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# Crie Weekly Observer.

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

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WALKER & COOK,
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200 DOZ, PALM LEAF HATS at wholesale, also, a large association of Leghorn and Panama hats, just received by Janus 1. H.FULLERTON.

## Hoetry and Miscellany.

#### WEALTH.

Insidious power! idol of the world! That gildest all with radiance and light; Where'er thy dazzling standered is unfurted, How flock thy votaries at the luring sight! How spurn the plain realities of earth And deem thy smile the eminence of worth!

Spread out thy lure-place peril in the way; Unmask pale death, unshackle burning pain Fet round the trembling spectress of dismay; Bid tarnished honor hover in the train; Still onward rush, with blind infatuated zeal, The impatient throng, to grasp the hope I for weat

Lo! in the pathway to thy worshipped shrine. What treacherous forms in masked garb appear-Deen craft, in honof's robe, with look divine; Hypocriey and falsehood in her rear; Murder, conceal'd beneath a placideye; And foul pollution, aping chastity.

Thy purple decks deformity with grace; Thy gilded crown ennobles slavish brow Thy trappings hide the stigma of disgrace; And raise the name that all despised but now Thy fertile power all alike revere; For dazzled vision sees a heaven there.

Kindred and country, every tender tie, If not forgotten, stifled for a while; E'en love restrains the deep impassioned sigh, And friendship lacks the blandness of her smile; Justice descends from off her silver throne, And pity leaves the sufferer alone.

Thy spell at work within the human breast, Absorbing all the spirit-workings there, Paints visions bright, anticipations blest, And bids it soar above fair judement's sphere: Fresh gathering yearning restlessly inspires In one great coil of unappeased desires!

Build high the palace, glitter on the crown; Bedeck the subject with a monarch's pride; Raise him to fame, to honor and renown; His virtues blazen, and his vices hide; . Then bid him tell, with all thy power to bless, If this be peace, if this be happiness!

No; here thy power ceases-thou mayest please, And draw around thee adoration's gaz But, weak against the wounded heart's disease, No I caling comfort beams amongst thy rays-Thy transient glory -evanescent gleam! Butthe delirium of a troubled dream!

#### "A MERE ACT OF HUMANITY." BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Health of the art whose glory is to give The crowning boon that make it life to live."

Stop not, my fastidious reader, when I announce that the young gentleman in whose favor and fortunes A would onlist your friendly sympathies, as the hero of his sketch, is, or rather was, a medical student. Now I am very well aware that medical students are proverbially "hard cases"-wild, spreeing, careless, skeptically inclined young men, whose handkerchiefs smell of either, and whose gloves are strongly suggestive of rhubarb; whose talk runs large, with bold jests on grace subjects. sly anatomical allusions, and startling hints at something "Mair horrsble and awful, Which e'en to name wa'd be unlawful,"

But our friend Will Ashley, fortunately belonged not embrace. But just as he stood free, he felt his hand o the Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen class of Esculapian clasped, but gently, timidly, and looking around he saw disciples. He was a man of refinement, intelligence, Miss Harley at his side. She hastily raised that cold, education and principle-pleasing address, fine person wet hand to her warm quivering lips, and kissed it grateand good family. Republican as I am, I cannot but fully, while her tears, her irrepossible tears, fell upon it, think much of good blood-pure and honorable blood [ as she murmured-"God bless you! God in Heaven bless mean. He had no bravado, no pretension, no reckless- you!" and then hurried away to attend upon her brother ness, no skepticism about him. He chose his profession who had been carried back into the cabin. The lad soon B. A. CRAIN.

Who had been carried back into the cabin. The lad soon who had been carried back into the cabin. The lad soon who had been carried back into the cabin. The lad soon being the liquides, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Bulscuit, Crackers, &c. &c. ursued it with true enthusiasm and untiring constancy; and this partiality and devotion has been rewarded with the happiest success.

nost to do with the student Ashley.

When William was quite young-a mere boy indeed, he became much attached to a pretty cousin of his own ome for some years with his mother and sister, in the quiet New England city of II ......, where she was attending school.

Jessie Archer was, in tenth, a lovely creature-with a neart full of all good and friendly feelings-with a soft itively betrothed to this cousin-such a measure would have been opposed by their friends, on account of the extreme youth of the parties-but she knew well his dear love and hope—that he looked upon her as his future Tell me, my dear young friend, can I repay you in any oride and she was well content with the understanding.

As a matter of course, and lover-like necessity, William Ashley corresponded with his cousin . At first, the letters on both sides were frequent, long and confidential; but after the first year of absence, those of Miss Jessie changed gradually in their tone, and became "few and far between." But William, who was faithful and believing, made a thousand kind excuses for this, and continued to write out of his own affectionate and changeless heart. But at length his Jessie ceased to write altogether. Two months went by, and then poor Ashley, in much distressful anxiety, wrote to her, entreating to be told the cause of her strange silence .-There came a reply at last-a brief reply, written in the dearfamiliar hand, but bearing for a signature a strange name. She had been a fortnight married to a wealthy

Virginia planter. Virginia planter.
This home-thrust to his heart by a beloved handthis sudden annihilation of his dearest hopes, by her whose sweet source and center they had been, almost prostrated the young stunent, mind and body. He was proud, sensitive, and twenty-one; he had the heart, and was at the age to feel acutely, to suffer and despair. His ambition died out-his energies flagged-then his appetite went by the board, his eyes grew spiritless, his step heavy, and his cheek pale. "He must give up limity. study," said his mother. "He must take a journey," said his sister, speaking a word for him and two for her-

self. The last proposition which was strongly pressed, was finally acceded to; and the young man set forth, dispirited and ill, under the care ("protection" she called it,) of his charming sister, Ellen. They went directly Eilen, as she gazed, remarked, a wild bird, who seemed west for a visit to the Falls; the very journey which William had always looked forward to us his bridal-tour. Now it seemed but to depress and sadden him the more: ho was restless, moody and abstracted-the very worst traveling companion possible to have. Ellen found it extremely difficult to divert him from his melancholly thoughts and tender recollections, "pleasant and also mournful to the soul." The scenery along their route constantly reminded him of the double pleasure he had anticipated in first viewing it with his beautiful

brido.

the declining sun, and they swept down that broad, im- he had ever felt disposed to converse with the elder Harmortal river. As the brother and sister stood on deck, loy: Mr. Harley, a wealthy banker, and an honorable citizen of New York-his wife, a sweet motherly-looking wo-

Ashley was a thorough republican-proud and poor; and being more than usually inclined to coldness and reserve, instinctively shrunk from all contact with this party, in which he at once recognized the air partician and exclusive. But towards ovening Mr. Harley made some courteous advances, and finally succeeded in getting up quite a free and animated conversation with his young fellow traveler, with whose well bred air and thoughtful countenance he had been attracted and impressed. They discoursed on the magnificent scenery around them, then on the battles and sieges, bold generalship and fighting which had made classic ground of the wild Niagara frontier; and Ashley, who was an admirable talker, soon became earnest and even eloquent in spite of himself. All at once, in looking up, he met the beautiful eyes of Miss Juliet fixed upon him with evident interest and admiration. The young lady dropped her gaze instantly, while a blush suffused her bright ingenious face. An involuntary thrill of pleasure agitated the heart of Ashley, and his cold eye kindled with a new fire; but as thought returned-the thought of all brow clouded, he bit his lip, and with a few hasty words, turned abruptly, and drawing his sister's arm within his own, walked to the side of the vessel, and there stood silently and moodily, gazing down upon the darkened waters and off into the deepening twilight.

Owing to some detention the boat was later than usual, so that it was quite dark when they landed at Chippewa. On leaving the boat, Mr. Ashley and his sister found themselves directly behind the party with whom they had been conversing. Mr. Harley looked around and seeing them, began making some enquiries respecting the hotel of which they had made choice, when Master Fred, in his boyish independence, was walking along. suddenly stumbled-fell from the broad plank, over which they were passing, into the river below. There were screams, and rushing to and fro, but no rescue was attempted until Mr. Ashley, breaking from the clinging hold of his sister, leaped bodily into the deep, dark water. For a few moments which seemed an age to the spectators, he searched in vain along the narrow space between the vessel and the wharf, but finally he espled the lad's head appearing from under the boat, caught, and drew forth the already insensible child, and, greatly exhausted himself, swam back to the plank with his precious burden. They were drawn on board together, with joyful shouts and earnest thanksgiving.

As Ashley stood in the gangway, staggering and half blind, the crowd cheering and passing around him, his sister flung her arms about his neck, and hung upon him, laughing hysterically. But the poor fellow was faint and and whose very laugh had a sort of bony rattle about it. chilled, and strove to release himself from her passionate

That night, after supper, which he had served in a private parlor, Mr. Harley sought the room of Ashley-Dr. Ashley is now regarded by his many patients, his heart overflowing with gratitude toward the young with a remarkable confidence and affection. To them here, and his thoughts busy with plans of generous rethere is healing in every creak of his shoes on the stairs' compense. At the door he met a servant bearing away his cheerful smile lights up the sick room like sunshine; a wet traveling suit, which sight, | quickened even more his gentle words and sympathetic tones are as balm and his warm and kindly feelings. He entered to find Mr. "refreshing oil" to hearts and minds, wounded and dis- Ashley wrapped in a dressing-gown, sitting by a table, tempered with the body, and his bright laugh and play- his head bent down on his hands, a plate of light food, ful wit are a positive tonic to the weak and nervous and almost exhausted, and cup of hot tea half-drank, pushed fearful. But I am anticipating; my story has, perhaps back from before him. He was looking even palor and more spiritless than usual. In fact, our friend was completely exhausted by the excitement and exertion of, the -a gentle, dark eyed, Southern girl, who made her reserve. He rose, however, as his visitor entered, and bowing politely, begged him to be seated. But Mr. Harley came forward, took his hand, and pressed it warmly, looked kindly into the pale, quiet face, his own countenance all a glow, and tears actually glistoning in his doopset grey eyes. Ashley cast down his own eyes in painful endearing manner, but with very little strength of char- embarrassment, which Mr. Harley perceiving, took the acter or stability of purpose. She tenderly loved her proffered chair, and strove to converse awhile on indiffer-Northern relatives, and parted with them, at least from ent topics. But he soon came round to the subject nearner own cousin William, in particular, with many tears est his heart-dwelt long and at large on his paternal joy, and passionate expressions of regret. She was not post and gratitude, not seeming to heed the impatience of his sensative auditor, and finally closed with:

"I trust there is some way in which I can prove m gratitude-in part reward you for you generous heroism.

-an lusulting jungle of the banker's purse in these words at which he involuntarily drew himself up, and curled his short upper lip; and when Mr. Harley carnestly repeated his question thus:

"Is there no way in which I can serve you?" he re plied with a sort of nonchalent hauteur. "Yes; by never mentioning this litle circumstance again. I but did for your son what I would do for any

follow-creature. It was a more act of humanity, I assure Mr. Harley, quite taken back, chilled, and withal deeply hurt, rose at once, and with a stately bow and a cold good night, parted from the rescurer of his child, the

young here with whom, five minutes before, he would

have divided his fortune. Tired and indifferent, Ashley flung himself upon his bed, and slept soundly till late in the morning; then rose with a headache, made a light breakfast, and hurried down to Table Rock with his sister, who had been up since day break impatiently waiting his appearance .-Ashley was lost in that first contemplation of the grand scene before him; his soul seemed born to a new life-a now world of beating, and power, and overwhelming sub-

The day was wondrously beautiful, and floods of sunlight were mingled with the waters, and pouring over that stupendous precipice; into the darkest depths fell the fearless, glad sunbeams, sounding, like golden plummets, those terrible abysses. There hung the rainbow, and sporting in the spray, pass through the illuminated arch. and become glorified in its midst; and it seemed to her like an innocent confiding spirit, coming near the might and grandeur of Deity, through the beautiful galeway of

Ashley was at length roused from his trance of hight-wrought rapture, by feeling a small, timid hand laid on his arm, and turned to see Muster Fred standing at his side, with a faint glow on his cheek and an affectionate pleasure shining in his sunken eye. The lad, to-day

June-water, earth and sky, were lit up gloriously by way, and talked with him more kindly and familiarly than in his old position.-This time Miss Juliet bent over him

all the crowd, by a certain dress and manner, with a mot that of William, who bowed and smiled, as she bade bearing of perhaps unconscious superiority. This was a the brother and sister 'Good morning.' Mr. Harley family party, and consisted of an elderly gentleman, merely touched his hat, Mrs. Harley, who had been so absorbed the evening previous by her intense anxiety for her son as almost to forget his brave rescurer, now, dropman, and their daughter Juliet, a fair and delicate girl plug the arm of her husband, and grasping the hand of of eighteen, and their only son, Master Fred, a lad of the yung student, poured the whole story of gratitude of her deep immeasurable joy, into his heart-a good heart though somewhat wayward, and sadly out of harmony with life just now.

A short time after this, Ashley again saw Miss Har-Termination Rock-the secret, dread abode, the dim, awful sanctuary of sublimity.

Even then, Ashley exalted by poetry, solemnized by grandeur as he was, could not but remark the miracle of it is probable that Dr. Ashley was one of these. beauty which made the young lady lood lovely as ever in the rude, grotesque costume, the clumsy water-proof dress provided for her expedition. He next noticed the fearless, yet awe struck onthusiasm, the high wrought expression of her face, as, sheltering her eyes from the storm of spray with her fair hand, she gazed upward to where the huge column of water, dark, green and snowy white, leaped over the shelving precipice, plunging with thundering roar into the black abyes at her side.

In after days he often thought of that fair creature, a she thus appeared-so young, so delicate, yet so braveso lust to herself, almost to life, in a trance of awe and adoration. He often thought of her thus, as his last sight fickleness and coquetry, and heartlessness of woman, his of her; for after this they parted -he and Ellen passing over to the American side, saw no more of the Harleys during their brief stay at the Fulls.

Ashley was, almost in in spite of himself much improved in health and spirits by travel, and on his return reamed his studies with a sort of dogged devotion; if not with all his old enthusiasm. Yet sometimes, as formally the vision of a fair being would come to disturb and distract his thoughts-would flit across his humble room, he almost palpably present in his waking dreams. But it hardly seemed the 'lovely young Jessie,' the beloved of his early years; this was fairer, slighter form, clad oddly enough, in a heavy dress of vollow oil cloth, with a sort of hood, which, half-fullen back, revealed a sweet face all glorified by sublime adviration. He saw-how distinctly he saw, the deep, abstracted eyes, the bright, parted lips-ah, those lips! whenever he recalled them by some mysterious association, with his own right hand a tolerably symmetrical hand, surely, but with nothing more poculiar, about it, that I could ever see.

The fall succeeding the journey to Niagara, William Ashley received his diploma, and the next spring opened an office in his native city. Not possessing wealth, or much family influence, and being young and modest, he had at first view, very few calls. But he was always at his post, never, employed his leisure unworthily, or was idle or desponding. He studied as diligently as over and waited patiently for those patients whom he rested assured in the future—the frir golden future—were bound to

of Mr. N ...... a wealthy and somewhat distinguished citizen of H----, and pouring through the open windows of his mansion he one night heard the sweetest singing that had ever met his ear. It was a clear, fresh

music; and he lingered long before the house walking up and down beneath the thick shadows of the grand old the line of the shirt, quick," cried he extending his

This was the beginning of pleasure, night after night, for some weeks found the young physician in the same spot when he was almost always so happy as to hear that rare, delicious singing, trilling and quivering through the still and dewey air. It was generally accompanied by the piane; but semetimes he would see a gay group on the piazza; and among them a slight figure in white, looking very fair and delicate in the moonlight; then there would come the tinkling of a guitar, and sweet love-lays of Italy, or wild ballad of Spain,

And thus it went on, till Ashley, the invisible listen er, had become altogether enchanted, spellhound, in love with a roice till fast and far in the dim distance, evening, and consequently deepened into moodiness and faded away the familiar vision in yellow oil cloth and falling hood, and fair, kindling countenance. He now spont as many hours over his books as ever, but his thoughts, alas! were far enough from the page: for, to tell the truth and expose his boyish felly, he was constantly dreaming out the form and features of the dear unknown-of her with the voice. Unlike his former self, he now looked searchingly at the fair promenaders whom he met on the street, and there saw pretty young ladies enough, but no one in whom he recognized his idea of the sweet singer.

At length the hour of good fortune came alike to the physician and to the lover.

Just at sunset, on a pleasant evening, a young horseman came dashing up to Dr. Ashley's office to summon him to a lady, who had disolated her ancle in springing from her horse. Our here's heart beat quick as the messenger directed him to the house of Mr. N. The Doctor was shown into a small parlor where on a lounge, clad in a white wrapper, reclined his first patient. A wreath of rich golden hair, somewhat dishevoled first attracted Ashley's eye; there was something strangely familiar in those bright curls, and he was not taken altogether by supprise, when Mrs. N.; presented him

to her neice, 'Miss Harley.' The lady was lying with her hands over her face, to conceal the tears drawn forth by her acute sufferings; but at the mention of the doctor's name, she removed them, and looking up eagerly, and smiling in the midst of her pain with pleasure and supprise. -

But this was no time for more than simple recognition. and the next moment saw the doctor bending professionally over the throbbing and swollen foot of the sufferer. The setting of the dislocated joint caused the young all with heroic patience—the silent resignation of wo-

Yet when all was over-the ancle bound up, and composing draught administered, as the doctor took leave of his interesting patient, he saw that her check was deathly pale and her lips quivered convulsively. From that time, for some weeks, day after day, the

young physician might have been seen (by Mrs. N---) over the poor foot, bathing and dressing it, watching cave was discovered in 1842, by a Mr. Howe who has a with intense interest the subduing of the swelling, and hotel near it. the disappearance of the discoloration, till it became at last white and delicate, like its mate and former fellow traveler.

. It is strange how, through all this time, the late music-mad gentleman existed without listening to the bethrough the vines and roses of that piazza no sweet singing floated out into the moonlight.

I told you dear reader, that Dr. Ashley used to kneel at Juliet's side to dress her ankle; but when that was

Chippewa. It was a bright and breezy day, early in towards the child, who was a fine intelligent boy, by the suddenly found himself by the force of habit, I suppose, till her hand lay on his forehead-till they mingled in with his own dark locks .- She spoke but a word or two silently drinking in the rare beauty of the scene and In leaving the rock the Ashley's overtook Harley with and the young practitioner sprang up impulsively and support hor; as her recent indisposition had left her but tramp of the soldiers. weak; her hand was in his own; and as he held it thus he mentally observed 'Quite the quickest pulse I ever

Miss Harley called herself well, but she did not seem perfectly so, while she remained with her relatives in H---: at least her physician called more and more frequently, nor did it appear that her ancle ever quite regained its strength; for when she took her evening strolls with Dr. Aspley, they were observed to saunter ley. They met in a fearful place, behind the sheets of along slowly, and she was seen to lean heavily on the arm of her companion.

It is said that there are men who think that a slight lameness imparts a new interest to a lovely woman-and

One fine morning early in september, Mr. Odgen larley, the rich banker, and respectable citizen, was scated in his cushioned arm chair, in his elegant library, in his princely mansion, in Waverly Place in the city of Gothain. He was looking as easy and comfortable as possible-as well ifleased with the world and its ways n general, and its ways towards himself in particular; and even more than usually happy and genial.

Mr. Harley was not alone this morning. There was hen and there present, a young man, rather tall, quite handsome, modestly, yet elegantly dressed-(our friend With him came a woman; the only witness who testithe doctor, to let you know the secret, dear reader,)-who fied in the case. vith a red face, and a manner half proud, half fearful, was just making a confidente of the old gentleman -telling him a love story of his own in short. The good man was greatly interested in this history, badly told as it was, and at its close he rose quite hastily for one of his aldermanic proportions, and going up to his visitor and laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said:

\*With all my heart-with all my heart! I will give on my Juliet, and place her fortune in your hands-for honor and like you young man!'

Ashley quite overcome, could only stammer out-'Oh, Mr. Harley my dear sir, how can' I ever repay on for this goodness-this great kindness?" · By never mentioning this little circumstance again,

plied Mr. Harley, with a roguish twinkle of the eye. I saw, my dear boy, what a sad condition you were n, and this is a mere act of humanity, I assure you.

#### Abraham Jink's Shirt.

The following story has a brief but impressive moral for our bachelor readers, viz: Pay your Washerwoman's

Perhaps, all things considered, washerwomen are the most troublesome and destable of the 'small fry' of duns. They are continually clamoring for their dues, and they are somewhat dangerous persons to offend, as the following anecdote will show. We were once acquainted with a gentleman, whose stock of linen had degenerated (from the frequent visits to my uncle,') into one solitary shirt. Mr. Jinks was consequently under the disagreeable necessity of lying in bed till his solitary shirt could It happened that the young physician's way home from be washed and dried for his evening's use. One evehis office lay past and very near to the elegant residence ning he was engaged to a dinner party, where a very pretty and rich woman, to whom he had long been pay ing his attentions-and successfully-was to be present The hour was drawing nigh; our friend had made his toilet, except in the one indispensable article-a shirt .contraite voice, artistic in execution, yet sweet and full of Enveloped in a "seedy dressing gown" he sat shivering in anxiety, awaiting his washerwoman's well known Ashley, a fine singer himself was passionately fond of knock. It came, and she made her appearance with the

The washerwoman drew back, and coolly replied,-You owe me eighteen pence, sir; I am a poor woman with a large family-I must be paid."

"D ---- n your family, I have not got a farthing-

"I won't till I have my money," was the virage's

The unfortunate devil swore, stormed and raved; but t was of no avail; he descended to the most abject supdication, but in vain. There she stood, with the coveted garment in hand, while he, like Tantalus of old; saw but could not grasp it. At length driven to despair, he exclaimed-

"My good Mrs. Brown, for God's sake give me my shirt. I am going to dine at Mr. Watt's in Belgrave square; I shall be too late. I shall be ruined."

An infernal smile lighted up for an instant the obdurate washerwoman's face, and without saying another word she departed with her prize, leaving him shirtless.

In the middle of the dinner at Mr. Watt's that evening, the guests were discussing the mysterious non-appearance of Abraham Jinks, and the pretty Charlotte Seymour was pouting and looking daggers greviously offended by the absence of her lover, a parcel was bro't in by the servant, and delivered to the master of the house. He opened it, and to the astonishment of all. out fell a shirt! Snatching up a little dirty scrap of paper which fell from the garment, the host read out the following exquisite morceau for the edification of the

"Sir,-Ilas Muster A. Jenks owes me eighteen pence. and has not got only one shirt, which I encloses; and has I would not let him have this ere shirt, till be paid me, which he said as how he could'nt, I sends you the harticle in question, that you may not be surprised at his night he heard the rough voice of the husband grumble not coming to dinner. Your humble servant Mary Brown, Washerwoman,

N. B. Washing done on reasonable terms and a good drying ground." The rear of laughter which succeeded may be guessed.

The match was off-our friend was dished.

## Great Caves

A summer tourist, writing from Sharon Springs to the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, gives a description of two caves of great size near Schoharie Court House, N. Y. One called Howe's Cave situated about 17 miles sufferer executiating pain; but she bore herself through from the Springs, and five from the Schoharie Court House, has been explored to the depth of seven miles through limestone rock, and contains a lake on which is a boat for visitors. One portion of this cave is so vast that rockets have been sent up and did not reach the ceiling. The other cave is called Gebhard's find is about four miles east of Scholiario Court House. It has been explored to a distance of five miles. This is also said to have a lake, and an apartment 315 feet in diamkneeling by the side of Miss Juliet's couch-bending ter. Pure white alabaster has been found in it. Howe's

## Go Betweens.

There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world, than that of a Go Between-by which I mean that creature who carries to the ear of one neighbor loved voice, for now through the windows of the parlor, every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more edious than the slanderer himself. By their vile officiousness they make that poison which else would be inert, for three-fourths of the better, almost well, indeed, and clad in silkon hose and slanderers in the world would never injure their colects, slipper-it happened that once, when quite alone with except by malice of Go Botweens, who, under the mask bride.

At Buffalo, our travelers took the afternoon boat for ported by a servant. Ashley felt an instinctive attraction has fair patient, at the dreamy twilight hour, the doctor of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

#### A Tale of Military Discipline.

It was towards the end of last October that I returned on foot from Orleans to the Chateau of Bardy. Before me upon the same read, marched a regiment of soldiers; and having an car for martial music, I hastened along to hour, they noticed a party near them, distinguished amid his wife and daughter. Juliet smiled painfull, as her eye joyfully, and took a prouder position by the side of his be near it, when suddenly the band ceased playing, and beloved patient. His arm was soon about her waist-to the drum and fife was the only sound save the negular

For nearly a half an hour they continued on, when they entered upon a plain surrounded with oak trees. I enquired of a captain with whom I was acquainted if the regiment was to be reviewed. "No." replied he. "we have come here to judge and probably shoot a soldier of my company, for having stolen from the person upon whom he was quartered."

"How," asked I, "do you intend to judge, condemn, and execute him, all in the same moment?"

"Yes, sir, such are our orders." -The last word is all sufficient for a soldier.

"If you have curiosity," continued the captain, "I will place you where all can be seen. The cerimony will

I followed the captain. The regiment was drawn up in a square, and behind the line some soldiers dug a grave upon the borders of the forest. In the middle of the square, eight officers were seated on drums; a ninth scated a little in front of the others, was writing some words on a piece of paper, which he held against his knee in a very negligent manner, or simply to show that a man was not killed without some formality.

The accused was called. He was a young man of excellent height, with noble and commanding address.

When the colonel was about to interrogate her, the roung man exclaimed: "It is useless, colonel; I stole a

handkerchief from this woman." "You, Peter," said the colone!, "have always been a good soldier."

"It is true, colonel, I have always tried to give satisfaction to my officer-but I did not steal it for myselfit was for Mary." "Who is this Mary?"

"It is her who lives down there-I mean in Arenburgshall never see her again,"

"I dou't understand you, Peter. Explain." "This letter, colonel will explain all." He handed

im the following: "My DEAR FRIEND PETER:-I profit by the departure of Arnold to send this and a silk purse which I made expressly for you. I have hid myself from my father while making it for he scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never come back. You are coming back, are you not? and even if you did reman absent, 1 should s till love you. Come back soon, and if possible end me something from France, that I may keep it for

Yours, ever faithful,

"I received the letter last night," continued Peter; "I dreampt about Mary, about home, about sending her a souvenir, and this morning I awoke and I thought about a present to her; and then it occurred to me that I had no money, and coming down stairs saw this handkerchief, and had the weakness to steal it. As I took it. this woman saw me. Have me shot, but do not detest me. I am guilty."

The judges could not conceal their emotion, but he was condemned to death. He heard the sentence without flinching, and approaching his captain, requestedthe loan of four Francs. The captain gave them to him. I saw him advance towards the woman to whom the handkerchief had been returned, and heard these words: "Madam, there are four france, I do not know if your handkerchief is worth more, but if it is I pay dearly for

the rest." Taking the handkerchief again, he kissed it and ga it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains, and should you pass by, ask for Mary, and give her this blue handkerchief. but do not tell her at what a price I bought it." Ho. then kneeled, prayed to God and walked to the spot.

I left at this moment and wandered into the woods,-The report of musketry told me that the tragedy was terminated. In half an hour I returned; all was still. A new

nade grave was there without a tablet to record the fate of Peter. A month later, a stene with "Mary" marked a grave

## in the village church-yard of Arenburg.

Ruins of Humanity. Of all the ruins, on which men can gaze, or on which his memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity; and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time wrinkles on its check, or the silvery whiteness with which years cover the head; not the curved spine, which bows the face to the earth, as if it looked for the grave to rest in, for the wrinkled cheek. and the bleached head, and the stooping frame, are the appropriate accompaniments of age, and as beautiful, in the system of life, as winter with its leafless trees and frozen streams, in the system of the seasons; but the ruine of humanity are seen in wrinkles which time has not made, in a frame trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair, when the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty of age has not supplied its place. 'Tis as melancholly as snow in har-

IF A correspondent, a wag in his way, says that when a young man, he occupied a chamber separated from that of a married couple by a thin partition. One cold

To which the wife replied in a querulous tone: "Ah! you did not speak so when we were first married-then you used to say to me, "take away your little hootsy, footsy, tootsy!"

Hear how the editor of the Vermont Morcury talks to the borrowing individuals:

"Got a paper to spare?" "You, sir; here's one of our last. Would you like to ubscribe, sir, and taket regularly?" "I would, but I am too poor,"

That man had just come from the circus, cost 50 cents: lost time from his farm, 50 cents; liquor, judging from the smell, at least 50 cents; making a dollar and a half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging he was too poor to pay for it.

That's what we call "saving at the spigot and loosing at the bung hole."

IF The Detroit journals are arguing the question-'Where is the American wilderness?'' The Advertiser says: "At the opening of this century it was in Obio and Indiana-twenty-five years afterward, it was in Michigan, Wiscousin, &c., last year it was in Minnesota. Now, where is it to be next year? except in Nebrasca, around the Luke of the Wood!" The year

after next, we reckon it will be no whar! IF A dandy black entered a book-store, and with a very consequential air inquired.

"Hab you a few quires of letter paper of the very

est, for a gentleman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply; "how many will you have?" "I 'spose," said he, "my stay at the springs will be

about three weeks Gib me 'nough quires to write four letters"