, a kind generous heart, dark, but pleasant eyes, a graduate of Middleburry College—young Fletcher might have arisen to any position, however distinguished. Alas! gone—suddenly—in gloom. Many a heart will bleed at the sad news.

Poor "Champ!" Farwell! May the sod rest lightly over thy grave. Farwell! Farewell!

A MILE IN THREE MINUTES.—A horrible old rip of a horse belonging to a Doctor was to be sold at auction. He was advertised as "a celebrated horse—kind in harness—had made his mile inside of three minutes—was handy at plough—and sold only because the owner had no further use for him."

On the day of sale a crowd gathered—among which was the Doctor, whom the horse no sooner saw than he began to manifest signs of uneasiness, which the auctioneer called life and spirit. The first bid was seventy-five dollars, and soon run up to one hundred—one hundred and twenty-five—one hundred and fifty—at which price the nag was pronounced *sold*. The buyer (a downeaster) paid the money, and harnessed the spirited animal to his wagon, informing the crowd that he was going to Cape Cod, where he himself belonged.

He had not been absent more than an hour when he was seen wending his way back, not having got quite as far as Cape Cod! He told the auctioneer that he had returned to make some inquiries, which perhaps it would have been as well to have made before he bought the horse.

"You say this animal has made his mile under three minutes?"

"Yes."

"May I be allowed to inquire *how long since?*"

"Certainly—within three weeks."

"One question more—*where* did he do it?"

"*On the Rutland Railroad Cars—down grade!*"

☞ It seldom occurs that a business man is benefitted by his sales when the Sheriff officiates as his "sole agent." Everybody will crowd to the "Sheriff's" sale, because they know that the property of some unfortunate wight is to be *sacrificed* "without reserve." We have a case in point, in which a "cute" fellow, who had become embrassed, was placed "upon his feet" by being sold out at a Sheriff's sale. On a very crooked little river in this county, and not many miles from this city, a go ahead sort of fellow established a distillery, a few years ago. During the month of August last, he met with innumerable misfortunes, and in consequence found himself unable to meet his "paper" as it came due. He redoubled his efforts in order to regain his losses. Some creditors granted him time—others would not but threatened to "seize."—His entire stock, if sold under the hammer, would not meet the half of his liabilities. Bulwer caused "Richelieu" to say a very pointed thing, and the distiller remembered it—"When the lion's skin falls short, eke it out with the fox's." To work he went—filled all his empty barrels well nigh full of water—then put in sufficient whiskey to scent it—and reserving a few barrels to give buyers "spirit" to bid "high," he was prepared for the "sacrifice" The day of sale arrived, and with it the Sheriff and speculators without number. The distiller distributed some of the "reserved whiskey"—it was pronounced superb. The bidders were "high," and the bidding "spirited," and the whiskey went off at "outside figures." The execution was satisfied, the creditors were all paid, the distiller had a large profit, the liquors were all "sold," and so were the purchasers.—*Cleveland (O.) Leader.*

WHEAT IS GOING DOWN.

BY S. W. LUCE.

Have you heard the stirring news from the East,
A few days, a few days,
The hungry poor are to have a feast,
Wheat is going down;
The Bankers groan, the grain men sigh,
A few days, a few days,
And Wall street's tumbling into "pi,"
Wheat is going down;
The time of reckoning's come at last,
A few days, a few days,
And monster bubbles lose their gas,
Wheat is going down.

The millionaires are in a fix,
A few days, a few days,
Their heaps of wealth have come to "nix,"
Wheat is going down;
They bobbed around to get a share,
A few days, a few days.
Their wind was gone, they had to "wave,"
Wheat is going down;
Miss Upper Ten, and her mother too,
A few days, a few days,
Are using paint called Panic Blue.
Wheat is going down.

The buyer thought to make a pile,
In a few days, a few days,
But found a miss as good as a mile,
Wheat is going down;
He made his contracts low and strong,
A few days, a few days,
But looked the rags when it came along,
For wheat is going down,
He bought at seven and sold at five,
A few days, a few days,
For wheat is going down

The farmers too have had the blues,
A few days, a few days,
For every day they get the news,
Wheat is going down;
They're some in debt, and want the tin,
In a few days, a few days,
They'll see you shot, ere they haul it in,
Wheat is going down;
The Bankers all may go to pot,
In a few days, a few days,
Before they'll sell they'll let it rot,
When wheat is going down.

All hands have got to take in sail,
A few days, a few days,
Or farmers, traders, all must fail,
For wheat is going down;
Our lazy louts must learn to toil,
A few days, a few days,
The pay is good, and plenty of soil,
Though wheat is going down;
Then courage boys, and plenty of pluck,
A few days, a few days,
We'll work and wait, and trust our luck,
Though wheat is going down.

MR. MARCY AS A SCHOOL BOY.

The following interesting anecdote, from the Boston *Transcript*, of the 1st, is said to be from the pen of Lucius M. Sargent:

This is a short preface to a short story, which interested me, when I heard it, many years ago, and which a recent event has freshened up in my memory. I cannot remember the year—it was long ago—that I passed the night under the hospitable roof of the Hon. Salem Towne, of Charlton, in