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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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AUTUMN.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Once more amid the harvest fields with Autumn's stores
abundant,
With flowers and fruits and golden grain in rich profusion
crowded,
Behind our steps the Summer fates, before us all appear
The hues that with their glory paint the closing time of year.

Once more we've seen the genial earth fling water from
her arms,
For us unfold her mighty heart and give us all her
charms,
Once more we've met the Summer's sun amid the blaze
of June,
And gathered Nature's bounties in, beneath the harvest
moon.

The forest leaves, of late so fresh, lie strewn and withered
around,
The birds of the coming winter storm, sweep o'er the
naked ground,
The winds that fill the living air have spread their woe-
ful wing,
Afar beneath a sky, to seek another spring.

Yet though the circling seasons change, and each re-
sumes its right,
Oh, not for this we grieve to see the year's departing
train,
For hopes that flush the vernal hour have found their
rich reward,
And smiles should cheer the wintry hearth where plenty
decks the board.

Like men we met our honest toil with every rising morn,
Like men we bore the fervid heat amid the heading corn,
And now with grateful hearts we come to bless the bounte-
ous Power,
Whose goodness sent the ripening sun, and poured the
kudly shower.

And still to seek thy fostering hand and own thy constant
care,
May we and ours to endless years thy constant name de-
clare,
Thine are our fields, and flocks, and herds, and all that
crowns our days,
And still to thee Almighty Lord, eternal be the praise.

FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

BY GRACE BRWELL.

We make our own path, and sing our own shadow up-
on it.—L. E. L.

"I declare," said Mrs. Fenton, "it's too bad that I should be neglected!" and she uttered her hat string and threw aside her shawl while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks burned with the resentment which she felt towards her husband. "Here I've sat ready and waiting for three long hours; but it's too late to go now, for the fair closes at five," and she looked at her watch. It wanted only twenty minutes of that time. "He knows how very anxious I was to go," continued she, "and it's shameful, after promising me he would surely be here at three, to break his appointment. But I presume he has never thought of it since, and will have that for an excuse when he comes that he had forgotten it, as he has several times before. Forgotten! Yes, that is the way now, although a year of our wedded life has not yet flown!" and the tears of vexation and disappointment, which she had long been striving to repress, burst from her eyes. Suddenly she started up, exclaiming—"I will not be so foolish as to sit here and weep: I will let him see when he dares come that I have some independence, and can at least show my resentment for his conduct. I will not pass it lightly over as I have done—I am not to be trifled with any longer; but I will go and spend the rest of the day with Mrs. Thomas."

So wiping her eyes, and casting a hasty glance at her really pretty face in a mirror, she put on her shawl, and, tying the strings of her hat with a jerk that showed the excitement she was under, hastened from the house for fear that if she lingered her resolution to act so decidedly against the wishes of her husband would fail: for he had expressed strongly a desire that she would not visit with that lady at all.

It was nearly nine in the evening when Mrs. Fenton returned. Her husband was alone in the parlor reading; he rose as she entered the room, laid aside his book, and, greeting her with his usual kind smile, drew an easy chair for her by his side before the fire, which was burning cheerfully in the grate.

She answered coldly, and without appearing to notice the proffered seat, sat down on an ottoman by the table, although the night was cold and chilly, and, taking up an annual which lay upon it, began to read.

Mr. Fenton bit his lips, for he could hardly refrain from laughing at this unusual and strange behavior. He was not long in conjecturing the cause of her displeasure; but as she had taken such novel measures to make him sensible of it he thought he would not notice it, and see how she would proceed.

"Fanny," said he, good humoredly, "I concluded to stay at home with you this evening instead of going to the counting-house. Jane told me when I came to tea that you would probably be in soon, and so I have been sitting here, expecting you for two hours or more."

Mrs. Fenton made no reply; she was apparently deeply absorbed in the contents of the book before her.

"Was that Mrs. Seymour," perseveringly continued her husband, "who was talking with you just now in the hall?"

"No," replied Mrs. Fenton, still keeping her eyes fastened upon her book—"it was Mrs. Thomas."

Mr. Fenton was silent a moment.

"Have you been there this evening?" asked he, somewhat earnestly.

"Yes."

Mr. Fenton was surprised and a little displeas-
ed; for he knew that she was well aware how he disliked Mr. Thomas for his meanness in some business transactions which had passed between them, no less did he that gentleman's wife for her slandering tongue and gossiping habits. He made no remark upon it, however, but still tried by cheerful observations to draw her into a conversation that would dispel the gloom from her brow; but she steadily repulsed every effort by frigid monosyllables, until at last, tired of his un-

less endeavors, and withal a little angry, he determined to leave her to herself until her resentment had abated, which he did not doubt would after a few hours' reflection; so nothing was said that night about the broken engagement.

The next day passed, and the next, and still no explanation had ensued. Mrs. Fenton, who was now really angry, was cold and silent; she considered herself ill-treated, and was determined to persist in her taciturnity, until her husband should make some apology for not coming to attend her to the fair, as he had promised; while he no less stubbornly kept his resolution of letting her alone until she recovered her good humor, remained in his counting-room, except when obliged to come home for his meals. He was surprised to see such a disposition in one whom, until now, had been all love and gentleness. Instead of his former warm welcome when he returned from business, she met him with cold words and averted eyes.

Mr. Fenton came home to dinner; he had been thinking the matter over all day, and had at last come to the conclusion that, as he was the first to blame in not explaining why he could not have kept his appointment with her, he should take the first steps toward a reconciliation; for he doubted not that her heart, like his own, was all the while aching for one. Dinner was eaten in silence, as usual; and after they had risen from the table, Mrs. Fenton approached the sofa, upon which his wife sat, busily occupied with tying knots in the corners of her pocket handkerchief, and commenced somewhat abruptly with—

"Fanny, I have noticed that, for the last few days, there has been a striking alteration in your manner towards myself. Now, if I have displeased, I wish you to tell me frankly; for I like the course which you are pursuing is likely to do anything but make the matter better. Indeed, I can hardly imagine how such a trifling thing as that fair should ruffle your temper as it has done."

Here Mrs. Fenton, who, since her husband had begun to speak, had been patting her little foot with an air of impatience upon the carpet, put her handkerchief to her eyes, for these remarks were anything but conciliatory.

Mr. Fenton regarded her for a moment in silence, and then sat down by her side, and drawing her hand within his own, said—

"Fanny, let us end this foolish quarrel here. Why should you make yourself so unhappy. (It did not trouble him, of course, or he would not have been so pointed as to say yourself.) I think it was very foolish to act as you have done."

Fanny, who was just on the point of yielding to the promptings of her better feelings, drew her hand suddenly away as he uttered this last sentence.

"Indeed, Mr. Fenton," she exclaimed, indignantly, "do not trouble yourself about my foolish actions. Perhaps I am not so very unhappy as you think. If you do consider the promises you make to me as trifling affairs, and leave me alone for several days to amuse myself. I think I can find something to interest me, for I trust I have friends, Mrs. Thomas—"

Her intended remark was cut short, for she had touched upon a subject that angered her husband, and he rose abruptly, caught up his hat, and left the house.

He proceeded to his business, but affairs of heart occupied his mind more than those of a pecuniary nature, and, after making innumerable mistakes in casting up accounts, he put down the pen and again started for home; for now the first flush of anger was over, he was wise enough, spite of his pride, to see that he had not taken the right course to correct her; and that, had he approached her with more of kindness and less of reproach, she would not have resisted his attempts at a reconciliation; but now he would go and tell her plainly the reason why he had been unable to keep his appointment, and explain all, as he doubted not but that he could to her satisfaction.

As he was passing down the street, he was joined by an acquaintance who asked, as they walked together, why that handsome foreign looking stranger was whom he had met in company with Mrs. Fenton a short time before?

Mr. Fenton did not know.

"Some old and dear acquaintance, I should judge by their conversation as they passed me," continued his companion, "for they seemed very happy to see each other. Zounds! man, what makes you change color so? You are not jealous, I hope! for, to come to the point, Seymour told me he thought it must be your wife's brother, who was expected from Europe."

Mr. Fenton made no reply. It could not have been Mr. Eaton for his last letter told that he had changed his mind and should not return home until the ensuing spring. The thought had entered his head that it was no other than Charles Howard, a former rival of his for the hand of his wife, whose name was then in the city, and although he did not doubt the love and constancy of Mrs. Fenton, he was not quite satisfied that they should meet as affairs now stood. He reached the house, and not finding his wife below, as usual, proceeded to her chamber. He paused as he drew near the half open door, for he saw her form reflected full in a mirror which hung opposite. She sat upon a sofa, with her head bent dreamingly upon her hand; her face was pale, and her eyes looked red with weeping. Fenton's heart smote him, and pity for her, who had left father, mother, friend and home for his sake, took the place of resentment. He was just going to clasp her in his arms, when an action of hers arrested his attention, and he stood transfixed with amazement. She was passing for her lips a miniature, which he was now for the first time observed that she held in her hand. Did his eyes deceive him? No, it was a miniature, and a gentleman's, too! Mr. Fenton's face assumed first

red and then an ashy hue. Surprise and jealousy agitated his bosom. The miniature was not his—he never had one. He could not see the features distinctly; but his imagination pictured it as the likeness of Howard!

"Alas! how could I have been so foolish!" he heard her exclaim, passionately, "as to disregard his love! Yes, I deserve to be unhappy, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, my God!" came involuntarily from the lips of the listener.

Mrs. Fenton started, and hastily concealed the picture in the folds of her dress, while a deep blush overspread her face as she saw her husband standing before her.

But the action and the blush were both observed by the eagle eye of the wretched man, and they confirmed him the more in his newly awakened suspicions; he turned abruptly and rushed from the house. For nearly an hour he traversed the street, heedless where he went or who beheld him. How suddenly had his cup of happiness been poisoned, and his love and confidence changed to despair and distrust! The being whom he loved better than even life itself, and upon whom he had lavished the wealth of his heart's best affections, had proved false to him. Her late conduct, with every trifling word and action, now appeared to him in a new light.

The days of his courtship had been stormy ones; but he had succeeded, spite of a crowd of wealthier and more distinguished admirers, in bearing off in triumph the hand of the beautiful Fanny Eaton, although for a long time it was doubtful whether the handsome merchant Fenton or the rich banker Howard should win her. Some whispered that she loved the latter, and had given her hand to Fenton in a moment of caprice. 'Till now, he had heard it as the idle tale of envy, and believed that he had received her heart with his hand. How could she have deceived him so! But it was plain that he had been deceived. What should he do? How could he act? He was confused and irresolute. A new thought struck him: he was to have gone to Washington on business the next week, and he could start off now, and so let matters rest until he had time to think upon the course which would be best for him to pursue—until he was calmer, for he wished to do nothing rashly or without proper reflection. It wanted then but a short time of the hour when the steambath which he would take left the wharf; so he hastily packed a few articles of clothing in his trunk, and writing a short note to his wife, stating briefly that he had left town on business and would probably be gone several weeks, he went on board, and was soon on his way to the metropolis of the Union.

Mr. Fenton was greatly surprised and shocked by his sudden departure. He, who had never left her for hardly for a single day, was now to be absent weeks, and perhaps months—and then to part unreconciled, without even a kind look of word to cheer her during his absence! It was unjust—it was cruel. If he had loved her as she did him, he could not have done so.

A week had passed away—a week of misery, such as the light heart of Fanny Fenton had never before known. Left to herself, she saw things in their true light. She saw how great a fault had been hers in conducting towards one who, until she had willfully provoked him, had always been kind and indulgent, and she would have given worlds could she have fallen upon his neck and begged his forgiveness for her folly. She could not even write, for she knew not where he would be; she would reach him: and so she had nothing to do until he returned but to weep over the past and make resolutions for the future.

One morning, as she sat brooding over the events which had transpired, a servant came in, saying there was a gentleman below who wished to speak with her immediately. Perhaps was her first thought, he brings me some news from Henry, and with a heart fluttering wildly between hope and fear she hastened to the parlor.

It was no one but her husband's partner, Mr. Seymour; but what could he want of her at that early hour? He rose from his seat as she entered the room, and his solemn manner as he bid her good morning struck her, and a vague, indefinite presentiment of some coming misfortune with which her husband was connected darted through her mind. There was an awkward silence of a moment, which Mr. Seymour broke, by saying—

"Mrs. Fenton, I am speaking of your husband, and am pained to say that I have sad news to communicate concerning him," and he paused to see the effect of his words before he proceeded.

Mrs. Fenton trembled like an aspen. She knew it was something terrible by his manner; and she dared not ask, for she feared to know, and she waited in silence for him to continue.

"Mr. Fenton had met with an accident while in Philadelphia," he said, evidently making an effort to go on with the subject. "In stepping from the cars, just as the train was entering the depot, his foot slipped, and he fell under the track, and—was badly injured."

A sudden paleness overpread the countenance of the listener, and she exclaimed, in a voice made husky with strong emotion, "Where is he now? Tell me, that I may go to him."

"No," interposed Mr. Seymour, nearly as agitated as herself, "he will soon be here; but be calm, for he is very dangerously hurt." He paused and turned away his head, for he could not bear to tell the worst.

The watchful eye of Mrs. Fenton saw it, and grasping his arm, she exclaimed, wildly: "That is not all you would say. Tell me—oh! tell me for the love of God, is he yet alive?" and she looked imploringly up to his face. "You do not answer me!" she continued, frantically. "He is—oh! my God, he is dead!" and her hand slid resistless from his arm, and she sank lifeless upon the floor.

The hours flew by and night came. Lights were glancing, and footsteps hurrying to and fro, and all was sorrow and confusion in the mansion of Henry Fenton. The owner had been brought home dead! His wife had looked upon his altered and disfigured countenance, and long fainting fits had ensued; now she was delicious, and in a high fever, and it was doubtful if she would ever recover from the shock which this dreadful accident had given her.

Weary and care-worn, Mr. Fenton had reached the capital and put up at one of the hotels in the city. On his way he had been robbed of his pocket-book, containing every dollar he had with him, together with notes to a large amount; but he had fortunately met with an acquaintance, who kindly lent him money to defray the expenses of his journey. The excitement attending this, added to his already full cup of troubles, threw him into a fever, which, although not violent enough to be considered dangerous, was sufficiently so to confine him to his room for several days.

It was a gay season at Washington, and although Fenton had many friends there, he kept himself shut up, aloof from every one. He would sit all day absorbed in his own gloomy reflections, heedless of the busy throng and light laugh of passers-by beneath his window. One afternoon as he sat thus, there came a rap at his door. He returned no answer; for he was in no mood for visitors, and did not like to be disturbed in his reflections, bitter though they were. The rap was a second time renewed, and immediately the door was thrown open, and Frank Eaton, his wife's brother, stood before him.

Fenton was much surprised at seeing one whom he supposed wandering in a foreign clime, no less than was Eaton at the changed and haggard looks of his friend, which he attributed to his recent illness.

"I did not know," said he, after the first questions natural to old friends and classmates had been asked and given, "until within an hour, that you were in the city, and then it was by hearing accidentally some one mention your name. I made immediate enquiry, and learned that you had been here sick for nearly a week, and so I hastened with all speed to see you."

Fenton replied that he had been, but was then almost well.

"But how do you get along at home?" said Eaton. "And how is sister Fanny—you have not told me yet."

"She was well when I left her," replied Fenton, solemnly.

"By the way," continued Eaton, without noticing the manner in which his friend replied to his question, "I suppose Fanny told you of the flying visit I made her, as I passed through town week before last. I wanted to see you very much; but as I was under the necessity of meeting my guardian on such a day, I was obliged to proceed directly on my journey, after spending fifteen minutes with my sister. But she did not excite your jealousy by that miniature, did she? She was in raptures with it that I thought you might have cause to be so."

"Miniature—the miniature?" exclaimed Fenton, springing from his seat with an energy that fairly shook the floor. "Whose was it, and how came she by it? Quick—quick—tell me!" and he grasped his companion by the shoulder with an eagerness that made him doubt his sanity.

"Why, man, what is the matter?" replied Eaton, in a tone of surprise. "As to the last question, I gave her the miniature; and to the first, whose should it be but your own?"

"Mine—the miniature mine?" stammered Fenton. "How could that be? I am sure I never had one taken."

"Well, but you did though; and if you will sit down, and not stand there staring with open mouth, as if the moon had just fallen to your feet, I will try and explain by what mysterious means it came into my possession. While I was in Italy, I happened to be present at an auction of paintings, and to my inexpressible surprise saw your face among the collection. On inquiry, I found it was painted by Hambleton, a young American artist. You must remember him—that tall, pale-faced student that graduated shortly after we entered college? He was a fine fellow, and bid fair to be a genius of the first rank; but he died while studying the arts in Italy's sunny clime. His sickness was long, and he was not wealthy; and after he died, his pictures were obliged to be sold to defray the expenses of his funeral."

"Yes, yes—I recollect him perfectly now," said Fenton, musingly, "and I did sit to him once for my picture, but I was not aware that he ever finished it."

"It appears that he did," replied his friend, "and a most faithful likeness it was, too. I purchased and had it reset in the handsomest frame I could procure, intending it for a present to my sister when I returned to America, thinking it would be the most acceptable one I could offer, unless her feelings and taste had undergone a great change since I last heard from her; and I found that I was not mistaken, for when I presented her with it, she was in ecstasies, and even had the audacity to kiss it over and over again before my face."

"Fool—fool that I have been," exclaimed Fenton, "to distract one who loves me so well! Oh, my accursed jealousy! I can never forgive myself for it!" and turning to his friend, who stood viewing him with silent amazement, he related all that had transpired, his unjust suspicions, and precipitate departure.

It was towards the close of the day, as Mr. Eaton sat by the window, amusing himself by watching the passers-by, a deep groan started him, and, looking around, he saw Fenton, his face as white and ghastly as death, with a paper in which he had been reading, crushed convulsively in his hand.

"Read—read," was all he could utter, pointing with a look of agony to a paragraph, headed "Railroad Accident." Eaton took the paper from his hand, and read as follows:

"A shocking accident occurred on the 19th inst., just as the passenger train was entering a depot at Philadelphia. A gentleman, in his haste to leave the cars, jumped from them, while they were yet under headway; his foot slipped, and he was thrown under the track, the cars passing over his body and causing at most instant death. He was taken to a hotel near, and recognized by notes and other things which he had about him as Henry Fenton, a young merchant from Hartford. His body was enclosed in a box and sent home. He had been married but a short time, and this sudden affliction was too much for his wife, a young and beautiful woman, who adored him, and after a short illness she died of grief."

Mr. Fenton was almost frantic; he walked the room, upbraiding himself continually as the murderer of his wife.

Eaton, although his own grief was great, tried to comfort him by saying that it was not improbable that the statement was false—perhaps there was some mistake—there had been greater ones; and although she might be sick, and dangerously so, he would not believe that she was dead. Fenton caught like a drowning man at this conclusion, frail though it was, and the hope that he might once more see her alive sustained him. Oh, how slowly sped the wings of time that night to the waiting pair, who neither retired to rest. But morning came at last, and they started on their homeward way.

The day had just dawned. Mrs. Seymour, who had been watching with her friend, rose and put aside the heavy curtains that darkened the room, and the first bright rays of an autumnal morning shone full upon the sufferer. She lay with her marble-like face resting upon one white arm; her eyes were closed, and their dark, heavily fringed lashes made by contrast the pale sheet upon which they rested still paler; her thick masses of bright ringlets were pushed back from her temples, upon which the distinct tracery of the blue veins were visible, and lay flaccid around the pillow: "She was greatly changed; none would have recognized in that sad, emaciated, but still beautiful, countenance any likeness to the laughing, rosy-lipped Fanny Fenton, who but a few weeks before was rejoicing in health and beauty, the gayest of the gay. Mrs. Seymour [was started when she looked upon her, for there was nothing left of the bright flush which, since the fever had been upon her, had burned upon either cheek, and now she was pale, so very pale and motionless, that she trembled as she approached her, lest she should find that life had fled.

She stood by the bedside, and bent her face to that of the invalid: she was sleeping regularly, for her breathing was slow and regular. As she stood thus regarding her, with anxious solicitude, a loud scream, followed by a confused noise from the lower part of the house, struck upon her ear. What could be the occasion of it? Who had dared to disobey the injunctions of the physician that perfect silence should reign while she slept?—for on that sleep her life depended. The noise continued, and Mrs. Seymour, indignant and fearful, crept softly out of the room to learn the cause of all this strange hubbub. As she reached the end of the hall, which led by a back staircase down into the basement, from which the noise seemed to proceed, the door at the foot of the stairs was burst open, and Jane, the Irish girl, came rushing up with a large carving-knife grasped in her hand. "A ghost—ghost," was all she could say, and she sank almost breathless at Mrs. Seymour's feet. It was some time before that lady could get her to speak or tell the cause of her fright. "Oh, the ghost!" she exclaimed again, in a wild, frightened tone, "and I was doing nothing but sitting all alone in the kitchen, and he came, and—Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"He? Who was it? Speak."

"And sure," continued she, casting every moment hasty glances over her shoulder, and speaking in a hushed whisper, "it was my master's ghost; and didn't I turn round when I heard the