THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FONWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1851. NUMBER 38.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

To 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 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 Koch'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. 119, Cheapside Erie.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Revolutionary, army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Land and claims for extra-pay, and all other business 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 (16

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 Saleratus, No. 8, Reed House, and corner of French and Penn Streets, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office No. 2, Erie Hall, corner Main & Lloyd streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
References.—A. P. Durlin, Esq., Benjamin 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. Also, 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, three-Door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Doct. A. Beebe, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, on 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, Iron, Nails, &c., No. 2, Fleming Block, Erie, Pa.
The highest price paid for Country Produce.

J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker.—Store, No. 5 Reed's Block, (opposite the Ponnell 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, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Store, 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, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 113 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, Pa.

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 Commission Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
ELIJAH 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. AUSTIN

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, Sunday 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 sett. 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. 5, Reed House, Erie.

Poetry and Miscellany.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY MARY IRVING.

"Lovest thou Me more than these?"

Mother! bending o'er the cradle
Of thy earliest born,
Watching till the blue eyes open
To the rosy dawn;
Pouring from its purest fountain
Earth's idolatry;
Listen to the voice that murmureth,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Sister! by the "midnight taper"
Counting labor light,
For thy childhood's best beloved,
In his manhood's might;
Still for him thine eye to Heaven
Lifting tenderly;
Back to thee that whisper stealeth,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Maiden! with a deeper trusting
Than a sister's own;
With the silent stars to watch thee,
Dreaming—all alone;
Dreaming of the star that lighteth
Earth and Heaven to thee!
Start not when another asketh,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Watcher! by the fainting night-lamp
O'er a fainter gleam,
Flickering on the lips thou lovest—
Love's last earthly beam—
With that last convulsive quivering,
To thine agony,
Comes the Comforter's still whisper,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Oh! our hearts by earthly loving
Learn the love of Heaven,
Not to wean from the Creator,
Was His creature given.
He who tunes our spirits' harp-strings
To such harmony,
Well may breathe upon them sweetly,
"Lovest thou Me?"

"POOR JANE;"

OR, CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI.

Cecil wanted to hear no more, but put his purse into the physician's hand, and, begging him to supply their wants, rushed from the cottage and walked rapidly along the margin of the placid lake, but its calm surface ill accorded with his own troubled heart, and so he turned from it, and wandered up into a grove just beyond. Alone he strayed in that shady wood, until the deeper darkness gathered about him, and he knew that ere long, night would cover the earth with her dark mantle, even as disappointment and doubt had entered his heart; so he arose from the ground and returned slowly to the cottage. Before entering the parlor, he threw himself upon a settee on the piazza.

The leaves of the vines shielded him from observation, but he looked through and upon [illegible] room where he had passed so many pleasant hours.—Jane, the little serving girl, was filling the vases with *fresh flowers for the evening*, and Cecil pitied her as he noticed her pale, sad face, and the neglected locks that hung over her neck. Poor child! Suddenly Florence entered the room, and approached the girl.

"Why did you break the vase that stands on my dressing table, and when did you break it?" exclaimed she angrily.

"I did not break it, indeed," replied Jane, trembling.

"You did break it you little wretch—don't tell me another lie. And now you shall be punished, and if my mother don't do it, *I will*. Come with me this moment," and Florence seized her arm.

Cecil waited no longer, but sprang through the open window and stood before Florence. She let go her hold on the arm of the girl, who, raising her mournful eyes for one moment to his, glided away. Neither of the two who were left alone spoke. Once the young girl raised her flashing eyes to the face of Cecil, but they dropped before his stern, sorrowful gaze. Full five minutes they stood immovable—then Cecil turned away and sought his mother. Mrs. Vaughn listened in silence, while her son repeated all that had transpired, and when he had finished, she said,

"I grieve for you, but I thank heaven that you discovered her true character ere it was too late."

"Mother you do not know what it is to have one whom you have pictured as 'but little lower than the angels,' suddenly and unexpectedly transformed to but little better than a fiend. It is a bitter lesson for me. I can not see her again. I will go to the hotel to-night, and to-morrow return home."

"Perhaps it will be better," *replied his mother.* "I shall follow you in a day a day or two."

For a few moments longer they conversed together earnestly, then Cecil left the house. Mrs. Vaughan wept: when she was alone, for she felt deeply for her son, and as she heard his step on the piazza, she murmured, "*Poor boy! It is a hard trial for him*, but I thank God it was not too late."

CHAPTER VII.

That night Mrs. Vaughan retired early to her room, and set at a table writing, until disturbed by the village clock, which tolled forth the solemn hour of midnight.—As she arose from her seat, after a moment's reflection, she recollected that she had left a book in the drawing-room, which she wished to finish perusing before retiring; so, wrapping her dressing-gown more closely about her, she walked noiselessly along the passage way toward the stairs. At the extreme end of the entry was a door slightly opened, and Mrs. Vaughan was confident she heard a low sob proceeding from that direction. She turned hastily and laid her hand upon the latch, and, reassured by another sob, she ascended the steep narrow staircase, and found herself in a low unfinished garret. The moonbeams fell upon the sloping roof, and the rough board floor, and upon the crouched figure of a young girl, whose black hair fell like a thick cloud around her bosom, as ever and anon a low moan, such as had attracted Mrs. Vaughan's attention, burst from her pale lips. The lady stood unobserved a moment, and then, stepping forward, laid her cool, soft hand upon the burning brow of the child.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in a sweet, kind voice.

Jane started quickly, and turned her large, wild eyes full upon Mrs. Vaughn's face.

"Please go away from me—they will hear you talk to me. Indeed, I wish you would leave me alone," she sobbed.

"You must tell me first if you are ill, and if I can do anything to assist you."

"Yes, oh, you! take me away from here, and I will bless you forever. Can you? Will you?" and the poor girl, in the eagerness of the hope springing up in her bosom, forgot her fear.

"My name is not Jane. It is Edith—Edith Evelyn."

"Edith Evelyn!" exclaimed Mrs. Vaughn, "Edith Evelyn!" and she grasped the hand of the girl, and, drawing her nearer, pushed back the thick, neglected locks from her face, and gazed long and earnestly into her eyes. "Edith Evelyn was my dear friend. Can you be her dear child—here—a servant in Clara Willoughby's house! You must come down into my room and tell me about this. Never fear, my poor girl," she added, as Edith drew away her hand, and shrunk back into her corner. "Come," and again re-assured, she arose and followed Mrs. Vaughan down the steep steps into her chamber.

"You shall sit here by me, and tell me all your sad history, for sad I know it is." Edith began in a low, altering voice, at first, as if afraid to speak, but gathering courage as she proceeded. When she had finished, Mrs. Vaughan kissed her—oh, how long it was since she had felt a kiss upon her cheek—and then she bade her lay her weary, aching head upon the couch and sleep, while tenderly, as if the poor orphan was her own child, did she hold her hand, and watch over her until her breathing told that she had sunk into a heavy slumber.—In the morning Mrs. Vaughan sought Mrs. Willoughby, and after relating the events of the preceding night, expressed her determination to remove Edith that very day to her own home.

Edith went down, for the last time, into the smoky cellar kitchen, and looked at the scarlet blossoms of the bean which she had trained up by the window, and then she took the kitten up in her arms, and as she kissed it, "good by," *her tears, fell fast upon its soft fur. Then* she went up stairs into the garret. There was the little straw bed in the corner where she had slept so many nights and so many years—and oh! how often had she cried herself to sleep in that very corner! Edith shed bitter tears as she looked upon that lowly room for the last time. It was the only place where she had passed a happy moment for many weary years. From that small cracked window, that she watched, every night the blue sky and the bright stars, and imagined that her angel mother was looking down upon her from Heaven. Many times had she thought of the words that her mother had often spoken to her when she was a little child.

"My daughter, God is every where. He *always* sees you," and had crept back to her dark corner again, to lie and wonder if God could see her there in her loneliness.

Edith was at length aroused by the voice of the cook, who came to say the carriage was waiting, and Mrs. Vaughan was nearly ready. In her adversity, Bridget had, like her mistress, frowned upon and scolded at the child, but now that she was to go away in a fine carriage, with such a lady, the Irish girl was anxious to "spake a good word for herself." "Remember me, Miss, when you're a great lady. Ye knows that I have a poor mother to take care of—and sure I can't live with the cold cravthur much longer at all. The likes of her was never seen indade." Edith shook hands kindly with her, and then casting one more glance back into the garden, hastened away. The carriage whirled softly down the avenue, and as Mrs. Vaughan looked from the window, there was no one standing upon the piazza to wave a farewell.

"Henceforth you are to be my own child, Edith, and I trust the long years of suffering you have passed, are all you will ever be called upon to encounter. Only one thing I have to ask of you, and which you may think strange, but I cannot at present, give any reason. It is that, for a few weeks, you retain the name of Jane—and do not mention any of the circumstances which have so recently transpired." Edith looked a little surprised, but immediately promised, and then the two conversed of the future until they reached the Grove, where Cecil was waiting at the door to receive his mother, and though somewhat astonished to see her young companion, *he lifted her gently from the carriage*, and met again the timid thankful glance of those wonderfully expressive eyes.

Edith wept herself to sleep again that night as she had so often done before, but how different was the cause!—She had received a kind "good night" from Cecil Vaughan, and from his mother, who went with her to her chamber, a heart-warm kiss and a tender blessing.

Late on that evening sat the mother and son in earnest conversation. Cecil had received a letter from his cousin Robert Vaughan, enclosing one from his mother to Mrs. Vaughan. Robert was going to travel in the Western and Southern States, and both wished earnestly for Cecil to accompany him.

"I had better go," said Cecil at length. "I am grieved, almost ashamed, that you should know how the events of the past week have unmanned me; still I cannot conceal the truth. I had better go. We shall pass the Autumn in the West, the Winter in the "sunny South," and return to you with the birds in the Spring. The memory of Florence Willoughby will then be effaced from my heart, or at most, be only a dark shadow of a shade." He smiled as he spoke, but the mother harkened to the quivering lip, and faltering voice, and so she bade him do as he thought right, and then retired to weep in secret, that she must part with him so long. A week more, and Cecil had left the Grove. Edith was busily engaged preparing for her school life, into which she was very soon to enter. The school fixed upon, was taught by a Mrs. Woodville, a friend of Mrs. Vaughan's, and was situated near the city of ——, in a pleasant village.—Edith was to remain two years—returning only twice in the meanwhile during the Summer season.

It was late in August when she again stood alone among strangers. Mrs. Vaughan had left her, yet she felt so lonely when she looked at the bright, happy faces around her, that she longed to be in her room, away from them all.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Edith Evelyn shall be *our queen*"—"yes, Edith Evelyn," echoed a score of voices. "She is so lovely," said one child to another. "Yes, and so good to we little ones," was the answer. "And she never spoke cross to us either," said another.

Edith Evelyn to be chosen queen of the festivities at Mrs. Woodville's birth-night ball; selected from among seventy young ladies, and preferred before any of them! Edith could hardly believe it; and she went away to her own room to wonder, and think the matter all over.

"It cannot be that I am handsome. Grace Archer and Emma Lee, and Clara Willis are all a thousand times prettier, and"—*just then she glanced at the figure reflected in a mirror opposite.*

Certainly it would have been difficult to recognize in *the graceful girl, the poor little Jane of two years before.* Her abundant tresses of raven hair were braided; and disposed with classical grace over her broad, open brow, *while her magnificent black eyes were shaded by long* silken lashes, which subdued without quenching their fire. Her mouth was small, and intellectual in its expression, and when the full *red lips were parted, as now,* they revealed teeth of almost dazling whiteness. Her complexion had lost its sallow, sickly hue, and although it was not as fair as that of *Florence Willoughby*, yet the rich, bright color that arose to her cheek upon every slight emotion, was far more beautiful.

Edith was a general favorite with all the school, both teachers and pupils—and all but one rejoiced that she was to be queen of the coming festival—Isabel St. Maur was a young *girl of Spanish birth, and beautiful, and highly* gifted, but haughty and imperious.

The evening of the "eventful day" had arrived—and the large dancing hall was *nearly filled with pupils* and invited guests. Cecil Vaughan stood among them. He was passing a week with some friends in an adjoining village and with them had received an invitation to be present. Since Edith had been taken home by his mother from Mrs. Willoughby's he had never seen her, for during her Summer vacation he had been away from home.

Neither did he know who she really was, his mother concealing it from him at first, as we have seen, because she could not bear to open wider the wound already inflicted upon his heart, by telling him more of the unlovely character of Florence, and afterwards from odd reasons of her own. He stood almost entranced, for Edith had never looked more strangely lovely, and when the curtain fell, an involuntary exclamation burst from his lips, while a murmur of applause filled the room. The tableaus that followed were all beautiful and justly admired, but Cecil thought only of the first. Edith did not appear again until Mrs. Woodville placed the crown of blossoms upon her head. The dress which had been chosen for her, suited well her style of beauty. A crimson velvet boddice laced with gold, slightly opened at the throat, and fitted closely to her beautiful figure, contrasted finely with her complexion, and a robe of rich satin fell gracefully to the floor. Every lip save that of Isabel St. Maur, wore a smile as a group of fair girls chanted a song in *honor of their queen*, who received her subjects right regally, and bore her queenly honors with queenly grace.

An hour later, and Cecil Vaughan had obtained an *introduction to Edith. She turned very pale as he held* his hand for an instant in his own, for she saw he did not recognize her. She did not realize how much she had altered *in those two short years, while he had re*mained as she saw him first. Many times had the recollection of his pleasant smile, and kindly words to her, a poor friendless orphan, *stole into her heart and linger*ed there, like music. So it required a strong effort of self command, to appear like a stranger. On his part, Cecil was very much pleased with her agreeable conversation, and graceful, easy manner, while her strikingly lovely face won his admiration. They stood for a long time at a window which opened on the piazza.

As they were turning to join a quadrille which was just being formed, Isabel St. Maur, who was standing near, suddenly started, and, as if by accident, turned a glass of lemonade upon the rich dress of Edith. Edith knew it was intentional, and a quick flush crossed her brow. Cecil saw it and almost trembled, but in an instant it had passed away, and in a low, sweet voice she said:

"Do not mind, Isabel;" and as the girl, embarrassed, turned away, she begged to be excused, and left the room. In a simple robe of white muslin, but with the crown of flowers still upon her brow, Cecil thought her still more lovely when she re-entered the hall, a few moments after, than when arrayed in her queenly robes.

The festivities were over. The guests had departed, and the sound of music and laughter had died away in the "festal halls." Alone, in her chamber, knelt the queen of the night, her face buried in her hands, and her hair unloosed from the comb, falling around her. Was she thinking of Cecil Vaughan, and weeping that he had forgotten her? O, no; in the loneliness of her own apartment—*in the darkness of the night*, with the eye of the Omniscient upon her, was she kneeling to pray for the erring Isabel St. Maur. A door leading from her own into the next room was softly opened, and, after listening a moment attentively, a slight figure glided through and approached Edith.

"Father, forgive her, and make her Thine own child," she murmured, and, sobbing like a child, Isabel St. Maur, for it was her, sunk upon her knees beside her and wound her arms around her waist. From that hour

"You know not all my wickedness, dear Edith, can you forgive me if I tell you all?" she asked at length, and, without waiting a reply she went on.

"To-night I have told Mr. Vaughan a willful falsehood, and about you. He was speaking of the pleasant manner in which you passed over what he termed an accident; and I, O, Edith! I told him that I trembled when it happened, for you had the most passionate and violent temper I ever saw."

"How could you, Isabel?" sobbed Edith.

"I knew you could never forgive me. I knew you would hate me after this, but, I am glad I have told you all."

"No, I do not hate you, I forgive you, with my whole heart. Henceforth we will be as sisters to each other," and Edith kissed her companion's cheek.

"Where did you learn to be thus forgiving?" asked Isabel.

Edith took a small volume from her work table and opening it, pointed for her to read.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

"It is a strange doctrine," murmured Isabel, as once more she threw her arms around Edith's neck, and kissed her, and then returned to her own apartment.

Surely, if angels watch over the slumber of mortals, they watched over those of Edith that night.

The next morning Isabel sent a note to Mr. Vaughan, confessing her falsehood, and relating the events of the preceding night. It was a humiliating lesson for her proud heart, but one that she never forgot.

CHAPTER IX.

It was early in August when Edith bade farewell to her teachers and schoolmates, and returned to her adopted home. Her heart beat strangely as the carriage drew near to the large, old-fashioned mansion, and she looked anxiously from the window. Mrs. Vaughan was waiting to receive her with a warm-hearted welcome, but Cecil was away for a few days. Edith could not account for the feeling of relief that followed this announcement, but she had not much time to think about it, for there was so much to tell, and hear.—Mrs. Vaughan was very kind, and had arranged every thing with reference to her comfort and happiness, and Edith could only look her thanks.

One afternoon, Mrs. Vaughan had gone to visit an invalid friend, and as the twilight deepened in the old-fashioned parlor, Edith seated herself at the piano, and running her fingers slightly over the keys commenced singing.

There is a wonderful power in music, and she must have felt it, as she sung the last line of a simple song—

"I have seen thee, and loved thee I can not forget;"

For, as the words trembled from her lips, tears filled her eyes, and she arose from her seat just in season to see Cecil Vaughan come forward from the door where he had been standing to hear the music.

Mrs. Vaughan returned soon after, and that night when Edith had retired, she told her son all her history.

* * * Was there not a merry wedding at Elm Grove the next spring? and did not Florence Willoughby, a saddened but better woman, look beautifully as bridesmaid to "Poor Jane?" Mrs. Vaughan had heard of her mother's death, and sent for her to come to Elm Grove, and she had come, humbly and *sorrowfully, a poor* orphan, for her mother's agent had defrauded her of her rights. Florence was much changed for the better, and every one was glad when, a few months after, Cecil and Edith were married, she became the wife of Robert Vaughan.

Need I say how happy Mrs. Vaughan was in seeing the happiness of her children— or how happy they were in each other.

Mysterious.

A reform writer says he cannot understand how delicate young ladies—too delicate to go up and down stairs when at home, and as a consequence their mothers must do the chamber work—are able to dance down the strongest man in a hot ball room. Granting the truth of all these statements, the question is something of a poser

A CIGAR.

From the Boston Post.

When the weather's unpleasant and dreary,
And the night unblest by a star
How sweet to a smoker when weary,
Is the breath of a fragrant cigar!
What a balm to the spirit, when lonely,
To gaze at the smoke, as it flies!
And bright are the dreams, tho' dreams only,
That with each fleeting circlet arise!

When cares, flesh is heir to, perplex us,
And trifles more harrassing far,
Arise in our path and sore vex us,
How soothing a fragrant cigar!
If *friends should prove false* and leave us,
We can pass off the thing with a joke,
Nor allow their desertion to grieve us
But let the wound vanish in smoke.

When riches seem slow in collecting,
And prospects look gloomy as night,
There's naught like cigars for directing
Our fancy to visions more bright.
Though life seem unpleasant and weary,
And its path is unblest by a star,
Yet the smoker will feel, when he's weary,
That there's bliss in a fragrant cigar.

The Despair of a Disappointed Love—A Sad Scene in a Telegraph Office.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* furnishes the following account of a pitiable scene which occurred a few days ago in a Telegraph Office of that city;—

"A case of melancholy interest, to one of the parties at least, occurred here the other day, which we will relate for the public good. A young lady (we forbear names, although known) arrived here from the State of New York, on her way into the southern part of the State, whither she was going to consummate a marriage contract entered into some ten years ago. Her intended was a young man who had been born and reared near her father's residence, but who in all things did not suit the "old folks," and consequently the latter opposed the match. The result was, the young man left the country, but has kept up a most intimate correspondence with the lady ever since, until last summer he informed her by letter that as she could not be married at home she had better meet him at ——, in this state, in the month of August, and be married. To this she consented, but it was found inconvenient for her to leave home at that time, and she did not arrive on her mission of love until few days since.

She stopped at one of our best hotels, preparatory to *her voyage South. She appeared cheerful*, was exceedingly well-dressed, sported a gold watch and other paraphernalia peculiar to the "gentilities." Previous to her departure she stepped into the Telegraph Office to inform her lover, who, by the way, was an operator himself, stationed in a southern office on the same line, that she had got so far on her joyous way and would like to hear from him at this point. After her despatch was sent and waiting for a reply, one of the operators, who was very well acquainted with her intended, remarked, that the young gentleman to whom she had sent her message had fallen into a "streak of luck." The young lady was observed to startle considerably, and asked what he meant by a "streak of luck."

He told her that the young man was married. She fell back in her chair and fainted, almost instantly. The to bring her to by the use of water, &c. She could not believe the report, and requested them to telegraph again and ascertain the truth. The operator stepped to his key, called the office where the young man was employed, but found him not in. A clerk in the office, however, answered the message, saying that Mr. —— was actually married on the 17th of October, and was then "keeping house." When this was read to the weeping lady she instantly swooned away, and for a little time seemed quite lifeless. She was resuscitated and taken to her hotel in a most frantic condition, where for the whole day she remained entirely insane.

"In grief beyond all other grief, when fate
Pluck leaves the young heart desolate
In the whole world, without that only tie,
For which it wished to live or feared to die."

Kind care and time, the curer of most heart's diseases, have now nearly restored her. She exhibits letters showing with what fidelity she had trusted in the one now false to her: that during the ten years of their engagement she had refused several offers; had furnished her betrothed money, her parents being rich and he poor; had endured the contumely of her friends at home opposed to the match: and all for his sake. She is now in our city among strangers, alone, as it were in the world, having clandestinely left her father's roof to meet her lover here, and now deserted by him; her constitution shattered and spirits broken. Earth seldom produces in human form so miserable an object. No wonder she went mad:—

"Her wrecked brain gave way,
And she became a wreck at random driven;
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven."

She is now better, but the picture of desolation. Young men can here see the danger of trifling with such affections, yes, the dark sin of creating hopes or raising expectation in a heart too true and confiding to survive such disappointment.

Affectation of Style.

Do you know that there are some people who can never say a plain thing in a plain way? They must mince and mouth, and adopt the "high-faluting" style in everything they do or speak. Of such was the old maid whom Ollapod encountered on a canal packet-boat. "Did you ever see the Niagara Falls?" said a lady passenger to her. "No, I never met them, but I've heard them *highly spoken of!* As a cataract, merely, their reputation was 'good.'" "Isn't that the ridge-road, where that 'stage' is going?" asked another passenger of the same benign "maiden lady," pointing to a coach on an adjacent turnpike. "Oh, no; oh, *bless* me, no; oh, that were the ridge-road which they had stricken upon the hill, o'er which the driver had just riz as we come past!" A friend mentioned to us, a moment ago, a similar specimen of affectation and pseudo-sentiment in a medical student, sojourning at that time in the beautiful "City of Elms." He was spending an evening at the house of some young ladies, in the "summer time," when one or two perambulating, amatory cats, in a neighboring yard, set up an awful catterwauling. The student, anxious to "improve the occasion," interrupted the conversation, which seemed to have been suddenly enhanced rather than lessened by the feline music, pensively, and with a manner replete with benevolent meaning, remarked: "Those strains, which are so discordant and disagreeable to *our* ears, may, perhaps, to the quadrupeds themselves, be the expression of the sweetest endearment!" And it may be so, but they've an odd way of showing it—the quarrelsome, spitting, hissing "critters!"

Right Revenge.

If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, th a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire upon his head, forgive him and enjoy it. To forgive our enemies is a charming way of revenge, and a short Cæsarian conquest, overcoming without a blow, laying our enemies at our feet under sorrow, shame and repentance, leaving our foes our friends, and solicitously inclined to grateful retaliations. Thus to return upon our adversaries is a healing way of revenge; and to do good for evil, a soft and melting ultion, a method taught from heaven to keep all smooth on earth.

Discoveries of the Last Half Century.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world, in which so many important discoveries tending to benefit mankind, were made as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years.—Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807. Now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world nearly, are traversed by steamboats. In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,707 miles of railroad, costing $286,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles of road in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours, a distance, which, in 1800, required as many days to accomplish. In 1800 it took weeks to convey intelligence between New Orleans and Philadelphia, and now it can be accomplished in minutes through the electric telegraph which only had its beginning in 1843. Voltaism was discovered in March 1800. The electro magnet in 1821. Electrophying was discovered only a few years ago. Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour is a very recent discovery, but of a most important character. Gas light was unknown in 1800, now every city and town of any pretensions are lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery by which liggt, heat and motive power may be all produced from water with hardly any cost.—Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries of but a few years old. Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system. Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanics have increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united mental effort to accomplish. The triumphs achieved in this last branch of discovery and invention are enough to mark the last half century as that which has most contributed to augment personal comforts, enlarge the enjoyments, and add to the blessings of man. What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries, for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.—*Det. Free Press.*

A Physiological Problem.

It has been observed that persons who have lost a limb, or a part of one, are at times very much troubled with an intolerable *itching*, or sometimes *pain*, in the fingers or toes of the extremity which is lost. A case of this kind lately presented itself to us for advice, which, being a little out of the common course, we have thought proper to give it to our readers. A young man had his hand amputated just above the wrist, on account of having it shattered by the bursting of a gun. This happened some two years ago, and the deficiency is supplied by a wooden hand. At times, he tells us, that he has the most intolerable itching between these wooden fingers, in fact insupportable, and to use his own words, he would give a hundred dollars to be able to scratch them. At other times, he has much pain where the fingers should be, and he can only obtain relief by altering their position. When free from the pain of itching, he can discover no difference between that hand and the sound one. He can will the fingers of the lost hand to act, and they seem to obey. At times the ends of the fingers are quite numb and cold; being partly flexed, he feels that he has not the power to extend them. There are other phenomena connected with this case, which, with those we have given, would be very difficult to account for on physiological principles.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Somebody's Father.

The omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that leads to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying on the roadside, with flushed and swollen face and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling into the dust which had already plentifully begrimmed his face and clothes. *Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of loathing and disgust*, while a few of a coarser sort on the top, burst forth into an expression of vulgar derision.

"Go it, old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attemt to rise. "Falls pretty limber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said a gentlewoman by his side; "don't laugh, Henry; that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seemed to feel at once the force of this appeal, for he looked with astonishment and sorrow into his mother's face, and several of the passengers appeared, by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle appeal, and looked more as Christians should look on the fallen creature they were leaving behind.—*Rich. Chris. Adv.*

"Wet for Defendant, Dry for Plaintiff."

"Possibly our sage Western judges suffer unjust reproach at times," writes one who knows, "from the conduct of some among them; but, having lived in their midst, I can bear witness to the truth of the following circumstances: A farmer, residing in this region, had remarked during the sittings of the Circuit Court, a part of his cornfield to be beaten down in a regular track of ten or twelve paces in length, as if by the ranging of some animal to and fro. Anxious to detect the cause, he ensconced himself one day among the thick leaves, and observed, about the hour of adjournment, one of the judges cautiously approaching the spot. Arrived at the path, he commenced pacing it gravely up and down, with knit brow and air of cogitation, and at length, drawing a small chip from his pocket, he spat on one side of it, balanced it an instant on his finger, flipped it up in the air, and, watching its descent intently, exclaimed, as it fell: "*Wet* for defendant—*dry* for plaintiff;" then stooping down, "Plaintiff has it!" The farmer avoided all litigation from that moment."

The Man who didn't want to be Mean.

In one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the school-teacher to