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Crie Weekly Observer

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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clearness. All work warranted.

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GREEN, Black, Morajn; Clarit, Brown, and Blue French March, con sale cheap at the Store of S. JACKSON. PLACK, Blue, Plaid, Birlped and other Fancy Cassimeres for sale by S. JACKSON.

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Blue, and mixed Satinets, Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans
Act, for sale cheap by
S. JACKSON.

ADIES DRESS GOODS. The Ladies will find a good aslastic, Blohair Lustre, Alapachas of all colors, Ginghams, Chicos, &c. just opened at
GEO. SELDON & SON.

A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for
A LAPANA A LAPAOL any quantity Black Figured and plain changable
Blik warp, chamelians modair fusire &c., for sale by
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8. JACKSON.

A Bilk warp, chamelians mobal fusire &c., for sale by Etie, et. 21.

Goll, Silver and Florence Loaf; Gold, Silver and Composition Nov. 21.

CARTER & BROTEHR.

CARTER & BROTEHR.

Geese Feathers Wanted.

150 Pounds of live Geese Feathers wanted, for which I will hoel hoel by half each at my store on the corper opposite Brown's live.

Boetry and Miscellany

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

BY R. W. CANNING. There is a stream whose narrow tide The known and unknown worlds divide-Where all must go; Its waveless waters, dark and deep, 'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,

With mounless flow. I saw where, at that dreary flood, A smiling infant prattling stood, Whose hour had come; Untaught of ill, it neared the tide, Sunk as to cradle rest, and died

Followed, with languid eye, anon, A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan; He gazed upon the leaden stream, And feared to plunge-I heard a scream, And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength, Came bustling on, till there at length, He saw life's bound. ffe shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer-Too late!-his shrick of wild despair. The water's drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore A being, bowed with many a score Of tollsome years. Earth-bound and sad, he left the bank. Back turned his dimming eye and sunk— Ah, full of fears.

How bit'er must thy waters be, O death' How hard a thing, ah me! It is to die!-I mused-when to that stream again Another child of mortal men With smiles drew night

"'Tis the last pang,' he camly said; "To me, Death, thou hast no dread: Savior, I come Spread but thine arm on yonder shore-I see! ye waters bear me o'er! There is my home!"

THE STOCKBROKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL. [From the London Keepsake, 1936.]

Mr. Banks was a great man on the Stock Exchange. for no broker made bolder adventures, or launched out in speculations on a more gigantic scale than he. In City parlance, too, he was a "good" man, for he paid his "differences" scrupulously, honored regularly every bill, and was known to have, at the most pressing times, when money was scarce in the market, a large floating balance at his bankers'. Yes, we repeat, view him as

you might, Mr. Banks was a great and good man. In his person the stockbroker was tall, and, though cl a 1ge salutes with no one; it might be-and let us char- I'm wrong?" itably hope the bast-merely to keep his hands warm; recognizes truth and right on the side of the majority, else, why are beardless aldermen, and members of parlia ment chosen by a majority, and momentous questions of wright and wrong entirely settled in the House by a majority?-the greater portion of the people then said, nesociates that they were well lived, that his purse was heavy, in short, that they were a miniature of his account at his hankers!.

The stockbroker in his demenner was calm and selfasmuch as his profession is generally thought calculated to produce an anxious state of feeling and to excite the parted lips, and, the sinews on the back of his clenched passions. If stocks rose and, money poured in, he did not appear elated, and if the contrary happened, no vex- He staggered to a chair, but quickly gained the mastery ation was visiable in his countenance. Disastrous news might arrive from the Continent, armies might have been defeuted and thrones overturned, as stated on the labelled leg of the last carrier pigeon, and while the little territory of Chapel Court exhibited a complete pandemonium, brokers rushing in frantic alarm to and fro, some with despair written on their pallid features knowing themselves ruined; and others, through their joy, having speculated on a "fall," wiping the great drops of prospiration from wife of a penniless artist. their forehends, and all talking with breathless eagernoss, there our friend might have been seen leening quietly her!" said old Banks to himself. "I have no child now ers, parents. You would not like to go down to the grave, against an angle of the wall; no man, it was well known -I will not believe I ever had one. She, and the low was more deeply interested in the question than he, but scoundrel her husband, may starve-rot-perish! Were to the groupe of brokers that surrounded him, anxious to they dying for a cup of water I would not give it them! would deign only at times to nod his head, or answer an love? -sentiment run mad. The past is nothing; the fuoracular "ves" or "no;" his hands would not leave his ture only is mine. I curse them!" pockets, and his face appeared, as it were, one huge icicle which the breath of no passion was able to thaw. Mr. Banks lived at Denmark Hill. A pretty line of up the ascent. We have often admired them on our he was seen with his hands in his deep pockets, 'jewing' liberal view in regard to the failings of others, will alsummer rembles to Norwood: such fantastic architecture –no cold Grecian, quaint Elizabethan, or solemn Gothic, but a praisworthy compromise, a little blending of the lars and broad stone steps; such pretty gardens, where from tube, the little paradise being defended in front by back, and he was unable to shake it off. great jenious folding-doors; so many trees round and their exertions, a festival of song. Yes, delightful sum- into one of the narrow alleys which, like the rivulets the villas on Denmark Hill.

rent and child, and the more you dwelt upon that con- deep sigh, resume his occupation. trast, the more you would wonder how such a sweet, gen- An hour might have passed, when a light step was tle, fairy flower could ever spring up beneath the shade heard on the stairs without, and a female entered the of gold and silver was. Yet Gertrude loved her father, bonnett, she had the air and presence of a gentlewoman; flitting over them, and revealing the secret that the man remained unchanged. had a heart, until thoughts of business and craft locked | "Well, Frank, the shopkeeper has bought the draw them up again, and old Banks the next day would enter lings, but little indeed he has given-not the thenth part of the Stock Exchange with the same frozen, rigid, imper- their value."

Mr. Banks was rapidly making money; but he had an have you obtained!" object; it was the amassing a fortune for his beautifu "I almost fear to tell you—only enough to pay off the daughter. He was ambitious, too-ambitious to be all sum which we owe-for the rent." lied to England's nobility—and Gertrude was to form | "Better that than nothing. Ah! Gertrude, my love, the connecting link. Money, in his opinion, was all cleverer hand you are than myself at a bargain: that part powerful-the chief wheel in the moral machinery of the of the business I can never manage."

would content him; and this he had told her times withont number.

victor in the conflict. But Mr. Banks never thought of world? Yes, love, bitterly, bitterly, I have to upbraid this; he had calculated and worked out the sum of worldly myself! advancement, and had treated the affections of his child bonds received in the shape of a lord.

ger with whom her lot was to be cast at the parish church. They met claudestinely, yes, the rich broker's daughter deated on-and the child, seeing them smiling, ran up to had given her heart to a poor, unfriended, but intellectu- his father and clung to his knee. The little group, though al man. She wept in secret, being concious of her error. in that squalid room, plesented a pleasing, a boautiful, and she struggled in the meshes of a passion which her a touching picture. better genius told her could be productive of little but misery. It is an old tale-woman's weekness, love's victory tion, a little remorse, a few tremblings, and then one you plainly I'll not wait any longer." desperate resolve, and all is over.

"Hollon," cried Mr. Banks, as one afternoon at the accustomed hour, he stepped out of his brougham, and crossed the garden to his house. "Holloa, what's the matter that you look so alarmed? Why do you stand staring at me, sirrah? Open the door!"

So spoke the stockbroker to his servant, whose singular looks and trepridation of manner drew these words from the usually tacitura man. He entered the hall. seen John?"

"Of course not." "I sent him off to-to the office three hours ago, to

teli you—'' "Tell me what?" "That Miss -- "

"Ha! is my daughter ill, Sampson?-where is she?-Not confined to her bed, I hope?" "Not ill, sir: it is not that-but John-well, he's a

the secret, and wouldn't tell you, that they might gain | vailed. more time."

staring on the white-headed Sampson—"What does the next week. Be merry on your wedding, day-by all fool mean?"

this morning, Miss went out, without her maid to walk quitted the room. for half an hour, as she told us; but after two hours had passed, and Miss didn't return, we become alarmed, thinking something had happened to her, so we got out to such a hag, in order to celebrater the anniversary of in all directions, making inquiries, but can't find her .- | their marriage? Gertrude read her husband's ead Presently my son Sam comes to the house panting and thoughts, and kissed away the shadow of anguish that nearly dead with affright. He had seen Miss about two was gathering on his brow. miles off, and 'a gentleman with her; all at once comes a carriage, and the gentleman, while Miss was crying pitcous, handed her in, and away they dished. My son not handsome, he had a commanding appearance. His shouted, but the postillion wouldn't notice him; so thinkhead was large, his limbs were large, and also were his ling something was awfully wrong, Sam hurried over pockets, into which he usally-always when driving a to tell us. I sent John off to you, but the rascal must sick, but was recovering. It had been near the graveba gain-thru: t his hands, the last named practice might have been bribed; so here's a protty state we are in, your and the parent daily expected the bell of death would have arisen from a misauthropic determination to ex- honor. Oh! I hope I'm wrong in what I think-I hope peal out its funeral notes for the fondly leved and early

"And you are wrong, you old scoundrel!" growled the Boys! The bell has tolled "Many a time and oft," yet the majority of people said—and English law always stockbroker. "Do you mean to insult your master by this passing year. Its solemn tones have carried an advillian! you quit my service in a week!"

his business at least was settled.

walked into his own bed-room. Ha! what catches his eyo! it is a scaled letter-Gertrude's handwriting, and directed to himself. He tore open the seal and read its contents: his hard, iron features relaxed, and expressed possessed, and his repore was the more remarkable in- for once an intense degree of emotion: his shaggy brows were knit till they met, his teeth glistened through his hand started up till their lines looked like whip-cord. over his momentarily paralysed physical powers, then hurrying down stairs, and giving vett to the pent-up possions in the breast by attering several load oaths, he ordered his carriage instantly for town.

It was of no avail-pursuit proved fruitless; Gertrude the early taken was ready. and her lover escaped the cluiches of the wronged and lionaire's line to the aristocracy of England became the

"I renouce her? I cast her memory from me! I curse ascertain his opinion of the terrible state of officirs, he Faugh! what's human feeling?—weakness, parental eyes were upon you. You would shudder to know that

The stockbroker returned to his business, and resumed his old habits in Chapel Court. All knewof the domes- kind and obedient, to be forbearing, to forgive, to avoid tic calamnity which had befallen him, but admired the offence, you all can see. Nor are those things hard to suburban vilas is that seen on the right hand straggling philosophic fortitude with which he bore the trial. There put into practice. A spirit determined to do right-a the Jews, and calculating on the rise and fall of stocks ways secure you true friends among your associates, and with the quiet, heavy countenance, and unimpassiond the best friend of all, an undisturbed conscience. manner, that hithertofore distinguished him. Unruffled whole; such neat porticoes, with elematis-wreathed pil- by gains or losses, he was not sad, he was not bappy; he out, unheeded by the ear in death, and heedless of the went through his business steadily, yet scearcely seemed iron tongue which tells of a spirit departed. But near flowers bloom in marble vases, and gigantic alces spring to care about it: it was habit; the harness was on his and dear ones will hear it-and as the heavy peal falls

about, where birds build unmolested, and get up each ited compass how many a trial may be undergone! how morning on their own account, without being paid for many a severe lesson learnt! We must take the reader the play ground, the church or the Sabbath school-re mor retreats, as well as cheerful winter residences, are joining the great stream, straggle into Fleet Street. In act that when it shall have tolled for you, whother yet the a room on the third floor of a rather low lodging-house, Precisely at 5 o'clock, every ofternoon, the garden a young man was engaged in drawing; he was a handdoors of one of those houses opened to receive the some, and, in spite of the poor furniture and mean appearbrougham of Mr. Banks. He was welcomed, not by his ance of the spartment, well dressed. A beautiful child wife-she slopt, alas! in Norwood cemetry-but by a with brilliant laughing eyes and long flaxen curls, sat bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, fair-haired, sylph-like girl .- on the floor near him amusing himself with a toy .-The stockbroker's daughter was about sixteen, and a cu- Ever and anon the father would glance from his easel, rious thing it was to mark the contrast between the pa- and proudly smile on his young charge, and then, with a

and on his arrival from the city never failed to kies him; yet how altered was Gertrade from the once rosy, light-

"Yes, yes, I dare say it is their value, -but how much

world. He had destined his daughter to be the bride of "Now, how kind you are! I almost expected upbraida nobleman; nothing short of an aristocratic alliance ings!"

"Not from me-Heaven bear me witness I would suffor all man ever suffered-sink-die of starvaffon, rather Alas for the heart of woman! the enigma it propounds than uppraid you, Gertrude!" continued Graham, draw never yet was solved. We are all more prone to run into | ing his young wife towards him, and speaking in a corriful error than to pursue right; and woman's love, when op- | whisper | "Have I not to upbraid myself? Was it not 1 posed to her duty, except in long-schooled and more who lured you away from a home of affluence and splenthan ordinarily strong minds, too frequently comes off dor-blighted your fortune-ruined you for ever in this

"Speak not so-I will not hear you. This is our wedas he would the sides of his ledger, and the balance, with ding day, Frank, and it is not the way to keep it. I tell the balance of her fortune, was to be met by goods or you, dearest, you did not bight my hopes—you made me onds received in the shape of a lord.

The spell was weaving: Gertrude first saw the stran-

The husband embraced the wife-the young being he

"Now," said a coarse voice, as the door was suddenly opened, and a woman with red hair and a redder face. —romance setting reality at defiance, and hope spanning pounced in, "I see fou've come home, ma'am, so I with rainbow hues the gulf of the future-a little hesita- hope, as you promised, you've got the money, for I tell "Wo ean pay you half," said Gertrude.

"Oh! half won't do: I must have rent all the due to me wenty-four shilling and sixpence—come."

"We have not to much money, Mrs. Green." "Give us another week," said Graham; " the picture I am now engaged on will more than enable us, I am certain, to liquidate the debt."

"Well resaid the woman, grumbling, "give me what you can then; I suppose I must take it. Now," she "Please, sir." stammernd the butler, "haven't you added, extending her broad, course palm, "don't keep" back anymoney, let me have coppers and all. Stop! there's another shillin'-I saw it-give it up-1'm not to be cheated, recollect that!"

"Mrs. Green," said Gertrude, in a beseeching manner "do permit me to reserve this, it is our wedding day, and I had intended to treat my husband and the child with something for supper. You know what a wedding day means. Mrs. Green?"

The woman hesitated, her better pature evidently villain then!" roared the butler; "he must have been in struggling with her parsimony: the formerfor once pre-

"Pooh! then take it, poor wretches, take the shillin." "The secret!—gain more time!"-repeated Mr. Banks, I won't be hard upon you, as you promise to pay me all means merry on your wedding day. Ha! ha! ha!" and. "Why, you see, your honor, just after your honor left laughing a bitter laugh of frony, the worthy laudlady

The husband and wife looked at each other; had they fallen to this? keeping back a shilling from a lawful debt

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT]

THE BELL TOLLS.

"I have been expecting daily to hear the bell toll," was the exclamation of a father whose child had been

telling him his daughter has eloped? You importinent ditional pang of sorrow, and sunk lower still the hopes of many whom you know. If you will think, for 'a little The butter stepped back, pale and affrighted; he felt time only, you will miss playmated some a father some whatever his dear young mistress's doom might be, that a sister-some a brother-some a young and faithful little friend, The boll has tolled for them, and, sooner or your door step now, and the coffin may come to-morrow.

Think not, young friends, because we speak thus seriously—that we would throw over the bright hopes of boyhood a pall that shall shut the sunlight of pleasure from your path, or heap up obstacles in your way to happiness. But, while in the midst of enjoyment-on the spots which you love, and the studies you are pursuing -in the school room-on the play ground-at homeat hight-in the morning-at all times, we would have you conduct yourselves so as to feel content, that when you hear the bell toll for others, you may be so situated hat when it tolls for you, sorrowing friends may say-

Are you on the play ground, or at your lesson, or incensed father, and sho who was to have united the mil- wherever you may be; does the bell toll? Pause! some one is on the way where the weary are at rest. Reflect! It may toll for you the next time. How careful, then should be your intercourse with playmates, sisters, broth unforgiven by those around, if you have offended them or if they had offended you; you would not love to think while lying upon your last bed, that an angry playmate's harsh words, or unkind acts towards sister, or brother, or parents, were haunting your last hours. Such thoughts would be poor company then. How necessary it is to be

The bell must tell for all. Our own knell will be run upon heavier hearts, so should all live that the fall may Five years-swiftly they fleet away, yet with their lim- be lightened Let this be your aim-and whether in the discharge of your home duties, in the school-room member the bell must toll-and, daily expecting it, so boy at the task, or the man high in name and fame, wielding an influence over nations, those left behind may have the satisfaction of saying that you were ready for the final summers—and that you were ready for the final summers—and that solemn tone which an-nounced the burial of the bady, gave assurance to weep-ing friends that the departed had lived "expecting daily to hear the bell tell."

Geography of Love.

"Bob, where is the State of Matrimony?" "It is one of the united-States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on of such a sombre-looking, rugged old oak, as that coiner room. Though plainly dressed, in faded shawl and worn the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of and then she would drag him into the garden, to the green- hearted, frolicsome girl, who ran about the grounds of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry till you pass the coase, coax and scold him by turns, and force him to talk | the villa at Denmark Hill! Her frame was attenuated, Aropics of house keeping, when squally weather commonin spite of himself; aye, those hard, locked-up features anxiety had sharpened her features, and cast a shallow ly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool were opened by the key of woman's sweet witchery, and on her beautiful forchead; her eyes alone, black, instrous as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this they would frequently remain in that state, faint smiles and expressive of all the passing emotions of the soul, interesting state, consult the first pair of black, blue or hazle eyes you run against."

A Challenge.

A little for conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him a little wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, saying: "Sir, you are no gentleman-here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend

to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction."

To which the other replied:

"Sir, you are a fool—here is my card; consider your nose pulled, and should I not be at home when you call upon me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street."

In the eyes of the world I was a widow and my poor child an orphan. So well have I played my part in hypocricy, that no one has ever dreamed of my husband's existence. To me a holy remembrance, not the less beautiful that to kick you into the street."

MACRINA POATRY.

"The Freedom of the Press" Around her waist I put my arm-It felt as soft's a cake;
"O dear!" says she, "what liberty "Why, yes, my Bal, my charming gal;

(I squeezed her some, I guess,) Can you say 0, my chick, sgainst "The freedom of the Press?" I kissed her some—I did, by gum— She colored like a beet; Upon my living soul, she looked Almost too good to ent! I gave another buss, and then, Says she, I do confess, I rather sorter kinder like
"The freedom of the Press."

DISTRUST; OR, THE VICTIM OF VULUNTARY WIDOWHOOD.

engaging, lovely disposition. Everybody loved Dora ly asking for a reconciliation. He was terribly agitated Hammersley, for she loved everybody. She had been during the whole interview, and when I gave him my a widow nine years when I first made her acquaintance, note to read; the strong man shook like an ague fit. and a more levely woman in every point of view it has "He scanned it several times—walked the floor in terher married life, which had been spent elsewhere. It well; as it is, you sowed the seeds of your own unhappi-was during a brief visit she paid Mobilo in 18—, while ness, by distrusting your husband, and, at best, have at her father's house, she heard of her husband's death. reaped but Dead Sea fruit. I grieve for you—I grieve

with the most unbounded astonishment. What! leave child. God bless you, madam. the dear friends, where she had been so petted, so caress- And without even one kiss, Emily, my husband vannation of this strange resolve. She was to perform her men call retribution."

last pilgrimage to the graves of her parents, who were Slowly we pursued our way homewards, and I ceased and bidding her sit down beside me. I took both her the first women of the nation. hands in mine and implored her, by my past friendship and my present devotion to her intervals, to frankly tell

me the cause of her unhappiness.

What a common expression, "Let her die an old maid."

I am so glad you have touched upon this subject," An old maid! how many unrecorded sorrows, how much prible secret of my past life. ? Yes," she said. "I a solem compact first."

power to perform, I will most willingly do."

as I for the blessed privilege—of going from his presence of warm unselfish sympathy, generous in mind if not in forever with our only child. He tried to reason with me. but I was mad, Emily, and have been mad since, 1 and kindness.—Tupper. asked for nothing but my child, and pleaded with an earnostness which he saw it was useless to resist. So, Emily, I will pass on to the announcement of my widow-hood—when I went forth to the world a hypocrito in widow's weeds. My husband wrote to me three times during the first year of our separation, implering me by every precious tie to permit him even by stealth to look once more on the face of his child. To every entreaty I returned a cold, stern, hard answer, and for all this I have dearly bitten the dust since. The years sped on which return no more, and my child began to expand into a loveliness which was almost superhumau. Strange as it may appear te you, I again learned to love my husband through his child. When she spoke to me it was her father's voice, every lineament was his, and I so loved my child that I again loved my husband through her.—Strange inconsistency you may call this, but it is neverasked for nothing but my child, and pleaded with an MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER Stronge inconsistency you may call this, but it is nevertheless true. I know that he was alive, or regularly
every year I have received a small or ion for bur
maintenance through unknown hands. is, with the
little petrimeny received from my father, nabled me
live far above want—actually affording many of the lux
uries of life. You little know how I have yearned to look
accommence upon my hashand's face. Oh Emilie! I was my moultar's last prayer. In that imperfect sentence once more upon my husband's face. Oh Emily I thought if I could but see him, all might be made up, was my mother's last prayer. In that imperfect sentence thought if I could but see him, all might be made up, was prepared to humble myself in the very dust, that I might be taken back to his heart-once more. I knew not where to direct even a letter to him, and like a poor could my heart, ablessing and a safe-condemned criminal I dared not make open inquiry; for in the eyes of the world I was a widow and my poor child of a fare chain, drawn me from my purpose.

four years-and this brings me to nearly a widowhood of thirteen years. I had almost outlived the hope of ever again seeing my husband, when about three weeks since I received a small note from him, announcing that he was in Mobile, and most anxious to see the child of his youth-that he would call on me the evening of that day, as an old friend of the family, promising under any cirenmstances not to reveal himself to Ada. Oh! the hours & of that day were so 'leaden paced!' At last he cama with seven o'clock. I parted with my husband, a tall slight figure, with light blue eyes, and dark curling hair -and I shook hands with him after a lapse of thirteen vears, a perfect Indian in complexion, an enlarged robust figure, eyes somewhat darker, and his hair, instead of grey, was as black as night, lying in thick masses of large manly crispy curls! Never would I have recognised the husband of my youth in the fine-looking middle-aged man I presented to my daughter as the friend of her father. I had prepared her to receive him effec-[The following touching little tale is taken from a tionately, and the warm welcome she extended, assuring miniature newspaper, edited and published by the Ladies him that any one who had known her father should have connected with the Second Presbyterian Chuch, Mobile.] the warmest corner of her heart, was beyond conception tionately, and the warm welcome she extended, assuring List and I will tell you a story of real life as it occurr | painful to both of us. They had a long and interesting ed in our very midst. The heroine of my story lived conversation. He inquired about her studies, and seemmany years in Moble, and was a native, I think, of this ed pleased with the progress she had made, making her place; at all events, her lot in life must early have been promise (with my permission) to correspond with him cast among us. Many in this Fair Room have taken her under the assumed name of Dunslow. While in conby the hand; for, at every hearth-stone she was a wel- versation with his child, I had written a few lines, stating come guest, rendered so by her brilliant manners, and my earnest recantation of my former errors, and earnest-

never been my lot to meet with. I often wondered at rible agitation-looked at me once with the concentrated her perversity in remaining single, when I knew, with agony of a life of human suffering-and approaching the world, that she had it so largely in her power not Ada gave her a miniature of himself, which he said she only to become an interesting wife, but a most useful must keep for her father's sake as well as his own-kissmember of society. She always partied my persuasions, ed her several times, and bidding her farewell, asked me by saying that she dreaded the dominion of a step-father to take a turn with him on the balcony. 'Dora,' he said, over her only child, a sweet little girll of some ten sum- as he nervously closed the door, 'years ago you passed more. I noticed at the time, despite her effort to conceal the flat of our separation. You know how carnestly and it, that the poor woman was immeasurably wretched. hopelessly I sued for terms—you turned a deaf ear and She was not in love, for she was a woman of too finely a la hard heart to all my solicitations. You were the vicbalanced mind ever to sit down and mope on an unre-tim. If to well knew, Dora, of a wicked conspiracy. Had quited passion. Her beautiful blameless life had been you but listened to the counsel contained in the last letpassed among us, with the exception of the five years of terit wrote you, twelve years ago, all would have been I shall never forget the shock it occasioned me, more for more for my daughter, who must go forth to the world Dora's sake, who I knew to be so ardently attached to without a father's protecting arm. After your utter rehim. Time heals every wound, and I knew, in the jection of all overtures on my part, I went to the West common course of things, she must long since have Indier, obtained a divorce from yourself, and married a coased to grieve for her husband's death. The announce- Spanish woman, who could not speak one word of Engment, at last, that she was about to leave Mobile forever lish. By my last marriage I have three children, all and sottle in the west, filled the large circle of her friends daughters. You will often hear from me through my

ed, for a home in a strange land-far from the scene of ished from my sight. One affectionate, kindly caress, her childhood! Well might we all wonder. I deter Emily, would have been so little to him, and such a mined, with my husband's permission, to ask an expla- precious remembracec to me! May be, this is what

interred in the old grave-vard, head of Church street -- to wonder at those eccentricities in my friend, which Thither we went together, and after sauntering through formed the comments of so many. Dora Hammersley the old arenas - anon stopping to listen to the wind, as left Mobile six years since, and settled in the west. Her it swopt in Æolian strains through the overhanging daughter, as every body tells me, is worthy of her mothgloomy pines-we reached at last an old broken wall, er-has married well, and moves with her mother among

OLD MAIDS.

MURRAY WHALLON.

Attransment and follow you to flow, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, the grave yard. It may toll before this hand shall adless little phrase! Oh the mass of blighted tell you all without reservation; but we must enter into slighted affections, of cold neglect, and foolish contumely wrapped up in those three sylables! Kind heart, kind "Anything in reason, Dorn, and which it is in my hearts never use them; neither lightly as in scorn, nor sadly as in pity; spare that ungenerous reproach. What, "Will you promise not to hate me?" she convulsively canst thou think, that from a feminine breast the lover, sobbed. "Will you promise, by the sacred dust of my the wife, the mother, can be utterly sponged away withparents, that you will still love me as you have hitherto out long years of bitterness? Can Nature's wounds be cicatrzied, or her soft feelings seated without a thousand "I will still continue to love you. Dora, though you secret pangs? Hath it been no trial to see youthful bloom had committed murder. There now, will that assurance departing, and middle age creep on, without some intimate one to share the solicitude of life? Ay, and the She kissed me affectionately and began the recital of coming prospect too, hath it greater consolations than her griefs. "Mind you promise not to interrupt me," the retrospect to How faintly common friends can fill she said. "You will remember," she continued, "that that hollow of the heart; how feebly can their kindness I was married early in life to one whom I more than at the warmest, imitate the sympathies and love of maridolized, and went to Louisiana to live. It was during ried life! And in the days o sickness, or the hour of the last months of the five years that I sojourned in that death -: o be lonely, childless, husbandless, to be lightly state, that the seeds of my after unhappiness were sown. cared for, little missed—who can wonder that all those I was young, Emily, and was too prone to put faith in bruised and broken yearnings should ferment within the all I saw and heard. It has only been through the last solitary mind, and sometimes sour the milk of human two years of my close intimacy with you, that I have kindness?, Be more considerate, more just, more loving learned what a good wife should be. Oh, Emily, Emily, to that injured heart of woman; it hath loved deeply in the precious pearls that I have east from me, and trample its day; but imperative duties or untoward circumstances ed in the dust, because I knew not their value! Will you nipped these early blessoms, and often generosity towards believe it, my friend, that my husband is now alive, and others, or the constancy of youthful love has made it thus the father of a large family in one of the West India Is- alone. There was an age in this world's history, and ands. It was my own fault," she continued, as I was may be yet again (if Heart is ever to be monarch of this about to interrupt her. "I listened to evil counsel, Emily, social sphere,) when those who lived and died as Jephand learned to distrust my husband. Yes, I learned to the's daughter were reckoned worthily with saints and distrust, and at last to hate (or at least thought I did) that martyrs. Heed thou, thus of many such, for they have usband who had always lavished upon me every kind- offered up their hundred warm yearnings, a hecatomb of ness. I never quarrelled with him. No-1 was too in- human love, to God, the betrothed of their affections; and nately proud for that; but I allowed myself to broad upon they move up and down among the inconsiderate world, my silent, growing hate, and, oh, there is no feeling on doing good, Sisters of Charity, full of pure benevelence, this earth that so nigh warps the brain to madness as the and beneficent beyond the widows mite. Heed kinder hate born of jealousy. You know my frank, open disposition, Emily. So I went to him, and with my mouth
in the dust, asked for a separation. Oh, never did the
poor doom-sacked victim of the Bosphorus beg for life,
all old maids, are often seen the world's chief almoners
of warm unselful a granging to the presence.