The Erie Weekly Observer.

BY BENJ. F. SLOAN. "ONWARD." TERMS: $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 29. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1859. NUMBER 39.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

BENJ. F. SLOAN, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—SECOND STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

TERMS—$1 50 if paid within three months, or within 3 months, $1 50, if not paid within 3 months, $1 50, if not paid within the year, the paper will be charged $2 00 to pay within the year, the paper will be charged $2 50 if not paid within the year, the paper will be charged $3 00 if not paid within a proper officer for collection.

Rates of Advertising.

Twelve lines of Nonpareil, make a square.

Space	3 w.	1 w.	2 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 sq.	1 50	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
2 sq.	2 50	4 50	6 00	8 00	12 00	18 00
3 sq.	3 50	6 00	8 00	10 00	16 00	25 00
4 sq.	4 50	7 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00
1 col.	7 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
1 col.	10 00	20 00	25 00	35 00	50 00	75 00

Business Directory at $5 per annum.

Transient advertisements, six lines and under eight, $1 for first insertion and 25 cents a line, but no advertisement taken for less than one dollar.

Yearly advertisers requiring frequent changes in their advertisements, will be allowed two squares, paper, and card, for $15 a year.

Job Printing, such as Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, &c., in proportion, and for cash.

Business notices, not exceeding five lines, inserted in the legitimate business column, for $1 each insertion.

Transient advertisements required payment in advance.

Yearly advertisers will be presented half the amount of their contract, when payment is made on all except quarterly payments, which must be paid in advance.

Yearly Advertisers, discontinuing their Advertisements previously to the expiration of the contract, will be charged at full rates for the time they have stood.

Persons who advertise by the year, have the privilege of changing their business matter once a week.

Transient Advertisements must be paid for before they are taken out of the office.

Letters to the Editor, on business, must be post paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. M. AUSTIN.
Dealer in Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments, Cutlery and Fancy Hardware, north side West Park, near Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie.

S. A. DAVENPORT.
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints and Oils, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., in Central Block, over Neuberger & Sherrill's Drug Store, on State Street.

W. A. GALBRAITH.
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints and Oils, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., Sixth street, nearly opposite the Exchange.

T. S. SINCLAIR,
Successor to Stewart & Sinclair, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints and Oils, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., Corner of State and 7th Sts., Erie, Pa. Also, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, &c.

MILLER & HENRY,
Boot and Shoe Makers, Shop Fronting the Park, Rear Wright & Co's Exchange Office, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM S. LANE,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints and Oils, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., Office removed to corner of Sassafras Block, corner State Street and the Public Square, Erie.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON.
Attorneys at Law, Office in Reed's Swing Block, opposite the Court House, in the Park, Erie, Pa.
JOHN BRIGDEN. JOHN HUTCHINSON.

W. S. MAGILL,
Attorney at Law, Office in Reed's Swing's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.
Erie, Nov. 1, 1858.—26.

J. C. SELDEN,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, English, German and American Calfskins, Upper Leather, Lasts, Tools, &c., No. 2 Reed's Buildings, Machine Belting and Packing Leather, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Nails, Iron and Steel, Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State Streets.
E. A. BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON.
Successors to Barney & M'Conkey,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in English and American Hardware and Cutlery, Nails, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House.

JAMES LYTLE,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings, Second door west of Cashier's Office, Exchange Building, between the Reed Houses.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Exchange, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Collections promptly made and promptly remitted for. Office in Exchange Building, opposite Reed House, State street, Erie.

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

T. HERRON STUART.
Attorney at Law—Office, at his residence, Fourth street, east of the Episcopal Church.

MINNIG & HANYARD.
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Lard, Tallow, Hides, Furs, Poultry, Game, &c., Stand in Western Arcade, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & RATHBUN,
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Wallpaper, Magic, & Cy Goods, Reed's Block, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE J. MORTON,
Merchant Tailor, Peach st., Erie, Pa., Dealer in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., Ready Made Clothing.

JOSEPH McCARTER,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Fish, Oil, and Produce, Ship Chandlery, Water, &c., State Street, Erie.

EMPIRE STORES,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in every description of Staple City Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c., Corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in first quality Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, No. 1, Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,
Dealer in Government Bonds and Mortgages, Notes, Drafts, &c., Neatly and carefully drawn. Office on Sassafras st., Sterrett, Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the Courts of Erie, and give prompt and faithful attention to business entrusted to him, either as an Attorney or Counsellor. Office, 2d door north of the Exchange, Erie, Pa.

W. B. RUSHMORE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, &c., No. 4 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
CHEAP FOR A SHEPHERD, OVER A SHEPHERDESS.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings, Second door west of State street, Reed's Block, Erie, Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, New Block, corner of Peach and Second streets, Erie, Pa.

T. R. BLAKE,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings, Foreign and American Flowers, Ribbons, Silk Laces, &c., No. 2 Reed's Arcade, Parlors Building, fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Orders promptly attended to.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Erie, Pa. Collections and other business promptly attended to.

JOHN SWEENY,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Reed's Building, up stairs, Erie, Pa.

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Merchants in Coal, Flour, Provisions, &c., Foot of Lake Street, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Erie Brewery, Commodore Block, State street, Erie.
W. J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES,
Manufacturer and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Parlor, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Key.

S. R. CHURCHILL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Liquors—Rectified Whiskey, in the Basement of the Exchange.

J. G. BARR & CO.,
Dealers at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 10 Reed's Block, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western and Cincinnati Groceries, Provisions, &c., Cheapest and best now in the Market, Peach, Erie, Pa.
Family, farm or mechanic.
M. I. Low.

DENTISTRY.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Office and residence, fronting south Park Row, first door north of the Exchange.
Erie, July 10, 1858.

JARECKI BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of Forks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated Ware, Pocket and table Cutlery. Fancy Goods, Reed's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
24

GRAY & PARRAH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. 1 Reed's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
E. F. PARRAH.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Sole Leather, French and American Calfskins, Binding, Kips and Splits, Thread, Lastings, Gallloons, Rilands, Hammers, Awls, Nails, &c. New Block, State street.

LIDDELL, HERSHEY, & Co.,
Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Machinery, Castings, &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS E. E. RHODES,
Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's Celebrated Family Sewing Machine, at Amelia's Jewelry Store, West Park.
Stamping done to Order.

G. LOOMIS,
Dealer in a splendid assortment of rich Gilt China Tea Sets, Vases, Flowers, Mugs, Candlesticks, and a variety of Ornamental Articles.

FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES,
Such as Elegant Cake Baskets, Tea-Sets, Pitchers, Fancy Goods for Ladies, Napkin Rings, Beautiful Watches, and Fancy Goods.

Also, a splendid French Merinos and all wool House Flannels at much less than ruling prices. Very cheap for cash.
nov 13—27 BEE HIVE.

PARODY.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view:
The cheese-press, the goose-pond, the pigs in the wild wood,
And every old stump that my infancy knew.
The big linn-eum beerwood, with wide-spreading shadow,
The horses that grazed where my grandmother fell;
The sheep on the mountain, the calves in the meadow,
And all the young kittens we drowned in the well,
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens we drowned in the well

I remember with pleasure my grandfather's goggles,
Which rode so majestic astraddle his nose,
And the harness, oft mended with tow-string and "toggles,"
That belonged to Old Dolly, now free from her woes.
And fresh in my heart is the fresh maple wood pile,
Where often I've worked with beetle and wedge,
Striving to whack up enough to last a good while,
And grumbling because my old axe had no edge,
And there was the kitchen, and pump that stood nigh it,
Where we sucked up the drink through a quill in the spout,
And the hook where we hung up the pumpkin to dry it;
And the old cider pitcher, "no doing without"
The old brown earthen pitcher, the noozle-cracked pitcher,
The pain-easing pitcher, "no doing without"

And there was a schoolhouse, away from each dwelling,
Where the school ma'ams would govern with absolute sway,
Who taught me my 'rithmetic, reading and spelling,
And "whaled me like blazes" about every day,
I remember the ladder that swung in the passage,
Which led to the loft in the peak of the house,
Where my grandmother hung up her "pumpkin and sassage"

To keep them away from the rat and the mouse
But now, far removed from that nook of creation,
Emotions of grief big as tea-kettles swell,
When Fancy rides back to my old habitation,
And thinks of the kittens we drowned in the well,
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens we drowned in the well.

[From "The Constellation"]

MIRIAM DAY.

AND so they parted; and the two years rolled down the void of time The two years they had been so happy, dreaming, and thinking only of each other, waiting, watching, talking of that coming time when there would be no more parting for so long a period as the twenty-four hours; and the two years during which they had lain all this to their hearts gaped like a great grave, where lay buried the dearest thought and first fresh bloom of their lives.

Why was this parting? A hasty word, my friend, and each too proud to own the error

And they really loved? Really loved Let me tell you all about it; a common story; it is happening about us every day

Miriam Day was a good girl, not an accomplished or brilliant one. She had a pretty face, a neat hand, and a quick but quiet movement; there was no bustling about Miriam, and yet it was impossible to surprise her with her household work undone or her person in dishabille.—She was like the good business man, who sits at his desk, or quietly moves about his duty, performing more by his mere presence than the blusterer, who is everywhere, doing everybody's work

Miriam Day was young—only seventeen—and like all young people had more than a just idea of her own sagacity; and so it was, one day, that she met Harry Voorhes upon Broadway, walking, and talking closely with a lady who — was young and pretty when the first sharp pang of jealousy was over, she saw nothing but deceit in the two long years that Harry Voorhes had been pouring into her ears the declaration that he loved her better than all the world—better than he ever had loved—better than he ever would love again.

Harry had not seen Miriam; and so Miriam passed on, nursing her wrath, and turning over in her own mind what she would say to him that evening when they should meet. That he was a base, deceitful man, she made no doubt The lady was apparently an old acquaintance, or should have been, was plain from the familiarity with which he treated her; and yet he had frequently declared to Miriam that since his engagement to her he had dropped all lady friends, even now, to the bowing ones And, therefore, when Harry Voorhes came in that evening the conversation ran about this way Miriam did not wait long:

"Did you have a pleasant walk, Mr. Voorhes?" This was said with an assumed quietness, which immediately instructed Harry in all the particulars. He knew there was jealousy, and as it was a new thing he determined to indulge it for a while.

"Very pleasant, thank you," said Harry.—"Did you?" for he suspected Miriam had seen him.

"And pleasant company?" said Miriam

"Very," answered Harry. "Did you?"

"Yes," she said, with well-acted carelessness, "I met Morgan upon Broadway"

"Morgan?" Harry threw an emphasis upon the name that needs explanation.

John Morgan had been a friend of Miriam's brother—a brother who, in the recklessness of his associations, those associations that degrade the finer feelings, had not scrupled to bring to their humble home this John Morgan, a wealthy, but disgraced and characterless man; he had come seeking Miriam as a wife, from the belief that such a marriage would tend to elevate himself in the eyes of the world, while he should be getting a young and pretty woman. Beyond this John Morgan did not think. He was willing to buy, and on that ground only he placed the transaction. What was his agreement with Miriam's brother was a portion of the matter which remained between these two. He came, saw, quietly made his offer, was refused, and as quietly withdrew. His diplomatist after this was Miriam's brother, who lost no opportunity of setting before her, in the most glowing colors, the great advantages that would accrue to them both from such a marriage. And this was the John Morgan whom Miriam had met upon Broadway

But Miriam had spoken wrong. She had met John Morgan, but no word had passed between them, not even a recognition; and she had yielded so far to that find of jealousy that she had given Harry to believe she had walked Broadway with John Morgan, the man of all men he most disliked; and this was why he had said with so much emphasis,

"Morgan!"

"Of course, Morgan," Miriam retorted—"Why should I not walk Broadway with a gentleman as well as you with a lady?"

"With a gentleman, Miriam John Morgan is not a gentleman."

"Do you think you would dare say that to Mr. Morgan's face?"

How the words stung! "Dare!" What could there be worse than call him a coward? Miriam did not understand this, or, in the insanity of woman's jealousy, she did not care, and Harry gasped under the imputation, and sat silent

No passion can so hurry a woman to sacrifice as that accursed one of jealousy. A man under the influence, listens, sees, and waits; a woman strikes prematurely friend or foe, and the blows recoil upon herself. Miriam had struck a deadly one at Harry's pride, and he sat silent; man like, he would not give a weak answer, and so he gave none; and Miriam, woman like, followed up her victory

"I presume Mr. Morgan is as much a gentleman as some who profess to be, and strew their way with falsehood, and deceit."

"Meaning me," said Harry.

"Meaning you," answered Miriam.

Harry arose quietly from his seat, taking his hat, and speaking no word, passed away out of the room Miriam watched him with a falling heart. It was their first harsh words, and she thought herself wronged, while Harry knew that he had been. She sat stupidly for ten minutes, and then, when too late, ran into the entry to call him back She had fault to find with his every step. He need not have been so hasty; he should have explained; he was false, he was deceitful, and he was——gone. That covered all the rest; and Miriam threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears. She had sent him away with a cutting word; but—he deserved it; so she thought

And Harry,—to be called a coward, and a—well the word should not be spoken—by the woman who professed to love him. He would never approach her again; she did not love him, it was impossible; and then in a few hours he thought, if she loves me, and regrets her treatment, she can send and say so; she knows where I am

And so Miriam thought: if he loves me, he will come again and admit himself wrong; if he does this, I will forgive him,—not without.

And the time went on; and Harry did not come, and Miriam did not send. And so they parted. The weeks flew by, the months flew by. Miriam grew paler, and moved about less lively than before. She lacked that smile that once sat so well upon her Her brother, even, looked at Miriam in sorrow, and ceased to press the suit of Mr. John Morgan. Some good natured friend would occasionally open the wound afresh by telling Miriam how they had seen Harry Voorhes, and how they thought him much altered; how he was not so particular in his dress, and looked as though he might be dissipated. Though all this probed the wound, yet Miriam liked to hear, for the time had passed when there was any anger in her heart against Harry Voorhes; and many a day now she held long debates with herself whether she should not summon him to her. Ah! but—if he would not come;—and there came in the woman's pride, stern to death; and she lived on, living away her heart piece by piece, until one bright Summer day she heard that Harry Voorhes had sold out his business, and left New York And then Miriam felt that it was all over, and that if she could have died, there was no lack of willingness on her part.—But she lived on, with a dead mind, no longer the sprightly pretty Miriam of the days gone by, but a quiet, pallid girl, shunning society, and thinking, thinking all day long, how, for the gratification of one moment of willful passion, she had sacrificed a whole life

It is a common story hardly worth the telling, that Miriam went on keeping aloof from all those things that would have distracted her desire to brood over the result of her folly, and seeking within herself compensation in thought and study for the society she ignored And in the course of years she began to look back upon it all as a dream, and feel that she had done wrong to visit upon the world what was alone her own fault, or his; and gradually with this, she brought about her some chatty friends, and opened again the heart that had been so long shut to the fellowship of feeling Miriam's trouble had gone away, allured by the golden vision held out on the Pacific. For years she had heard nothing of him, and long since had settled in her mind his death in some of the remote mining districts. Miriam was all alone; she was fast verging to more than old maidism. Thirty years had passed over her, but time and intercourse with herself had stamped a serenity of beauty far surpassing that of the girl of seventeen It would be a hard sequel to a love like Miriam's for Harry Voorhes, to say that now sometimes she looked back upon the wasted years of her life and regretted that she had not found some one soul to whom she could be linked in the bond of respect and sympathy, if not love. But we fear the world is all alike, and Miriam Day was but a type of every woman, who, with a heart to love, finds herself at that critical age alone; something there must be on which to lavish the wealth of affection, if it be only that much-jeered at pet of an old maid, a poodle-dog.

Miriam was poor, comparatively poor, and yet rich. No embroidery was like Miriam's; and several fashionable establishments rivalled each other in the bids for her work; Miriam, therefore, did well with her labor She was a pet of old Mrs Alison, who had been a friend of Miriam's mother, and with whom Miriam now lived, feeling it home, as far as one so alone could have a home, for Mrs Alison was a good, motherly woman; and Miriam sat in her little back room, neat as a pin, and worked away all day trying to think of everything as pleasantly as possible, and learning herself once more to sing and smile. In the afternoons, good Mrs Alison would come in and chat, and then they would call over all the olden time when Miriam was a little girl, and they would laugh at the droll memories of those days, and look sad and sigh over the more mature recollections of later ones; and the good old lady would detail to Miriam all her domestic affairs, and ask her advice as to what she should do with that two pair front rooms which remained so long unlet, and whether she did not think the first hall would look better with an oil-cloth than a carpet, and all those little nothings that go so far toward making up a life. And so, as I said, the time slipped away for Miriam, and she was no longer young. Thirty is an important age for a woman; she must make her mark in life at or before that period, or her opportunity is small; and, therefore, Miriam had quietly settled down into what might with certainty be called an old maid.

Mrs Alison had come in that identical afternoon to tell how she had let the two pair front to a gentleman, with a little child, a sweet little girl, said Mrs. Alison, five years old, with black curly hair, and full board, without any cavilling. Mrs. Alison had not seen the gentleman yet.—But he was unquestionable; she had referred to the highest folk in the city, and one month paid in advance; the gentleman was an invalid, and wanted every attention, for which, he was willing to pay, and so the Lord be praised.

And Mrs Alison was pleased; why should Miriam not be The gentleman was to come the next day, and he came accordingly. There was a carriage, any quantity of trunks, the little girl, dark eyes, dark hair in ringlets, and fun sparkling out all over Miriam saw the tall dark man, well wrapped up, assisted by the coachman from the carriage, partaking the common instinct of her sex, and borrowing the front parlor window for that occasion, and from the moment Miriam saw that little dark-eyed girl she loved her, not that it could be possible that any one should see the little one without admiring her, but something better than this crept over Miriam, and she thrilled with the thought, standing there at that parlor window, that here, in that little fairy creature, was the love for which the heart had yearned so many years, and it was but the impulsive following of this thought that led Miriam to the door, as the stranger had passed up stairs, to take her from the arms of Mrs. Alison, and with just the merest little bit of a tear, to press the child to her bosom, and, while kissing, to ask her name; she answered, first in Spanish, to the utter surprise, and almost terror, of Mrs. Alison, who made no hesitation in openly expressing her astonishment that one so young should be able to speak a foreign language. And when Miriam had succeeded in drawing from her a few answers in very imperfect English, Mrs. Alison's astonishment was redoubled, that she should not speak better American. It was soon elicited her name was *Marie*—*Marie* Foresi. Her papa, Senor Foresi, was sick; so *Marie* said. He was good, and she loved him very much. *Mamma* was dead; mamma died at home. Where was home? Home was at Lima; and this was the little *Marie's* information to *Miriam*, and the commencement of their acquaintance, or rather say love; the child instinctively clinging to her, and looking up in her face with an immediate confidence. It was a delightful little affection that sprang up between those two. Marie spent all her time with Miriam, even as Mrs. Alison declared, to the excitation of the jealousy of the father, who, daily sending his respects to Marie's newly constituted friend, hoped that she would not let the little romp make herself too much at home. And such panegyrics as Marie poured out upon the head of Miss *Mary*, as she called her. This being her construction of *Mirry*, the name Miriam bore with Mrs. Alison.

Such a mixture of English and Spanish, laugh, and baby talk. A rambling dissertation upon the beautiful playthings. Miriam had put the child in possession of all the hoarded stores of toys which, in girlhood, had been her own. What a capital hand Miss Mary was at playing hide-and-go-seek; how well versed she was in all the extraordinary tales about "Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle," of which, until this time, Marie had never heard, and all those other wonderful things that Miss Mary could do, and of which little Marie entertained her father in a continuous rattle, and then she flew to join her friend again. And Mrs. Alison brought to Miriam the compliments of the Senor Foresi, and his request that as soon as he should be able to leave his room, that he might have the honor of paying his respects to the fair friend of his daughter; all of which, Mrs Alison declared, was spoken in tiptop English, with which no fault could be found, uncommon as the thing might be, and so, bless the man, if he was a foreigner, and that dear little baby girl, which so much reminds me of my poor dead and gone Lizzie, for shortness on Elizabeth Ann, who would be forty years old, come next March, if she had lived; and he paying a month in advance, just as if she had no confidence, which the Lord forbid.

Marie under Miriam's tuition was improving in her English. She could now begin to tell Miriam about her home at Lima, and how she once had a little brother who died, and a black nurse, who wore such large ear rings, and who cried so when Marie came away and went upon her knees and begged to go with Marie, but papa said no! For why, Marie did not know, and all this little prattle was delightful to Miriam who grew younger under the companionship of Marie, and always declared that her needle flew faster through the silk to the music of Marie's voice, than when alone. Miriam too, became much interested in the invalid up-stairs, even to a general superintendence under the seal of secrecy of the numerous little jellies, and soups, that were prepared for him, and an inquisition occasionally of Dr. Wilson when they met, on the state of his patient There was nothing the matter with the gentleman the doctor declared, but the debility consequent on a typhoid fever, which time, and good nursing would bring him over, with (of course) the professional skill of Dr. Wilson

Mr. Foresi would do himself the honor if perfectly agreeable; (and why not?) said Mrs. Alison of calling on Mrs. Mary that afternoon, when he would be presented by Mrs. A. He was much better, looking quite prink, and not so bad looking to begin with, to say nothing of his being mighty nice spoken, and as beautiful linen as ever she saw on the back of mortal man for which them Spaniards was well known as they deserved to be, for they had plenty of money, and no thanks to the kings, and queens, which couldn't help the same, nevertheless

And therefore the gentleman was to call upon Miriam that afternoon, and Miriam cast one or two glances in the glass, and just touched up her hair the least bit, and then another dress, and a small turn of quiet embellishment, and she sat at the embroidery frame looking, as said Mrs. Alison, "A perfect picture," though not so young as she was once't, and therefore more to be thought on as approaching the gentleman's age, for which happy consummation no one wished so much, as herself, and would pray night and day, gracious knows, for Mirry deserved all the good luck an old woman to whom she was more than a daughter wished, and so Lord bless 'em all. And Miriam looked very solemn over all this, and bent down over her work, and ran her mind back through all the vista of years, and thought, and gave one little sob internally to the memory of Harry Voorhes, as a tap came to the door and the gentleman came in leading little Mary, who dropped his hand on the instant and ran to Miriam. Mrs. Alison had but just began her introduction in most flowery form, when she was startled to such a degree that her spectacles flew, as of their own violation, half across the room, for Miriam had startled from her seat, overturning the embroidery frame, and with half a scream, half an exclamation, said—

"Harry!"

While the gentleman, with both hands for an instant clenched, and held to his breast, repeated "Miriam," and before Mrs. Alison could conclude whether it was best to faint, or call the police, they were in each other's arms, Miriam crying as though her heart would break, and the gentleman saying, "What do you think? Why just the funniest thing in the world, and yet the most natural."

"Miriam darling, it was my sister, my sister Miriam whom I had not seen so long."

And then Miriam cried, and sobbed worse than ever, and so did Mrs. Alison, and Marie, though it was all Greek to them. And *Mrs.* Alison picked up her spectacles, and wiped them instead of her eyes, and took up little *Marie* in her arms, and commenced an immediate search in her pocket for something to give the child, and finding nothing else bestowed her ancient silver thimble on *Marie* in a great hurry with many kisses.

The next hour, when *Mrs.* Alison took little *Marie* down stairs on a promise of unlimited nuts and raisins, was a marked hour in the life of Harry and *Miriam*. All those thirteen years, a lifetime, passed away like a mist, and they stood together again as they had stood in the early days; still Harry, and still *Miriam*; older, but wiser, chastened, but true. A love had come between *Miriam* in a far distant land, but *Miriam* though she might herself have loved *Marie*, the mother of little *Marie*, though Harry had loved her and made her his wife, *Miriam* thought this, because she so dearly loved her child, loved her as she had loved nothing else but the memory of Harry; and now loved her as she had loved nothing else but Harry; for Harry had pleaded that all that olden time love should come back, and the one dream of those days should be renewed, and *Miriam* consented—more than consented; and when *Marie* was asked, *Marie* consented, wildly with a shower of kisses, and a jabber of Spanish English, and English Spanish, frightful to listen to, for all its music. And *Mrs.* Alison when asked, consented; declaring that the mercies of Providence was everywhere, for which it was impossible to account. And to think that he wasn't a Spaniard after all—another thing to show Providence has its eyes everywhere—but a native born man, which was exiled. And the old lady thought a cry would do her good, with which she wouldn't interrupt the harmony of the company; and so she would retire to her own room, first asking the question,—if not too bold, as she was only an old woman, and brought up in them days when girl's didn't have much education,—but would like to know how his name came to be changed to Foresi.

Spanish way of pronouncing it, was it? Well, it wasn't much of an improvement, any more than changing *Mirry* to *Mary*, and that's a fact; or all this might have come a month ago, and no thanks to Spaniards, for all which Providence no doubt had a design.

A few months has passed away, and *Mr.* and *Mrs.* Voorhes are established in a pretty house in the upper part of the city. *Mrs.* Alison is the house-keeper, and that beautiful child you see on Broadway, flitting about like a humming bird, whom you have so often remarked for the brightness of her eyes, is little *Marie*.

"Always Forward."

In the terrible battle of Molino del Rey, which immediately preceded the fall of Mexico, Colonel Graham was ordered up from the reserve to carry a battery, from which a column of American troops had already been repulsed. The gallant eleventh, at their leader's cry of "forward," raised a hurrah, it is said, and dashed ahead. As they dashed along over the bodies of their fallen comrades, the batteries opened, tearing their ranks frightfully, and obscuring the prospect with smoke. "Forward! Forward!" cried Colonel Graham. Again the grape and cannister came crashing from the Mexican parapets. Six bullets struck the Colonel. Yet still he shouted "forward!" At last a seventh shot proved fatal. But as he reeled before he fell, he waved his sword, and cried again, "forward! my word is always forward!" His men swept on like a torrent, the story goes, carried the enemy's guns, planted the stars and stripes on the disputed walls It is possible that those gallant words, "Forward! forward! always forward!" alone saved the day.

No man knows what danger he can safely pass, what difficulties he can overcome, what apparent impossibilities he can achieve, until he has thrown himself, heart and soul, into his task, determined to succeed.

Would Washington have conquered at Trenton if he had shrunk back at the wildly running ice that threatened to impede his passage of the Delaware? Would Napoleon have been victorious at Arcola if he had stopped, despairing, on the hither side of that awful bridge? Would Wellington have won at Waterloo if he had not said, when the French cuirassiers swept round him like a whirlwind, so that he had to throw himself into a square for personal protection, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest!" A strong will, believe us, is often better than intellect itself.—There is a talisman in "Forward! always forward!"

Often in life there occurs crises when everything conspires to dishearten us. The nervous system itself becomes worn out by the severe tensions to which it has been subjected; a morbid state of feeling ensues; the poor, half-drowned swimmer is about to give up in despair. That is just the time to say to oneself "forward, always forward." To triumph under smooth skies and when the wind is fair is no honor. It is the tempest that proves who is strong-hearted. Had Col. Graham, in that terrific rush at Molino del Rey, thought only of the defeat which had preceded his attack, he would have failed in the assault; Mexico, perhaps, would not have fallen. It was the "forward, forward, always forward," ringing in the soldiers' ears, that carried them on its hurricane of high-hearted courage up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, over the parapet, triumphant into the fort. Never despair. Forward. Ay! always forward!

HOW A POLICEMAN WAS DONE.—They have got a sharp "City Marshal" in——an enterprising village on the line of the Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati Railroad. He was called upon by a rough-looking but sweet-spoken man, the other day, who said he knew where Faulhaber, the great railroad robber, had secreted a large amount of booty. It was near——, and the sweet-spoken man said he would guide the Marshal to the exact spot, only he didn't wish any one to accompany them for reasons which he was not at that time prepared to give. The Marshal was elated at the idea of making a ten-strike and immediately harnessed his horse and started off with the sweet-spoken man to the place where the plunder was "berrid."

The place, according to the guide, was in a lonely piece of woods, about four miles from ——. Arriving there the Marshal commenced digging down into the earth, with a pick-axe, in accordance with the guide's instructions. When he had got down a few inches the guide knocked him over, rifled his pockets of considerable ready money, one or two bank checks, and a valuable silver watch. He then bound the vigilant official hand and foot and started for the opening where the horse was hitched. He got into the buggy and drove to the nearest station where he took the cars for Columbus and turned the horse loose. The animal trotted home in a very praise worthy manner.

A farmer, searching for a stray cow, came across the unfortunate Marshal and untied him. The Marshal concluded to keep the incident to himself, but it leaked out—things will leak out—and his neighbors are laughing at him We know him "excellent well"—he is a firm friend, a faithful husband, a kind father, and a splendid judge of Whiskey—and so we won't tell his name or that of the place in which he lives.—But he must be sharper next time.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A novel proposition for the construction of a Transatlantic Telegraph Cable is made in the *Observer* by Mr. Sidney E Morse, the senior editor of that paper. He proposes to "place, at proper intervals, along the ocean telegraph line, air-buoys, submerged to the depth of ten or twenty fathoms from the surface, and held at that depth by cables attached to anchors on the bottom; small buoys, at short intervals, to be used as props for the telegraph wire, rendering it easily accessible for renewal or repair; and large buoys at long intervals, to be made the foundation of a platform or frame from which pillars, rising above the tops of the waves, will support there telegraphic station houses." The advantage of such a plan would be a great reduction in the risk of loss—a reduction in proportion to the number of props provided—much greater rapidity in the transmission of words through the cable thus divided, than if the whole length were to be traversed, and the prevention of a British monopoly of the line, since, under such a plan, the telegraph could be constructed at any part of the ocean as well as along the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland.

Mr. Morse submits a variety of considerations to show that this plan is entirely practicable.—According to the best authorities, the storms and currents which agitate the sea extend only a short distance below the surface, and air-buoys could, therefore, be anchored permanently and securely at a distance of ten or twenty fathoms, and made capable of sustaining a very heavy weight of cable. One such buoy would sustain a ton and a half, so that four such buoys would sustain five miles of the cable. He also submits estimates to show the feasibility of building station houses upon such submerged buoys, at a cost of not more than $10,000 each.

From the N. Y. Sporting Post.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS.

Betty Ballou, and her Blunderbuss at Taylor's Saloon.

Those who have taken the trouble to look over the advertising columns of the New York *Herald* have observed advertisements under the head of "Matrimonial," in which persons of both sexes announce themselves as candidates, and invite correspondence with this view. If we believe these announcements, the advertisers, almost without exception, are patterns of modesty, virtue, honor and intelligence; generally, too, of refinement, wealth and high social position.

It is not very long since an advertisement informed the public that a young lady of good education and accomplished manners, being convinced that the formalities of society are mostly absurd and restrictive of free individual development, would like to correspond with a man of independence and sense, with a view to matrimony. She was twenty years of age, moved in respectable society, and believed she could make a good man happy. Any such person was invited to address Betty Ballou, at the Union Square Postoffice.

A young man answered this advertisement, under the signature of Julius B. Defoe, as follows:

"MISS BETTY BALLOU: I have read your advertisement in this morning's *Herald*, and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I am a man of sense. That I am a man of independence would clearly appear to you if we should ever be married, for I would not promise to pay any more attention to a wife than I chose; and if I wanted to go to the theatre or opera with somebody else, as I probably should, I should do it in spite of her. In short, she could do as she pleased, if she chose to, and if she didn't I'd make her, and I *should* do as I pleased, whether she was willing or not. If that is not independent enough for you, I beg you not to answer this letter.

"That I am sensible, clearly appears from my mode of life. In the first place, I have spacious apartments with a private family in Fifth avenue, and manage my affairs in Wall street—with about four hours labor per diem—in such a manner that I have as much money as I want to spend or give away, go where I have a mind to, smoke in the parlor when at home, and get drunk as often as I am disposed.

"If this suits you, write and address me at the Broadway Postoffice. If it don't, do what you like.

"I will say, however, that I should be happy to see you, and think you will not find me a savage. If you are disposed to gratify me, state when and where we can have an interview.

Yours respectfully, JULIUS B. DEFOE."

Three days after depositing the above letter in the Union Square Postoffice, Mr. Defoe called at the Broadway office and found a reply awaiting him. It was written in a neat, plain hand, and the purport of it was, that Miss Betty was curious to see him, but was conscious of the impropriety of inviting a stranger to call upon her.—If, however, he would be at Taylor's Saloon at two o'clock on a certain day, he would meet her there. "Go as far back as you can," said the letter, "on the left hand side, take a newspaper in your hand and read, so I may know you.—When I enter, I will recognize you with a nod; then, please, come and sit by me."

A few minutes before the appointed time, Mr. Defoe, having provided himself with a newspaper, went to the place designated, took a seat as requested, and commenced reading. He soon observed a young man enter, walk near him, and look annoyed at his presence. Finally, however, the stranger sat down immediately in front of him, and with many looks expressive of "what business have you here?" also took out a paper and commenced reading.

"Unfortunate," thought Mr. Defoe. "If this fellow keeps on reading, she may mistake him for myself. However, when she sees he does not recognise her, she will try me."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, an elderly gentleman, with a very red nose, also came up, and politely requested Mr. Defoe to go forward and give him the seat he occupied. "I would not ask it, sir," he added, "had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain, for doing so."

"And I," rejoined Defoe, "would not deny so reasonable a request had I not particular reasons which I need not explain, for doing so."

The elderly gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, but taking the last unoccupied seat back, also took out a paper and commenced reading.

"Nothing remarkable," soliloquised Mr. Defoe, "in three men reading papers at the same time, in a row; yet, under the circumstances, it is a singular coincidence." And this suggestion derived additional weight from the fact that few other persons in the saloon were at that time reading.

But Mr. Defoe's astonishment was