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DEPTOIT ALE on draught, and for sale at...

Written for the Erie Observer.

AUTUMN.

BY DILLICK.

'Tis autumn now, and withered leaves...

No more the warbler's happy song...

No more the thresher's happy shout...

But all of beauty is not gone...

The running streamlet tinkles still...

When autumn hath sunk in western sky...

What of the sound of wild bees' hum...

Oh give to me the autumn days...

When human hearts their Mother praise...

For rest and plenty bless the sphere...

Hoswiltan, Nov. 1847.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

'Throw up the window' 'Tis a morn for life...

It has come over my eyes, and the flowers...

With its moss-like fingers, my tender hair...

For all my sins, it is to be forgiven...

With heretic and martyr-like calmness spoke...

The mistle-girt mistle-girt, for a pure love...

'William Gordon saw her firmness, and...

'Tis a morn for life, in its most subtle luxury...

With its moss-like fingers, my tender hair...

For all my sins, it is to be forgiven...

With heretic and martyr-like calmness spoke...

The mistle-girt mistle-girt, for a pure love...

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'William Gordon saw her firmness, and...

'Tis a morn for life, in its most subtle luxury...

With its moss-like fingers, my tender hair...

quainting her absent lover with the fearful...

truth. She wrote to him that she had been...

ill--was still suffering from debility; but that...

he must not be troubled about it, nor painfully...

surprised by her changed appearance, when...

she should return in the spring. Not one...

word of the dread, last parting before them...

of the grave, which might...

'Royal the bridegroom, and take from his side...

To repose in his bosom, his beautiful bride...

At length May came round again, and with...

it returned William Gordon, the young cler-

gyman. He was bowed to the earth by the...

great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited...

him--yet meekly drank the bitter cup, for...

his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth...

--growing more and more fragile in form, and...

angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William...

became intensely desirous that their union...

might take place. Annie's friends, firmly...

assented, but she, to their surprise, firmly...

refused to grant the mournful request of her...

broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her...

side, as she was half reclining on a couch--...

the hectic flush was more startlingly brighter...

than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered...

much that day, and as he thought how very...

nearly might be the dark wing of God's dread...

angelic took her wasted hand in his, and said--

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife*, before...

you leave me. You would not be so utterly...

lost to me then, for I would know you bearing...

that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not, love."

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer,"...

she replied, "It must not, cannot be. I am...

the bride of Heaven, you must not be my hus-

band, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer...

be near me--your love is precious, but it is...

earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me...

and the glories of that upper world, to...

which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is...

sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels,...

heard in my dreams of Heaven! We must part...

now, for every hour renders you dearer, and...

how can I leave you at last!"

With heretic and martyr-like calmness spoke...

the mistle-girt mistle-girt, for a pure love...

'William Gordon saw her firmness, and...

'Tis a morn for life, in its most subtle luxury...

With its moss-like fingers, my tender hair...

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For all my sins, it is to be forgiven...

With heretic and martyr-like calmness spoke...

The mistle-girt mistle-girt, for a pure love...

and beauty--so soft, so glowing, it seemed...

Like a rainbow clapping the sweet earth...

And meeting in a covenant above..."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an...

open window, with her fair head supported...

on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride,

the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us...

now. Every sunbeam which looked into her...

eyes, saw that which kissed her faded lips...

bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion,

Her dating father knelt in a deep trance of...

grief at her side--I stood holding one of her...

hands in mine, while at her feet sat her...

younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping...

with all the uncontrolled passionateness of...

boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparent-

ly insensible, but she looked up yet once...

more to William, with her own sweet smile,

and murmured,

"Pray, once again, my beloved--it will...

plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight...

but place your hand upon my heart, that you...

may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a...

prayer, an extant-like submission and child-

like love. He solemnly and tenderly com-

mitted the passing soul of the wife, the...

daughter, the sister and the friend, to her...

Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for...

the stricken mourners, the ministrations of...

the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused--

her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow...

became convulsed and his voice was low and...

tremulous, as he ejaculated, "She has left us; oh!

our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor...

little Arthur Moore, and springing forward...

and casting one look on that still face, he...

stretched his arms upward and cried--"Oh!

sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even...

to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden...

hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's...

side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few...

months after I took her favorite rose-tree...

from the garden, and planted it over her...

breast.

Our Annie had been from us a year, and...

she rose was in its first bloom, when Wil-

liam Gordon came to bid us a long, it might...

be, a last adieu. He was going out as a...

missionary to India. On the last evening of...

his stay, I went with him to the grave of our...

lost one. We remained till the grass was...

glittering with dew, and the stars were thick...

in heaven. Many times turned poor William...

to depart, and returned again. We both had...

remained a single rose-bud, very like the one...

Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that...

season, which she was so fond of, and which...

she had worn at her wedding, she was so...

lovely, and when at last William summoned...

strength to go, he plucked it, and placed it...

in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that...

Fighting for a Wife.

BY WM. T. HO GERS, JR.

About a quarter of a mile below the city of...