ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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[illegible] D. W. HUTCHINSON.

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

C. B. WRIGHT, & CO.,
Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin, Uncurrent Notes, Land Warrants and Certificates of Deposit. Also, Drafts on the principal cities in the Union, and all parts of the country for sale. Office, in Rosenzweig's Block, corner State Street, Erie, Pa.
[illegible]

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Cutlery, Nos. 11 and 12, Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State Streets, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] BENNETT.

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Successors to Barnes & M'Conkey
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[illegible]

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Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Exchange on the principal cities [illegible] for sale. Office [illegible] Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

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Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., &c., State Street, Erie.

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JACOB H. FRANK,
[illegible] and FARIER, has returned from the West, and can be found in Erie during the winter. Those wishing his services will find him at his residence, corner 3d and French sts.

EMPIRE STORES.
[illegible], Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 1, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE,
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[illegible] Peace. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on [illegible] street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

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 all business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. Office in Empire Block, corner of Fifth st., Erie, Pa.

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With Churchill, Johnson, & Co.,
[illegible] Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods No. [illegible] and 21 Warren Streets, New York.
[illegible] CHURCHILL, CHARLES A. SHEPHERD,
[illegible] JOHNSON, CARTER A. SAUNDERS.

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[illegible] Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, [illegible] Oil Cloths, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie.

GEORGE H. CUTLER.
[illegible], Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and [illegible] attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOHN SWEENY.
[illegible] Peace, Office in Beatty's Building, up stairs, Erie.

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
[illegible] Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, [illegible] agent for [illegible] daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie.

VAUGHEY & CLARK.
[illegible] and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, [illegible] Teas, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents [illegible] No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie.
[illegible] CLARK.

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

JAMES C. MARSHALL.
[illegible] Office upstairs in Tammany Hall building, [illegible] State Street, Erie, Pa.

S. E. CHURCHILL.
[illegible] and Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, on the [illegible] French st.

J. G. BARR & CO.,
[illegible] Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 [illegible] Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL.
[illegible] Hall for Concerts, Lectures, and Public [illegible], East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking [illegible] Sanford & Co., No. 8, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW.
[illegible] and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical [illegible] cheap.
M. L. LOW.

JOSEPH R. FERGUSON,
[illegible] AND CITY CONSTABLE.—Office in the rear of [illegible] House, No. [illegible] Fifth street, Erie, Pa. All business intrusted will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

DENTISTRY.
DR. O. L. ELLIOTT.
Dentist [illegible] and Dwelling in south Park Row, first [illegible] of Erie Bank buildings. July 10, 1858.

JARECKI BROTHERS.
[illegible] Jewels, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated [illegible] Pocket and Table Cutlery. Fancy Goods [illegible] American Block, State street Erie Pa. 24

GRAY & FARRAR,
[illegible], and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, [illegible] Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. [illegible] Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] FARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr.,
[illegible] of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail [illegible] and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American [illegible] Morocco Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread [illegible] Lastings, Galloons, Ribands, Hammers, [illegible] Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State [illegible]

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co.,
[illegible] of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Railroad Cars, &c. Erie, Pa.

CABLE POETRY.

The following poetry is going the rounds, signed T. W. Higginson. The subject is thus treated under water:

A school of mackerel got dismissed
To ponder this new study;
The st-wives paused amid their drink
And thought their heads were muddy.
The lobsters turned, in sudden fears,
As red as when they're boiled;
The whales shed spermaceti tears
Till all the sea was oiled.

The frightened soles together came
In one substantial body.
Each cod looked bluer than blue pills,
Or Warren's Pillicoddy
The great sea serpent wondering asked,
"What's all this stir and coil?"
The eels a giant brother knew,
And stopped to see him boil

The black fish turned a little pale,
(As big as a ship's jolly boat,)
And trembled all, from head to tail,
The melancholy halibut
The oysters got up from their beds,
With rather sleepy faces,
The plaice flapped their startled fins,
And went to other places

But when the first brief message went
Through the wide watery bounds,
To dumbfish straightway were transformed
The ocean's tongues and sounds,
Till (while old hunkers of the deep
Were wondering and gulping,)
Young swordfish sent by telegraph
A challenge to young sculping

And when they understood the thing,
The waters fun grew better—
The seals desired to stamp themselves
On every passing letter,
The grave white bears came swimming down
To inquire for Dr. Kane,
While the frightened herring only asked
What tidings from the Seine

THE HIDDEN TREASURE:

AN ADVENTURE IN ARKANSAS

In the summer of 1848, in the month of June, I found myself a solitary traveler at the primitive little town of Van Buren, in the juvenile State of Arkansas—a country which, in extensive swamps, lofty and rugged mountains, and bad roads, can challenge the United States, or any other section of equal dimensions in the world. I traveled in style, with a covered buggy, the running gear of which was as tough as some of the yarns told by the old settlers on the Arkansas, and a pair of dashing creams, who, even over those roads, could carry me fifty miles a day, and upon a natural piece of gravel, which occurred occasionally, like celestial visits—celestial is new—they could go the mile within the three minutes—fair work for a double team, and not to be sneezed at, even over the Queen City Course.

The flies in that country bite like scorpions, to say nothing of the ticks, who, in their carnivorous taste, make no distinction between man and beast, but, if permitted, will swell themselves out to the size of a rifle bullet before unfleshing their poisonous heads. There was no guarding against these insinuating little monsters; but for the flies, I was provided with two dashing suits of red nets, which set off the creams to the best advantage, and created a sensation throughout the country.

"Mammy," shouted a gawky, red-headed girl, who stood at the door of a log cabin, towards which I was whirling in rapid style, "mammy, daddy, Bill, Jake, Sal! Ah on ye come here! I'm switched if there ar'n't a feller comin' along with a pair of fiery red critters!"

And out rushed the interesting family, who, taking the scarlet netting as part of the anatomy of the "critters," no doubt tell to this day of the wonderful apparation of the man with the red steeds.

But Arkansas, although a hard road to travel, contains soft hearts and friendly natures; and in spite of its reputation, a man may traverse one end of it to another, with no more formidable weapon than a penknife, unless, indeed, he has a taste for wood-craft, in which case, in a drive of fifty miles, he can shoot as many deer as, in the season, would feast all the fat aldermen in the world. Cautiously threading my way through the solemn forest glades, I have seen within fifty yards, a score of these sylvan tenants, their big, tender eyes gazing in astonishment at me and my team, which, combined, they doubtless took for some novel animal, for the first time invading the deep solitude of the eternal woods. I had made my way from Little Rock to Van Buren, a distance of over three hundred miles, with the intention of proceeding on over the Boston Mountains into Missouri, when a letter which I received made it necessary that I should retrace my steps.

With my knowledge of several delectable swamps, and other interesting "passages of travel," which I had, almost by a miracle, struggled through, the prospect was by no means pleasant.

A break-down in the woods, twenty miles, perhaps from any human habitation, is a contingency not to be contemplated without a feeling of dread; and had the Arkansas river been in a boating condition, I should have placed myself and equipage upon a steamer, but there was not sufficient water in it at some places to float a plank. Like a capsized bark, it exhibited itself with its bottom up, so I had no alternative but to prepare for my retrograde movement, comforting myself in the reflection that I, at least, was acquainted with the perils of the path I was again doomed to thread, whereas, had I continued my journey forward, I should be flying to "ills which I knew not of."

The worst and most disagreeable part of the affair was the solitude in which I traveled. To one naturally of a companionable disposition, it was a sore trial to be left to commune with nothing more tangible than one's own reflections; to watch the sun from its first peep from behind the vast eastern hills, through its fiery midday course, until it tinged with a crimson halo the lofty mountains of the far West; to feel one's soul expand with the illimitable grandeur of Nature, here witnessed in all her purity, and yet be compelled to smother the glowing sensations within one's own bosom, no sympathizing ear being near wherein to pour the burning essence extracted from the soul by the contemplation of so glorious a vision. This prospect was, I say, the most disagreeable reflection I had; and those who may have been placed in circumstances of a similar nature, will understand with what pleasure I received a proposal from the landlord of the tavern in Van Buren to introduce me to a gentleman who was anxious to get on to Little Rock, and who had arrived from away back in the Indian nation, in the expectation of finding a boat of light draught to convey him thither.

Upon a bright and breezy afternoon upon the first of July, we started. My companion was the agent of the famous General Ross, chief of the tribe of Indians who, in semi-civilized state, occupy the vast portion of country beyond Fort Smith. Not being a Yankee, my organ of inquisitiveness was not sufficiently developed to induce me to inquire his business, which I, however, soon learnt would take him to Memphis, where he intended to make extensive purchases for the "Nation." He was a young man, quite companionable, and we got through the first afternoon's travel—twenty five miles—very comfortably.—He brought with him a box of excellent cigars and a full supply of tolerably good cognac, which latter, let the apostles of temperance say what they may, is a vast improvement to the "sparkling waters" of the dancing brooks, which so abound in that country. At least my new acquaintance and myself so pronounced it, when resting our horses beneath some umbrageous shade, we refreshed the inner man with a dash of the first to a moderate proportion of the latter.

The second day's journey brought us up, early in the afternoon, at a farm house, in which we took shelter from a fierce storm, and where, after the weather had cleared, we were forced to remain in consequence of a creek, a few miles distant, which, after a heavy rain, ran wild as a young Niagara. We were only sixty miles from Van Buren, and it was necessary, the next day, to make up for the loss of so great a portion of that of the preceding; so after an early breakfast we again started, and meeting with no accident, by night arrived at a rich bottom on the Arkansas river, at the foot of a steep, rough mountain track, known as the Piney Hills. Here we rested, after traveling sixty miles, at a farm house, the proprietor of which could boast of a domain more extensive than onehalf of the German principalities, and rich beyond the imagination of those sons of toil who coax the yellow grain from well-worked northern lands. His name was Tom May, and people for miles around told stories of his great wealth and miserly habits; true it was, that a more unappetising supper than that which we sat down to discuss, was never set before a couple of way-worn travelers, and—another argument against tee-totalism—we turned with gratitude to the spiritual consolation afforded by the black bottle which my acquaintance had so providentally brought with him from the Indian Nation. The old miser had a wife and a large family, each member of whom wore a look of despondency which it was painful to contemplate. There was in fact an unnatural gloom pervading the whole atmosphere; they spoke and replied to each other in monosylables, as if a few extra words would be an unnecessary waste. The mother appeared to be thoroughly identified with old Tom in feeling, and the boys and girls were, out and out, chips of the old block; a smile divided amongst the crowd, could not have gone round; it would have been drowned in the vinegar of any one countenance. We were glad to retire, and having expressed a wish to that effect, were shown to a capacious loft in the second story, the heavy rafters of which were bare, where two mattrasses upon a couple of cots were placed for our accommodation. Fatigue, the best provocation to sleep, soon sealed my eyes, and I slumbered until about four o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by my companion, who stood by the side of my cot, and whose singular expression of countenance I shall never forget. Before I was well awake I was startled by the question:

"In the name of God, have you seen anybody beside ourselves in this room during the night?"

His manner thoroughly aroused me, and I assured him that I had slept from the time that I laid down until that moment.

"I am robbed," whispered he, "robbed of my belt."

"Your belt," said I, "why were was it?"

"Around my waist," he replied, "see, here is the mark," and sure enough, he exhibited a red circle around his body, denoting where the girth had been.

"And it has been taken from you while you slept?"

"It must have been, for I am almost certain I had it on when I went to bed."

"How much money was in it?"

"Ten thousand dollars, principally in bank notes of Tennessee and Kentucky money."

Here was a stunner. I was now as wide awake as my companion, and I felt almost as unenviable. I could not doubt the truth of his statement, and inwardly I accused old Tom of having perpetrated the robbery; but how he could have taken it from the person of my room-mate without awakening him, perplexed and aggravated me, I say aggravated, for I did not know but that he might divide his suspicion between old Tom and myself.

I was soon dressed, and down stairs, where the family were stirring, who were speedily made acquainted with my companion's loss. As I watched old Tom's countenance, I shall never forget the sinister look with which he regarded me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; it returned my own suspicious glance with cent. per cent interest, and as if I had been guilty of the theft, I actually quailed beneath it.

One hope remained, we had thoroughly searched the matrass and sheets, until we were satisfied that it was not in the room where we had passed the night; but a hope remained that it might have slipped from his body where he slept the night previous, and which was in a capacious old-fashioned feather bed, of the most comfortable dimensions. Back he determined to retrace his steps, but as I could not spare the time, or use up my horses in returning with him, old Tom readily consented to furnish him with a saddle-horse. He himself appeared to entertain an hopeful impression that he should yet recover the treasure, but I had little faith, for I did not doubt but that old Tom had it in his clutches, and under this impression I found difficulty in abstaining from taking the old fellow by the throat every time I detected his sinister glances directed towards myself. I had harnessed my team, and was swallowing a muddy decoction which the hostess had dignified by the name of coffee, when the agent suddenly uttered an incomprehensible ejaculation, and rushed from the room up to our sleeping apartment. At the first pop I concluded that his loss had undermined his reason, and that he had gone mad; but while cogitating with no very pleasurable sensations as to what might be the result of this adventure he returned, smiling, to use a carpenter's simile, like "a basket of chips," at the same time waving aloft the mysterious belt.

The riddle was speedily solved; the muddy decoction, yclept coffee, must have inspired his memory, for while imbibing it, "a dream of the night" suddenly flashed athwart his imagination. In an uneasy slumber, he thought that old Tom was after his belt, and to hide it from him, he thrust it within the rafters above his head. A light flashed across his mind the while he was sipping the aforesaid decoction, and rushing to the room he mounted his cot, when thrusting his arm within the heavy rafters, sure enough there was the belt and its contents, as safe as if it had never left his carcass. Simultaneously old Tom and myself exchanged remorseful glances, as he shook hands with me at parting, a reciprocal squeeze told how we mutually regretted our unjust suspicions.

In three days more I reached Little Rock, where I parted with my companion, not sorry if the truth must be told; for the uneasy feelings he had given me by his somnambulistic trick, had left a very unpleasant sensation, and from the time we left old Tom until we parted, his belt was a source of much greater solicitude to me than to himself.

DOING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed: "There, doctor, snuff that, will ye?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey.—"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman, "hand it me again, if you plaze." The doctor again did as directed, and asked what it meant. "Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it; the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

"ENTER FIRST CITIZEN."

From Harper's Weekly.

THE first time I saw him he wore a brown tunic, of the value of ten cents a yard; he had orange-colored legs; his naked arm was branded with a rude device, indicating that he had been carelessly leaning against a fresh-painted wing; and in his hand he bore a staff, as Roman citizens are wont to do on the stage. His name was not in the bills; he was an "auxiliary"—one of that stalwart band which fills the eye of an audience when the stage directions say, "Enter citizens" or "soldiers." On this particular evening he appeared to be a fallow of turbulent disposition; and though he spoke but seldom, his actions and bearing were so rebellious, that, in the course of the evening, he and his disorderly comrades were thrice driven from the scene by a small but determined body of victors, consisting of two men and a youth—an illustration of the natural triumph of discipline over revolutionary anarchy. I next saw him as the "servant, with a torch," in "Macbeth." He was that Scottish menial who receives directions relative to the Thane's drink, and is then summarily sent to bed by his agitated master. He had the same legs and tunic, but the tunic was this time adorned with plaid by the liberal management. Since then I have seen him fighting in the wars of York and Lancaster, enlisting, with careless bravery, sometimes under the White, and sometimes under the Red Rose. His modest merit has been rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, given by the Emperor himself, in the spectacle of "Napoleon;" and with undaunted patriotism, he has battled for liberty under the immortal Washington, for no reward save the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and the small nightly stipend received, not regularly, from the theatre. After a grand personation of a loyal Sepoy in the "Cataract of the Ganges," he has, a few nights after, assumed the character of that traitorous rascal who receives his death blow from Mr. Forrest, in the council-chamber scene of "Metamora."

He was a man of genial presence; a mild blue eye gave a guilelessness to a face whose general expression was not unpleasing, and although he appeared on the stage so often in connection with the famous legend, "S. P. Q. R.," that he might have been considered a type of the senate and people of Rome, his amiable features seemed out of place in the mobs and legions of that great empire. However, he was soiled by no histrionic conceit; and even sometimes came on to remove tables, chairs, and loose properties, preparatory to a change of scene, receiving the customary hoots of the "gods" with the equanimity of a well-balanced mind.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of his duties, I became interested in the man; and one night, pointing him out to a person attached to the theatre, asked his name. It was, as I had supposed, Jones. There was, indeed, a chance of its being Smith; but having a presentiment in favor of Jones, I had already rejected that remote possibility. His Christian name was unknown, but, owing to the Roman circumstances in which I had so often seen him placed, he was, by an unconscious movement of the mind, imbedded in my memory as S. P. Q. R. Jones.

One day, fractures suddenly appearing in some window-panes at my house—nobody knew when or how the damage was done, as we had neither cat nor children, I, of course, believed the glass had fallen to pieces from old age, especially as I had never known a servant of alien birth to state any thing but artless truth—I sent to a neighboring glazier for aid, who dispatched to me one of his journeymen. It was S. P. Q. R. Jones—a painter and glazier by day, at night, a Roman senator, or some gallant, though generally speechless, knight, near the loved person of his liege and honored king.

I spoke to him, commencing with a little of that flattery not utterly despised by any profession, but which strikes the not unexpectant ear of an actor or musician with singular pleasure. Supposing, in my ignorance, it impossible to be a glazier and professional gentleman at the same time, I asked him how he contrived it?

"The manager and I have long been professionally connected," said he. "He finds me trustworthy, and willing to do many little jobs about the theatre, so he excuses me from rehearsals. In this way I have all the daytime for my trade. I very seldom have any thing to say on the stage; and when there are one or two lines in the part, I can commit them in a few minutes; and in all the stock pieces I know my exits and entrances by heart. You must know I always had a liking for the stage; my wife, too, was one of the profession; she played chamber-maids, and such like; but her voice was not very strong; so, since her marriage, she hasn't been on in speaking parts. She is a villager sometimes, or a virgin of the sun, when an extra force is wanted; but never appears except on extraordinary occasions, as we have a little girl at home, too young to be left alone; and the manager don't like to see children about the theatre, which is very proper."

With this explanation he set the panes of glass in the places of those which nobody had broken, and went away whistling some familiar music from the "Forty Thieves."

After this interview I saw him frequently, both on and off the stage, and finding that Mrs. S. P. Q. R. Jones had cultivated a natural taste for dress-making, my wife occasionally employed her. Thus was drawn closer the bond of acquaintance between her husband and myself. The lady was about twenty-five years of age, very pretty, and charmingly conscious of the fact. Not disinclined to admiration, and possessing a large share of vivacity, it was to be feared that, with the opportunities found in the dissipated atmosphere of a theatre, she might sometimes be placed in an equivocal position; but, as yet, slander had never soiled her name; while the affection she honestly evinced for her husband and child seemed to be an effectual barrier between her and evil.

There came a period when the legitimate drama, never, perhaps, adequately supported by a fickle people (who, as times moves on, seem more and more inclined to reserve the legitimate article for their closets), was withdrawn, and the equine had usurped its place. Mr. Blank and his splendid stud of horses, consisting of a dozen white and parti-colored ponies, combining their talents with those of the stock company, were drawing enthusiastic audiences in "Mazeppa," and the like. I attended a representation of this drama. The beautiful Arabian mare, Bloody Mary—so styled, probably, because she was creamlike in color and remarkably kind in temper—portrayed, with her accustomed docility, the Ukraine steed. On her first entrance she threw about, with well-simulated rage, her delicate limbs; but stood commendably quiet when Mr. Blank, as Mazeppa, was bound upon her back; and then, like an arrow from a bow sleekly pulled, started off at a moderate amble up the canvas precipice which concealed the rear of the stage. Instead of completing her route, the unfortunate animal, when half-way up the ascent, stumbled and fell upon the stage, a distance of ten feet. The injuries received by Bloody Mary and Mazeppa were but slight; but, in falling, she struck with her hoof S. P. Q. R. Jones, who was standing beneath, and broke his collar-bone. This occurred out of sight of the audience, who, with hisses, demanded another flight; so, while Bloody Mary was again prancing upon the stage, poor Jones was tenderly lifted up and carried home senseless.

A few hundreds in the Savings' Bank, the fruits of former economy, furnished the means for proper attendance, medicines, and the little comforts expected in convalescence, while his wife was one of the most careful and affectionate of nurses. For a week every thing went on well, and poor Jones seemed to have all a damaged mortal should expect under such circumstances. What was it that changed all this? Why did the wife, still devoted and kind, lose the loving earnestness which had characterized her manner? Where was the old home-light in her eyes—those beautiful eyes whose sparkling glances the downcast lashes now concealed? Why, at the sound of some unexpected knock at the door, or footfall on the stairs, did she start almost wildly, as if ill fortune were near? And, bending over the little girl, she would smother deep sighs and gaze wistfully toward her husband, with the anxious face of one seeking the confessional; and he, dozing, his brain clouded by opiates and confinement, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, blind and deaf, when each mortal sense should have been soundest. Deaf to the low, musical tones of a manly voice, trained to love-speeches and husky with the importunity of passion, which sometimes came unheeded upon his drowsy ear, from adjoining rooms, in the watches of the night. Deaf to the click of closing bolts and the stealthy sound of retreating footsteps! Blind, when a dark mustache and evil eyes appeared at the open door, and she, whom he loved with all the power of an honest and noble heart, left him to follow the beckoning finger from his presence.

It was the old, sad story. Before the invalid had left his room, and while he was recovering his former health, his wife went away. Noon came, but she came not; and when the shadows deepened, and the little girl raised her melancholy wail for the absent mother, the poor father, anxious and fearful, sent messengers to seek for her; then news came from the theatre which made his limbs tremble, and the muscles of his face twitch, and heavy groans come from him, as one in convulsions. At last the manager arrived; and then he knew that the woman he had cherished had stolen his honor and fled, leaving a legacy of shame to her child. A handsome actor attached to the company—a man famed for excellence in light comedy and juvenile tragedy—had fascinated the poor woman, and the opportunity afforded by Jones's sickness completed her ruin. They went to another city, where the seducer, being very popular with the younger part of the female portion of the theatre-going public, readily obtained an engagement.

After the first explosion caused by the intelligence, Jones, to every one's surprise, rapidly regained his strength, and in a few days was able to attend to some portion of his usual avocations. He did not, like a proper hero of romance, arm himself to the teeth with the deadly weapons of American civilization, follow the fugitives, and commit what a jury might have called justifiable homicide. But he felt more than the pangs of the hero of romance, and deeper was the agony from his efforts to conceal the wound. It needs not Othello's visage, nor station, nor the sombre scenery belonging to medieval tragedy, to awaken in our time the same passions which drove the noble Moor to murder, despair and death.

Only four short weeks passed and the lost woman, bearing on her faced the aged, weary look with which guilt and remorse brand their victims, opened the door of the room which once enshrined a happy fireside, and knelt sobbing at his feet—a discarded mistress! He did not spurn her; his eyes, from which the light of happiness was gone forever, did not blaze with fury on the unhappy wretch before him, but he took her up, drew her tenderly to his breast, and kissed her; then leading her to the bed where the little girl lay asleep, he said,

"Kiss her, Mary dear; she has been waiting long for you!"

No upbraidings, no noisy ebulition of rage—nothing but the loud sobbings of the false wife and the clamorous joy of the awakened child.

She lived with him but a little while. There was no longer any hope or object in life for her. Broken-hearted and abased, she never left the house again. Hour by hour she faded, and when the cold time of Autumn came he took her from the cheerless, noisy city, and laid her to sleep in the sun, near the trees of the country churchyard in the sight of whose spire she was born.

He toiled on for the sake of his child, faithful to all his duties; never misanthropic nor moody, although silent, and sometimes, when alone, tearful; and time passed on until it was two years from the death of his wife. The actor with the black mustache and winning voice came back; two years had wrought some change in him, too. The black mustache was there still, but the voice was hoarse from constant drams, and the speaking eye was yellow and sunken.—Whether this loss of personal beauty struck the audience unfavorably, or whether the disreputable circumstances under which he closed his last visit, excited against him the strong moral feeling which is always supposed to pervade an American audience, it would be impossible to decide; but no sooner did he spring, with the old, elastic, light comedy step, upon the stage, sideling toward the boxes with the professional smirk which begs applause, than a hiss oozed from one corner of the house and spread with fearful rapidity from pit to gallery—a hiss which seemed to remind all that this man had violated the decencies of society, and was now insulting the proprieties of life by his very presence. It may be remarked that the juvenile moral sense of the young gentlemen in the gallery appeared to be so severely outraged that from that quarter proceeded by far the fiercest and loudest expressions of disapprobation; to such an extent did the enthusiasm of these young supporters of a pure life carry their opposition, that many half consumed apples and other seasonable fruit were discharged with considerable velocity and tolerable aim at the stage. Pale through his paint, the actor cast a depreciating look at the more respectable part of the audience, and his knees involuntarily trembled when his practiced eye saw the excitement against him was too strong for him to calm. Cries of "Off! off!" forced him from the foot lights, and bending to the storm, he ran from the stage. The tempest immediately ceased; and he, panting with agitation, beheld before him the pale countenance of S. P. Q. R. Jones, who chanced, at that moment, to step to the prompter's table. Jones started, for until then he had not seen the man since his return.

"Ah! it is you, then!" exclaimed the disgraced actor; "you, you cowardly villain! This is the way you take to revenge yourself. You pack the house, curse you! with a gang of hissing, dirty, sweaty mechanics, to drive me from the stage—to ruin me—and all because your wife—"

He said no more, for Jones's hand was on his throat, and the insult trembling on his tongue died away in an unmeaning gurgle. The blows fell fast, and the pent up misery of many a month added weight to the arm; no one—not even the mighty manager, who was attracted to the scene by the tumult—attempted to restrain the supernumerary; and when, after a last effort, he cast his enemy on the ground, the remains of manly beauty which dissipation had spared to the actor were destroyed forever.

After this unfortunate affair the theatre became more and more distasteful to Jones—more so, perhaps, from its being stained with the memory of revenge desperately taken. It is indeed certain that he felt more remorse for this than the actor ever did for the great wrong he had inflicted. A few months after, I accompanied him to the cars, for we had been good friends from the first, to see him off to the West, where, with his little girl, he had determined to settle.

"I shall never come back again," said he, as he shook my hand at parting. "Every thing here makes me shudder and think too much of things which must be forgotten."

I stooped and kissed the little girl; the bell rang, the train started, and the "first citizen" made his final exit.

Character of Chief Justice Gibson.

BY HON. WM. A. PORTER.

[*Extract from his eulogy on Judge Gibson, p. 107.*]

His manner of reaching his conclusions, and writing his opinions was well known. It is believed he took little part in the consultations of the bench, communicating his views usually in short, detached sentences, sometimes not at all, but when he did, hitting the exact point, and diffusing additional light on the principles in question. When appointed to deliver the opinion, he generally made an examination of the authorities, and sometimes, it must be admitted, too brief an examination. His habit then was to think chiefly without the aid of his pen, and out of the reach of books. He did this in his chamber, on the street, at the table, sometimes on the bench during the progress of other causes, and not unfrequently in the public room of his hotel. Persons who approached him on these occasions, were struck with, and sometimes offended at, his abstracted and careless air. To those who knew what he was doing, he frequently complained of his difficulty in determing on what principles to pitch the cause,—without mentioning it particularly. He did all the labor of thought before he commenced to write, and he never wrote until he was ready. Before he began the very sentences were formed in his mind, and when he assumed the pen, he rarely laid it aside until the opinion had been completed. The bold, beautiful, and legible character of his hand writing, and its freedom from erasure, induced those who read his opinions in manuscript, to suppose that he transcribed them, but this was very rarely, if ever done—he had too little time, and too much horror of the pen to attempt it. Such a method of writing undoubtedly possessed great advantages. It gave his fine logical powers full play.—It contributed to that condensation which forms one of the distinctive features of his writings.—It enabled him to proceed with directness right to his conclusion, and to make every thing point to it from the first sentence to the last. No repetition occurs. We see each idea but once, and need not count on seeing even the shadow of it, more than once. Having always something to do ahead, the pen spent no more time on the thought in hand than was necessary to complete it. He knew precisely where he was to end before beginning, and he avoided all the difficulties of those writers who begin to write when they begin to think and sometimes before it, and who produce works resembling, for the most part, the patch work emblazoned on the best beds of German housekeepers, and giving evidence not to be mistaken, of the exact places at which they have been joined, and of the diverse and heterogeneous materials out of which they have been composed. The most casual reader of Judge Gibson's opinions must have observed how seldom he professes to give any history of the doctrine [illegible] invariably he puts the decision upon some leading principle of the law, referring but to a few cases for the purpose of illustration, or to show their exception to the general rule, and how all this is done with the ease and skill which betoken the hand of a master.

As a jurist, Judge Gibson was ardently attached to the principles of the common law.—His love of them beams in his writings as affection will beam in the human countenance. He not only looked on them with the admiration of an artist, as symmetrical and beautiful parts of a great fabric, but he regarded them as the best rampart which the common sense of mankind has yet thrown up against the despotism of the king or the judge, of the purse or the sword.—We shall see hereafter that the last thing he ever wrote for publication, was a declaration of his unshaken loyalty to the doctrines of the common law. A part of the language which he applied to Judge Kennedy, might as justly have been uttered of himself; for like Byron in many of his characters, he was probably describing himself without seeing that the world would recognize the portrait. "He clung to the common law as a child to its nurse, and how much he drew from it, may be seen in his opinions, which, by their elaborate minuteness, remind us of the overfulness of Coke." The Chief Justice was also an admirer of our Pennsylvania system of law, in which the substantial principals of equity are applied under the forms of the common law. The wonder is that in any case they should have been separated. To appoint one judge to execute the law, and another to do equity, seems like creating one man all head, and another all heart. To execute the law upon a suitor's person, or property, and to allow him in the meantime to apply to a Court of Equity for relief, or turn him out of the latter because his case has no equity in it, with the assurance that he will have no difficulty in recoving in a court of law, in other words, to permit two different rules of legal duty on the same subject, to press on the same man, at the same time,—is a state of things which the mass of mankind will never understand, if each individual man should rival the patriarchs in the term of his natural life. From the day when Lord Erskine uttered his quiet humor on the subject, down to the publication of Bleak House, the severest sarcasms on this state of things have been flung into the faces of lawyers, without the possibility of turning the point of one of them. The Pennsylvania system of law is among the few that have been measurably free from the reproaches which the learned and the unlearned have thus conspired to hurl at the whole science. It is natural that the mind of a man like Judge Gibson, who had done so much to advance this system, and who had witnessed the strides which the legal world seems making towards it, should feel some pride in perpetuating it. With this spirit, it is consistent, that when our legislature adopted certain equity remedies, and provided for separate equity proceedings, he should endeavor to carry them fairly into practice. An opposite course, if he could have pursued it, would have caused disquiet and disaster. Besides this, whatever he might have thought, he was not a man to set himself up against what seemed to be useless reform. He had seen defects which some of these remedies seemed to supply, and he applied them in the very spirit in which the profession and the legislature had called them into being. So successfully was this done, that with all his attachment to the common law, it has not been unfrequently to hear from those most devoted to the equity system, the admission that he would have made a better chancellor than he was a judge. It is pertinent to remark here that he had no undue fondness for the civil law. His mind was too liberal—for the mind of a scholar is always liberal in its appreciation of learning—not to admire the beauty, wisdom and simplicity of many parts of the system, and its adaptation to the state of society in which it has grown up; but it must be admitted that he ever and anon casts suspicious glances on the efforts of Judge Story, and the writers of that school, to infuse its principles into our chemical common law. He could not have denied that many of the branches of our law have been enriched in this mode, but he was alive to the danger of pushing such improvements too far.—I need refer the reader only to the opinions delivered in Lyle vs. Richards, 9 S. & R. 322, and in Logan vs. Mason, 6 W. & S. 9, in proof of the existence of these views in the mind of their author.

In summing up the personal character of Judge Gibson, I do not mean to represent him as faultless, for then he had been more than human. Doubtless he had his defects; whatever they may have been, I do not propose to discuss them. To do so, would be to imitate the conduct of some visitor to a gallery of art, who should employ himself in tracing rough images in the dust of the floor, and not in contemplating the beautiful conceptions of genius on all sides around him and above him. I speak rather of what Judge Gibson was than of what he was not. His case has been removed to that great appellate Court which, while it administers perfect justice, is governed also by perfect mercy.—Jurisdiction having rested there, on the soundest principles of jurisprudence, no allegation should be permitted against him here. He certainly had small faults, which to small eyes were large enough to shut out a perception of his great qualities. He despised the anise and the cumin, and necessarily lost the respect of those valuable members of the State, outside and inside of the bar, who do the least important things first, and the most important last. Frank, generous and confiding, he spoke on the bench and elsewhere, of persons and of things, with that impulse which none but an honest heart can know; and in doing so, he occasionally lost in dignity as much as he gained in the pleasure of giving expression to his real sentiments in his own way. If, as a presiding officer, he had preserved order more rigidly, his Court would have been a more solemn place, and if he had attended more directly to what was passing before him, the business would have been more efficiently despatched. But enough of what he was not. The qualities which he possessed were striking and peculiar. That which most impressed those who knew him best, was the exceeding kindness of his heart. The knowledge of this was a key to his character. Any newspaper editor or legislative orator who had abused him, might have approached him with the profoundest confidence, not only that he had forgiven, but actually forgotten, any calumny however gross. In that respect, at least, no man could have reduced to practice more directly, the morality of the New Testament. He cherished no antipathies, and formed no prejudices. In every relation, public and private, he displayed that charity of the heart which makes a man a gentleman, despite of early associations and even of bad manners.—In the liveliest sallies of his wit and humor—the last sets on which benevolence exerts its restraining influence—he never allowed himself to trench on the sensibilities of others. When he said anything from the bench approaching severity, as he sometimes did when worn down by a dull and tedious argument, no time was lost in trying, by a remark of a different kind, to wear away its effect both on the speaker and the audience. He was a sound critic in the best sense of the term, and when a harsh observation was made of one whom he knew, he was generally able to relieve its effect by pointing out some excellence which had escaped the attention of others. To the young, and especially to those [illegible] to become the architects of their own fortunes, he was kind, affable, and indulgent. But the picture requires higher coloring. There was something in his magnanimity, in his forgiving temper, in his kindly charity, in his capacity to appreciate excellence of any kind, in any form, which despite his apparent unconcern of manner and sluggishness of body, elicited and compelled affection. There was a true fire of the heart which glowed unceasingly and cast even the splendor of his intellect into the shade. No man ever more cordially despised a cold, calculating, spider like lawyer, weaving day by day his miserable toils, giving up nothing, retaining his grasp on every victim of chance and folly, and employing his powers only for the production of misery and the practice of oppression. No man ever spoke into being with so little effort, ardent and permanent friendship. He sat on the Supreme Bench with twenty six different Judges, none of whom owed their position to his influence, and almost all of whom, on their accession, were comparative strangers to him, and yet it may be doubted whether the purest and happiest household ever lived in more absolute harmony than he enjoyed in his personal intercourse with his associates. In regard to any body of men long associated together, this fact might be worth repeating; but in that of so many independent men, of strong intellects and wills, employed together in the daily examination of exciting questions, where conscience and duty require each man to stand by his individual judgement, the case is somewhat remarkable. His intellectual acquirements were great, and he had a right to be proud of them, but that would be a poor monument to his fame, which should omit to mention those higher and finer qualities of the heart, which placed him so far above the level of ordinary men.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of him as a man of integrity. I verily believe that the mere force of habit in seeking the truth and finding reasons to support it, would have driven him to the right, against every corrupt influence that could have been brought to bear upon him. But the truth is, no idea opposite to that of his utmost purity as a judge, was ever associated with his name. There was something in his character, conversation, manner and appearance, which would have crushed such a thought in the bud. A man who had approached him for the purpose of corrupting him, would have been as much disposed to fall down before him in an act of homage, as to have attempted to carry out his purpose. After a lifetime devoted to the service of his country, it is surely no mean praise of a public man, that declarations like these can be uttered, with a certainty that they will be credited, not less by the suitors against whom he decided, than by the profession who practised before him, and the community whose laws he enforced.

☞ Jim H., out west, tells a good yarn about a "shell-bark lawyer." His client was up on two small charges, "frivolous charges," as shell bark designated them, (forging a note of hand and stealing a horse.) On running his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principal witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who shaking his head, said, "Squire, I can't swear to that ar dokyment." "Why?" "Kase *hit ain't true.*" Old shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room. "What! forge a note, an' steal a hoss, an' can't swear to a lie!—D—n such infernal fools." And he left the conscientious one to his fate.

ELOPEMENT.—We learn that a gentleman employed in a responsible position in one of the offices of the Lafayette Railroad Company, eloped the other day with the wife of a minister of Lafayette. The lady left first, on a pretended visit to friends, and he followed. Her husband went to St. Louis at a time set for him to meet her. Soon the whole truth was revealed to his broken heart. The eloper had telegraphed to his stricken wife, advising her to sell out her availables, and with her dear little ones, go home to her father. The guilty parties have not yet been heard from.—*Indianapolis Sen.*