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B) F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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Geese Peathers Wanted. Oct. 27.

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BY ESSNEER ELLIOT.

Loto! grant to poor o'er-labored man More leisure, and less pray'r; More church, less priest-and homes for luns! More music and less care!

And when the tardy Sabbath dawns Bid townsmen leave behind The goldfinch, smother'd on his perch, Gin-shop and chapel, jail and church, And drink the mountain wind.

Or teach the artizan to seek Some village llouse of Pray'r, And kneel (an apparition pale,

And humbly worship there.

Or bid him (in the temple, built By skill Divine for all), Expound to pallid listeners near. While rose-check'd pilgrims stop to hear, The words of Christ of Paul.

Oh, for the lightning's path, the wing Of steam or fire to bear Tir'd men to Edens yet on earth. Where mind may have its second birth And hope baptize despair!

There, in lone shelter'd dales, amid Their patriarchal trees, Beneath the skylark's quivering wing. Let parents, sons, and daughters sing Great Handel's barmonies.

Then to the dome of boundless blue, O'er-roofing sea and land. Triumphant hope and faith will rise; And with the anthems of the skics Mingle their anthem grand.

And sinners saved shall weep again For sins repented long.

And broken heart'd, though forgiv'n, Reneat in music hallow'd heav'n. Earth's spirit-warbled song.

TWO CHARACTERS

A TALE OF PASSION.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine. "With you lend me your light, Kate, for a moment?" said a young man whom we shall call Harry Euton, groping in the dusk around a door, from which there streamd through the key-hole a faint tantalizing beam. The wind was sweeping with a hollow dreary sound

through the corridors of the wast deserted building, ratiling every window-pain and mouning through every chink. "I am sorry to disturb you." continued the young man imidly. As he spoke the door was thrown wide upon, and Kate

tepped forth into the passage-way, shading her eyes with one hand, and holding her light aloft. "I thought you would be charitable." he said, confront-

ing her with a look of involuntary admiration. "Do you know that you should stand for a picture in precisely the attitude which you have taken. The light from that candle sparkles on your forehead like the glory round Builato, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business with receive prombt attention.
REFRENCES.—A. P. DURLIN, ESq., Bersamin Grant, Esq.

JOSIAR KELLOGG.
Porwarding & Commission Merchant, on the February Dook, earter be something between a lady-saint and Lucifer." the head of a Madonna, and your eyes shine like coals of that even his ordinary language was often unintelligible fire in the shadow of your hand. You seem just now to

Indeed, the girl's beauty was so fresh and brilliant that Bankee and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, three continuous presence of the continuous below Brown's Hotel, Eric, Pa. "The fresh air out of doors," al

"has given you very high spirits, and made you impertinent. Here is the light, Sir; I will leave it on the chair for vou." She turned contemptuously away, without, however, closing the door.

The young man keenly watched her clastic tread and the flexible away in her slight form as she moved toward the little table in the room to resume her work. He leaned feebly against the door-post, and seemed to

break the toils of a deadly fascination which was winding itself, thread by thread, about him. The girl, who had seated herself, remained for a few moments idle, her bare arms stretched gracefully upon the shining caken board, her head thrown scornfully back, and a vacant look in her large black eyes, as though utterly unconclous of the intense gaze which the young man fixed upon her.-There was a strange centrast between the two. He was pale and listless, and stood humbly at the door; all his ence. Then, she began to torment him with a girlish memajously in her warm, glad existence. Every pulse thrilled with vigor: her whole form was glowing with cheek shope vividly, or turned to a dusky glow at every

"Come in, Harry, and shut the door," she said, abrupty rousing herself. You can fill that great German pipe of yours over my hearth; I am very fonely to-night, and vant something to make sport of,"

change of the uncertain flame.

Harry crept into the with a noticless step, and drawing chair toward the wood fire, now crumbling fast away shoulder. to a bod of glowing embers, began slowly to replenish the bowl of a huge meerschaum grotesquely carved which he supported between his knees. The exhibstation produced by the frosty air had passed away, and left

him care-worn and almost dejected. "Are you angry with me, Kate?" he asked at length

n a low voice.

"Yes, I am," retorted the girl, "I cannot bear to be flattered; and you talk to me sometime of my own face had now about him a world of his own, whose accusery and figure as if I had no more feeling or sense than the and inhabitants were all at his command. The feverisi be a plaything for gentlemen."

"L'do not pretend to be a gentleman-in your sense o the word," said Harry. "I work day and night wearily enough to carn a living. I say day and night; for when I have been engraving or designing all day I lie awake half the night, imagining some new combination, and building castles in the air, which must be substantial enough to be turned to account. It is a business which withers away body and soul. Eyen my imagination begins to have a slickly hue; but there is a battle before mein which I must win or die. The world gives no quarter to a man once down, who is fighting with it for

life." "Still you are a gentleman," persisted the girl, rising and advancing toward the fire. "Your hand is softer than my own. It is only fit to carry a pencil or a brush. I am a girl; yet there is more strongth in my arms than

POURS. " She took his hand as she spoke and placed it where he might feel that slender arm would spearcely dimple to the touch, but seemed, in its marble firmness, like the flesh of the statue in the old story, when it was just soft-A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for ening into, life at the aculptor's prayer. There was a contemptaous familiarity about this action; she did not

seem to look upon him as a man. "You are so quiet, " also contraed impatiently, tossing Pounds office Geese Feathers wanted, for which I will his hand aside; "you walk about as if you were siraid of pay half cash at my store on the corner opposite Brown's crushing a flower at every step. You never speak above your breath. You seem always to have something which

of understand it, and it provokes me."

The clock ticked loudly from its corner, as though it parted reluctantly with the midnight moments and meant to lay an emphasis en every one.

"Do you ever dream in the daytime, Kate!" said Harry; "I mean when you are wide awake?"

"Not often: I am too busy living. Sometimes on long summer day, when the air comes through the window on my cheek, I sit and forget my sewing for a long while, thinking of nothing, but just feeling happy. All manner of pleasant images pass through my mind then, like the sparkling things in the sunbeam."

"But you are forced to gain a subsistance, and toil for it, like myself," anid Harry. "Now have you never made a picture of yourself in some different situation; as a lady for instance, who was rich and had servants to wait upon her, lived in a fine house and so on?"

"Never!" she answered emphatically; "I would not be a lady if I had the choice. They are poor weak, sickly things. A draught of cold air kills them, like a geranium. They are helpless creatures, and must have some one to lean upon always; some one to look after their charactors. Now I have neither father nor mother, nor, friends in the world; yet I would not quit this little room and give up the feeling that I need thank no one for help or protection—no, not for a fortune!"

"I am an orphan and friendless, like you, Kate," said the young man, speaking more to himself than to her "and I am glad of it. There is a grim pleasure in plodding on doggedly, with starvation at your back and fame a great way before you in the distance. I am getting a name, you must know, as an artist. They come to me now to design the illustrations for the novels of the day It is absolute drudgery, however, to extract the characters from some of these books, and harder still to fit a face and body to them."

He seighed, but there was an intense gleam of pride deep in his eye. "Could I help you in any way?" said the girl, carnes

ly and kindly. "The best help you could give," he replied, startled by her change of manner, "would be merely to sit still now and then, and let me draw from your figure. You are the perfect model of girlhood that could be found. and your complexion is the clear brunette, with which

printer seldom meets." Kate's eye flushed, and she seemed disposed to quarrel again with his language.

"I should paint as Esmeralds, the dancing girl, in Vic tor Hugo's novel," continued he, musing aloud, "and I sliculd be the student, who loved so madly."

"You mean in ' Our I ady of Paris," answered Kate, quickly; "I have read that book. It kept me up all night and came to a miserable end at last. But I am not like Esmeralda. She was only a pretty fool, and the student was almost an idiot. He should have joined the army and put on uniform, to take her fancy, instead of talking | rang and re-echood. He murmured something inarticu- I wished to etherialize her face and form, and to approch Greek to hor, and making love with a dictionary. I hope that I am not like Esmeralda."

Harry was astonished: for he had no idea that she ever read any thing; and he was always under the impression to her. Her engrossing beauty, her animal vigor, had been to him all soul in her form; he did not care to look for a deeper intelligence. It was her physical excellence which domineered over his feeble nature with a wild fascination.

"You are the student in the novel," said Kate, thought-

"But not exactly, for you move around quietly and mone in corners, looking miserable, like the cat there; but all the while you have set your mind upon something. just as she has, and will pass through fire for it when you think it time to make the spring. I see into you a little child. He seems to me like a man delerious with fever. be struggling for energy to tear himself from the spot, and who needs to be held down in his bed but could not walk one step alone."

"I will sit to you, Harry, if it will be any assistance

You must not of course make a portrait," "I will try to avoid it," said the bewildered young man. "It will be difficult, since even now in your absence, all my designs of the female face turn to your likeness."

"Nonsense, Harry!" exclaimed Kate, haughtily; instantly resuming her ineffable air of disgust and indifferenergies of soul and body seemed absorbed to feed that wantonness of cruelty which is the very instinct of the burning look. She was in the very flush and freshness acx. She revelled before him in her beautiful being, of maidenhood, and reposed before him like one basking with a macking, luxurious triumph which maddened him:

"This would make a picture, Harry," she said loosing the fastening of her hair which poured down at once strength and buoying life. Her arms were bathed in the in black shining waves over her neck and shoulders even ruddy fire-lite, which half revealed their exquisite swell, to her feet. Then assuming its activatent the frank, half and marked with faint shadows the sinews knilling sisterly manuner which was hardest of all to bear, she strongly at the wrist. Her black hair glanced with a pur- compelled the miserable slave with throbbing pulse, to ple shoon to the flickering blaze, and the color in her assist her in restoring the thick tresses to their place Again she was all smypathy; and thus she racked his scul, binding it down to the torture by her wonderful beauty, while every word and gesture made more bitter the despair already caukering in his heart. He could bear it no longer. He rose from the chair like one uplifting a great weight, and strode hustily towards the door He was arrested by the girl's hand laid gently on his

> "Will you not bid me good night, Harry, and confess that I am not like Esmeralda?"

> He bowed in silence, and shuddering under her touch, passed out.

CHAPTER II.

In the solitude of his own room, Harry threw himself upon the bed with a delicious feeling of coming rest. He little images in your painting room. I was not made to misery, the continual humiliation of his strange passion faded from his remembrance as, disposing the covering around him so as to doly the frosty night, he sat still dressed, half upright on his couch, gazing at the little pool of moonlight on the floor.

Careering about the huge building, the fitful autumn wind roared like a distant lion in a desert or trailed with ghostly, rushing sound, along the passage-way, and went forth meaning and wandering far away into the empty night. Still, as Harry sat listening and dreaming, one form would return again and again, waveing dimly in the smoke of the meerschaum. It would be dispersed for a little while by the force of his strong will, and break of me?? him unawares, with a repreachful look, and a presence more exacting than before.

"She is a glorious specimen of physical beauty, as o himself, regarding Kate, in his reverse, with comparative coolness. "She is a finer animal than a door or ry's pale, stern face.

aleopard. Would that I might for an instant feel the "Do not heed the reckless words of a desperate man,"

He pondered long upon this odd conceit. "I approse," he thought on more droamily, "that this

from the laughing body, who is the veritable child of softly, burying her face more deeply in her hands; "come Harry made no answer, for he had long despaired com- earth. I have learned to-night that Kate has unusual closer to my side; closer than before. I believe that you rehended. The twilight deepened in the room, and intelligence; but the discovery gives me no pleasure. It love me better than life, but no better than I love you." rimony, at whose perials the nevelist pauses and turns shadowy phantoms, exulting over the dying fire, stole up seems to mar the idea of her upon which I dwell most The words were distinct; the breath which uttered them

the wall and darted in stealthy frolic across the ceiling. fendly. My soul seems yearning like Psyche, not for was warm upon his cheek. "But for to-night I should communion with another soul, ethereal as itself, but for never have known this," she went on, in broken sonintimacy with a material thing, in whose fresh and health- tences, gasping for breath. "How shamefully I have fal atmosphere it may revive and rest. That is the met- treated you. It is right that I should humble myself to aphysics of this affair,"

> dogged strength of will, for his timidity was only phy- vexing me from morning until night; and when I was sical, he drove away the subject and turned to his art. trying to understand your quiet ways, and always angry But undefined, dilating images began to fill the moonlit chamber; the wind whispered mysteriously and ceas- how could I know that it was love?" od altogether; he lapsed into a dream; roused up and sank again; then determined to remain awake, and in the as she looked up into his face imploringly, half offering peaceful consciousness of a good resolution, fell fast her lips, as if to buy with them a pardon. goleop.

> It was the sudden, deep oblivion which comes upon youth when melancholy and overtasked. A wreath of smoke was curling upward from the great meerschaum | pale meen which waned from the sky during their vigil, at the moment. As the stem dropped from his parting before the golden dawn of Indian summer, was a type of lips, and the grasp of his hand relaxed, the capacious the sickly light that was at the same time leaving the arbowl turned over in the bed and the silver-lid flew open, tist's soul forever. The influence of Kate, with her buoysliding over its heated brim came a shower of grey ashes, and spirits and practical energies, came over his jaded followed by a sodden, glowing coal which began to sink mind as vigorous and healthful as the breath of morning into the sleeper's couch, gnawing through one covering after a leverish dream. His genius began to tread greenafter another, and sending up a this vapor as it burned its or paths in search of the ideal, hand in hand with a crea-

> degrees away, and lay presently, a smouldering heap up. every day, and seemed to have changed characterson the floor. There was no outlet for the increasing putting on in some respects his former self. The impetsmoke, and the air soon began to grow thick and stifling | uous maiden was true to her sex, and only avowed her until the moonbeams streamed through a ghastly haze, passionate attachment by laboring, fraukly enough, but which became each moment more palpable. Still he slept on; but his sleep was like that of a man struggling with some hideous nightmare. As time passed, his breathing began to labor painfully, and his features were sharpened with a look of helplessness and great misery. It was curious to watch the slow progress of the fire, which without breaking into flame, was beginning to exwider foothold. The deadly vapor rising from it, gently her eyes away, and began to play with Harry's hair; approached the sleeper, hovering over him with stupifying wings like a vampyre, and draining imperceptibly of her light hand, in its usual familiarity. At last she the energies of life, so that at last in his weakness and the said, hesitating, and glancing at the picture, "Why confusion of awaking, one sufficating pang might perhaps disable him altogether. It is strange that a man

> sleep; but it is certain that men sametimes do permit it. | kind of allegory of the Spirit of Devotion." There was a stir in the silent house, and a hurrying footfall. In the twinkling of an eye the door of the youn citine. There is no merit in piety when earthly things was dashed eyes from witnout, the night wind rushed are about to be taken by force away from us. Her in, eddying amid the gloom, and Kate stood at the thres- checks do not look warm and full, like real flesh and hold, with dishevelled hair and a look of unspeakable horror in her face. It was but an instant ere she sprang fearlessly into the dusky chamber calling Harry by name in a tone so clear and piercing, that the whole building lately, but the sound served to guide her in the haze, and | as far as possible, to what we call the ideal." she was by his side at a single bound. He was lying completely dressed as he had fallen asleep. She first touched his hand; it was cold and clammy. She drew concealed in her slight form and rounded limbs, she ment of the Spirit of Piety."

way. But that student had nothing in him. Love made in one impetuous embrace, and hurried to extinguish the together in your mind, you guess that it means Devotion, him craxy, to be sure, but he was always weaker than a fire. She returned, flushed and anxious. She crouch and once guessed, there is an end of the picture; for it is ed down beside Harry, who hadgained a sitting posture, not a women, and it certainly is not a spirit. You ought but was still very weak, and drew his head upon her to paint more than you see, dear Harry, and less than shoulder, with her warm young arms around his neck.

> "What has happened, Kate?" he whispered huskily; "I feel as if I had passed through a long illness." "Do not speak to me, Harry, just yet!" tear-drop fell upon his forehead. The blood shot ting-

ling through his frame. "Oh, Harry!" she answered, "in a little while you would have been straugled in the smoke. If I had not been awake, the room itself wende soon have taken fire and, by that time you would have lost all strength to help yourself. It is all the fault of that wretched German do not give me pleasure, and Lam one of the people. I be-

me;" and she sobbed like a chiki. At these words a wild panorama swept before Harry's

"Was I in actual danger of death?" he asked, with a strange tone and manner.

"I think you must soon have perished in that smoke: the room is recking with it," she answered, drawing him | reach, or has nothing to do with, a general abstract idea, more closely to her. All the bright color had left her check; she was pale and haggard now.

"Then why did you wake me?" said the young m bitterly. It would have been such an easy way out of a "Do you mean that you really wish to die!" she remiserable world."

plied, in a low, horror-stricken voice; "to leave the fresh air, the blue sky, the sunshine; to be stretched out stiff and cold; to be closed up in the earth, and moulder away among the darkness forever? What a horrible thought! Is there nothing which you care for in the World?"

"Nothing," said the young man, gently loosing himself from her embrace.

"For you-you!" he exclaimed. "It is to escape from you and be at rest anywhere; it is to rid myself of your presence, and blot out your very recollection, that I would go even into the grave, though a feverish dream of you would, I believe, haunt me there, and strew that narrow bed with ashes!!"

The girl bowed her head upon her hands, but seemed not to listen to this frank outburst of romance and bitterness, "You have caused me such a pain at the heart," she

repeated; "it has not passed away since it fell upon me, like ice, when I looked into that room, and thought you might be sufficating there. Even now I am faint with it. If any ill had befallen you, what would have become

She fell into deep thought; he wondered silently. The away into the features of ideal women, only to come on increasing oppression of the stillness, falling more swiftly than snow flakes, weighing hoavily upon them both, shutting out the world, and closing them in alone with each other. The moon was shining placidly on their mbodiment of the sex in all its attributes;" he thought motionless forms, pouring a silver flood over the girl's a young girl, thoughtful and loving, looking up toward long-hair, and giving an unearthly look of apathy to Har- the sky, that ambiguous charm of the Magdalen disap-

blood bound through my veius as it must bound through he whispered, feeling his senses slowly reviving to the more pure. hers; that I might know the ecstacy of mere existence, in charm of Kate's near neighborhood. "That speech of coward at heart as ever."

is the lesson taught by the old allegery of Cupid and dyed the full threat, and faintly tinged her boson.

tell you this. You may cast me off in scorn now, but not And now, despite of his philosophy, feeling an ap- in anger. How could I know that, when the thought of proaching fit of wretchedness, and exerting his peculiar you would come into my mind all day, tormenting and because I could not do so; when all this was going on,

Her cheeks burned, and her yes swam in a liquid light,

CHAPTER III.

Harry's life seemed in that hour to begin afresh. The ture so thoroughly beautiful and thoroughly real. He Harry stirred uneasily from time to time, and the cov. faced the world now doggedly as ever, but with a happier erings, which had been wrapped around him, slipped by audacity, while Kate grew gentler and more shrinking after a womanly fashion for his good.

One day they were together in the painting-room: Kate was leaning on Harry's shoulder, her bright, clear eyes fixed carnestly upon a picture at which he had been a long while occupied. It represented a nun-like figure, whose folded hands and upturned look seemed to indicate that she was engaged in religious contemplatend its glimmering rings, as if it were searching for a tion, or in some act of penitence or prayer. Kate turned sending thrill after thrill along his nerves at every touch have you made her so pale, Harry?" "Because," he answered, "I do not mean to repre

should permit himself to be strangled by inches in his sent her, exactly, as belonging to the earth. She is a "But," said Kato, smiling, "she scams to be in a de-

> blood." "Why you must know," replied Harry, "I did not in-tend to clothe her, or rather to clothe the idea, in real flesh and blood; that would make the subject too material.

"Well but after all, call it what you like, it is a woman; and quite a pretty woman, too."

"She is not altogether a woman, Kuto, roturned the back abuddering, then calling to her help the great vigor artist, much perplexed; "I tell you she is an embodi-

threw ther arms about him and dragged him as one course the first and the manufacture of the course unceremoniously from the bed. He had the ill grace to she persisted, "must you not put it in a real body? The groan, as if uneasy at the fall, but the resolute girl gave picture, dearest, seems to me like yourself; almost too style were different from anything I had ever seen before, him no time to remonstrate. Exerting all her strength, dreamy, too unearthly." She placed her arm about his He spoke not, but pointed to a stool. I seated myself she drow him, now feebly struggling, forth into the pasneck, as if to soothe him and confine his attention.

sage-way, and without pausing in her activity, threw "For my part," she continued, "I would rather look upwas distorted by that poisonous sleep. With pain and her heart, than puzzle myself over any Allegory of Devobewilderment his senses gradually collected, but his tion that can be contrived. I think that these allegeries throat was parched by an intolerable thirst, and he was are only painted riddles. When you have put the clasped benumbed and giddy. Kate strained him to her bosom hands, the eyes turned upward, the nun's dress, and all, you think. Is this very foolish talk of mine?"

Kate's position would of itself have quelled Harry's pride of art; but he had studied moreover in a rough school, and his artistic feelings were not easily hurt. He He felt her bosom heave with a passionate sob, and a had good sense, too, and was assured that, right or wrong, she was absolutely in his interest. So he pon-

dered coloniv on her words. "You see, Harry," she resumed, timidly, "neonle de not care to look at ideal woman, as you call them, who are only half flesh and blood, and the rest spirit. I know that such pictures do not generally please, because the pipe of yours. What a pain in the heart you have caused lieve that we all prefer to meet, in such a painting, with the face of a real woman, and to be sure from the ex pression that she is very innocent and very much in earnest in her prayer. We can enter into the picture and feel solemn before it. because she belongs to the same world, and has the same wants and troubles as ourselves." "You mean, I suppose, that the art of painting cannot

> said Harry, thoughfully. "I do not quite understand those words," she answered "but I will show you what I me an. I am going to rep-

resent the Spirit of Love; and you are not worth loving if you do not think me prettier than an allegory." Laughing merrily at the thought, she proceeded to place a cushion near the centre of the room; then, turning toward him, she knelt down, and letting her hand fall into her lap, gazad steadfastly into his face. The noonday sun poured through the window over head in a shower of golden motes around hor. It gleamed warmly down her shoulders and flashed from her black hair like a diamond crown. Her form was indistinct amid the shining haze. I cannot describe her look, half mirthful and half carnest; for the refining influence of love had which I brought from the Holy Land!" given her features an expression of nobility, and had wonderfully softened her dazzling beauty. As she, sat, awe, but not in reverence, for there was mockery on his blushing in her conscious loveliness, Harry leaned toward her, as if drawn by an irresistible influence; she wa- awakened fears for my personal safety, any attempt with

"Go on with your painting," she said. "You cannot afford to be idle. Put my face instead of the nun's."

Harry began to-make a sketch of her. There were many interruptions, and the subject was in intervals of the Hely Land?" leisure often resumed, until at last the form came out visibly on canvass. It was a very human face; for he But when, at Kate's suggestion, he finally removed the peared. Then it was an absolute woman, the holy presence of whose purity made the beholder, by sympathy

I suspect that Kate was partly right in her contempt which she seems so to delight; that I might look through mine was silly enough in itself, and was ill-timed when for the allegorical; but at all events day after day she her eyes at the sky and carth; and that my soul might you had just been doing me so great a service. Buttyou strove to make her lover more fil to live on the earth as live, and sleep, and dream, wrapped up in so beautiful a have hunted me fairly down. You brought me for an it is, and less apt to wander into dream-land; herself instant to bay, like a stag; yet I feel myself the same meanwhile, like a true woman, reflecting his refinement. Thus she came to his help, a glorious ally in Kate's cheek began to flush, natil the crimson glow the battle of life; always a woman to his sorrows and a friend in his triumphs. And, when in ofter days ha

you keep to yourself. There is no life about you. I do Psyche, where the winged soul is emploring an embrace ... Do not draw away from me, Harry," she answered gained the vantage-ground of the world, and she became his wife. I can imagine that her companionship might illuminate even the valley of the shrdow of mataway with a sigh.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

BY JAMES REES.

"Still seems it strange, that thou should live forever"

* This is a miracle," [Young. In the year 1783, a stranger made his appearance in Philadelphia, whose singular manners and somewhat mingled style of dress, attracted general attention. He kept no company, associated with no one, none know his lodging place-he was never seen to eat or drink; a strange mystery surrounded him, which none could penetrate or solve. He was evidently in possession of great wealth; this was ascertained in a manner equally as mys-

terious as were his actions and manner, the nature of

which we will not detail here. A sale of old paintings in Second street, in one of those old fashioned houses, whose age is indentified with that of our city, attracted an unusual crowd, and among the number was seen the mysterious stranger. No commonmotive or idle curiosity, seemed to have drawn him there for as the various pictures were put up, he eyed hem with most critical care, and it was observed at that time, equally attentive. Among the paintings was one of the original portraits of Oliver Cromwell, at the sight of which the stranger laughed outright; but it was so wild, unnatural, and sepulchral that a shudder as at the

presence of someting awful thrilled the crowd. Picture after picture was sold, without exciting any peculiar notice, beyond the expressions of approbation which some beautiful specimens of art elicited, until one was announced as being the likeness of Pontius Pilate! The stranger's eyes glared, his countenance changed from a pale cadaverous huo to the complexion of, as expressed by a gentleman present, "a painted devil!" So intent was his gaze upon the picture, that he scarcely noticed the curiosity his own conduct excited, and the words, "It is he! it is he!" escaped him rather as a mental thought than as an exclamation. He uttered no other words, his lips moved as from convulsive emotion. and when the auctionoor domanded "who was the purchaser?" the sudden aunouncement "I am?" from the stranger startled the whole company, and when he seized the painting and rushed from the room, it seemed as if the atmosphere has been relieved from some noxious vapor, for all who were present felt as if something oppressive had been taken from their breasts, and they breathed more freely and as the auctioneer observed, "bid equal-

ly 80." I heard this vivid and fearful legend in my youth and it left an impression on my mind, time could not obliterate, and even after circumstances had not added to the interests and wonderment of the subject.

In 1822. I was traveling in the south of France. It was evening when I arrived at a wretched hovel near the vilage of L A storm was approaching; dark and portentous clouds were careering through the sky, and the deep thunder was rolling and rumbling in the distance. Vivid flashes of lightning shot across the intensity of the darkness, like a forked massenger of the lower regions. Noticing a sort of a shed, I immediately rode up to it. knocked at the door, which being almost immediately opened, I entered what appeared to be a somewhat comfortable room. But what attracted my attention the most wild, fearful, and strange in his looks. His dress and tongue in connection with the words I wished to speak. It seemed palised but not with fear: a sort of indescribable fullness about my throat that left no room for the faculties to operate. I was literally lockjawed .-This feelling passed away, and a few words from the stranger lessened the pain of oppression I had suffered. Casting my eyes around the room, they rested upon a painting of a peculiar and very antiqued appearance. I examined it somewhat minutely, too much so, perhaps, for the rules of ettiquette, but I could not resist the temptation. On the corner I noticed in pencil mark: Lot No. ;

22. J. J. P., Philadelphia. "Pontine Pilate." "This painting," I observed, "appears to have been in Philadepphia."

"It was; and what is there remarkable in that?" was his reply. "Nothing, sir."

"I purchased it there myself, at public auction." "You purchased it." Heavens! what a thought flashed across my brain.-This, perhaps, was the same individual, the same dress age, and appearance, as described by those who saw the "Mysterious Stranger in 1783." While these thoughts

the stranger's history, his eyes were fixed on me. uch eyes never glared on a human creature! "Stranger things than these, young man, have occurred," ha observed, "without exciting especial wonder.-The mere existence of a painting, and in my possession, has nothing mysterious about it, as your looks would im-

were vividly calling up the various tales connected with

"I must confoss, sir," I remarked, "there does seem omething curious in this picture, apart from the subject of it, as it was sold at auction in the city of Philadelphia

some years ago, and connected with which-" "There was a wild and romantic story. But there is a mystery attached to it, which if explained, would startle you far more than could all the imaginary horrid ones, horrified into seeming reality by the pen of a Lewis .-The painter of that picture was a Flemish artist, and this work was produced by him when only twenty years of uge; his name I will not mention-he died in a mad house! 'He painted it in the aisle of the cathedral at R-x in the year 1306; from an original painting

I started at the individual as he stood before me. in lips, and a hellish expression in his countenance, that wed him back with something, of her old imperious all the power I was master of, and I faithfully capable of doing so, even against odds. With this resolve, I ob-

> "You must have erred, sir, when you said this picture was painted in 1306; from an original you, brought from.

"Young man, you are critical. Yet I have not erred. Time and space are not linked to me, nor to my fate, nor could not fail to catch some traits of the bold and vivid Lto them. Ilirefor one coming event! Until that ocbeauty before his eyes: and the second nun stood forth. cure, the common events of life are to me as passing glowing in all the fuscination which haunts the old pic- clouds. Mutter and motion are the secondary causes tures of the Magdalon. It was a creature so flory in which in me, produce effects. Look at me, young man, spirit, and everflowing with moldenhood; yet so saintly. nay, start not." I shuddered as I gazed. "And I will tell you more, are more than mortal cars ever heard beunnatural trappings of the convent and left her, merely fore! Liston," and he placed his mouth close to my ear, and whispered.

"Gracious heavens," I exclaimed. "Silence-liston again." Again he whispered-I start-

ed back-there stood before me the Man of agest "Aye," he went on, "I have seen whole cities consumed; mon, women, and children butchered all-allhut myselfswept away from the earth. Nations, empires, kingdoms, rose and fell; towers, palaces, and sculptured marble, have all crumbled to dust, and left me a. liging monument of their histories. Yes, they are written here—here in characters of blood!"

"And you are-" CONTINUED ON POURTE PAGE.