SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DRIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

TAYLOR MEETING.

For the Erie Observer. On Saturday evening last, understanding that there was to be a Taylor meeting at the Court House, we walkdin to hear what could be said to uphold that sinking time. When we entered, we found the meeting thinly sitended, and James O. Putnam, Esq., who had kindly tensented to come from Buffalo and cheer up the despuring Taylor men of this place, on the stand. From be remarks we judged that he had just opened his batpry, as he was making all the excuses and apologies mulat the commencement of a speech in a bad cause. The first half of his speech was consumed in endeavorof to make whigs believe that Taylor was a whig-the "al "simon pure" -- that he occupied a position elevated inve the fogs of earth, and hence the very great trouble zen of candor have had to perceive his whigery, or tell ractly where he did stand; in short, that Gen. Taylor us a superior being, scarcely partaking of human frailet, or subject to human weaknesses -a kind of politiis Godsond, calculated and fitted to redeem this beautishountry from the curse of locofocoism, and that he-Mr. Putnam, of Buffalo-alone, of all that assembly, mald perceive it. He was " on Pisgah's top-could see teuer, breathe freer, and felt more glorious than he and did before," and the audience, when they got up to there he was, and could see Taylor as he saw him-a this would feel so too, would " see clearer, breathe bet, and feel their political strength renewed," and af-

can foolishness and depravity. Aker finishing this part of his speech, he took up what sed formerly to be the whig principles. He assumed he most ultra whig positions relative to internal improve picuts; that the general government had power under the Constitution to go to all lengths in appropriating money for building canals, railroads, tunneling mounains, and building tape-worms, the very dectrines hat we have heard repudiated over and over again by he whig orstors of this community. He then reviewed he tanti; maintaining the most ultra whig grounds, a igh protective tariff to enrich and pamper the manufacers at the expense of the farmer and mechanic, and arenable ghittering wealth to ride down and oppress worthy laborers of our country.

grousuming about an hour in this interesing subject.

and proved nothing at all except that the whig party are

the greatest political dunces of which we have any ac-

count they sent up a general shout at the proof of their

llethen attempted to throw a few shot at Mr. Van fuen and the Barnburners generally-claimed the whigrather Taylor party as the only true free soil party on face of the earth—said that General Taylor was in OR. THE LADY'S DRESSING-MAID for of the Wilmot Proviso, and that Gen. Cass was edged to veto it; said that he did not blame Mr. Van um, because Gen. Cass introduced the two-thirds rule to the Convention of 1814 for the express purpose of onniry, and that Gen. Cass was pledged to voto every her drooping lids, to discover the color of her downshi measure.

Mr. Patnam wanted to elect a whig president and get down wanted to elect a whigh president and get a sortowful-looking tears, just creeping down to the address of those silken lashes.

country under a whig administration, fearing that in lew years the people would become so impressed with

He was followed by Mt. Clapp, of the Buffalo Express, said he: "I must have that picture—tears, sunshine, the givled himself Mr. Putnam's "dry nurse," told some and all. It will win me fame." The little maiden minorous steries, and sat down, showing his good sonse OBSERVATUS. n doing so.

If Col. J. R. Snowden ( Treasurer of the Mint at hladelphia) and lady, arrived in this city, on Saturday waing. He is stopping with his brother-in-law, Judge houmson.

Two Tation Ongans Discostisten .- Fayette county Ohio, has heretofore been a strong whig county, suporting all whig papers-the Banner and Intelligencer. both have been discontinued since the nomination of on Taylor, for want of support, and Taylorism has no Zan in that county.

A CHANCE FOR AN ASTROLOGER .- One of the political tpers advertises for an astrologer to read the "stars" in m's letter, as published in the New York Express'

Who whore 177-Gen. Taylor's last-which the N. Indune says, "is the next best thing to none at all" itis said in Now Orleans was written by the editor of kind sir." New Orleans Picayune-professedly a neutral print. concespondent of the New Orleans Morning Chronicle, and I will give you as much more money, if, when aths phrase "riven from the context," and several me, and let me take your likeness." then, which occur in this second Allison letter, but

"The fact, too, of the presence of the editor of the Regune, at Pascagola, when it was written, and its ap-surance in the city simultaneously with that of the letter, confirmatory proof of what however is sufficiently inifest on the face of the letter."

If this he so, the Picayune editor will have a bone to

pick with him of the Tribune. Gen. Peter Sken Smith, the great leader of the Philadelphia Nativists, and a brother of Gerritt, the nomee of the Abolitionists, says that Lewis C. Lovin has enplaced in nomination in utter disregard of precedent nong the Natives. He says he intends to vote the Na-American Electorial ticket, and for an independent oughand Ready candidate for Congress, if any be pre-

'and He can't go Levin. I On Shunk river, Jasper county, Iowa, old Hamlin the two sons murdered Nicoly, a boarder in their unily, and burnt his body to ashes in the night. Their et was \$100 which Nicoly possed. The ruffians are "ried, and one of the sons has turned state's evidence.

If Fourteen different lives of Gen. Taylor have been thished adapted to all sorts of tastes and shades of mion, north and south, and in all the live languages. thaps that number of lives is not too many for a caudate who is now in the receipt of abuot four times that

umber of rations a day. 17 Two miles of the track of the Galena and Chica-

Railroad has been laid down, and a car is now runing upon it loaded with rails to continuo the road. It espected the road will be finished across the wet prairie o the O'Plain next month.

RYLING FOR VOTING FOR THE WRONG CANDIDATE. The reverend gentleman in Tennesses who conducts the Jonesboro' Why, has concluded at length to support

Gen. Taylor. His reasons are: First That it is possible that the Whigs may get en-Possession of the old General, and manage him and admistration as they please.

Secondly. That it is possible that Gen, Taylor may

in the course of four years; and theu Fillmore, an "Tuestionable Whig, will take his place,

Belect Poetrn and Miscellann.

WHERE. BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

A GENTLE youth would follow Hone. To roam through pleasure's fairy land, The portals of delight to ope, To feast the eye and fill the hand, To drink of fountains fresh and clear,

And rest in howers safe and fair, But still as oft as Hope said—here! And bade him sleze the bliss so rare, The disappointed youth said-Where? He wandered from his native vale,

Allured by voices from afar. Soft breezes fanned his ready sail, And o'er the wave arose a star; He trusted then the tranquil sea. Some Paradise to seek and share, But in the fairest Eden, he O'crworn with weariness and care,

Still sad and listless, murmured-Where?

Then, instant, as he looked beyond, Some new temtation would arise, Some seeming angel fair and fond, Some casket that contained the prize, T were but a moment's space to reach, The briefest journey here to there, His arm could soon encompass each, Yet as he grasped the empty air.

Some distant cave would echo-Where: Came Beauty dazzling then his eye. And cast her spelt around his heart, E'en midnight seemed a sunlit sky, Such glitter did her glance impart: He sprang enchanted to adore, 'To flutter in her silken snare:

Alas! the vision soon was o'er;
A hight—and all the bower was bee;
And fleauty's rose was blooming—Where? Then heard he on the air a blast, A wildly sweet inspiring strain; Aloft a mournful look he cast, And there was Hope's bright form again! Before him rose n rugged steep, ligsumit bore a temple fair;

Up! said Ambition, onward sweep, For fame's immortal joy's prepare; But still his weary heart said-Where? Bo tasted he life's choicest wine. Wealth, honor, all they can secure; Yet did his longing soul repine, They were not lasting, true, and pure

Still seemed the guerdon far above The proudest height his foot could dare; Then came the word of heavenly love, By yonder Cross go breathe a prayer, He knelt, and lo, his REST was There!

From Morris & Willis' Home Journal.

## THE LOST GLOVE:

BY MISS METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I. A LITTLE GIRL was string in the September feating him; thinking that he could make the people sunshine that fell in checkered gleams across the where that Gon. Cass was in the Convention, and not cally affected by the two-thirds rule with Mr. Van Busins short he filled his speech with a series of the cast unblushing and barefaced falsehoods that I have at the two time heard from a public speaker, winding up by thing that Gon. Taylor and the universal which party time that Gon. Taylor and the universal which party that Gon. Taylor and the universal which party that Gon. Taylor and the universal which party sing that Gen. Taylor and the universal whig party ed profusion around her sweet and childish face. ere in favor of every measure for the welfare of the But as it grew more inquisitive, and stole under

ing by, stopped short in his hasty walk, to gaze for ecorrect policy pursued by the democrats, that they a moment on the sunshine, the tears, and the beauald not be induced to change—that if the country could tiful little creature before him. He was a poet and co see the democratic policy working in all its beauty, a painter; and struck by the exquisite grace and small be useless for the whigs to attempt to ever again beauty of her face and attitude, perfect in their un-

tunto power-the only rational thing he said during conscious and unstudied loveliness, he sought to impress the image upon his memory. What a glorious picture I have stumbled on,"

threw up the lashos glittering with moisture, and perceiving a stranger, with an artless but sad smile, held out her hand, and said: "Please, sir, just a sixpence for my mother."

The stranger looked at the little, pleading hand, and forgot the beautiful face. It was just such a hand as he had dreamed of, had sought for, but had never before found. Even though belonging to a child, its tiny proportions were most exquisitely developed—rounded, delicate, dimpled, tapering, per-fect! In the rapture of an artist's joy, the young man caught the beautiful little hand in his and pressed it to his lips. The child looked surprised and frightened, but she said, meekly:

"Only a sixpence, sir," in her childish, musical voice. "Certainly, certainly," replied the artist, for the

first time comprehending what she said, and empty-ing a handfull of dimes in her lap. "Oh, thank you!" said she, her large blue eyes

darkening with a flash of delight; "you are very "I should like to paint your portrait, pretty one:

and only detects the finger marks of the Picagune editor I come for you to-morrow, you will go home with

"What is that?" asked the wondering child. "Oh, Lewill show you, to-morrow-something

very pretty."
"Well, I will go, sir, if mamma will let me." The artist, all enthusiasm at his precious discovery, stepped gaily down the street, and the little girl bounded away in the opposite direction, to buy

loaf of bread for her sick mother. "See here, Mr. Baker!" said she, joyfully, springing into a little bakery where a hard-featured man stood behind the counter—"I may have the bread, now, for mother—mayn't 1?" and she held out her little hand, grasping 'tight the shining pieces of

silver. "Eh! where did you get that, little girl? Of course, you can have the bread, when you can pay

"Given to me, sir." "Humph! on account of your bright eyes, I sup-"Oh!" exclaimed the child, her eyes, falling on a few oranges ranged in the window, "I'll take an orange, loo—it will please mother so."

Another dime was taken: and with the loaf of bread and the orange, she flew back to her comfortless and destitute home.

"See here, mother, what I've brought you!" she exclaimed, gaily, bounding into the wretched apartment; but she stopped short, and letting fall her treasures, sprung to the bedside, where, pale and motionless, a woman lay dying, alone and unatten-

The ashy lids were closed over her sunken eyes; her colorless lips were parted, and the breath came slow and struggling from her scarcely heaving bo-

"My mother! my poor mother!" shrieked the child, winding her arms around the emaciated form of her parent, and covering her cold, clammy brow

with kisses. "My child" said the mother, faintly-"I am dy-

ing, my Stella."
"Oh, mother!" sobbed the little girl. And these two words, and the tone in which they were said, correct judgement and cultivated taste. Ernest coming, as they did, from the heart of a child, were fraught with an agony of grief and suffering:
"Stella," continued the dying woman, "this ring; carefully laid—on his dressing-table.

(with a strong effort taking it from her finger and giving it to the child,) keep it always—never, never giving it to the child,) keep it always—never, never piece."

part with it—it may sometime bring you friends. piece."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Isidore, and the tears

CHAPTER II. Eight years after this occurrence, on a pleasant evening of October, soon after sunset, a gentleman and delight beamed over his face; "will you tell me something about your Stella May!" was promenading through Broadway. Just in advance of him, tripping gracefully over the pave, was a young girl of light and elegant form, in a tasteful

fair loser, with the commendable intention of return-than ever. My mother-my dear mother-they ing it, and, perhaps, making the acquaintance of a have buried my mother! was all she could make her ady who were such a glove.

Touched by her grief, and anxious to know if

But he was a moment too late; for, just as he was she was left friendless, mamma entered the house, overtaking her, she turned suddenly and mounted which she found entirely deserted and unfurnished. the steps of an elegant dwelling. Balancing her pretty feet on the edge of the marble door sill, she stood for half a moment with her hand on the polshed knob. The hand was ungloved, white as snow, and beautiful as it could be. She opened the door without ringing the bell, and disappeared in the hall. Of course, she resided there.

The gentleman placed the little glove in his pocket, took down the number of the residence, and walked awdy. «

It was twilight when he reached his lodgings; and going immediately to his room, he' threw himself into an arm-chair by the window, and sank into a reverie; from which he was awakened by the presence of a visitor, whose unceremonious ontrance beauty and sweetness. We knew there must be put to flight a whole cloud of angels in white kid most unusual circumstance connected with her, for gloves, and little, mortal hands without them. "Why, I say, Ernest, how do you do?-don't you

hear me? "Is it possible! I beg your pardon! my old chum Hal-, how are you!" exclaimed the dreamer, must confess.'

with some of your luxurious fancies, done up admirably in beautiful verse."

own!amusement."

"Quite an accomplished amateur, eh?" The two friends sat down to converse upon old imes, and the happy present, and the promising

"By the way, Hul," said he suddenly interrupting his friend in a glowing description of his anti-cipations of the future, "can you tell me what young friends?"

lady resides at No.—Broadway?"
"Why, Isidore Allen, our city belle. Have you seen her? She is a beautiful creature—bewitches all of us. And that just reminds me that I came will of course be there."

"Then I shall, certainly!" was the animated re-"Why, Ernest, you must have seen this paragon

of beauty. In love, so soon, after resisting all the bright eyes and bewildering smiles of foreign perfection for eight years!"

"Indeed, you are mistakene. I am not certain that I have seen this belle of yours—at least, I have never seen her face."

have heard of your arrival, and are on tiploe to behold the wonderful Mr. Dunmore, the poet, the painter, and the millionaire."

"How very flattering!" returned Ernest, smiling the mirror to arrange his toilet for the evening .- and I know you would love to see it." What gentleman possessing grace, accomplishbeauty and great fortune, would not be a little in- own beautiful mistress," said the young maiden, i clined toward a pleasant feeling of vanity? None, a trembling and slightly mournful voice; "but such certainly-at least, not Mr. Ernest Dunmore.

It was late in the evening when Hal Hazleton and ought to be grateful and contented. his friend entered the brillant and crowded rooms of the Bentleys. A lady was at the piane. It was bed and palpitated when his eyes met those of Stella Miss Allen, and the gentlemen edged through the May. The brightest dream, the loveliest fancy, the throng, and reached the instrument just as the sweetest vision of his poet's soul, looked on him sweet voice of the belle was trembling on the concluding stanza. She was certainly a beautiful creature, just nineteen, with glorious dark eyes, sweening lashes, an exquisitely curved mouth and finely chiseled features - a graceful form, too; but her hand-a shade of disappointment darkened the fine face of Ernest-it was a very pretty hand, slender the thoughts came and went in her soul. There was and tapering; but it was not the hand-it could not

wear such a glove. as she rose from the piano:
"Very pretty," was the disappointed reply.

"Very pretty!" was the rather indignant ejacuation. "She is peerless, vuequalled, divine!"
"But her hand!" At this moment, the lady turnlation. ed towards them, and Hal presented his friend, Mr. Ernest Dunmore; and soon the two most distinguished personages present-the belle and the artistmillionarie-were promenading through the brilliant again? For Ernest Dunmore was a proud millionfolks, because they are pretty;" and laying out a loaf of bread, he took one of her dimes in exchange. She was witty, learned, brilliant, "Oh!" avalanced the child be seen a loaf of bread, he took one of her dimes in exchange. had it not been for the little kid glove that was lying on his heart, and the perfect little hand he had seen on the door-knob. As it was, his heart thrilled and palpitated slightly beneath its tiny treasure, and he colored twice and stammered once—the accomplish-

ed Mr. Dunmore! The belle was unusually charming. She thought she had made a decided and most agreeable conquest; she had quite a passion for paintings. Ernest would have a room prepared for the exhibition of his works to his friends by the day after to-morrow, and he would be happy to wait on her there, and hear, her opinion: no doubt her criticism would be of little glove! what will be thy fate?

CHAPTER III. Isidore Allen was slowly promonading through the exhibition-room, leaning on the arm of Ernest Dunmore. He was more than ever enchanted by her grace, her fine taste, and her loveliness. She was very enthusiastic, and her observations showed sighed as he stole a glance at her hand-it certainly as not a perfect one and thought of the glove so

"This," said Ernest, as he threw aside the cloth which hung over a painting, "I consider my master-

Stella—God bless thee, my poor orphan;" and clasping her child convulsively to her bosom; she heaved a deep sigh, and sank back upon her pillow—treme loveliness of the picture. Ernest preceived treme loveliness of the picture. Ernest preceived them, and thought them the dearest tribute that

All that night, the little girl sat alone on the wooden steps, now drying her eyes to look up at the sweet, bright stars, where she thought her mother had gone; and again sobbing and wailing most touchingly; till, just as the rosy tint of dawn cropt, over the great city, from more exhaustion, she fell asleep on her hard pillow.

That day the artist did not come. An affair of importance called him from the city for a couple of importance called him from the city for a couple of the little girl, the sunshine, and the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, and the little girl, the sunshine, and the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, lit was a picture of the lit was a picture of th

thought of the little maiden, went to look for her, she was gone, and the old house was untenanted.

A month afterward, he sailed for glorious Italy.

A month afterward, he sailed for glorious Italy.

panion and assistant."
"Indeed!" said Ernest while a flash of surprise

something about your Stella May!" "With pleasure; for I look at her always in conbut rather plain dress, and close cottage hat. He was admiring her graceful and gliding step, when he suddenly paused. She had dropped one of her gloves. He picked it up, It was a dainty little creation of white kid, just the least bit in the world soiled by contact with the pavement.

"Exquisite!" muttered he, hurrying after the nection with some romance or another; she is so pe-What little wretched furniture had remained, had been seized by the neighbors in payment for various little articles which they had sometimes given the woman before she died. The mother had been buried by the poor officers, and the child was left unpitied, unprotected, homeless and destitute. Mamma took the little sufferer into her carriage, and brought her home. For days she refused all consolation, weeping all day and sighing all night, as if her young heart had broken with its grief. But we

she had a ring, engraven, on the inside, with her name, 'Stella May,' and then she was so naturally lady-like and refined, so tasteful and intelligent, it seemed as if the very spirit of grace breathed and lived in everything she said or did. Mamma conspringing from his chair, and shaking his friend gratulated herself on having found such a treasure nost sensibly by the hand. "Why, how you have of a companion for her daughter; an , as for me, changed; eight years have improved you vastly, I Stella was my dependence—for she assisted me in all the tasks imposed upon my youthful patience by "I can return the compliment, with interest," re- a dried and withered specimen of a governess.plied Hal, gazing admiringly upon his friend's ele- Though three years the youngest, she was more gant form and strikingly handsome and intellectual ready than I in every branch of study, which mam-countenance. "European polish has done much, maullowed her to pursue, merely to gratify me. Mu-even for you. But how have you fared; how suc-sic, of course, was not included. But for this she had ceeded? have you realized half your young dreams such a passion, and seemed so utterly wrapped up of glory? has the artist been as successful as the in it, that I really felt grieved not to have her share poet?—for we have occasionally been favored here in my lessons. She never said anything about it, her life felt humbled. She strove to be gay and but the tears would start to her eyes when I left her for the practice-room; so, at length I persuaded mamma to let her take lessons, too. And such a painting, I have been almost as successful as I could musical talent as she has is really wonderful!—she

painting, I have been almost as successful as I could musical talent as she has is really wonderful!—she phan's heart, as she threw herself on her couch and ged beds or rocks, and equally so to go up over the wish—that is, for one who pursues it merely for his performs the most divinely on the harp of any one strove to hush its wild throbbing? A 'cloud had sand, where you cannot keep your foothold. The performs the most divinely on the harp of any one strove to much its wind indeed. Then she has such an exquisite taste ever cast its dim shadow on the happiness of that in dress! I do not pretend to exercise the least young heart, and now the cloud had burst in a wild foothold in the sand as much as possible by holding foothold in the sand as much as possible by holding Judgement with regard to the arrangement of my storm of anguish that threatened to annihilate every on to the rocky edge; but then we slipped at every

That would be quite impossible, Miss Allen .-But do you never introduce this fair wonder to your

"Ah, I see!" said the lady laughing, "you would like to get a glimpse at her rare beauty! Very well! -as you are an artist, and she looks so very much like this painting of yours, I will humor you, if poswith a pressing invitation from the Bentleys for you sible: But she has too much native delicacy to evto attend a grand party there to-night. Miss Allen er yield to my solicitations to appear in the parlor; so I shall have to bring her here. Mr. Huzleton will call for us to-morrow?" she said, as that genman approached.

"Certainly; I shall only feel too much honored." And the three continued on their way round the room. CHAPTER IV.

The next day, as the snowy fingers of Stella May were wreathing the dark hair of her mistress into shining braids, Isidore said-"Would you not like "Well, you shall see her to-night. The ladies to visit the exhibition-room of our new artist this afternoon, Stella?"

"Yes, lady, very much," replied the young girl; "but—"

"Nay, Stella, you must go, just to oblige me .a quiet but perfectly satisfied smile, as he turned to There is a picture there that I admire very much,

"Indeed, lady, I cannot tell you how much I love ments, intellect, and the advantages of personal everything beautiful-my harp, my flowers, and my things make me end and unhappy, when I know But I will go.

through those eyes—the one embodiment of all his heart had longed for, and not found—lived, breathed before him! The pure, girlish, spiritual brow—the deep, dreamy, shadowy eyes—the sweet mouth, beautiful in its expression of subdued repose—the eloquent color, coming and going in her cheek, just as proud reserve mingled with the ineffable grace of her manner, that no princess could surpass. Ernest "A radiant creature! isn't she?" whispered Hal, almost forgot to notice her hand, till she raised it to smooth back a trunnt curl that had stolen from the confinement of her straw hat. It was the hand he had looked for eight years! She wore but one glove -where was its mate? Ernest smiled, and his heart gave a bound against the little white treasure that had again found its way to his vest-pocket .-And he had once held that beautiful hand in hishad pressed it to his lips; would he ever clasp it

nire, and Stella May was a dressing maid!
They paused first before a lovely pict. re of sunse an Italian scene. Stella gazed at it with a flushed cheek and brightening eye. Do you love Italy?—would you like to visit it

Miss May?" "I have dreamed of it ever," replied the young girl, raising her soft eyes innocently to her compan-

There was something peculiar in his carneat gaze, and the silken lashes dropped slowly toward the deepening color in her cheek. Isidore Allen observed the manner of both, and when Stella raised her eyes, she curled her full lip very slightly, but it called the crimson to that gentle brow, and a flash of pride to those deep, beautiful eyes. Isidore was value. And they separated, mutually pleased. Poor sorry in a moment—she was usually so kind and considerate; but Ernest had excited her ambition and she, was jealous-of her dressing-maid. But she knew Mr. Dunmore to be proud and fastidious. and the next moment she smiled at her own vair fears.

"And now for the picture I told you of, Stella," said Isidore, as the four paused in front of the veiled painting.

"Only a sixpence, please, sir, to buy bread for my mother," repeated Ernest, keeping his eyes fixed on the maiden's face, as he drew aside the curl tain.

face of the artist, with a look of wondering inqui- the other the very counterpart of the bride. ry. Their eyes met, and Stella burst into tears.—

"Your mother looked just us you do now, when Perhaps it was the memory of her mother—perhaps."

"Your mother looked just us you do now, when arrived her," said Mr. May, regarding his bright daughter with eyes dim with tears.

subject to make apologies for; and his friend Hal she had gone none know whither. I have at last and Miss Allen both looked surprised, but he rallied, learned her mournful fate; but I am happier than I and said frankly—"Forgive me, Miss May, if I have been for many years, to-day, my daughter.— have wounded your feelings. It was unintentional; Heaven bless those who have been kind to you," and, indeed, I am very happy to meet again the lit- and he looked gratefully at Isidore, who whispered tle girl who, you see, I have never forgotten." "Then this is a portrait of our Stella, is it?" said to her husband:

Isidore, caressing the young girl to remove her inured fellings. "Let us return, Miss Allen; I do not feel well,"

said she, in a low tone; and they retired. That evening there was no company in the parlor, and Stella came down, at Inidore's request, to play

"Oh, that Mr. Dunmore could picture her thuslovely upon the canvass," thought Isidore, as she over the harp, lost in her own sweet melody. Her rounded arm gleamed out from its falling sleeve, like moulded snow, as the small fingers of that lovely hand swept over the quivering strings; like the shadow of a fluttering rose-leaf on a lily, the soft color hovered on her check; and her bright, spiritual eyes were cast upward with a dreamy, clear, forgetful look, as her bright los trembled with the rich gush of music thrilling up from a soul full of beauty and melody.

The two maidens were both so absorbed that they did not hear the ring of the door-bell, nor notice the gentleman who stood, hat in hand, just inside the parlor. It was Mr. Dunmore. He, too, was charmed into silence, and stood mute and motionless till the last quiver of the harp died away, and Isidore, perceiving him, exclaimed, laughingly: "Spell-bound, Mr. Dunmore?"

Stells started and blushed crimson, and rising Stells started and blushed crimson, and rising and the developement of the red stream of lava hastily, would have retreated from the apartment, down the mountain was a rare sight. In an hour I but Ernest detained her by begging for another song. She recovered her self-possession immediately, and complied gracefully to his request.

The evening passed by delightfully. Ernest was a man of rare accomplishments and inexhaustible were all very kind to her, and, gradually, she became more contented; and when, at length, she first time Stella had ever met with such a person; smiled, or warbled to herself notes of music that books and her own high thoughts had been her only she had heard, child as I was, I loved her for her companions. It was no wonder, then, that listenng eagerly to every accent of his time voice, and drinking in the enthusiasm of his dark, soul-lit eyes, and lava every few minutes from the crater. The she forgot herself, her circumstances, all the sadness of her life.

But she was doomed to a quick waking from her dream: Isidore saw it all, and displeasure flashed from her eyes as she saw that she was rivalled by the sweet leveliness of the young or phan.
"Stelln, you may retire, now," she said, quietly

and stingingly.

The young girl's check grew deadly pale, but she arose with the proud dignity of a queen, and bidding Mr. Dunmere good evening, left the spartment.

A flush of indignation nounted to the white fore-head of Ernest as she disappeared, and his manner became cold and constrained. Isidore saw she had made a mis-step, had forgotten her position as a lady, and, for the first time in

brilliant, but she failed, and in a few moments her visitor left. Who can tell the deep misery in the desolate orflower of hope she hadever cherished. Sensitive to

The next morning Stella was ill. But she said nothing, though her head ached intensely and her traveler; but I refused their offers, not wishing to be face burnt with fever. Isidore's heart reproached outdone by a guide. Resting a few moments, and her with her cruelty; but she knew that an apology wetting our dry throats, we started for the foot of would only deepen the wound, so she told her kindly that she might keep her room if she was not well.

Solitude was grateful to the orphan's heart.

CHAPRER V. Three weeks passed away, and Ernest Dunmore had called but once on the belle. Hopeless of ever winning his regard, she had renewed her flirtation with Hal Hazleton, for whom, perhaps, after all, she had the most affection, if he was not quite so

Stella had gone down to the descried parlors, and the descent was over a use or saminand as ness unmered with a single stone, and it was a novel seating herself by the splandid centre-table, buried and rapid one for what with the step and slide. her face in her hands. Hulf an hour passed by, and she still sat motionless, but by and by the words struggled up from her aching heart, broken and

almost incoherently:-"And this is fate-iny fate-while Isidore is so happy—cherished, loved, worshipped, even by him. Oh! I am so utterly wretched—so very unhap-

"Would to be loved, cherished, worshipped, make you happy, dear Stella?" said a rich, manly voice, in tones of thrilling tenderness, as an arm stole round her waist and lifted her to her feet.

"Ernest!" murmured the frightened girl, hiding her beautiful young face in his bosom. "Stella! vision of my dreams! radiant spirit-love of mine! beautiful embodiment of all the poet or the painter ever yearned for! I am thing-all thine-

my Stella!' There was a hush through the lofty apartment, broken, at last, by a low sob, coming up from a heart too full of happiness.

CHAITER VI.

It was a beautiful June morning, radiant with sunlight and heavy with perfume where, occasionally, the air floated over a dewy garden in the midst of the close, populous city. There was a wedding at the church that morning and it was crowded with and June last, obtained five to thirty dollars per day. the elite, drawn thither out of curiosity to get a I have my self seen eight men (in a company) averglimpse of the bride of Ernest Dunmore, the millionglimpse of the bride of Freet Dunmore, the million-aire. It was rumored he had chosen Miss Allen's dressing-maid to be the partner of his wealth and ac-complishments. There were many emiles some has been found over a tract of one hundred miles." complishments. There were many smiles, some success, and still more wondering remarks. But they were all hushed when the bridal-party entered and walked up the aisle. 'A suppressed marmar of admiration was all the sound, as every eye was riveted to the rare leveliness of the bride's young face .-There was no bashfulness, no awkwardness to ridicule-only a beautiful timidity, as softening and as graceful as the veil that floated round her, as she stood by the side of her betrothed before the altar. Isidore Allen and Hal Hagleton were their attendants.

The priest, in his clerical robes, stood up and commenced the ceremony, when they suddenly thought-who should give the bride away? At this prime of life, stepped forward and gave away—his Pacific to Vera Cruz, in the unprecedented short daughter! It was no time for explanation, and the period of 10 days—from Mexico to Vera Cruz (275 eremony proceeded. Stella May was the wife of Ernest Dunmore. ceremony proceeded.

world stared in mute surprise as the good man pronounced Isidole Allen and Harry Hazleton man and

Something told Stella it was indeed her father, and tonish our readers in our hext paper .- Wash. Union.

is a mistake!" a mistake!"
"Let this be the proof," said [the stranger, ta-

she wound her tair arms around his neck and press-

ed her warm lips to his cheek.

Stella gazed at it a moment, and then up into the miniatures—one, evidently a likeness of himself,

she had been—that so affected her.

"But we parted in bitterness, and were both proud; and when I repented and went to search for her,

"I always knew Stella May would have a ro-

mance." "And so we must go south, first, and roam amid the orange flowers and myrtles around your tather's he handed his bride into the carriage, "and go to Italy afterwards?" romantic home, must we?" said Ernest Dunmore as

confusion I have dropped one of my gloves."
"Oh! never ming, dear," said Erhest, taking a watched her beautiful companion, who was leaning little white glove out of his vest pocket and handing it to his wife with a very demure countenance,

"If he wishes it, Ernest. But, really, in the

'this will answer.' "The glove I lost last fall!" said the bride, with a look of wonder.
"Ahem!" said Ernest.

## A Visit to Mount Vesuvius.

I shall omit the description of the other excur- 3 sions, and describe my visit at midnight to the summit of Mount Vesavius. Stepping into one of the numerous fiacres on the stand, at six o'clock, the last evening I was at Naples, I was on my way alone for Kesina, at the foot of the mountain, five miles from the city. The ride along the shores, through the pretty suberbs, with the setting sun on the waters of the bay, the approach of darkness, was scated on a pony, attended by a guide, also mounted, and having a large torch. These guides and animals are at the station always ready, and there is a tariff of prices for them. They are under the direction of the police, who mantain a strict watch along the route half way up the ascent. The route to the hermitage is a circuitous one, and required nearly three hours. From thence a beautiful view is had of the Bay and City of Naples, and the lava stream and belchings of cinders, red-hot stones, stream, which a few days since had several branches, now merged together, was about a mile long and three or four rods wide, and lost itself in a level space on the mountain side, where it collected and cooled. The crater, which is a regular cone on the top of the mountain, was sprinkled with myriads of red-hot pieces from the belchings, which shot up from the crater, in nearly a perpendicular line, to a great height, then falling on the edge of the crater,

and rolling down the sides. Havir gascended a few miles above the hermitage, at the termination of the path, and as far as it is practicable for a horse to go, our animals were tied, and then came the most difficult ascent Fever made. The whole mountain, rising steep above us for a A mile, was a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up by different eruptions, and composed of beds of rocks, lava, and cinders; and beside and between these beds nothing but ashes, which is of a coarse black phan's heart, as she threw herself on her couch and Ernest Dunmore had indeed not spent eight years in travel in cultivating his fine taste and intellectual gifts, without returning to his country an exceedingly since of fortune—she would ingly refined and fascinating man.

The thinkings of the intervence of the since they been had ever appreciated her since they bore her mother away to the paper's burief place. Long after mid-leven o'clock at the summit. I have forgot to night she sobbed herself to sleep. negtion that there are two attendants at the begin outdone by a guide. Resting a few moments, and the crater, and, gropping our way over and among the immense masses of lays, in lest than half an hour we were within reach of the red pieces of lava which rolled down the crater. Here we tarried to view the showers above, which seemed as though they would descend on our heads. It was a fearful sight, and at every eruption the rumbling and concussion within the crater added much to the scene. In returning we passed over beds of lava yet quite hot, which had been ejected from the crater only The Allens were all out to a brilliant bridal party. | four days previous. Itaning and ashes uninfour days previous. Having arrived at the brink, and rapid one; for, what with the step and slide, every stride was equal to six feet, and they were so rapid from the impetus forward, that it was no easy matter to keep our equilibrium. Ifen minutes bro't us to where we left our horses, a mile in distance. and which had taken an hour of so much labor to

overcome. Remounting our nags, we were in due time at the station, where, having paid the score, I took my seat in the flacre which had waited my feturn, and in the solitude of the early morning was rapidly whirled along the road to Naples, with stiff and aking limbs, glad I had been, and not wishing to go again—Cor.

Boston Atlas.

Gold Region of California. Extract of a letter addressed by Thomas O. Larkin to the Navy Department, dated

Monther, (California,) July 1, 1848. "This part of California is at present in a state of great excitement from the late discovery of an extensive gold region on the branches of the Sacramento river. All our towns are becoming vacated. The gold is obtained on the surface of the earth to three feet deep-the workmen needing only a pickaxe and shovel to dig up the dirt, and a tin pan to

We;understand there are fuller details received in Washington about this extraordinary gold region, with specimens of the gold. The resources of California are rapidly developing themselves .-Yet Mr. Webster once said that these new acquisitions were not worth a dollar! Is it a country of this description that the whigs are willing to retrocede!

We have had the pleasure of seeing Passed Midshipman Elward Fitzgerald Beale, who arrived last evening in the southern boat. He brings despatches from Commodore Jones, and Mr. Larkin, our navy agent at Montercy, California. He left San important moment, a noble-looking man, still in the Pas on the 1st of August, and traveled from the

miles) in 48 hours. His despatches, and the accounts he himself The bride and groom immediately changed places brings, confirm what is said in Mr. Larkin's letter with their attendants, and the whole fashionable above of this new El Dorado. There is said to be brings, confirm what is said in Mr. Larkin's letter nothing like this gold region, recently discovered by accident. The mechanics are deserting the towns, the seamen the wholing vessels, in search -"My daughter! God bless you my beautiful of gold, which is said to be gathered over a large child! and may you be happy with your young surface in great abundance. We received these heart's choice!" and the stranger folded Stella in his arms and kissed her white brow fondly.

A writer, speaking against female physicans "Stella!" said Ernest in surprise, "perhaps this says that he should not like to have his wife called out in the night to visit an other man. If we had a wife that was a physician, we should like to have king a gold locket from his bosom, containing two her called out, and kept out too.