THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847. NUMBER 22.

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BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
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TERMS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. 59

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STORAGE, FORWARDING AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Buffalo, N. Y. 49

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GRAHAM & THOMPSON,
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April 24, 1847. 49

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By Hiram L. Brown, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Pa. Eastern, Western, and Southern Stage office.

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P. A. R. BRACE,
Attorney and Counsellor at law, Prairie du Chien, W. T. practices in the counties of Crawford, Grant and Iowa, W. T. and in Clayton county, Iowa Territory.

WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. H. CADWELL.
June 6, 1846. 3

HARDWARE.—Shelf Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACKSON & co.
November 21, 1846. 27

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

M'GUFFEES' series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St.
Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

NEW ESTABLISHMENT,
On State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel.
G. LOOMIS & CO. are now receiving from New York and opening at their new store *an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable* JEWELRY, (embracing the latest style of work in market,) *watches, Clocks, Plated and Brittania Ware, Fine Cutlery, Steel Trimmings, Camphene and Solar Lamps, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens,* together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. *Call and see what you will see.*
June 26, 1847. 6

Cash For Flax Seed.
CASH will be paid for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER.
Aug. 27, 1847. No. 6, Reed House.

SUGARS.—*Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified,* Porto Rico, Havana, New Orleans Sugar, for sale at No. 1 Perry Block.
Aug 28 T W MOORE.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Erie, Penn'a, Oct. 1, 1847. Persons enquiring for letters in this list will please say they are advertised. Two cents is charged on every letter in addition to the regular postage.

Arnold Justina 2
App'eby Mr
Agard Wm
Ackriot George
Akerly Philip
Anderson James M
Anderson Isaac
Adams Persis E
Archer Benjamin
Brown William
Brau Thos Sr
Braddock Ranson W
Bran Thomas
Brown James 2
Bradish Catharine 1
Brubecker Levi
Breed Mrs Sarah M
Blake James
Blake Elisha
Bartlett Miss Clarissa
Bambridge Mrs C M
Batchelder Rufus 2
Bates Iris W
Barry Thos J
Ballard Rev Jos
Bates Mrs M J
Bailey Jr Gilbert
Baldwin Miss Abagail 2
Barr M R
Bartholomew W H
Baker William
Barton & Morehouse
Barton Doct M
Bawley F W S
Berry David
Bellnap Joseph
Beach Ea ad
Bell Mrs
Bemon Alanson
Birchard Delia
Bishop C J
Bishop Wm B
Booth Mrs Maria
Boyle John
Bowne Richard H
Bush William 2
Chandler Abel
Church D 2d
Chipman Hon John S
Church Isaac
Clark Patrick
Clark Thomas
Cleveland Rev Geo W
Clinkunbroomer Exaverus
Clary N R
Clark William R
Carter Isaih
Cameron Eli
Cass John
Carr William
Caldwell John B
Carter John
Card Lorenzo
Card Henry C
Cook Myron
Collen Jefferson
Cole H
Corbon Smith
Colt Angeline (Miss) 2
Cornell William
Coler Jacob or Geo Helmer
Cohoon Charles W
Cudney Benjamin
Cummings William 2
Curtis Flavius J
Curtis E H
Drake Professor
Drake Rev A J or Rev S Penfield
Drury Peter
Dempsey Mrs Jane
Day Seamour
David Eben
Day William F
Dippo Miss Susan
Dillon John
Decker Miss Mary Ann
Dickson William
Dunn William 2
Dunn Miss Harriet C
Dunn Thomas
Dulles J W
Dumond John
Dunbar Henry M
Evans E M
Emerson Leister
Enos Jessee
Eacher Siey
Elliott Miss Catharine 2
Emerson L M Mrs
Ellis Solomon 2
Eastwood Daniel
Fullerton Thomas B
Finch Joseph H
Freadly Andrew
Firmen Thomas
Foster Mr
Foster Rooth C
Folsom Charles or William Willcox
Friedelty Andrew
Fowler Reverend Doctor
Fales Phinna
Foster J L
Fross Eliza M
Gingrich Henry
Graves Polly H
Gaff Osman
Gaffield George
Glass William 2
Glenn Olive
Gray James W
Gleason Nelson
Glass Miss Martha
Goodenow M
Guffin Hanorah
Gillen Henry
Gorton Anson
Green C H
Gunnison E D
Harris Mrs Love
Hand T F
Harny Michael
Hawes J B 2
Hickox John A
Heslip Robert
Hedddetick Francis
Hill Mr (Tanner)
Hassler Susanna
Hinson Mrs Polly
Hay Rev Philip C
Hartwell Charles
Hershy Mrs Salome
Herr John
Harris Miss Cordelia
Hall James
Henton Griffith
Hawk Miss Lucinda
Hegerty Guben
Harper J
Hull Hiram
Hyland John
Hull John M
Holt Miss Mary C
Horton Orvill S
Hosmer A
Howell C G
Hurst Miss Elen
Huntly Davis
Isham Charles
Israel Ehud T
Jones & Constable 2
Jones John E
Jones Mrs Rhoda
Jones George
Jackson Nathan
Jackson Andrew
Jackson Mrs Mary A
James Abel
Johnson S C
Jenkins Isaac T
Jenny Seth
Judd Edwin
Kynaston William 2
Kelly Edward
Kendig George 2
Kenniston William
Kynaston Mrs Irene
Kelly James P
Kohn Messrs Isaac & Co
Kelleher Michael
Kellogg Oscar
Kochler Charles
Landen Amos
Leonard A G
Lockwood Mrs J P
Lane Mrs Mary E
Lee Lawrence
Loomis Nancy
Loyer Henry
Lowry Samuel
Long Christian
Loomis J B
Lich Peter
Lynch James
Lewis Rev Almond
Lytle Samuel
Lamb & Lang
Lamson Juley
Lindon Miss Mary
McCoy Wm
McKitterick Wm
McFarland John 2
McGuire Patrick
McBird J M
McCaffoy John
McCarron James
McBride John
McAdams John
McNulty Hugh
McFadyen Capt John
McMann Mary
McClure Miss Margaret
McComb John
McBride Roogger
McGloclin James
Miles Miss Teselia
Mills John
Megonin Catharine
Meagee Robert
Mack Michael 2
Maxwell S 3
Mardin J
Mahony Mich'l
Munn Philip
Messick Wm
Martin C D
Moveness James
Marshall Washington
Martin John
Martin Miss Huldah 2
Micham Augustas
Mead A J
Meneness James
Mills Mrs
Milner Margaret
Marry Michael
Mellhorn John
Miller David
Montfort Abram
More John
Morris John
Monagan Patrick
Moohr Thomas
Mumea Mrs Phebe
Meese John
Mudge Isaac R
Niles Mrs
Nickerson Mrs Phila
Oakley Wm B
Olds L W
O'Shea Michael 2
Pinny H
Parkhurst Zeba
Parker Thomas
Preston Christopher
Patten T W
Parker Capt C E
Penfold Thomas
Philips Morgan
Peffer John
Quirk James
Quack James
Riley S C
Rankin Samuel
Rawson John 2
Rice John
Joseph Round
Rundy Daniel
Ruhl Philip
Rowe John
Roe Henry A
Rowell C T
Ryman Theodore
Robb Robert
Rogers John L
Rolf Miss Samantha
Rogers Aby A
Ryan John W
Robinson Barnabus
Rusel Joseph
Rogers Anson
Smith Abel H
Smith John T
Shadduck Chauncey
Smith Chauncey R
Slocum Lewis
Spencer C 2
Shafer Miss Nancy M
Swank William
Sayer Geo S
Sweeney James
Speath John
Sloan Horace L
Snider Henry
Stillman S
Stapleton Patrick
Steel John
Starks Benjamin
Stone J
Stevenbaugh Charles
Strang James J
Stewart Miss Eliza
Staples C
Stewart Miss Margaret
Santee Michael
Searls & Hill
Searls Albert G
Sovly Mary
Thompson Thomas
Tiffany Capt
Thayer J Jr or H Philo
Teal Norman
Taft DeWitt Clinton
Tanner Joseph J
Thompson Henry
Trowbridg Michigan
Taft Truman J
Tarbell A M
Townsend H C
Thornton & Co Messrs
Tattle Joseph T
Tibbits Seth B
Terey Lizy
Talmage H O
Vedder Aber
Vedder Vanblack 3
Van Brocklin James
Van Curen Firdinand
Van Tassel John T
Wright H B
Wright Frederick
Wheeler Bonaparte
Wheeler G N
White Mrs Lucy
White Saml
White Mr
White Arthur W
Whitley Mrs Louisa C
Warren John
Warren H
Warren N F
Waterman Southwick S.
Wagner John
Wakefield Dexter
Waters Alanson
Walsh James
Walls Jesse
Weston James
Webster John
Webster Mary
Williams Samuel
Willson Genl. E C
Wilson Mrs E
Wickersham L
Willis William
Winugar William
Willson John
Woodward Joshua R
Wood M
Wynkoop H A
Woyd Orison
Woodin Rushrod
Zimmerman D
Zimmerman Miss Jane

GERMAN LETTERS.

Gottfried Bricard
August Pape
Joseph Runser
Carl Schopfer 2
George Sunder
John Hines
Andreas Seifert
Ernest Gloth or Frederick Gerlach
Mary Schluraf
Adam Wild
Andreas Erzyle Zimmerman
Lewis Dornte
Georg Schlaudecker
Barbara Runser
Nikolus Streitzinger
Philip Zaun
Franz Sandoski
Heinrich Knobloch
Jacob Sanner
M Scharrer
Christian Schnekenburger
Christian Wagner 2
Karoline Schaver
Carl Needlhaus Schumacker 2
Joseph Kist
Mr Hammerlin
C F Kramer
Michael Ruipp
Georg Justus Fredericks
J Weigand
Franz Michael Kaufman
George Taber
Johannes Valentin Yochom
Mr Zerman
Fredk Down
J Feisler

ROBERT COCHRAN, P. M.

50 BBLS. and half bbls. White Fish and Mackinac Trout, this day received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W. MOORE.
Erie, Sept., 25, 1847. 19

PRICES REDUCED.
CASTINGS, stoves, stove pipe, copper furniture, air tight sheet iron stoves, are now selling rapidly by the subscribers at less than ever, and our design is that no prices at Buffalo or elsewhere, for cash.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Erie, Sept. 25, 1847.

24 KITS No. 1 Mackerel, put up for family use, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block.
Erie, Sept. 25, 18c7. 19

RAGS wanted in exchange for tin ware by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
Sept. 25, 1847.

MUSINGS ON THE PAST.

The past! the past! ye rise before me,
And gild the darkness of my gloom;
And visions of the loved come o'er me,
When not one shadow dimm'd my home.

The past! the past! my heart is asking,
Forever for some joyous tone;
But mem'ry from her urn is casting
A mournful echo!—gone—all gone!

In vain, in vain, around me smiling,
Glide happy forms with mirth and glee;
Nor dance, nor song, the hours beguiling,
Can bid remembrance fly from me.

The unknown future dim is shining,
Beyond the present's troubled sea;
But sweet dreams 'round my spirit twining;
Are link'd bright buried past, with thee!

The eyes whose quiet lustre bless'd us,
The voices breathing music's strain;
The gentle hands which oft have press'd us,
No after years bring back again;

The summer flowers fade and wither,
But when the winter's reign is o'er,
Those children of the Sun come hither,
And glad our longing eyes once more.

But the lost for whom our tears are falling,
No future wafts back to our shore;
The wrung heart o'er their graves is calling;
But they come no more!—they come no more!

DESTINY IN A ROSE-BUD.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Reader mine, gallant sir, are you a clairvoyant? "Not given to anything of the kind?" *Eh bien*, you will assume that character for once, and for a purpose, will you not? So now we are *en rapporte* we must go back a dozen years or so. into the past. We are approaching a country village—we at the prettiest cottage it contains—we enter the blooming garden—we hear a low murmur of voices in that summer-house—we draw near, and nearer through the clustering vines.

"Ho, what a superb girl! rather youngish but a divinity, by Jove!"

"But, la, sir, don't you mark the youth at *her side? a very Antinous!*"

"He,—ah, yes, passable, barely passable, madame."

"Sir, where is your taste? look again: what a magnificent brow—what glorious eyes—what lips—what hair—and, what a form? But they are reading, and from one book; what can it be? for the young man looks sad, and the girl's dark eyes are glistening with tears. Let us catch a glimpse of the title—"Paul and Virginia!"

The town of R——, in the interior of Massachusetts, has one of the sweetest *parsonages in the world*. I do not believe it can be surpassed by anything short of some of those lovely English rectories, about which our travelers go into exstacies. It is nested in foliage and flowers, and hung about with a perfect drapery of vines. At the same time we have taken for the commencement of our sketch, it was occupied by a family of rare taste and refinement, consisting of the Rev. Charles Grey, a man of great learning and devoted piety; his wife, an excellent and lovely woman, and her niece, a beautiful girl of sxteen, but for whom the cottage home would have been comparatively desolate, for the Greys were childless.

Madeline Temple was the sole and orphan daughter of the only brother of Mrs. Grey, and was an heiress. Mrs. Grey, who had received a highly finished education in her native city, Boston, was herself Madeline's teacher in all feminine accomplishments, while her husband attended to the "classics."

I have said that Madeline was beautiful; but her beauty was of a peculiar type. It was not *attractive*—it was too proud and spirited for that except to the few who loved her and whom she loved. Her presence, even at that *early period*, was *imposing;* tall, fair and serene, she walked, rode, danced and conversed with the quietest dignity and most exquisite grace—a child in years, but an elegant woman in her ways. One powerful and predominating trait ruled and moulded her entire character—and this was *pride*, lofty, unyielding, uncompromising pride. And yet was Madeline Temple in heart most womanly—true and warm in her affections, even to passionateness, yet carefully concealing all under a manner cold, and at times forbidding. But when she smiled—ah, when she smiled, everything princess-like and chilling, everything which kept one from loving her, vanished in an instant, and Madeline was bewitching.

There was one who, though not a member of the minister's family, had been from his childhood a constant visitor. This was Edward Lawrence, the eldest son of a small farmer, living just out of the village. Mr. Grey, with whom Edward was a great favorite, had had the sole charge of his education, having undertaken to make up for the young man's want of a collegiate course and after Madelines arrival, the two pupils had pursued their studies together. Lawrence was handsome, strikingly so, but otherwise he was only distinguished for a modesty and delicate sensitiveness almost feminine. At the time when we introduced him to our readers, he had reached his twentieth year, and yet went his way, utterly and strangely unconscious that he was one to be gazed after, envied, and loved adoringly.

But there was one who felt that there was a double fascination in his unconsciousness—and this was Madeline Temple. Ere she herself in her proud unimpressiveness, guessed such a thing, her heart was irrecoverably his. Slowly, but warmly and rosily, stole the morn-rise of love up the twilight sky of a life before all cold and colorless.

And Edward—from the first year spent in Madeline's society, he had loved with more of intense passionateness than she was capable of, and with the deepest and tenderest devotion. But years passed by, and he sought no return. Madeline was rich, and he, though not altogether portionless, was no match for her on the score of wealth; and a morbid fear of the charge of mercenary motives, joined to his natural difference, effectually sealed his lips. Day after day, he was with her he loved, and with books and flowers and music, for his powerful and eloquent aids, and yet he never spoke of love. His manly pride, like a cold hand of iron, seemed crushing down his heart.

At length, when Madeline was just eighteen, her relatives in Boston, a family of wealth and high standing, became desirous of having her with them, in order to introduce her to fashionable society. Madeline was in love, but Madeline was a woman, and the brilliant life thus opening before her, had its fascinations: she was also very much inclined to test in that way the strength of the passion which had been engrossing her heart and thoughts for so long a period.

The last night of Madeline's stay had arrived and Edward was at the parsonage to take leave. It was a summer's evening, and when he rose to depart, Madeline, at his request, strolled with him toward the gate, as she had often done. When they reached the termination of the walk, she paused and held out her hand as usual. She was very pale indeed, but with her proud head thrown back, and with regal composure, she said farewell to the man whose love she prized in her inmost heart, above all the triumphs and gaities of the fashionable world. Lawrence bent over that hand—pressed it fervently to his lips—murmured a "God bless you!" and was gone.

Madeline Temple slept but little that night; she wept till almost day-break, proud creature though she was; wept as bitterly as any meek sorrowful, dear little maiden could have wept at parting with the first love of her heart.

The year that followed her return to Boston, was indeed a brilliant one for Madeline Temple. With accomplishments, beauty of a rare order and a fortune, it was a little wonder that immediately on her *debut*, she had become the rage. The history of some of the triumphs of her belle-hood even reached her old friends, in their quiet, rural retreat, and greatly were the chastened hearts of the good clergyman and his wife troubled because of the temptations which must beset the pathway of the inexperienced girl. But if they feared lest Madeline should suffer from the unworthy and mercenary, through her affections they little knew her. One only love, hidden and striven against, yet living and unconquered, was as an angel guarding the portals of her heart, and she was safe.

During the first summer of Madeline's absence, Edward Lawrence lost his father, and found himself regarded as the head of a family of younger brothers and sisters. What with sorrow for the dead and care for the living, he found no time to indulge his love with the passionate fervor and wild abandonment of romantic lovers in general; but he was nevertheless truly constant to her whose lightest word could once sound the lowest depths of his soul, and whose smile had been the sunshine of his life. She was not always in his thoughts, but she ever glided to his side when

'Sweet evening was bestowing her soft dews
Upon the earth, and shutting up the flowers
With her moist fingers, for the sleeping hours."

And when the night stole on—

"The glorious night,
When hearts beat warm and true,"

her eyes looked on him with the stars—"her face was on his sleep."

Madeline had been gone a twelvemonth from R——, when mercantile business, in which he was engaged, called Lawrence to Boston. He there became known to a distant relative and former friend of his father's, a wealthy merchant and importer. This gentleman took a lively interest in the handsome and enterprising young man, and with his wife and daughters, speedily introduced him to the most aristocratic circles of the "Athens of America," and there he again met Madeline—met her as the triumphant belle, followed, flattered and adored.

"Ah, then was the spell broken—then did the dream vanish!" anticipates my reader.—But no; after all that is said, few men have any decided objection to seeing the woman they love the fashion;—it is an agreeable voucher for their individual taste, and as for Lawrence, he found himself more irreclaimably in love than ever. Yet still his intense pride, his shrinking fear of the charge of unworthy and sordid motives, kept him from an open declaration of his honest sentiments.—Madeline, who saw with keen but carefully concealed pleasure his fervent growing attachment, was piqued at its long delayed avowal, for she did not know her lover sufficiently to understand his pride and high sense of honor. But an unlooked for event accurred to hasten matters to a crisis. The merchant friend of whom we have spoken, desired to send out an agent with one of his vessels to some foreign port, and offered the situation which was a very lucrative one, to Lawrence. The poor young man was in an embarrassing position. For the sake of his family, who stood in need of his assistance, he knew that he ought to go, but if he went he must be absent two years; and his *love* "ah, there was the rub!" He at *length* concluded to *seek* Madeline, and let her decide for him, resolving if he went, to go only as a rejected man.

It was a lovely June evening, when Edward Lawrence slowly and thoughtfully turned his footsteps toward the splendid mansion which was Madeline's city home. On his way he chanced to meet a little flower-girl, who begged him to purchase something from her basket. The boquets were nothing elegant, but the child had a sweet voice, and a beautiful blue eye, and he bought one bunch of her simple flowers. He was then surprised to find among the reddest roses, blown to the last extremity, common violets, and stiff sweet-williams, one fresh and most exquisite moss rose bud, standing out like a little princess from a crowd of plebeians. Detaching this, and flinging the others aside, he bore it as a trifling present to Madeline. He found her lightly and elegantly attired for a ball, which was to be given at one of the fashionable hotels by the navy officers then in port. Lawrence had received an invitation, but had forgotten it, and he was now half angry with himself that he could not be the knight in attendance upon Madeline, she having engaged to accompany Lieut. S——, a brave sailor and gallant gentleman, to whom the *world* had long ago affianced her.

But Madeline received her lover's simple offering with a smile, and this he interpreted as a favorable omen. The hour for the ball was drawing nigh—he saw that there was no time for delay, and immediately and somewhat abruptly, acquainted her with his friend's generous offer. Madeline, for once thrown off her guard quickly and feelingly exclaimed,

"But you will not go, dear Edward, you surely will not go!"

The face of the lover shone with sudden joy, and taking her hand tenderly in his, he replied,

"No, Madeline, I will not go if you bid me stay, for your sake. I must tell you now what for long years I have tortured myself to conceal. My purposes and hopes all centre in you—my very life is bound up in yours!—I love you, Madeline, wildly, adoringly—must it be in vain? speak, answer me, dearest!"

But Madeline was silent. This long-delayed triumph, this deep and immeasurable joy, seemed to have rendered her speechless—and there sat Edward, still holding her unresisting hand in his, and gazing upon her with his dark, passionate eyes, vainly striving to read her glowing and tumultuous heart, through her pale, calm face.

"Lieutenant S—— has called for Miss Temple," said a servant, entering. Lawrence started up and hurriedly said—

"I cannot press you for a reply at this time, but if I have not presumed too far, let me see you wearing *my* rose-bud, to-night."

Madeline raised her eyes, smiled and—the Lieutenant at that instant entered the room. Lawrence, after briefly passing the compliments, took his leave, and Madeline greeted the new-comer with her usual serene smile, admirably preserving her tranquil and Duchess-like demeanor.

"A splendid looking fellow, that," said the Lieutenant, "an old acquaintance of yours, I hear, Miss Temple?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence is a handsome man—and we were school-mates in our childhood."

"Ay, ay, I understand—when you were boys together—'How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood'—shall we go?"

One word as to the Lieutenant. In person, he was a man of mark—superbly formed and strikingly graceful: a fine dancer, an admirable waltzer, and he sat on a horse like a cavalier of old, and very unlike a sailor. His face was not regularly handsome, but it was frank, *manly and sunshiny*. *There was no denying* that he was a little too wild, rash and rattle-headed—rather to much given to flirtations and gallant speeches, but he was, after all, a noble fellow in the main.

When Lawrence reached the ball-room, he found Madeline, as usual, surrounded by a group of admirers, and looking more brilliant and joyous, more gloriously beautiful than he had ever seen her. As he drew nearer, he marked, with a thrill of joy, amid the rich folds of lace which fell over her magnificent bust, his own moss-rose bud, its red lips eloquent of love and hope. Seeing that she had not observed his entrance, he leaned against a pillar at a little distance, and gazed upon her with a new and exquisite feeling, the consciousness of *possession*.

Suddenly came a peal of music thrilling to the hearts of amateurs and the heels of dancers, and the next moment Madeline Temple and Lieutenant S—— were whirling in the waltz. Lawrence was not precisely jealous but he felt hurt and amazed that she whom he considered his betrothed, could join with another in that dance which seems to have been invented for lovers alone, and wearing as she did that type of accepted love, that *rose*-bud on her breast. Ah, Edward Lawrence never learned the waltz—he knew nothing of its wild fascination—he never felt the "dizzy delight" known to the enthusiastic waltzer.—Look at us—we may be languid or literary—finding fault with the weather, or quoting Carlyle; the air vibrates with the notes of a favorite waltz; and away we go, round and round, like gay barques in a whirlpool of delicious intoxication!—or like mad planets, swiftly circling in an orbit of light and music. "Oh! who can tell how hard it is to" keep off the floor, with the fine waltz music "tugging at one's *heels*,"—a flirt will sooner take a round or two with her brother, a fashionable man with his wife. Had Lawrence known all this, he would, doubtless, have taken Madeline's waltzing with his rival less at heart; but as it was, after following her with his eyes for a few moments, he turned away and sought composure and cool air, on the balcony of the hotel. Madeline, who had first seen him as he left the crowd which surrounded the waltzers, guessed with womanly tact the cause of his uneasiness, and soon requested to be led to her seat. A changed being was she as she sat thoughtful and troubled, watching the figures, as they whirled by her in a kaleidoscopic succession of rich dresses and brilliant uniforms. She grew dizzy at last, and casting down her eyes, missed the precious rose-bud from its place!

She had dropped it in the dance, and she gazed about her for it, eagerly, but in vain. Presently, however, the Lieutenant, who had quitted her for a few moments, *returned*, and a glance showed her the lost flower conspicuously hanging from a button hole in the immediate neighborhood of that gallant officer's heart.

"I believe that is *my* flower," she said, holding out her hand.

"It *was* yours, I know—I found it on the floor, yonder, and you surely will not take it from me, now that you have *worn* it and hallowed it; unless indeed," he added, "it is some floral *gage d'amour*—there is often more than pefume wrapped up in a rose-bud."

Madeline was startled; the old instinct of proud reserve was roused, and she carelessly answered—

"No, indeed, it is of no consequence—keep the flower if you wish," and turning, she began chatting merrily to a superannuated beau at her side. But suddenly she looked around again with a start, for she heard the Lieutenant say,

"Look here, Lawrence, see what a trophy I have won! I challenge any one to show a like favor, received from the belle of the evening."

"You are indeed fortunate," replied Lawrence, casting on Madeline a glance of scornful reproach—such a glance as one of her haughty spirit but ill could brook. She saw at once that her lover was putting a harsh though natural construction on his rival's possession of the flower, and feeling herself wronged and humiliated by his judgment, her eyes flashed on him indignantly, while her fine lip curled with a smile of infinite scorn. "He thinks me a heartless coquette," to herself she said, "and never shall he see me stoop to convince him of his error."

Once only during the remainder of the evening, did Edward find opportunity to speak with Madeline, and then it was he said, in a tone of startling estrangement—

"I should have hoped, Miss Temple, that in rejecting the offered love and devotion of a life, you would have chosen a mode less painful and a place less public. Your triumph is, however, complete."

"I do not comprehend you, sir," she coldly replied;—then suddenly changing her manner, she added with mock gaiety, "By the way, if you are troubled about that poor little rose-bud, the Lieutenant will doubtless return it to you; but don't let it blow out into a duel I pray you."

And thus they parted—those two proud, unyielding beings, mistaken, estranged, and miserable at heart. Once again did Madeline see her lover; on leaving the ball-room, an indefinable feeling prompted her to look back, and standing directly beneath the brilliant light of a chandelier, she beheld Lawrence. His face no longer wore a look of anger, not even of reproach; it was intensely sad, touchingly, hauntingly mournful, and this last expression was present to her dreams that night—was before her when she waked, and left her never.

But on reaching her home, Lieut. S——, who had seen that something was wrong between Lawrence and Madeline, and had a shrewd suspicion of how matters stood, and that the rose-bud was indeed of value to the lady, returned it playfully, saying,

"I fear I have been presuming and selfish in keeping this little flower. Pardon me, and accept it again, though it is now sadly withered." And she took it without a word.

The next day Madeline did not go out, but sat listening nervously to every ring of the bell, confidently expecting the speedy coming of her fiery spirited lover, to seek a reconciliation after the painful misunderstanding which had been brought about in a manner so unexpected, and by means apparently so trifling. But she did not yet know Lawrence. She had to deal with a nature as proud as, and far more sensitive than her own; and so hours wore on, and he did not come, and days went by, and she received no message, until a whole week of suspense and unhappiness had passed. At length, on returning one afternoon from a ride, the servant handed her a card, saying,

"The gentleman called while you were out."

Madeline saw that it bore the name of Edward Lawrence, turned it over, and found these words pencilled on the back:

"I called to make my adieu. The Orient sails to-morrow. I have been spending a week at R——. Your friends there are well. God bless you! E. L."

Madeline sought her room, and for the first time, gave way to bitter and remorseful sorrow. She viewed herself in the most unamiable of lights, no longer blamed Lawrence for his rashness, and the mad jealousy which but proved to her his love, and before she slept, she wrote, though only after many unsuccessful efforts, a meek, loving, and most womanly letter of *recall*.

This at breakfast-time she handed to a servant, with directions to convey it immediately to the ship. For a full hour sits Madeline at the window, watching for the return of her messenger. At last *she sees him turn the* corner of the street. Oh, how slowly he loiters along! He stops a moment to speak to an orange-woman—now to read a play-bill—will he never come!

Yes, he is at the gate, and Madeline bounds down the steps to meet him—he reaches out a letter—Oh, Heaven, it is her own!

"The Orient sailed this morning at sunrise, madam."

* * * * * *

Two years had passed, and Madeline was still unmarried. She was now less of a belle, less bloomingly beautiful than formerly, but she was still a surpassingly lovely woman.—And Madeline was constant to her first love—constant though she never heard from her lover, except casually and indirectly, through his friends at Boston, or hers at R——. Madeline Temple was not a miserable woman—in the life which she led, she had little leisure for the indulgence of sorrow, neither had her proud spirit so utterly forsaken her; but she was not happy, she was not *at rest,* and after all, perfect *repose* best expresses the happiness of woman. She found much pleasure in looking forward to the return of the Orient, and a succeeding reconciliation with the only man whom she had ever loved. It was early autumn, and she had heard that the Orient was expected daily.

'Twas night, and Madeline Temple was splendidly attired for a fashionable party,—She had arranged the last ringlet, clasped the last bracelet, and it was not yet time.

"Bring me up the evening paper, Jenet," she said to her maid. It had been her custom of late to look carefully over the late arrivals of vessels in the port. The journal was brought, and the first announcement which met her eye was that of the arrival of the Orient, from a two years' trading voyage. Joyful, hopeful, a young-hearted being once more Madeline thankfully lifted her eyes to Heaven—then dropped them to the paper again, to see if the blessed intelligence was indeed there. Alas, they fell upon a paragraph of a different nature! Gasping for breath she read the following:

"DISASTER AT SEA.

"During the late storm off our coast, the ship Orient had two of her seamen swept overboard, and in endeavoring to save them, a gallant young man, Mr. Edward Lawrence, lost his life. It adds to the melancholy interest of this event to know that Mr. Lawrence, who was in the employ of the ship's company, was just returning from a two years' absence from friends and country, and perished in sight of land."

When they sought Madeline to bear her to *the brilliant soiree, they found her sitting with* despair upon her brow, unutterable anguish at her heart, the mocking gems flashing in her hair and on her bosom, and the paper she had been reading grasped convulsively in her jewelled hand. She wept not—she spoke not—she saw not those around her; but at length, shriek after shriek broke from her lips, and she fell prostrate. They laid her on her bed, and weeks passed before she rose again. When sufficiently recovered, she desired to be conveyed to her friends, at R——, and ere long she was under their peaceful roof once more.

Impelled by an intense yearning for sympathy in her affliction, Madeline Temple paid an early visit to the widowed mother of Edward Lawrence. The good woman at first received her somewhat coldly, but when Madeline told of her fond and faithful love for the lost one, explained their misunderstanding, meekly confessed her own error, and revealed the grief which was wearing away her life, the stricken woman wound her arms tenderly around her—leaned the young mourner's head upon her bosom, and they wept together.

"Oh, my mother," said Madeline, looking up; "on *that night*, one frank word of explanation, one smile of affection from me, and all would have been well. But my sinful pride drove him from his country, and has at last broken your heart and mine."

Edward, who had always made a confidant of his mother, had spoken freely to her of Madeline, in his letters, but always as though he could not believe that she had ever loved him. In the last one received from him, was the the following passage, which the mother read to Madeline at her earnest request:

"I wrote to Madeline Temple, dear mother, as you advised. When I first loved her, when we both were very young, *we once read 'Paul and Virginia'* together. I wrote to her after visiting 'the lone Indian Isle,' the scene of that most exquisite romance, and enclosed a flower from the grave of Virginia. On that mournful spot, which in spirit I had often visited with her, my heart went back to the sweet days of old—Madeline came before me, mother, the being I once believed her, all loveliness and truth, and not what I afterwards found her, a beautiful incarnation of unwomanly coldness and pride; and for the first time since my boyhood, I wept, for I seemed to be standing over the grave of my own love."

"I never received that letter*!* God knows I never received it!" cried Medeline, her whole frame quivering with anguish.

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In an arbor whose clustering vines are just tinted with the gorgeous hues of early autumn, in the garden of the parsonage of R——, sits Madeline Temple, now grown exquisitely ethereal in her waining beauty. On a light stand before her, is placed an elegant rose-wood box, filled with precious things, beautiful keepsakes and costly jewels. There is the magnificent diamond, the modest pearl, the sparkling *ruby*, the serene sapphire; but not on these she gazes with those sad, tearful eyes. From beneath them all she has taken a small and much worn volumn—it is the romance of St. Piarre, "Paul and Virginia."—She opens where pressed between its leaves, lies a frail and colorless thing, a rose-bud faded and withered. On *this* are fixed her mournful eyes, and as she gazes, her thoughts *go down far, far into the blue depths of ocean,* to where sleeps a beloved one, with the sea grass waving o'er him. His pale, sad face is turned upward, and the swell of the waters lightly lift its dark, brown hair, and the cold, white hand which lies across his breast.—And she, that desolate one, faintly murmurs, "Oh, my first and only love!—my poor, lost Edward, in this little rose-bud once were folded *your destiny and mine.*"—*Phil. Evening Post.*

☞ General Tom Thumb, although the greatest man of his inches in America, respectfully declines a nomination for the Presidency. He prefers the Museum to the White House, and the smiles of the ladies to those of politicians.

WIFE SELLING.—We find the following in the St. Louis Union, of the 21st:

Sold—Yesterday one Callahoon, sold his wife, a fine looking white woman, to James Todd, for $50. A regular bill of sale was drawn up, and every thing arranged in accordance with the most approved mercantile forms.

Judge Garnier, of Pensacola, committed suicide at that place a *few days* since. The act was committed with the utmost deliberation, in consequence of poverty. Judge G., after directing notes to all persons whom he owed, tied some bricks in a towel, which he fastened to his body and threw himself into the water.