ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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

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THE ERIE OBSERVER,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

B. F. SLOAN AND M. M. MOORE,

OFFICE CORNER OF STATE AND FIFTH STS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within 3 months, $1 50; if not paid within 3 months, $1 75 will be charged. No subscriber falling to pay within the year, the paper will be discontinued and the account left with a proper officer for collection.

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Twelve lines or less make a square.

1 square, one week,	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
" two "	1 00	One " 6 "	4 00
" three "	1 25	One " 9 "	5 75

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Dealer in Boots and Shoes, No. 2, Hughes Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

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Register, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted.

JACOB H. FRANK,
Late of Warren and Farmer, has returned from the West, will remain in Erie during the winter. Those wishing his services will find him at his residence, corner 3d and French sts.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
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In the room recently occupied by James Sill, Esq., as a Store and over the Store of N. Murphy between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel

JOSEPH S. CLARK,
Occupies room with J. Lytle.

EMPIRE STORES.
S. GUSTOID, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c., No. 15, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in first quality Ready Made Clothing, Gentlemen's furnishing Goods. No. 7, Brown's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

F. A. BECKER,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Cigars, &c., Two doors south of the Park, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,
Attorney at the Bar. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on State street, over Jas. S. Sterrett's, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

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Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, and Hoop Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Price low. No. 4 Block, State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

NEILER & WARREN,
Brokers and Dealers in Exchange, No. 1, American Block. Collections made on all the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada, and proceeds promptly remitted. Bank Notes, Gold and Silver bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits.—Remitted to Europe. Land Warrants bought, sold and located on the most reasonable terms.

J. F. DOWNING,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the Courts of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth sts., Erie, Pa.

HENRY & MOONEY,
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BEEBE & DICKINSON,
Have formed a Co-partnership, would respectfully offer their services to the citizens of Erie and vicinity. Experience will be given to obstetrics.
S. DICKINSON.

STARK & PAYNE,
General Commission Merchants, Dealers in Coal, Fish, Water Lime and Plaster. Public Dock, east of State line Pa.
JAS. G. PAYNE.

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Land Exchange Brokers, Erie, Pa. Interest allowed on deposits. Time and Sight Drafts, Checks and Specie, uncurrent money and Land Warrants bought and sold. Collections made on all the principal cities in the United States; remitted to Europe on our own responsibility.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpetings, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace—Office in New Block corner of Peach street and the Public Square, Erie Pa.

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(Successor to William H. Sherman,)
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Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, Fire Proof shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Iron Work, &c., &c., Erie, Pa.

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

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Exchange, on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and Groceries, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

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Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c., No. 6 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

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Office over the Park, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

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Exchange Brokers and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, uncurrent Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Collections on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the Country for sale. Office, Beatty's Building, in the room occupied by Beatty & Cochran, North side of the Park.
F. F. BAILEY, C. S. GUNNISON.

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GAUGHEY & CLARK,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Dublin Ale No. 7 Boswell Block, State street Erie, Pa.
R. GAUGHEY, R. A. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES,
Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Parlor and Bedroom, Rocking, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa.

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Attorney at Law—Office up-stairs in Tammany Hall building, State street, Erie, Pa.

J. J. LINTS,
Dealer in Books, Stationery, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Sheet Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Second door west of the Reed House, Erie.

L. W. OLDS & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Office in Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa.
Respectfully invite the attention of those in want of a good pump for raising water for family, farm or mechanical purposes for sale cheap.
F. ACKELEY, M. L. LOW,

JAMES CROOK & CO.,
Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st., Erie, Pa., shop formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

S. R. CHURCHILL,
Wholesale and Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House on French st.

CLARK & BALDWIN,
(Successor to Burton & Herron,)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Fine Soaps and Chemical Fixtures, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa.
CLARK. B. A. BALDWIN.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney at Law—Office removed to new building west of State street, on the north side of the Park, over Clark & Metcalf's Exchange Office.

W. E. MAGILL,
Dentist, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.
Erie, Nov. 7 1857.—26.

JARECKI BROTHERS,
Dealers in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Britannia and Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Pocket and Table Cutlery. Fancy Goods &c., &c. American Block, State street Erie Pa.

WILLIAM W. LAWS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.—Office Northeast Corner of the Public Square.

GRAY & HARRIS,
Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 7, Boswell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
A. H. GRAY, S. E. HARRIS.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON,
Attorneys at Law.—Office over Austin's Jewelry Store, North West corner of Park, Erie, P.
J. W. BRIGDEN, C. W. HUTCHINSON.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr.,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail dealer in Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Morocco, Lastings, Binding, Shoe Thread, Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State Street, Erie, Pa.

BENNETT, BARR & CO.
Iron Founders, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Stoves, Hollow Ware &c., State street, Erie, Pa.

S. T. MILLER,
Attorney at Law.—Office in the Court House, Erie, Pa.

J. G. BARR & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c., Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Leather, Belting and Packing, French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM WILLING,
Resident Musician, to be found at the Park Hall Music Store, French street, Erie, Pa.

J. G. BARR & CO.,
Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 Brown's Block State street, Erie, Pa.

C. S. RAWSON,
Photographic and Ambrotype Artist, Park Row, over Booth & Stewart's Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL,
A large and commodious Hall for Concerts, Lectures and Public Meetings of all kinds, East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking Office of M. Sanford & Co., No. 3, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

J. C. SCRIPTURE,
Daguerrean Artist, is prepared to take Daguerreotypes in the very best style for one dollar. Rooms in the new block, North west corner of the Park.

THE ERIE MILLS.
The subscriber adopts this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has leased THE ERIE MILLS, on Parade street, building to Mr. Blakeley, Esq., and erected a new dam in connection therewith, and otherwise repaired the Mill. He is therefore, prepared to do ALL KINDS OF WORK in his line promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Custom work to order, and the Highest Market Price paid for Grain. The Mill being in an excellent condition, he flatters himself he can make as good Flour as any mill in the county. Depending on his ability to give satisfaction, he solicits a liberal share of public patronage.
FLOUR and all kinds of meal delivered to any part of the city free of charge.
Erie, Oct. 24, 1857.—24. HIRAM SLOCUM.

KEYSTONE MILLS.
JOHN W. McLANE,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
FLOUR, GRAIN AND FEED,
ALSO, COMMISSION MERCHANT,
FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF THE SAME
KEYSTONE MILLS, Mourheadville, Pa. STORE NO. 2, PARK HALL, ERIE PA.
All orders through the Post Office at either place will be promptly attended to; and delivered in the city free of charge.
Erie, July 25, 1857.—11.

THE ERIE CITY MILLS,
ERIE PENNA.
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. H. B. HAVERSTICK, P. CROUCH.
Erie, July 23, 1857.—11.

FIRE INSURANCE
The Insurance of 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. Business divided into two classes, viz: the Farmer's, in which nothing but farm property and dwellings, 60 feet or over from expenditure 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.

DIRECTORS.
James C. Marshall, C. M. Tibbals, Wm. F. Sinderwald, S. Smith, John Kimmerly, Jos. M. Sterrett, S. P. Kepler, Thos. Moorhead, Jacob Hasson, George A. Elliot, E. Babbitt, Wm. B. Hays, J. M. Justice.

OFFICERS.
Jos. M. Sterrett, Pres't. Jonas Gunnison, Sec.
Charles M. Tibbals, Treas.
Office, over J. S. Sterrett's Grocery, French street, in the room occupied by Messrs Guunison & McCreary, as a Law office.
Erie, June 21, 1856.

ERIE CITY
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY!
OFFICE in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth Streets, first door to the right, up stairs.
J. F. DOWNING, Agent.
REPRESENTING the following Companies of the highest standing, Chartered by the State of Pennsylvania:

HOWARD FIRE and MARINE
Insurance Company of Philadelphia.
Franklin Buildings, No. 412, Walnut Street.
CAPITAL, Securely Invested, $200,000.

The Quaker City Insurance Co.
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Office, Franklin Buildings, 498, Walnut Street.
Cash Capital and Surplus, - - - $250,000.

Manufacturers' Insurance Company,
OF PHILADELPHIA.
Office No. 19, Merchants Exchange.
CAPITAL, - - - - $500,000.
Erie, August 1, 1857. 12

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, 1423 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,
Stillwell S. Bishop, firm of Bishop, Simons & Co.,
William Darling, (late of Reading,)
Isaac Hazlehurst, Attorney and Counsellor,
J. R. M'Curdy, firm Jones, White & M'Curdy,
John Rice, 99 South Fourth Street,
James B. Smith, firm of James B. Smith & Co.,
Thos. W. Baker, Goldsmiths' Hall,
Henry C. Wetmore, New York.
C. C. LATHROP, President,
WM. DARLING, Vice President.
Joseph J. Hughes, Secretary and Treasurer.
H. K. 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 or permanently.

DIRECTORS.
Joseph H. Seal, James C. Hand, Edmond Alender, Theophilus Paulding, John C. Davis, H. Jones Brooke, Robert Burton, John Garrett, John B. Penrose, Hugh Craig, Samuel Edwards, George Barrell, Henry Lawrence, David R. Stacey, Edward Darlington, Charles Kelley, Isaac R. Davis, J. G. Johnson, William Folwell, William Hay, John J. Newlin, Dr. S. Thomas, Dr. R. M. Huston, John Tyler, Jr. Spencer Mellvane, Wm. Marsh, Pres't.
Richard S. Newbold, Sec'y.
Application can be made to
Erie, April 4, 1857. J. KELLOGG, Agent, Erie.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!
Go to G. A. Bennett's Fire 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 $500,000. Security Invested $200,000.
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. 12, 1856. G. A. BENNETT, Agt.

PIANOS AT GREAT BARGAINS FOR THIRTY DAYS.
Mr. WILLIAMS has been authorized by Messrs Bent, Gray & Co., the great Piano Manufacturers, to sell their Pianos at Wholesale prices. Those in want of an instrument will make money by calling and examining the stock on hand.
Erie, Sept. 19, 1857.
GEORGE H. LEONARD, for all of the firm of Bent, Gray & Co.
J. JOHNSTON & SONS,
CHEAP CASH STORE OF THE CITY OF ERIE,
Erie, Sept. 19, 1857.

Select Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss,
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast,
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic Womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lilly and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Choice Miscellany.

THE SNOW EXPRESS,

A STORY OF THE WHITE AND RED MEN.

Many years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron This now dilapidated stronghold was originally erected, on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up their abode.

In this dot in the wilderness I and two brother officers lived the lives of anchorites; only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very nearly forgotten.—Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schooner, coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter of ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter, great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians, traveling over the snow or snow-shoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronzed Mercuries; and when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that, before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occurred in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower province. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowther did not know it Yet, before the spring should come and the lakes be open to enable me to reach headquarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night. Many plans disturbed my mind. Could I not write my statement, and send it by an Indian express. Undoubtedly I could. But when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messengers on. Why should not I be of the express party? I was young, strong, active, and accustomed to exertion. Surely what Indians could do I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form—for both he and my junior heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin, and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snow-shoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeed in getting to headquarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians, (which I resolved to give whether won or not,) and they unmurmuringly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumbrous snowshoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed; then, shouldering their packs and starting off again. They endeavored to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment. Chingoos, (the ermine,) the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as most active of us all; and, however wearied he might be when he stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he cut with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and bestrewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the crop-fab), was our cook and firemaker; and the rapid way in which he heaped up scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half our journey, we had not overtopped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to affect our limbs, and the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two I shall never forget the joy we felt, one morning, when the sun remained hidden beneath heavy cloud banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we traveled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees, through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce, and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim; for, in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches, which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and, looking up, I saw a few large snow flakes floating through the air.

"Let us put off our snow-shoes," said Shegashie: "we must halt here."

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were traveling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bunk, or quaintly formed tree.—But these objects dwelt vividly in the Indian's recollections They had traveled this road twice before; and, whatever an Indian once sees, remains imprinted in his memory forever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to loose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow-storm came on My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake, the snow-flakes floating and playing lazily around us, and, more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But, when we had got about half-way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless, we stopped.—Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow which fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond but dazzling snowflakes tumbling, whirling, and rushing down to overwhelm us

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore"

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he suffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of snow shoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last faint lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses, but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind

That I am alive to write this, is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety How we reached the shore none of us ever knew; but, at length, still battling against the blinding snow, Shegashie's snow-shoes struck against a tree. Close beside it was a thicket of dwarf firs, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily The Indians said that another snow storm was at hand; so we set about making the best preparations we could for the night—Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, and Chingoos and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place somewhat resembled a bower; then, shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. In the meantime Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food; for, during the last day or two game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow, Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests

Soon after dark the snow recommenced; and although we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intensely as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and awaken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself—especially Chingoos, who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares, and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed, so that there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tied on our snow shoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers, and within a few minutes the clouds began to gather and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long, Chingoos' indisposition of the morning returned, and as the day wore on he continued to get worse; until, by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that poor Chingoos could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning Chingoos was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger pangs were becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by through the snow. I shot it, and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient; but he was unable to take it—to our surprise, for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoos, whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stoical demeanor of his race, which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom.—When he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey, but it had now became a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jests and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snow-shoes proceeded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gayly trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after, with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk, and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of ear-rings weighing down the lobes of his ears, fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's fore knowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesy, and the same polite reception was extended to me; but, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow! I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on the human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object, and afterwards when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire making to Shegashie, he was content to bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat, that evening, round our camp fire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely formed Indian, and more masculine than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanor, and a strange fire gleamed from his eye. He took the tobacco we gave him, with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire-water was all expended.—However, he did not let that damp his spirits, but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had little to talk of except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with contracted brow, but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods. I lost the gist of many of these by not being able to comprehend his language.—But there was one I understood somewhat better than the rest, it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Mamiskogabjhe, (Great Red-nailed Bear,) who came from far beyond the Great Lake, (Superior,) and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one.—This one had fled; and, ever since, Mamiskogajhe has prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him everywhere. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every disguise; "But all to no purpose," said the stranger, savagely, "for Mamiskogabjhe slays every Indian he meets, so that that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of his Indian hyperbole; but Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention. I was lounging by the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable brave, the great red-nailed bear; to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage springing to his feet. "I am Mamiskogabjhe!" and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm, which by a violent effort he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife; but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with the view of hurling it at my head; but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His feet gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow.—A struggle for life succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not get purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me underneath, but I always rolled further than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience; and still holding his right arm down tightly, I loosened the hand which held my knife. But, quick as thought, Mamiskogabjhe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth.—We stabbed at each other wildly, and many a wound I gave and received. At length the Indian relaxed his hold, and I arose victor.

My first thought now, after a fervent prayer for my deliverance, was for the poor guide. I found that though desperately wounded, and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My wounds though numerous, were marvelously slight, more cuts than stabs, and even those my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods to die in my turn. I now bitterly regretted that I had ever entered on this disastrous enterprise. However there I was, and had nothing for it but to make the best of it; so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow-bank, collected wood, shot a hare, dressed it, and returned to my and task of watching my wounded guide.

At the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate; and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger, and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation I took all the spare snow-shoes, and by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded in making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belonging. I rose roundly the next morning, and, placing my companion in the sleigh, recommenced my journey.

It was a weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wooden Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grew too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game too cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle.—When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogabjhe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun, and when mor