NUMBER 6.

VOLUME 21.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1850.

Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR. OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE

TERMS OF THE PAPER. TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at 1

By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

Tell not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

Tell communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year. Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year.

One square

do. do. three months,

Thansient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen times or tess, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Tyearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, and to be limited to their immediate business.

Advantagements not having attent directions. will be invested till

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY J. W. DOUGLASS.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW-Office on State Street, three doors north of Brown's Hotel, Eric, Pa. COMPTON & HAVERSTICK. Detless in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, and Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Distillers, and Manufacturers of Saleratus, No. 8, Reed House, and corner of French and Penn Streets, Eric, Pa.

Special and general Agency and Commission business, Frank-im, Pa.

RUFUS REED, Dearth in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House; Eric, Fa.

W. J. F. LIDDLE & Co.
BLACKSBITUS, Cartiage and Wagon Builders, State Street,, between seventh & Eighth, Eric. L. STRONG, M. D. DOCT. J. L. STRONG, M. D.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART.

Orrice with Doct A. Breef, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, on Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

C. SIEGEL,
WHOLFSALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines,
Liquors, Frim &c., &c Corner of French and Fifth Streets,
opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erse.

Liquora, Frint, &c., &c. Corner of French and Fifth Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

JOHN McCANN,

Wholeale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Crockery, Glasware, Irôn, Nalis, &c., No. 2, Fleming Block, Eric, Pa. Eric, Pa. Law and Habit Maker.—Store, No. 5 Reed's Block, (opposite the Bonnel Block) State Street, Erie.

J. W. WETMORE,

ATTORNETAL ATLAW,
In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa.

HENRY CADWELL,

IMPORTER, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Natis, Spikes, &c. Espire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

S. MERVIN SMITH,

Athorney at Law and Justice of the Peace—Office one door west of Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

W. H. KNOWLTON & SON,

Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fiano Fortes, Lamps, Britannia Ware, Jewelry, and a variety of other Fancy Articles, Keystone Buildings, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

S. R. DEWEY,

W. Conserved and Dealer in Dry Goods, second door below Street, Eric, Pa.

W. A. Knowledge, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Eric, Pa.

S. R. DEWEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Dry Goods, second door below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Eric, Pa.,

ATTORNET AT LAW, Girard, Eric County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch. WILSON LAIRD.

ATTORNEY AT LAW-Office over J. H. Williams' excl. inge office, next door to Judge Thompson's office.

Collecting and other professional business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL, P. FORWERLY THE EAGLE, COTTER of State street and the Public square Eric, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

B. A. CRAIN.
WROLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Buiscuit, Crackers, &c. &c. Cecapside, Eric. Pa.

H. B. HAVERSTICK.

No. 2, REED House. Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c. DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State-street, Erie.

W. H. CUTLER,
Auorney & Counseller at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange,
fluffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attenion.
REFERENCES.—A. P. DURLIN, ESQ., DENAMIN GRANT, ESQ.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, cast of
Riate street.

Cont. Buit. Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c Office, 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Eric, Pa. BENJAMIN F. DENNISON BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio-Office on Superior street in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Stanuel H. Porkins, 141; Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT

MURRAY WHALLON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond

WHOLFSALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Foreign and Domestic 1 Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleing Block, State street, Effe.

C. M. TIBBALS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c.
No. 111, Cheapside, Eric. JOHN ZIMMERLY,
DEALER inGroceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, thre
doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,

DEALER in Bry Goods, Grocefice, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime
Iton, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RUBLET.

KELSO & LOOMIS, General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants: dealers in coarse and fine sait, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.

W. W. LOOME. EDWIN J. KELSO,

GENERAL Forwarding, Cominission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.

DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Saignnia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Eric.

G. Leomia, T. M. Arange CARTER & BROTHER, WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils Dyc-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Beed House, Eric.

JOEL JOHNSON, DEALER in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classics School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Eric.

JAMES LYTLE,

FASTIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few door west of State street, Eric.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c., &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie. O. D. SPAFFORD. Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

Position of the Public Square, Eric. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an ordire sett. Carlous teeth filed with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth claned with instruments and Positions on a flex per them of a pellucid with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Positions on a file leave them of a pellucid word, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid cleaness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON. PHYSICIAN AND SURSEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT. WHOLESALEAND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Eric.

JOHN H. BURTON. Wholesals and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie. ROBERT S. HUNTER.

DEALER in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park
Row 'Eric. Pa. GREEN, Black, Morain; Clarit, Brown, and Blue French Ma reno, for sale cheap at the Store of S. JACKSON. DIACK, Blue, Plaid Striped and other Pancy Cossimeres for Poetry and Miscellany.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

THE STORY OF A LIFE. BY CHARLES HACKAY.

"Follow your leader!" Bo said Hope, in the joyous days when I was young. O'er meadow path, up mountain slope, Through fragrant woods, I followed and sung; And aye in the sunny air she smiled, Bright as the cherub in Paphos born. And aye my soul with a glance she wiled. And tinged all earth with the hues of morn. Long she led me o'er hill and hollow, Through river's wide, o'er mountains dun,

And singed her pinions in the sun. "Follow your leader!" So said Love, Or a falry sporting in his guise, I followed to lift the challenging glove Of many a maid with tell-tale eyes, I followed, and dreamed of young delights, Of passionate kisses, Joyous pains, Of honied words in sleepless nights,
And amorous tear-drops thick as rain.

Till she seared at last, too high to follow,

But ah! full soon the frenzy slackened; Then came a darkness and dimmed the ray, The passions cooled, the sunshine blackened, I lost the glory of my day. "Pollow your leader!" Bo said Fame! In the calmer hours of my fruitful noon, O'er briery paths, through frost, through flame, By torent and swamp, and wild lago'n, Ever she led me, and ever I went,

With bleeding feet, and sun brown skin, Eager ever, and uncontent. As long as life has a prize to win. But Dead Sea apples alone she gave me To recompense me for my pain,
And still, though her turing hand she wave me, I may not follow her steps again.

"Follow your leader!" So said Goup,

Ere the brown of my locks gave place to gray. I could not follow-her looks were cold: ley and brittle was the way. And Gold spread forth her wiles in vain. So taking Power tonid her spell, "Follow your leader!" exclaimed the twain,
"For where we go shall pleasure dwell."
I followed and followed, till age came creeping,
And silvered the fall on my shall be shall

And silvered the hair on my aching head, And I lamented in vigils weeping A youth misspent, and a prime misled. "Follow your leader!" I hear a voice Whispering to my soul this hour; -Nor crave the perishing hand of Power, Who follows my steps shall forever hold A blessing purer than earthly Love, Brighter than FAME, richer than Gold-

So follow my light and look above. 'Tis late to turn, but refuse I may not, My trustful eyes are heavenward cast, And ever the sweet voice says, "Delay not, I'm thy first leader and thy last!" 'Tis the friend of my youth come back agnin, Sobered and chastened—but lovelier far Than when in those days of sun and rain

She shone in my path as a guiding star. She led me then, a wayward boy, To things of Earth and never of Heaven, But now she whispers diviner joy, Of errors blotted, of sins forgiven. To a purpling sky she points her finger, As westwardly wearily I plod. And while I follow her steps, I linger Calm as herself, in the faith of God

THE LOADED DICE, A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

veled in an open carriage, stopping for a few hours, a stage before breakfast, because it gave our horses a rest. and ourselves the chance of enjoying the brown bread, now milk, and fresh eggs of those country roadside innewhich are fast becoming subjects for archwological investigation.

One evening, my friend said, "To-morrow we will reakfast at T- I went to inquire about a family named Lovell, who used to live there. I met the husband and wife and two lovely children, one summer, at Exmouth. We became very intimate, and I thought them particularly interesting people, but I have never seen them since."

The next morning's sun shone as brightly as heart could desire, and after a delightful drive, we reached the outskirts of the town about nine o'clock.

"Oh! what a pretty inp." said I, as we approached a small white house, with a sign swinging in front of it, and a flower-garden on one side.

"Stop, John." cried my friend, "we shall get a much if there is any thing to be seen there, we can walk to it." So we alighted and were shown into a neat little parlor, with white curtains, where an unexceptionable breakfast was soon placed before us.

"Pray do you happen to know any thing of a family called Lovell?" inquired my friend, whose name by the way, was Markham. "Mr. Lovell was a clergyman." "Yes, Ma'am," answered the girl who attended us, pparently the landlord's daughter; "Mr. Lovell is the vicar of our parish."

"Indeed! and does he live hear here?" "Yes. Ma'am, he lives at the vicarage. It's just down hat lane opposite, about a quarter of a mile from here or you can go across the fields, if you please, to where

von see that tower; it's close by there." "And which is the pleasantest road?" inquired Mrs. Markham.

"Why, Ma'am, I think by the fields is the pleasantest f you don't mind a stile or two, and besides, you get the best view of the Abbey by going that way."

"Is that tower we see part of the Abbey?" "Yes, Ma'am," answered the girl, "and the vicarage s just the other side of it."

Armed with these instructions, as soon as we had finished our breakfast we started across the fields, and after a pleasant walk of twenty minutes we found ourselves in an old churchyard, amongst a cluster of the most picturesque rains we had ever seen. With the exception not considerable. There was the onter wall of the chancel, and the broken step that had led to the high altar. and there were sections of nisles, and part of a cloister, sion of those features! If ever there was despair and anall gracefully festooned with moss and ivy; whilst min- guish written on a human countenance, it was there!-gled with the grass-grown graves of the presaic dead, And yet so young! So beautiful! A cold chillran thre there were the mossive tombs of the Dume Margerys my voins as & pressed Mrs. Markham's arm! "Look up and the Sir Hildebrands of more remantic periods. All at the tower!" I whispered. was ruin and decay; but such poetic ruin! such picturso bright, the grass so green, the flowers so gay, the air struck! There must be some tragedy here-something so balmy with their sweet performes, the birds sang so more than the death of an individual! And fearing, uncheerly in the apple and cherry trees, that all nature der this impression, that our visit might prove untimely.

seemed rejoicing. "Well," said my friend, as she scaled herself on the er if anything unusual had really occurred. Before we fragment of a pillar, and looking around her, now that I moved, I looked up the narrow slit—the face was no several days betwist life and death, and happily unconsee this place, I understand the sort of people the Lov- longer there; but as we passed round to the other side of scious of his misery.

"What sort of people were they?" said I.

"Why, as I said before, interesting people. In the irst place they were both extremely handsome."

ooks, I presume," said I. "I am not sure of that," she answered; "when there is the least foundation of taste or intellect to set out with some information, which made us wish to know more; the beauty of external nature, and the picturesque acci- but it was not till we went into the town that we obtaindenis that harmonise with it, do, I am persuaded, by ed the following details of this mournful drams, of which their gentle and elevating influences on the mind, make we had thus accidently witnessed one impressive scene. the handsome handsomer, and the ugly less ugly. But Mr. Lovell, as Mrs. Markham had conjectured, was a it was not alone the good looks of the Lovells that struck man of good family, but no fortune; he might have had much liked, and to strike a fatal blow at the happiness me, but their air of refinement and high breeding, and I a large one, could be have made up his mind to marry should say birth-though I know nothing about their ex- Lady Elizabeth Wentworth, the bride selected for him how to proceed, whether to openly accuse him or private traction-combined with their undisguised poverty, and by a wealthy uncle who proposed to make him his heir; ly reprove and expel him, when Herbert's heavy loss deas evident contentment. Now, I can understand such but preferring poverty with Emily Dering, he was dispeople finding here an appropriate home, and being sat- inherited. He never repented his choice, although he isfied with their small share of this world's goods; be- remained vicar of a small parrish, and a poor man, all cause here the dreams of the remance writers about love his life. The two children whom Mrs. Markham had when having given each other a signal, one of them, in a cottage might be somewhat realized; poverty might seen were the only ones they had, and through the ex- called Frank Houston, arose and said: "Geutlemen, it

have no rent to pay." daughters, like a half-pay officer I once met on board a young Charles and Emily were grown up; and it was one direction-we have all observed it-all remarked on

that were acattered about the ground, and sometimes as governess in London. The proposal was made by looking over the hedge into the little garden, the wicket herself, and he rather consented to, that in case of the of which was immediately beneath the rower. The death of her parents, she would almost inevitably have age were open and the blinds were all down; we had not partings were the first serrow that had reached the Lovyet seen a soul stirring, and were just wondering wheth- olls. er we might venture to present ourselves at the door, when a strain of distant music struck upon our ears .- ability nor in a moderate degree of application; and Em-"Hark!" I said, "how exquisited. It was the only thing lily wrote cheerily of her new life. She was kindly rewanting to complete the charm."

"It's a military band, I think," said Mrs. Markham; "you know we passed some barracks before we reached

the band was evidently approaching by the green lane name of Herbert. Mr. Herbert was in the army, and that skirted the fields we had come by. "Hush," said I, being a distant connexion of the family with whom she laying my hand on my friend's arm, with a strange sink- resided, was a frequent visitor at their honse. "She was ing of the heart; "they are playing the Dead March in sure papa and mama mould like him." Once the moth-Saul! Don't you hear the muffled drums? It's a func- or smiled, and said she hoped Emily was not falling in ral, but where's the grave?"

hedge where some earth had been thrown up; but the things at Oxford, besides study. He was naturally fond apperture was covered with a plank, probably to prevent of society, and had a remarkable capacity for excelling

There are few ceremonies in life at once so touching, coedingly handsome, and sang charmingly, having been so impressive, so sad, and yet so beautiful as a soldior's trained in part-singing by his mother. No young man funeral. Ordinary funerals, with their unwieldy hearses at Oxford was more fele; but alas! he was very poor, and feathers, and the absurd-looking mutes, and the and poverty poisoned all his enjoyments. For some time "inky cloaks" and weepers of hired mourners, always he recisted temptation; but after a terrible struggle-for seem to me like mockery of the dead; the appointments he adored his family-he gave way, and ran into debt border so closely on the grotesque; they are so little in and although the impradence only augmented his miskeeping with the true, the only view of death that can ery, he had not resolution to retrace his steps, but ad render life endurable! There is such a tone of exager- vanced further in this broad road to ruin, so that he had ated, forced, heavy, over-acted gravity about the whole come home for the vacation shortly before our visit to thing, that one had need to have a deep personal inter- T-, threatened with all manner of annoyances i est involved in the scened, to be able to shut one's eyes he did not carry back a sufficient sum to satisfy his most to the burlesque side of it. But a militry funeral, how clamorous creditors. He had assured them he would do different! There you see death in life, and life in death! so, but where was he to get the money? Certainly not There is nothing overstrained, nothing overdone. At from his parents; he well know they had it not; nor had once simple and solemn, decent and decorous, consoling he a friend in the world from whom he could hope aset sad. The chief mourners, at best, are true mourn- sistance in such an emergency. In his despair h ers, for they have lost a brother with whom "they sat but | thought of running away-going to Australia, America Southern counties of England with a friend. We tra- yesterday at meat;" and whilst they are comparing me- New Zeland; anywhere; but he had not even the mean mories, recalling how merry they had been together, and to do this . He suffered indescribable tortures, and saw day or a week, as it might be, wherever there was any the selemn tones of that sublime music float upon the no hope of helief. thing to be seen: and we generally got through one air, we can imagine the freed and satisfied soul wasted on those harmonious bacathings to its Heavenly home;

I believe some such reflections as these were passing through our minds, for we both remained silent and listening till the swinging to of the little wicket, which communicated with the garden aroused us; but nobody appeared, and the tower being at the moment betwist at the same moment, a man came in from a gate on the thrown up, lifted the plank and discovered the newlymade grave. He was soon followed by some boys, and several respectable looking persons came into the euclosure, whilst nearer and nearer drew the sound of the painted on every face: there was no unseemly chatterthe band ceased to play.

""See there," said Mrs. Markham, directing my attention to the cottage, "there comes Mr. Lovell. Oh, how at the gate, where he commenced reading the funeral his head! service as he moved backwards towards the grave, round which the firing party, leaning on their firelocks, now formed. Then came those awful words, "Ashes to ash- He won large sums, and saw before him the early proses, dust to dust," the hollow sound of the earth upon the coffin, and three vellies fired over the grave, finished the

When the procession entered the churchyard, we had etired behind the broken wall of the chancel, whence, without being observed, we had watched the whole one of the narrow slits, I saw the foce of a man-such a

"My God! what can it be?" she answered turning we resolved to return to the inu, and endeavor to discovthe tower, we saw a tail elender figure, attired in a loose | Meantime, another scene was being enacted else-

coat, pass slowly through the wicket, cross the garden, where. The officers, who night after night found themand enter the house. We only caught a glimpse at the selves losers, had not for some time entertained the least profile; the head hung down upon the breast; the eyes "But the locality had nothing to do with their good were bent upon the ground; but we know it was the same face we had seen above.

We went back to the inn, where our inquiries elicited

be graceful and poetical here; and then you know, they cellent management of Mrs. Lovell and the moderation gives me great pain to have to call your attention to a of her husband's desires they had enjoyed an unusual do- very strange-a very distressing circumstance. For some "Very true," said I; "but suppose they had sixteen gree of happiness in this sort of graceful poverty, till the time past there has been an extraordinary run of luck in time to think what was to be done with them. The son "That would spoil it certainly," said Mrs. Markham; had been prepared for Oxford by the father, and the "but let us hope they have not. When I knew them daughter, under the tuition of her mother, was remarkthey had only two children, a boy and a girl, called ably well educated and accomplished; but it became no-Charles and Emily; two of the prettiest creatures I ever | cossary to consider the future; Charles must be sent to college, since the only chance of finding a provision for As my friend thought it yet rather early for a visit, we him was in the Church, although the expense of mainhad remained chattering in this way for more than an taining him there could be ill afforded; so, in order in hour, sometimes scated on a tombstone, or a fallen col- some degree to balance the outlay, it was, after much deumn; sometimes peering amongst the carved fragments liberation, agreed that Emily should accept a situation weather being warm, most of the windows of the vicar- had to seek some such means of subsistence. These

At first, all went well: Charles was not wanting in coived, well treated, and associated with the family on the footing of a friend. Neither did further experience seem to diminish her satisfaction. She saw a great many gay people-some of whom she named; and, Nearer and nearer drew the sound, solomn and slow; amongst the rest, there not unfrequently appeared the love: but no more was thought of it. In the meantime "There!" said she, pointing to a spot close under the Charles had found out that there was time for many in all kinds of games. He was agreeable, lively, ex-

It was just at this period that Herbert's regiment happened to be quartered at T- Charles had occaand our hearts are melted, our imaginations exalted, our sionally seen his name in his sister's letters, and heard faith invigorated, and we come away the better for what that there was a Herbert now in the barracks, but he was ignorant whether or not it was the same person; and when he accidently fell into the society of some of the junior officers, and was invited by Herbert himself to dine at the mess, pride prevented his ascertaining the fact. He did not wish to betray that his sister was a governoss. Herbert, however, knew full well that their us and it, we could not see who had entered. Almost visitor was the brother of Emily Lovell, but partly for reasons of his own, and partly because he penetrated the opposite side, and advancing to where the earth was weakness of the other, he abstained from mentioning her

the dullest quarter in all England! The officers hated it, there was no flirting, no dancing, no anything. Not mufiled drums, and now we descried the firing party a man of them knew what to do with himself. The old and their officer who led the procession with their arms ones wandered about and played at whist, the young reversed, each man wering above the elbow, a piece of ones took to hazard and three-card-loo, playing at first leaner breakfast here than in the town, I date say; and black crape and a small bow of white satin ribbon; the fer moderate stakes, but soon getting on to high ones .band still playing that solomn strain. Then came the Two or three civilians of the neighborhood joined the coffin, borne by six soldiers. Six officers bore up the pall, party, Charles Lovell amongst the rest. Had they be all quite young men, and on the coffin lay the shake, gun with playing high he would have been excluded for sword, side-belt, and white gloves of the deceased. A want of funds; but whilst they played low, he won, so long train of mourners marched two-and-two, in open that when they increased the stakes, trusting to a confile, the privates first, the officers last. Sorrow was im- tinuance of his good fortune, he was eager to go on with them. Neither did his luck altogether desert him; on ing, no wandering eyes; if a word was exchanged, it the whole, he rather won than lost; but he foresaw that was only in a whisper, and the sad shake of the head one bad night would break him, and he should be obligshowed of whom they were discoursing. All this was ed to retire, forfeiting his amusement and mortifying his observed as they marched through the lane that skirted pride. It was just at this crisis, that, one night, an acone side of the churchyard. As they neared the gate cident, which caused him to win a considerable sum, set him upon the notion of turning chance into certainty .-Whilst shuffling the cards, he dropped the ace of spades into his lap, caught it up, replaced it in the pack, and he is changed!" And whilst she spoke the clergyman dealt it to himself. No one else had seen the card, no entering by the wicket, advanced to meet the procession observation was made, and a terrible thought came into

Whether loo or hazard was played, Charles Lovell ad, night after night, a most extraordinary run of luck.

pect of paying his debts and clearing all his difficulties. Among the young men who played at the table, some had plenty of money and cared little for their losses; but others were not so well off, and one of these was Edward Herbert. He, too, was the son of poor parents who had straitened themselves to put him in the army, and it scene with intense interest. Just as the words "Ashes was with infinite difficulty and privation that his widof the grey tower which we had espied from the inn, and to sakes, dust to dust!" were pronounced, I happened to owed mother had amassed the needful sum to purchase which had doublicss been the belfry, the remains were raise my eyes towards the grey tower, and, peering thre' for him a company, which was now becoming vacant. The retiring officer's papers were already sent in, and face! Never, to my latest day can I forget the expres- Herbert's money was lodged at Cox and Greenwoods's; but before the answer from the House-Guards arrived, he had lost every sixpense. Nearly the whole sum had become the property of Charles Lovell.

Herbert was a fine young man, honorable, generous impetuous, and endowed with an acute sense of shame. esque decay! And just beyond the tall grey tower, there quite pale, "And Mr. Lovell, did you observe how his that his own prospects were ruined for life; he wrote to the was the leveliest, smiling, little garden, and the prettiest voice shook? at first, I thought it was illness; but he agents to send him the money and withdrew his name cottage, that imagination could picture. The day was seems bowed down with grief. Every face looks awe- from the list of purchasers. But how was he to support his mother's grief? How meet the eye of the girl he loved?-she, who he knew adored him, and whose hand it was agreed between them he should ask of her parents as soon as ho was gazetted a captain! The anguish of mind he suffered then threw him into a fever, and he lay the following morning, and it was two or three years before any further intelligence of the Lowell family reached

idea of foul play; but at length, one of them observing something suspicious, began to watch, and satisfied himself, by a peculiar method adopted by Lovell in "throw. in his mains," that he was the culprit. His suspicions were whispered from one to another, till they nearly all entertained them, with the exception of Herbert, who, being looked upon as Lovell's most especial friend, was not told. So unwilling were these young men to blast, for ever the character of the visitor whom they had so and respectability of his family, that they were hesitating

cided the question. Herbert himself, overwhelmed with despair, had quitted the room; the rost were still seated around the table:

it. Mr. Herbert has at this moment retired a heavy loser. There is, indeed, as far as I know, but one winner simong us—but one, and he a winner to a very considorable amount; the rest all lesers. God forbid that I should rashly accuse any man! lightly blast any man's character! But I am bound to say, that I fear the money we have lost has not been fairly won. There has been foul play! I forbear to name the party-the facts sufficiently indicate him."

Who would not have pitied Lovell, when, lived with horror and conscious guilt, he vainly tried to say something? "Indeed-I assure you-I never"-but words would not come: he faltered and rushed out of the room in a transport of agony. They did pity him; and when he was gone, agreed among themselves to hush up the affair; but unfortunately, the civilians of the party, who had not been let into the secret, took up his defence .-They not only believed the accusation unfounded, but felt it as an affront offered to their townsman; they blustered about it a good deal, and there was nothing left for it but to appoint a committee of investigation. Alas! the evidence was overwhelming! It turned out that the dice and cards had been supplied by Lovell. The former, still on the table, were found on examination to be loaded. In fact, he had had a pair as a curiosity long in his possession, and had obtained others from a disreputable character at Oxford. No doubt remained of his

All this while Herbert had been too ill to be addressed on the subject; but symptoms of recovery were now beginning to appear; and as nobody was aware that he had any particular interest in the Lovel family, the affair was communicated to him. At first he refused to believe in his friend's guilt, and became violently irritated. His informants assured him they would be to happy to find they were mistaken, but that since the inquiry no hope of such an issue remained; and he sank into a gloomy

On the following morning, when his servant came to is room door, he found it locked. When, at the desire of the surgeon, it was broken open, Herbet was found a quest sat upon the body, and the verdict brought in was Cemporary Insanity. There never was one more just.

Preparations were now made for the funeral-that funral which we had witnessed, but before the day appointed for it arrived, another chapter of this sad story was

Waen Charles left the barracks on that fatal night, inpear at breakfast, his mother sought him in his room, Duncan, before he left Washington for the South, to asgreat auxiety of mind; and saying he could get no sleep Charles requested to have some laudanum, but the physi- but his noble figure and air command seemed made to cian-was on his guard, for although the parties concerned defy many more of the rudest blasts of time. Little did wished to keep the thing private, some rumors had got be think that he, who had so o'the escaped the iron half abroad that awakened his caution.

The parents, meanwhile, had not the slightest anticithe remorseless destroyer. Among this gay group of pation of the thunderbolt that was about to fall upon them | the living, how few reflect upon those who once stood They lived a very retired life, were acquainted with none where they are now, and have since passed away! of the officers-and they were even ignorant of the amount of their son's intimacy with the regiment. Thus when news of Horbert's lamentable death reached them he mother said to her son: "Charles, did you know a young man in the barracks called Horbert; a lieutenant, believe? By the bye, I hope it's not Emily's Mr. Her-

"Did I know him?" said Charles, turning suddenly towards her; for, un ler pretence that the light annoyed nim, he always lay with his face to the wall. "Why do you ask, mother?"

"Because he's dead. He had a fever, and-" "Herbert dead!" cried Charles, suddenly sitting up in

"Yes, he had a fever, and it is supposed he was delirous, for he blew out his brains; there is a report that he had been playing high, and lost a great of money. What's the matter, dear? Oh, Charles, I should n't have told you! I was not aware that you knew him!"

"Fetch my father here; and, mother, you come back with him!" said Charles, speaking with a strage sterness of tone, and wildly motioning her out of the room. When the parents came, he bade them sit down b

side him; and then, with a degree of remorse and anguish that no words could portray, he told them all; whilst they with blanched checks and hearts, listoned to the dire con-

"And here I am," he excluimed, ashe ended, "a cow ardly scoundrel that has not dured to die! Oh, Herbert! by, of New England, whose gullant fight at the National happy, happy, Herbert! Would I wore with you!" At that moment, the door opened, and a beautiful bright, smiling, joyous face peeped in. It was Emily recovery doubtful for a long period. The person enter-

Lovell, the beloved daughter, the adored sister, arrived from London in compliance with a letter received a few likeness. That is Reverdy Johnson, Attorney General days previously from Herbert, wherein he had told her of the United States; a good face, medium figure, and that by the time she received it, he would be a captain, carefully dressed. He is an agreeable and hospitable She had come to introduce him to her parents as her af- gentleman, and rather a bold man; but he made a great fisuced husband. She beared no refusal; well she know mistake in his Galphin opinion. The individual who how rejoiced they would be to see her the wife of so kind enters next, and goes up to the Librarian's desk, is a and honorable a man. But they were ignorant of all this much more celebrated personage. That is Robert J. and in the fulness of their agony, the cup of wee ran over and she drank of the draught! They told her all before tury, and one of the most powerful members of the great she had been five minutes in the room. How else could they account for their tears, their confusion, their bowil- height; has a bald head, with a most capacious brow; dermont, their despair!

lying betwixt life and death in a brain fever. Under tellect of a Statesman. He is now engaged attending to He determined instantly to pay the debts, but he knew the influence of a feeling easily to be comprehended his practice in the great national court, and is much octhirsting for a self-imposed torture, that by its very poig- cupied with important cases. But we have noticed nancy should relieve the dead weight of wrechedness that enough of the notables for to-day. lay upon his breast, Charles cropt from his bed, and slinplug on a loose coat that hung in his room, he stole ac-ross the garden to the tower, through the unrowsit, he witnessed the burial of his sister's lover, whom he had

hastened to the grave.

Here terminates our sad story. We left Tus. All we then heard was, that Charles had gone, a self-condemned exile, to Australia; and that Emily had insisted on accompanying him thither.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE AND HER LOVER.

BY RICHARD COR, ESQ.

To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen. And Billy Grimes, the drover, Has popp'd the question to me, ma, And wants to be my lover!

To-morrow morn, he says, mamma, He's coming here quite early, To take a pleasant walk with me Across the field of barley." "You must not go, my gentle dear,

There's no use now a talking; You shall not go across the field With Billy Grimes awalkings, To think of his presumption, too! The dirty, ugly drover,

I wonder where you pride has gone. Tothink of such a lover." "Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma, And Billy is so lonely!

Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate That Billy is the only Surviving heir to all that's left;

And that, they say, is nearly A good ton thousand dollars, ma-About six hundred yearly!" "I did not hear, my daughter dear,

Your last remark quite clearly, But Billy is a clever lad, And no doubt loves you dearly! Remember then to-morrow morn, To be up bright and early,

To take a pleasant walk with him

Across the field of barley!"

GLANGES AT CONGRESS-No. VIII.

From the Pennsylvanian. The Congressional Library is always interesting to the visitor. On a rainy day it is comparatively deserted, save by those who seek its secluded nooks to while away the heavy hours; but when a bright sun makes nature levely it is a rendesvous for all the handsome women at the Capitol. Then it is peculiarly attractive. The balcony on the southern front is generally crowded with observers of the magnificent landscape—a combination of rock and river-town and country-stretched out for miles before them. Inside may be seen a bevy of Southern beauties, bending over the volumes of Indian views. On one of the large sofus will be seen a young couple evidently on a bridal tour to Washington. The group in one of the recesses, is listening and laughing at the witticisms .. of one of the reverend Senators. The short heavy man with fierce face, and heavy grey whiskers and moustache. protruding teeth, dressed in the extreme of fashion-is Bodisco, the Ryssian Minister, who is married to a Washington Lady, and lives in great style in the District. The slender personage, with pale face, black monstache, polite and deferential air, is Montholon, the French Plenipotentiary, and successor of the impetuous and generous-hearted Poussin, whose republicanism lost him his office; and who is now in Paris, one of the most ultra members of the reds, for extreme Democrats. Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister, is the ordinary lookng man, medium size, with sharp, cynical face, in company with Mr. Crampton, the Secretary of Legation, and acting Minister after Mr. Pakenham's departure .--Crampton looks every inch an Englishman: the white hair, ruddy face, short sack coat, and slender cane, are corpse, and a discharged pistel lying beside him. An in- all indicative of his country. The Diplomatic corps at Washington extends itself through a number of attaches, secretaries, and dependants, who are, however, lost in the crowd of American sovereigns, and are only distinguishable when they appear bedizzened with stars and garters, at the White House, at a New Year's reception, or a Drawing Room. The Library is a favorite resort of these representations of foreign governments. The salasteak of going home, he passed the dark hours in wander- ries of the ministers of Great Britain and Russia are ing wildly about the country but when morning dawned, | much larger than the amount paid to the President of the slunk unobserved to his chamber. When he did not ap- and state. Here, in the Library, we saw the gallant Col. where she found him in bed. He said he was very ill- sume the duties of Inspector General, to which he was and so indeed he was-and begged to be left alone; but appointed by Mr. Polk, and to meet his death. The as he was no better on the following day, she insisted on | bright, black eagle eye, the complexion of health, and the sending for medical advice the doctor found him with all | proud and happy smile, indicated a long life of usefulness those physicical symptoms that are apt to supervene from o his Country. Here, too, we saw the majestic Worth, before he set out for the sickly regions of the Rio Grande

> "Whose worth the soul delights to trace-Whose very loss 't is sweet to weep!" Here have we often seen, in days gone by, the manly form and splendid face of Dr. Linn, the late lamented Senator from Missouri; his collar folded down, his olive complexion, his waving hair, his brilliant glance, so difficult to transfer to canvass, and yet so vividly written out memory's fablet. Here, frequently, might also be seen the beloved Calhoun, glancing with that eagle eve, now extinguished in death, over some favorite page. Here Randolph, of Roanoke, spent many of his hours. Here, a few years ago, might daily be seen that,man of mighty memory and endless labors, John Quincy Adams. The illustrious Silas Wright was fond of coming to the Library as if to meet the favorite companions of his leisure hours. Now these great lights have gone out, but their deeds and their virtues will never be forgotten, "while the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls a wave." But let us turn

for a few minutes to the fiving present Directly before you, is an elastic figure, erect as the statue on the other end of the Capitol. Look upon that classic face, where energy and courage are enthroned .-The eye, even in repose, is piercing; in anger it kindles like a living stame. That is Capt. Charles G. Hunter. the Alvarado of the American Navy; a rare spirit, genarous, impetuous, and enthusiastic; yet, in difficulty or danger, cool and collected. The tall full-formed young man, with benevotent and handsome face, is Major Lal-Bridge, in Mexico, you will not readily forget-a conflict in which he was so scriously wounded, as to render his ing the Library you ought to know from his published Walker, one of the controlling minds of the present cenadministration of Mr. Polk. He is below the usual face full of animation, and manifests rather a disregard Before Herbert's funeral took place, Emily Lovell was for dress. He has the soul of an enthusiast, and the in-

SUBTERRANEAN LARE AT LANCASTER, PA .- The Lancastor Gazette gives an account of an underground body of water, which it says lies beneath the nighest point of the city, 27 feet under the surface. and 20 feet above Centre Square. It was first discovered by a workman digging a well, and is thought to be 50 feet wide and 10 deep. It flows in a south-