THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. [FORWARD.] $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1851. NUMBER 37.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50

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

☞ All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year,	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly 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.*

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. HERON STUART,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Kock's store. Residence, on Fourth street, one door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

R. T. STERRETT,
Has constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c., &c.; and sells Wholesale or Retail as cheap as the cheapest. No. 110, Cheapside Erie.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Revolutionary, army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra-pay, and all other busines entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention.
Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's store. Erie, Oct. 19.

LAIRD & RUST,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Liquors, Flour, Fish, Salt &c., corner of State street and the Public square, near the Court House!
WILSON LAIRD. LUCIAN RUST.

GALEN B. KEENE,
Fashionable Tailor, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel, up stairs. CUTTING done on short notice. 110

OLIVER SPAFFORD,
Bookseller and Stationer, and Manufacturer of Blank Books and Writing Ink, corner of the Diamond and Sixth street.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office on State Street, three doors north of Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

COMPTON & HAVERSTICK,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, and Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Distillers, and Manufacturers of Spirituous, No. 1, Reed House, and corner of French and Penn streets, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office No. 2, Erie Hall, corner of Main & Lloyd streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
References—A. P. Durlin, Esq., B. Sharpe Grant, Esq.

J. B. NICKLIN,
Special and general Agency and Commission business, Franklin, Pa.

RUFUS REED,
Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Iron, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House: Erie, Pa.

W. J. F. LIDDLE & Co.
Blacksmiths, Carriage and Wagon Builders, State Street, between seventh & Eighth, Erie.

L. STRONG, M. D.
Office, one Door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Prof. A. Byrne, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, corner Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

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

JOHN McCANN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Crockery, Glassware from Nails, &c., No. 2, Fleming Block, Erie, Pa.
☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce.

S. J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker.—Store, No. 5 Reed's Block, (opposite the Bonnell Block) State Street, Erie.

J. W. WETMORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa.

HENRY CADWELL,
Importer, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Cutlery, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights store, Erie, Pa.

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

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage offices.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, 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, Erie, Pa.

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, 108 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 144 Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

JOHN ZIMMERLY,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

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

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS. T. M. ACSTIN

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous Books and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
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.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 3, Reed House, Erie.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN TO HER FAITHLESS LOVER.

BY MARCIA WEBSTER.

And you have *dared* again to bring,
That fickle, faithless heart to me,
And offer me the worthless thing,
As false and changing as the sea!
I scorn the gift—I would not deign,
The offering at your hands to take;
Though every heart-string writhed with pain,
And, one by one, was doomed to break.

Long time ago—it boots not now,
How many years have passed since then,
And left their shadows on my brow,
That never may grow bright again,
Pledging your own to me the while,
You sought and won a maiden heart;
Free from all thoughts of wrong and guile,
Unknowing ill—untaught of art.

Another and a fairer came,
A richer, too, in this world's pelf,
And you—I blush *to speak your shame*—
Forgetting honor, worshiped self;
Casting my love in scorn away,
You sought to win the gilded prize,
Deeming, poor fool! gold would repay,
Your faith and honor's sacrifice.

I am not one to droop and pine
O'er blasted hopes and shipwrecked joy
Or deem a thankless fate is mine,
For making gold of base alloy;
Too strongly burns the living flame,
That God hath placed within my soul,
Too deeply loathe I wrong and shame,
Too much abhor their fierce control.

'Tis vain to say you love me now,
Your power to stir my heart is o'er;
The perjured faith, the broken vow,
Speak to me still from days of yore;
You seek to win my hand in vain,
For by the past's dread suffering,
By all my heart has known of pain,
I scorn the dastard heart you bring.

West. Lit. Mess.

"POOR JANE;"

OR, CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CHAPTER I.

"Come here to me, Jane! What do you mean by this? A whole baked potato thrown away—you wasteful, good-for-nothing huzzy! Did you hear me?—come to me, stupid."

A poor girl, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, drew trembling towards the woman who has so delicately introduced herself to our notice, and who stood in a back room turning over with a stick the contents of a pail.

"Why don't you eat that potato for your dinner?—What did you eat? The pies and cakes were all locked up in the store-room."

"I—I didn't eat anything, ma'am, for dinner to-day. *I had such a strange, wild feeling in my—!*"

"No matter—I did not wish to hear of your 'strange, wild feelings.' Go back and clean the knives, and don't let me see any such extravagance again."

The child turned slowly away, pressing her hand tightly on her burning brow and tearless eyes, while Mrs. Willoughby laid aside her stick in readiness for future inflictions, and passed quietly back to her drawing room.—In about ten minutes after Mrs. Andrews was announced—a very excellent lady, who never made calls without a subscription paper. On this particular afternoon, she was collecting money for the support of destitute orphans.—Mrs. Willoughby signed, with a gold pen, her name against the sum of ten dollars, while her eyes were suffused with tears; and little thought Mrs. Andrews, as she left the house, of the poor orphan child who dragged away, in the little dark cellar-kitchen of Mrs. Willoughby's mansion, the years which should have been passed under the free air of heaven, and among smiles and blessings fresh from the hearts of kind friends.

Mrs. Clarendon Willoughby's name was uttered by many in tones of praise that afternoon. They had not learned that "all is not gold that glitters."

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Willoughby was the widow of a respectable merchant, who left her at his death a pretty cottage in a country town, and an income sufficiently large to supply every reasonable wish.

Mrs. Willoughby mourned for her husband although she had never appreciated him during his life. She put on the deepest and handsomest sables—wept profusely as she looked her last on the still, cold features of him who had borne all her caprices so patiently—and on the Sabbath succeeding his funeral, she had "a mute in at church," when her fine cambric handkerchief was incessantly occupied at fountains in full play.

Florence Willoughby was her only child. She had completed her school education, and only returned home a few months previous to the time when our story commences.

Florence was young—only seventeen—and very beautiful, with a sylph-like figure. Just fitted was she to glide through the "mazes of the dance," and run her white, taper fingers over the keys of the piano. Her education was finished. She could warble Italian songs, and speak French to perfection—in the presence of Americans. She had studied German, also—and had heard, when a child, of the spelling book and geography: while, during the last year of her school life, her reading had been confined to Bulwer and Byron in secret, under whose influence she had become possessed of a morbid sentimentality, which bade fair to unfit her for the world into which she was about entering, and whose battles she must fight, whose disappointments she must endure.

The two ladies were seated together at the close of a pleasant Summer's day, in their small but well furnished drawing-room. Florence was listlessly turning over the leaves of a music book humming snatches of song, meanwhile, her mother sat reading at an open window, when Jane glided softly into the room and handed a letter to Mrs. Willoughby. The lady read a few lines only, when an exclamation of surprise brought her daughter to her side.

"*Indeed!*" she murmured, glancing over the paper—"and they will be here to-morrow—Mrs. Vaughan, and her son, Mr. Cecil Vaughan—been passing a year at the South—'renewing school friendship'—'pass a few days with you, if convenient,'" etc., and as Mrs. Willoughby closed the letter, Florence threw herself upon a couch, and commenced building air castles. She wondered if Cecil Vaughan *remembered seeing her ten years before*, when he was quite a child, and if he remembered reproving her for speaking unkindly to her little cousin Grace, who had long since been laid away to sleep in the old church-yard. And then she wondred if he would think her as beautiful as others said she was; and she recollected his saying that he could never love passionate girls or women, and she resolved to be very amiable and affectionate while he was there, and then she fell asleep—and very pleasant air dreams still floated on her brain. Florence was only seventeen!

"I want you to come up stairs with me, my love, and look at the guest's chambers," said Mrs. Willoughby, the next morning. Florence was sitting in a rocking chair, with a novel in her hand, but gross languidly and followed her mother.

"This room is for Mrs. Vaughan," said Mrs. Willoughby stood upon the threshold long enough for Florence to take a slight survey, "and this is for Mr. Vaughan," she continued, passing along to a room on the other side of the passage way. "Now does it not look very prettily, my dear."

"Yes; and who arranged those flowers, mamma?—How vefy sweet they are."

"Jane; it is strange what a passion that girl has for flowers. Are those curtains looped back sufficiently?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Is the rocking chair in the right place, there by the window?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I do wish, Florence, you would be interested in wha I say to you. I hope you will try and be more agreeable when our friends arrive."

"I will try; but I am going to finish this book before they come."

"It is eleven now—they will be here at two or three o'clock—don't be late, my dear."

The young lady was in the parlor before the last words escaped her mother's lips, and in a moment more was deeply engaged in a bewitching fiction.

CHAPTER III.

Catherine Grey, Eliza Ardwell, and Edith Nelson, had been schoolmates together, and although the latter had entered two years before the others left, and although she was a mere child, yet her sweet disposition, and lovely, though sad face, won the hearts of all her schoolmates, particularly that of Catherine Grey. Both had wept over the graves of dear parents, but while Catherine's loss had been nearly repaired by the love of an uncle who took her to his own childless home, Edith's young heart had known no second friend since the death of her mother. A very small fortune was left, barely sufficient to educate her for a teacher, and a child of ten years she entered Mrs. ——'s seminary. Walter Evelyn, however, became acquainted with the young girl during the last year of her school life, and won the heart that had so long felt the need of something to love; so when Edith, at the age of seventeen, left the school, it was only to become the almost idolized wife of a man in every respect worthy of her. Evelyn took her to his own home—a little cottage in a country town, with tall trees overshading it, from whose branches the birds sang all summer long. It was an humble dwelling, for Evelyn was a poor lawyer, but the young people were contented, and all-in-all to each other. Meanwhile, Eliza Ardwell had married a cousin of Walter Evelyn, an amiable but rather "weak-minded" man, who for the sake of peace, allowed his wife to take her own course in every respect If she was contented and happy, Mr. Willoughby was satisfied, and so long as she was caressed and flattered she was happy.

Catherine had also married in two years after leaving the school, and passed three short years of unalloyed happiness, when her husband who was taken down in his early manhood, and she was left with one son—a widow. Not until then did she learn submission to the will of her heavenly Father—not until chastisement was laid heavily upon her, could she love the kind hand that bestowed it, and say through bitter tears, "Thy will be done." Her whole attention and care was now lavished upon her son. Loving him as deeply as a heart like hers only could love, yet she allowed no feeling of maternal affection to interfere with her government over him.—His character was one that required more than ordinary watchfulness and care, and Mrs. Vaughan knew that if she humored his caprices in his boyhood, she should lay up in store sorrow for his manhood, and for her own old age.

Walter Evelyn and his young wife, we have said, were all-in-all to each other. Through clouds and sunshine—in sorrow and in joy—they had loved each other more and more devotedly; but there were dark clouds gathering over their peaceful home—alas, for their bright hopes! In little more than eight years from the time of their marriage, the "angel of death" came, and the loving husband and tender father was taken from his wife and only child, the little Edith, and laid in the quiet grave. Mrs. Evelyn could not long survive the loss. He had been the sturdy oak, and she the fragile vine, and now that her earthly support was fallen, she had nothing left to cling to. She knew that He who had promised to be the widow's God, had also promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and that what He had promised he was faithful to fulfil; so when she felt that she must soon bid farewell to her child, and when her step grew more feeble, and the hectic more bright on her wan cheek, she called Mr. Willoughby, who was the nearest relative to whom she could apply, and committed to his care her darling Edith; and although his wife was the last woman whom she would have chosen as her protector, yet she endeavored to feel resigned to the path which seemed marked out for her. And so she died, and was laid beside her husband in the church-yard. "They were not long divided."

Mr. Willoughby, faithful to his promise to his dying cousin, took the little Edith home, and fulfilled, to the best of his ability, his duty to the child.—Still she had learned then, in the six months that elapsed before his death, that there was no love like a mother's. The very first night that she passed in her new home, she cried herself to sleep on her little bed, for when she came and held up her face for a good night kiss, Mrs. Willoughby merely touched her lips to the pure upturned brow. O, it was so different from the warm embrace that had always been ready for her—and the tender blessing that had always fallen last upon the ear, before she closed her eyes to sleep! It was hard to have all the generous affectionate impulses of her warm young heart crushed and discouraged—still all this she could have borne, and easily, compared with the trials of the years which succeeded Mr. Willoughby's death. It was then, when the grave was barely closed over the body of her only protector, that Edith learned gradually but surely what was to be her future position in the family. Tasks were assigned each day, which, as she grew older, were increased, until she became a servant—nay, *more*—a slave to Mrs. Willoughby, and the beautiful Florence, who was her senior by only three short years. Indeed the eight happy years of Edith's life, seemed as she grew older, but as a bright, long dream, so accustomed had she become to harsh words and blows. Her name, too, was called Jane, for Florence thought Edith too aristocratic for a servant girl, while Mrs. Willoughby consented willingly to the change, for it shielded her injustice from the eyes of the world

CHAPTER IV.

Very lovely and graceful was Florence Willoughby, as she stood with her mother upon the piazze, while the carriage which contained Mrs. Vaughan and her son, rolled along the winding avenue toward the cottage. Her long curls drooped like a shower of sunbeams over her neck and shoulders, while her simple dress of snowy muslin fell in graceful folds about her fairy figure. Both mother and son said as they saw her in the distance, how perfectly lovely!" and when, a moment after, they were welcomed by the sweetest little dimpled mouth in the world, neither was disposed to withdraw the exclamation.

Mrs. Willoughby expressed a great deal of pleasure at the meeting, and even shed a few impromptu tears on the occasion. She accompanied Mrs. Vaughan to her apartment, and remained there until the tea bell was rung, talking over "old times," and "school times," while Cecil, after making a few changes in his dress, hastened back to the drawing room. Florence was very busily engaged in reading as he entered, and did not look up until he stood before her, when she blushed very naturally, and laid down the book. It was the Lady of the Lake, and she smiled as she remarked upon the beauty of the poem. Several passages which were peculiarly beautiful were marked, and he saw at a glance that they were such as he most admired.

"It seems almost impossible, Miss Willoughby, that you are the 'little Florence' whom I saw ten years ago," he said, after a pause, as he laid dow the volume.

"I can hardly be more changed than yourself, for although I should have recognized you at once, yet ten years is a long time, and changes the mind as effectually as it does the person."

"Yes," replied Cecil, "but we were both children at the time. If I recollect rightly, however, I used to improve every opportunity of making you realize my superior years and wisdom."

"I was a passionate child," said Florence, a blush crossing her fair face as she spoke, "and your advice and kind *reproofs had a deep influence over me at the time*, and, indeed, for years afterward, for which I surely owe you my sincere thanks."

Those were very simple words, but Cecil was strangely pleased with them.

That evening passed very pleasantly away. Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Willoughby sat on a couch, and still called to remembrance the events of their school life, and the more serious events of their subsequent histories—while the young people sat in a window, the moon beams playing upon their faces, and Cecil recounted to Florence his travels in Europe. He took her in imagination from the "palace homes" of England to the squalid huts of Ireland; from Loch Lomand to the glaciers of Switzerland; from "vine clad France" to the "sunny sides of Spain," and thence to Italy. Cecil's eloquence all seemed reserved for Italy, and as Florence listened to his burning words, her blue eyes dilated, and her whole frame quivered with emotion.

An hour later, and Florence stood before a mirror in her mother's dressing-room. A smile was resting upon her beautiful lips, and her slender fingers were unwreathing the blossoms from her hair.

"Cecil Vaughan is very handsome," remarked her mother, "*very* handsome, and very wealthy. I hope you will try to win his heart, Florence; you never will have so good an opportunity again."

"Never you fear, mamma. Have I not eyes to see that he is handsome? and haven't I good sense sufficient to catch at a golden bait? Never you fear, mamma, I am a little too much like you to let such an opportunity pass unimproved;" and the dutiful child bade her mother "good night."

"One thing more, Florence, I must tell you—you must be more respectful to me, and you must not give way to your passionate temper, while they are here. I feel confident, from several remarks which his mother made this evening, that her son retains his dislike against passionate women, that so characterized him when a mere boy."

Cecil's dreams, that night, were very pleasant—blue eyes, and golden hair, and smiling lips, seemed floating about him—and soft voices whispered in his ear. He had been "courted and caressed" not only in the first circles in his native land, but in the "old countries." His heart had passed unscathed among the flashing eyes and sparkling gems of high-born ladies, because he could not love artificial manners, nor perfect self-possession in women; and now he had returned home, and in a country town, far away from the city noise, and city fashion, he had met Florence Willoughby—so simple and unaffected, and yet so very beautiful, Cecil was fascinated, and at the end of a week he confessed it. They had read and sung and walked together—he had marked his favorite passages in his favorite authors for her perusal, and felt gratified that she appreciated and admired them as highly as he did.

Meanghile, Mrs. Vaughan had read the changed character of her school friend, and had found that it was warped by collision with the world, but of Florence she would not judge so hastily, so she watched her silently, when she saw how deeply Cecil was becoming interested in her, and at length became convinced that under the training of her mother, she was not such a woman as he would wish for a wife.

One evening, as Cecil was passing her door, on his way to his own room, she called him.

"It is a long time, my son, since we have had one of our good old-fashioned chats together," she said, as he seated *himself upon a sofa by her side.*

"Yes," replied Cecil, laconically.

"I called to you to-night, for I wished to speak a few words to you in reference to Florence Willoughby."—Hero Cecil colored, but listened attentively, as his mother continued: "I have deferred speaking to you upon the subject, because I hoped that you had sufficient confidence in your mother to introduce the subject to her."

"Indeed" interrupted Cecil, "I could not confess to you that which I hardly confessed to myself."

"You will be surprised when I tell you that you are fascinated by her beauty—and, indeed, she has a most lovely face—but I wish to caution you against being too hasty in your choice. You must study her character and disposition, and see if they are similar to your own. I do not wish to influence you in this matter; your own judgement must decide."

"I thank you, my dear mother, I will wait a while longer, but I know *she is everything you could wish in a* daughter, so gentle, affectionate, and artless; indeed, mother, you would love her dearly."

Mrs. Vaughan smiled rather sadly as she replied, "You are my only earthly comfort, Cecil, and I only seek your happiness. Do you doubt it?"

"Oh, no—no," and the young man stooped and kissed the pale brow of his widowed mother, as he bade her good night.

"Good night—may God's blessing ever rest upon you," and with the benison fresh from her heart, Cecil left the room.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Florence left home to call on a young friend. Cecil employed the hour, during her absence, in writing, and just returned to the drawing-room when Florence, flushed with exercise, entered.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, throwing herself on an ottoman at Mrs. Willoughby's feet. "I came home by the Lake, and in that miserable hut on the shore is a poor sick woman, with two half-famished children. Can not we do something for them?"

The tears suffused her beautiful eyes, and she hastily left the room. Her mother followed her, saying.

"It was always so with her, *even from* her childhood.—I never saw such acute sensibility."

"Now, mother, do you not see how you have misjudged her?" asked Cecil. "Did you not see the tears in her eyes as she spoke of that woman?"

"I can not so hastily change my opinion. I wish you would do me a favor. Go with me to the Lake, now, and let us see what can be *done for* the poor creatures there."

It was, indeed, a miserable hut down by the water; and more comfortless within than without. The sole article that could be designated as furniture, was a miserable pallet of straw, which was spread in a corner and served for a bed. Two little children were playing in the sand before the door, as Mrs. Vaughan and her son approached. The youngest of the two, a girl, retreated into the house as they drew near. Cecil followed her, but Mrs. Vaughan remained a moment or two, talking with the other child. The sick woman was lying on the bed apparently asleep; but hearing strange footsteps on the threshold, she started wildly up. Fixing her large black eyes upon the young man, she exclaimed, vehemently,

"Go away—away! I won't have you here. I ain't poor; don't you see I have got bread enough to last until I go on my journey?"

Cecil was shocked, but asked, kindly, if there was nothing he could do for her.

"No, no," shrieked the woman; "only go away. Don't you know the young princess that came here a little while ago, with her laces and gay ribbons? I thought she had come to do something for us, but she struck poor Bessie because she stepped on her fine gown, and said we were vagabonds, and should all be sent to the poor-house. Did you come to take us there? Oh, don't, don't!" and the poor woman wrung her hands frantically.

"No, indeed," said Cecil, much agitated, and then as his mother entered, he left her to go for a physician. Could it have been his beautiful, gentle Florence? Oh, no; it was the delirious raving of a fever!

In a very short time he was standing again by the bedside of the sick woman, while good Dr. Thornton held her hand in his. He pronounced her disease to be a slight fever, but increased by fatigue and some mental excitement.

"And is she not delirious?" asked Cecil, anxiously.

"Delirious? no—she is nearly famished for want of proper food."

[CONTINUED.]

☞ Here is some poetry which beats machine poetry, and worse than "poetry run mad."

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As where they 've lobsters and oysters to eat:
And down to that beach a poor Exile of Erin,
One morning I sped with a hungry maw steerin'—
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill,
And he walked in to the oysters and muscles to fill.

Hail, Columbia, happy land!
For *worser* times are nigh at hand;
If I could read my title clear,
I would right off to Texas steer;
And those who meet me on the way
I have no doubt to me would say:
O, tell me, blue-eyed stranger,
Say, whether dost thou roam?
Trough these cane-brakes a ranger,
Hast thou no settled home?
O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
The mosquito we watched at the twilight's last gleaming?
The mosquito that bit us so fiercely all night,
That kept us the while from o'er sleeping or dreaming?
Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge poured,
The clouds seemed rent assunder,
Yet wife lay still and snored!
And then sung,
With trembling tongue,
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Valiant armies guard thy bed,
Fleas and bed-bugs without number,
Gently wander round thy head!
On in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I feel the cursed bite
Of something crawling round me!

TOO WILLING BY HALF.

A BOARDING HOUSE SKETCH.

Many of our readers will recognize the point of the following joke, which we heard related a long time ago, but which we never saw in print. It's a good 'un, and will bear reteling.

While Gen. Jackson was President of the United States, he was tormented day after day by importunate visitors, (as most Chief Magistrates of this "great country" are) whom he did not care to see—and in consequence he gave strict directions to the messenger at his door to admit only certain persons on a particular day.

In spite of this peremptory order, however, the attendant bolted into his apartment during the afternoon, and informed the General that a person was outside whom he could not control, who claimed to see him orders or no orders.

"By the Eternal!" exclaimed the old man, nervously, "I won't submit to this annoyance. Who is it!"

"Don't know, sir."

Don't know? What's his name?"

"Beg pardon, sir—it's a woman."

"A woman! Show her in, James; show her in," said the President wiping his face; and the next moment there entered the General's apartment, a neatly clad female of past the "middle age," who advanced courteously towards the old man, and accepted the chair proffered her.

"Be seated, Madam," he said.

"Thank you," responded the lady, throwing aside her veil revealing a handsome face to her entertainer.

"My mission hither to-day, General," continued the fair speaker, "is a novel one, and you can aid me, perhaps."

"Madame," said the General, "command me."

"You are very kind, sir. I am a poor woman, General——"

"Poverty is no crime, Madam."

"No sir; but I have a little family to care for—I am a widow, sir; and a clerk employed in one of the departments of your administration is indebted to me for board to a considerable amount which I cannot collect. I need the money, sadly, and come to ask if a portion of his pay cannot be stopped, from time to time, until this claim of mine—an honest one General, of which he had the full value—shall be cancelled."

"I, really—Madame—that is, I have no control that way—how much is the bill?"

"Seventy dollars, sir; here it is."

"Exactly; I see. And his salary, Madam?"

"Is said to be $1200 a year."

"And not pay his board bill?"

"As you see, sr, this has been standing five months unpaid. Three days hence he will draw his monthly pay; and I thought, sir, if you would be kind enough to——"

"Yes, I have it; go to him again, and get his note to-day for thirty days.

"His note, sir! It wouldn't be worth the paper on which it was written; he pays no one a dollar voluntarily."

"But he will give you his note—will he not, Madam?"

"Oh, yes—he would be glad to have a respite in that way for a month, no doubt."

"That's right, then. Go to him and obtain his note at thirty days from to-day, give him a receipt in full, and come to me this evening."

The lady departed, called upon the young lark, dunned him for the amount—at which he only smiled—and finally asked him to give her his note for it.

"To be sure," said he, "give a note—sart'n. And much good may it do you, mum."

"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you sir—thirty days hence?"

"Oh, yes—sart'n, of course I will; I always pay my notes, mum, I do," and as the lady departed, the knowing young gent believed he had accomplished a neat trick once more.

"I wonder what the deuce she'll do with the note?—Gad! I'd like to settle some of the other accounts in the same way. Hope she'll have a good time getting the money on that piece of paper. John Smith is rather too well known for that!" And he turned with a chuckle to his books again.

The poor boarding-house keeper called again upon the General a few hours afterwards.

"Did you get the note, Madam?"

"Yes, sir, here it is."

The President quickly turned it over, and with the dash of his pen wrote the name of Andrew Jackson upon the back of it!

"Take this to the Bank to-morrow morning, and you can get the money for it," he said, hurriedly.

The lady acted accordingly, and found no difficulty in obtaining the cash for it at sight.

A week before the month's termination, Mr. John Smith received a note to the following effect:

BANK OF WASHINGTON,——, 1852.

SIR: Your note for seventy dollars is due on the 27th inst., at this bank, and you are requested to call and pay the same.

——— ———, Cashier.

"Ha, ha!" screamed John, upon reading this brief note. "A capital joke, that. Can't come it, mum—can't no how! Scare crow—left for collection—I understand—won't do—no go!" and John very soon forget it.

But "pay day" came round again—and John took his monthly stipend once more, $100 from the cashier of the department as usual. As he passed down the avenue, the unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.

"Who the deuce now has been fool enough to help the old woman in this business, I wonder?" *said John to* himself. "Gad! I'll go and see. It is all a hum, I know; but I'd like to know if she has really fooled anybody with that bit of paper; and entering the Bank he asked for the note "left there for collection against him."

"It was discounted," said the Teller.

"Discounted; why, who in this world will discount my note?" asked John, amazed.

"Anybody, with such a backer as you have got on this."

"Backer! me—backer, who?"

"Here is the note; you can see," said the Teller, handing him the document—on which John instantly recognized the bold signature of the then President of the United States.

"Sold—by Moses!" exclaimed John, drawing forth the money with a hysteric gasp—for he saw through the management at a glance.

The note was of course paid, and justice was awarded to the spendthrift at once.

On the next morning, he found upon his desk a note which contained the following entertaining bit of personal intelligence:

TO JOHN SMITH, Esq.—SIR: A change having been made in your office, I am directed by the President to inform you that your services will no longer be needed by this Department. Yours,

——— ———, Secretary.

John Smith retired to private life at once, and thenceforward found it convenient to live on a much smaller allowance than twelve hundred a year!

A True Woman's Devotion.

We copy from an article in the Barnstable Patriot, the following anecdotes of woman's unselfish devotion and tenderness:

"An anecdote is related of Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squdron at the battle of Lake Erie. He lost his right arm and one of his legs in that battle. Feeling acutely that he was a mere wreck, on his return to England, he sent a friend to a lady to whom he had been a long time engaged, offering to release her from the engagement. "Tell him," said the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul."

Two beautiful and fashionable girls of Philadelphia, fifteen years ago, were the most attractive objects of every circle which they visited. They were friends. The news suddenly came to one of them that her *friend* had been seized with the small pox, that dreadful disease so frightful to all beauties. Though remonstrated with against such a course, she determined to visit that sick bed. "Her heart told her she ought to go"—*and she did so*, and hour by hour, day by day, night by night, sat beside her suffering friend. That friend recovered, and the noble hearted girl escaped contagion. Such a noble and heroic act would plead with the tongue of an angel before the tribunal of a just and true God.

Another thrilling story is related of the young wife watching by the bedside of her husband—a tale of truth. It was the night on which the physicians had said the disease must reach its crisis.—How intensely did she watch those features throughout the entire night—count every breath, and note the slightest movement. She finally sees with delight that he had fallen into a deep sleep, that his forehead was moist, the fever had been broken.—She falls upon her knees and prays long and fervently. When she arose her husband slept, and a ray which came through the half-closed windows, lay still upon his forehead; a promise, she fondly thought, that the day of his recovery was at hand. And he did recover, but the gentle wife was doomed to pay the penalty of her unwearying attention; the moment that dated the period of his recovery, also marked that of her doom. Her death scene was touching, beautiful, sublime. Her young husband knelt by her bedside convulsed with grief, but pledging himself in the most solemn manner, so to govern his life as to insure at its close a hope of meeting his self-martyred wife, amid the bright and glorious mansions of the blest. She died with a smile upon her features.

Hark Ye, Girls.

A confirmed bachelor has sent us the following: It is high time that somebody told you a little plain truth.—You have been watched for a long time—a certain class of you—and it is plain enough you are trying to cheat *somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat; and there* is a danger that some of the foolish "gudgeons" will be sadly taken in.

It may be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one that engrosses much of your time or attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this idea in the wrong direction. Your venerable first mother of Eden memory was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you; to help you live in the half idle and half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer,—this is no help for a man who expects, to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace-frame are well enough in their places; and so are ribbons and frills and tinsels, but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary for domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities and its fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration—remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, *to be looking for a wife*, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd sisters, aunts or cousins to help you find a market.

One of 'Em.

A passenger upon one of our Mississippi river boats was landed at his place of destination with the haste usually attended upon such occasions, when he discovered, just as the plank was drawn in, and the wheels of the boat put in motion to start, a little fellow of some five or six years, to whom he had loaned his knife, standing upon the guards and whittling. The gentleman called to throw his knife ashore. Continuing the use of the knife, he replied that he could'nt "*fro*