

THE HERALD OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors.

FORWARD.

\$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 22.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1851.

NUMBER 24.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

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

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City subscribers by the carrier, at \$2.00 per annum in advance.
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.50
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Poetry and Miscellany.

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

BY MISS ELIZABETH WALDO CAREY.

Out where the maples in grandeur stand,
Our camp-fire used to blaze so bright
And numbers spoke we up to the
On many an early Springtime night.

There, many a time to my childish gleam,
I have played till late grew the evening hour,
Hiding behind some huge old tree,
Which seemed to me like a mighty tower.

They were cunning houses we used to build,
With rarest moss to carpet the floor;
Where broken china the cupboard filled,
And a space was left for the open door.

There the elder-wives we used to get,
Of the prettiest and dearest green;
And the mushroom bells I remember yet,
Though such ones since I have never seen.

And there, when the camp-fire dimly burned,
How our hearts were filled with childish fear,
If our footsteps were not heard,
The hooping owl we chanced to hear.

When I think of those hours so sweetly spent,
And what careful children we used to be,
And of the little old-woman's feet,
The smiling face I almost see.

But those fond faces I see no more
As I saw them there in the days gone by;
For they cheerfully crossed the unknown shore,
And are angels, happier far than I.

And now, sometimes, in that grove so dear,
I walk alone in the early March;
But the desolate cabin is lone and drear,
And dead leaves lie in the fallen arch. (Tribune)

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY ALICE S. SEAL.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor beads to bind your necked hawk,
Nor palfrey frisk and fair,
And you the foremost of the race,
Shall ride on forest green;
But yet the lost the more down fall,
For Jack of Basildon."

"But you can't think it a question of Ellen!"
"I have never known another parent; and you know, James, we were both taught by the pastor, when we were children, that 'the commandment with promise' included all those who had shielded or sheltered our youth. You have not forgotten the catechizing, early, when we stood in the chancel, with our eyes fixed on the good man, as he explained our duty to God and our neighbor."

James Ellis had not forgotten it; for it was there, in that lonely parish church, standing by the channel race, that he first learned to love his village playmate. "Orphan Ellen," they called her then, though she had found friends and a home in the Lodge of Ayton Hall. There was something in her manner and bearing different from the rest of the children upon the village green. In all their plays, she was the leader, and she never abused the confidence reposed in her by any of her playmates, which so many children show. James Ellis, the gardener's son, was her favorite among them all; for he loved flowers, and, being a boy, he was as athletic as his fellows, but never boisterous; and, though he was as hearty as a bull and "Hunt the Hare," he loved far better to wander alone in the woods, with Ellen for his companion, than to be herded from the shelves of the housekeeper.

They learned their catechism together, sitting upon a bank that had christened "Fairy Knoll," for the "lovely flowers" that grew there, and the dall, had sometimes had a new charm as he repeated them, guided by her pleasant voice and never-failing patience. Did he remember the catechism in the church? Yes; and how he had watched her even then, in the red light that fell through the stained glass windows, and thought angels must be like Ellen Lloyd, with meek and reverent face, listened to the holy teachings of their good pastor. And there was another recollection—of the happy Mayday when she was chosen queen. His father gave him flowers for the girl and his wife wore; and his sister Annie, much older than himself, made him very happy by the gift of the broad white ribbon with which it was tied. How Ellen had thanked him, with her eyes and with her smile! And they were merry with their dances and songs until—yes, until the young squire came—and there his brow darkened in the reverse. He was a young lord, no older than James, but very proud and self-willed even then. He must kiss the pretty queen foremost; and Ellen blushed and drew back, while her young champion came to the rescue. There were high words, and almost blows, until his father parted them; while Ellen, weeping and trembling, took the girl from her forehead, and would sing no more that day.

How strangely our childhood shadows forth our life! Many years had gone by, yet they were sitting on the fairy knoll, as in the days we have recalled; and the boyish rivalry of old were rivals still, both suitors for the hand of Orphan Ellen. She had grown up in the Lodge to a tall and stately woman, despite the rustic dress she always wore, and the household tasks at which she labored cheerfully. James Ellis had removed to another parish, bordering upon Ayton, however, towards which his holiday rambles were always directed; and the young squire had come into possession of the Hall, with a wild undisciplined mind and that same fierce will. Caring only for field sports, and associating with the idle fellows who they drew around him, it was no wonder that the quiet grace of Ellen Lloyd attracted him, meeting her as he did within the shadow of his very roof. And coming Dame Marjory was not slow to perceive it, or to throw outlures, which were scarcely wanted. He had no pride to overcome; there was no one to consult or advise, and so he demanded at last the hand of her humble charge, never dreaming that he could be opposed or thwarted. She was old, she said, and needed many comforts which she could ill afford with their straitened means. Besides, the squire had helped them in the fever, and she owed him a heavy debt for blankets and coal, and the doctor, which he was willing to forgive, besides making the cottage rent free, so long as she chose to live and occupy it. Then her own foster-child mistress at Ayton Hall! The prospect was too grand to indulge a moment's misgiving on the score of James Ellis. She was ill prepared for the storm that burst when she confided in him the fine prospects of his friend Ellen. What, Ellen, the playmate of his boyhood, the darling of his manly heart, given to the arms of that rough, fond, hunting, wine-drinking young squire? Never, while he had life! But the content was not so easily decided, for no promise had been exchanged between them; and Ellen, in the power of Dame Marjory, seemed only the servant of her will. Her heart was not in the Hall, with all its rich furniture and stately appointments—that was plainly seen; but it had come to this, that she had promised to meet him at Fairy Knoll for the last time.

There they sat, side by side, as in childhood, with the brook rippling before them, and the acorn-cups scattered in the soft grass, the very birds singing the song of old—nothing changed but those two human hearts.

"Nelly, you can't mean what you say. There is not any law in the land that can force you to marry him, if you don't wish it. Dame Marjory has been like a mother to you, to be sure, and we will always be kind and good to her. She can have a home with us, peer as it

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

will be now; and I will work day and night until that debt is paid: I'd work my fingers to the bone for you, Nelly!"

But the girl only leaned her head against the gnarled tree at her side, and closed her eyes in a vain endeavor to shut back the tears that trickled down her face.

"Come, you must not be breaking your heart: it drives me mad, and I could burn the house over my head for tormenting you so. Only give me the right, darling, and nobody shall harm you by my word."

He tried to draw her to him, but she resisted, with a murmur—"I have promised!"

"No—no—no promised!"

"You know all now." And she spoke hurriedly, checked by tears. "And, oh!—there is such a weight from my heart: for now you will help me to bear it. I think I was mad. They gave me no peace day nor night; and at last they said it was you that hindered me. And Marjory told me strange things of you that I could not believe—indeed, I did not for an instant. But it was not until his dreadful threats that I promised. I could not have blood upon my head—and your blood, Jamie!"

"The coward! He did not dare—"

"Hush, Jamie; it will do you good now—and indeed, I had not a selfish thought. It will only be a prison to me—and she pointed to the brown stone turret rising above the trees.—"But he could ruin you, he said, and Marjory called me ungrateful, and told me to think of the good I could do with the money he was squandering, and bid me beware how I told you what she had said, for she could prove things that would turn your love to hate."

"It's all false together, poor child! There is nothing to prove, and he has not a feather's influence with Sir Edward. The country around despise him for an empty head; and so for that whining old—"

She laid her hand upon his arm with a mute pleading look that was more eloquent than words.

"Don't check me now; I can't stand such oppression, and in a country where the poorest may have justice, I swear you shall not be his wife till you walk over my dead body to the altar! Oh Nelly!—and his tone changed to one of almost womanly entreaty—"think how I have loved you since we were little children together, and I made you more-chains on this very bank! You never knew, you could not dream how much, for my lips can't speak all that my heart thinks. The book does not make much noise here at our feet, Nelly, but you know how deep it is for all that stillness, and my love was like this. When I grew up to be a man, I thought of you and dreamed of you day and night. You were never out of my thoughts. I said to myself, when Lena made a home she shall share it with you; and so I worked, and saved, and toiled all for you, Nelly; and sometimes when I was tempted to go out with gay companions, that kept me back, or if I was tempted to think the world was very hard, and things looked darker ahead, I would get a glimpse of Ayton church, and remember who lived very near it; and one day she might be mine. Oh! Nelly—God help me—I can't bear it."

He threw himself prostrate upon the bank, while his hands to the stars gazed convulsively. And yet she looked at him with a weary hopeless gaze, as if she could not understand it, or had no consolation to offer.

"It was a wicked, wicked promise, Nelly."

"But it was mine, and I cannot break it, that would be to say, And how Marjory cannot reproach me, no harm will come to you, and I suppose I ought to be very happy."

He started up once more, and came to her side.

"Do you remember the marriage service, and what you promise there? Don't talk of perjury, if you can't do neither; you love you cannot—and you will live all your life long! It is worse to break one ill-gotten promise—far! far! know you were threatened into it."

"Oh! I am very miserable!"

And in another moment his arms were around her, and she was sobbing, strained closely to his heart. He did not speak, but he pressed wild kisses upon her hair and cheek, and brow, tightening his clasp, meanwhile as if he feared she would run from him. But no; she lay quite still, the tears rolling down her face, and sobbing her very heart.

At last, some recollection seemed to come to her, for she tore herself away, and unclasped those twining arms saying—"No, no; it cannot be—I have promised—this is all wrong; so very, very wrong."

"It is not wrong," he answered passionately. "You are my wife as much as if we stood at the altar. My whole life has been yours, and I will not give you up now."

"You should not have tempted me to this meeting," she said. "It was cruel, when I had steeled my heart so for it. You know it must, for Dame Marjory has commanded me, and he always has his will. Do you remember once, in these very woods, we found a poor little bird, struggling in a snare he had set, with broken wings, and so torn that it struggled and struggled but was not strong enough to escape?"

"Ay; but who did set it free in spite of the fear of him? Don't forget that, Nelly."

She still motioned him away, and brushed back her long hair that had fallen over her face, as she turned towards Ayton Hall.

"This night—this very night will decide. Do not yield to such a false principle of duty. You mistake it; indeed you do. Meet me here to-night, Ellen, for they are wearing you out, soul and body, and you shall go to Annie; she has such a pleasant home, and will welcome you for a sister until I can claim you. Say you will; and we shall forget this horrid dream, when I was so near losing you, and my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

How could she resist that pleading, affectionate glance and turn so resolutely from so much offered happiness?

"Do not tempt me, Jamie. God bless you, and forgive me! It wasn't long till I am in the churchyard; God forgive me, but I wish it was now!"

"Hear me once more," he said. "I will be here till midnight, and you will come and let me set you free. Remember, I will not leave this spot till then. I know you will come!"

She shook her head sadly, and walked rapidly away, muttering him back when he would have joined her.

There was no sympathy in nature for her heavy heart. The sky was unclouded, and a rich light and shade checked the path she trod so hurriedly. Now and then she looked back, and saw a glimpse of Ayton Hall, shaded by oaks as lordly as the mansion, the broad sloping lawn that, newly mown, looked like the richest velvet in the sunshine. And was there, in this firm denial of all that proffered love, no lingering ambition to tread those stately halls, the mistress of all this beauty and magnificence? She was but human, and power has tempted many a heart. Ah, no; hers had long been too much engrossed by another object to leave room for the entrance of worldly ambition; and she would gladly have shared the meanest cottage upon the grounds with James Ellis, than the Mansion with its owner for her lord. She passed the church-yard, and as she saw the still green grave sleeping so quietly in the shadow of the cross, she longed to lie down beside them, to escape the dull pain gnawing at her heart. If the rector had but been there, her soon would she have confessed all, and been guided by his truthful advice; but he was far distant, seeking to regain wasted strength, and there was none to console her.

"It's a brave wedding we shall have, for all," chirped a old Marjory, coming forth to meet her. "But

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

blest the issue, we wouldn't think you the bride. You've been greeting in those old woods, or down by the brook. Hoot, hoot! let's have us such doing the day!"

Ellen sickened at the crafty smile which lit her features. She wondered she had never seen the expression before; but availed in the sin of old age, and it had capped the kindlier nature of her protector. She pushed by almost roughly, and entered the cottage, which had been so many years a happy home to her. The curious high backed chairs, the carved oak table, were as bright as hands could make them, and the clematis that shaded the casement filled the room with its soft spicy breath. Her work was laid on the table, and she turned it down to keep the fire; but she was too miserable to resume it, and leaned her head upon the table, absorbing the chattering of Dame Marjory.

"It's an every bride that has the like of this, my brain. See the grand prospect that the squire himself has sent you. That I should see the old Orphan Ellen was decked out in such brave garments! It's a bonny wedding we shall have far a'!" And the old crone lifted his slatternly sleeve of the rich robe, for she well knew the value of the costly fabric, and that few village girls could resist such wooing.

It was a strange contrast to Ellen's simple attire, the rich fabric gleaming in the sunlight as the heavy folds caught its lustre; the snow with ground, with a dainty rose-like flush spreading over it, and softened by faces that a dethroned beauty might have worn. It would well become her stately beauty; and perhaps the maiden thought this as she gazed vacantly towards it. But no, she scarcely understood why it was there. There was a sick, faint feeling of head and heart, her thoughts were dull and confused, and she longed only to escape from the sound of a voice she had learned almost to hate.

Oh, the weariness of that weary day! She scarcely knew how the hours passed, except that they seemed interminable. But at length evening came, and then the cool, still night, and the stars seemed more pitiful than the sunshine. She watched until sleep came to Dame Marjory's watchful eyes, and then stole out to seek the open air; for she could not sleep, remembering who she watched in vain for her at Fairy Knoll. There lay the rector as the admiring Marjory had left it, spread out in her very path, and gleaming softly in the moonlight. She could not resist the impulse, but tore it from the chair and trampled it under her feet, as she thought. "And for things like this my happiness is to be barred!"

The next morning to give her new life and energy, the night air cooled the fever of her brain, and she began to think once more calmly and clearly. Yet there seemed to escape for her; she was bound by every tie of gratitude to Dame Marjory, she had herself consented to the marriage; she knew the fierce passions which would not break down; and, as she wrung her hands for her helplessness, the words of James Ellis rose in her mind with fearful meaning. "You will live a lie all your life!" It would, indeed, be so; and whether it was better to break one's word than to live a lie, she was not sure she could never fulfill. To love! when she thought of his very tread, and trembled at the sound of his voice. To honor! when she respected more truly the very beggar at his gate. To obey! that wild lawless will. What an intolerable yoke did she bear her neck to receive! Turn where she would, it was too true—she would live a lie.

One last, last hope of escape. It was not yet midnight, and she traced to the thrilling thought of the deep sleep that had that day been proffered to her. It seemed to bid her, to constrain her, by its power. A calm reason passed through her heart, better than all reasoning, than all argument. She felt what was right; and, in another moment, was bounding down the hill to the forest path. No pause, not even to glance at the hall, more lovely than ever in the soft picturesque light, or to the lodge, to see if her steps were watched. Fear was gone; weakness, doubt, were rolled away. On through the tangled wood, leaping the windings of the stream, penetrating the darkness thicket; on and on, every moment bringing the feters of her rash promise, until a quick step leaped to meet her, and she was locked in the strong arms of him who loved her so truly.

"I know, I know you would come!" he said; "and Annie is waiting for us. You are mine, mine own now, Nelly—are you not, my darling?"

But she only laid her head upon his breast, and "smiled upwards through her tears."—*Lady's Book.*

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

"Dirty Work."

Many people turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," as though all honest labor was not cleaner than many a dirty game of betting one's way through the world. Rather than to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned of an instructive bit of history touching a case of "dirty work"—a hodman. No matter where he was born—he was once the worse for being a Turk-man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest; he could get so employ but had no money, and he carried so well as to earn at once his daily bread. He procured cheap but good board and lodging, spent some of his earnings in saloons or low places, attended church on the Sabbath, educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city and built a pretty cottage. It was one year more found a good wife, and used the cottage, before rented out; for these six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a noted workman, a well-known scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account; he embarked as a partner in a business already well established. This day he is worth at least \$100,000, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant and intelligent circle; and he is one of the happiest and most honorable men so far as he is known. So much has come of a hodman.—*N. Y. Paper.*

OUR SUGAR CAMP.

"Please let him go this time."

This was the appeal made to the Court in behalf of a graceless youth who seemed to have determined upon a downward course. Francis Kelley and Moses Kinney, two lads known to the police, were placed at the bar and convicted for stealing a pocket book from a pedlar's basket. The members of the Court had made up their minds to send both the boys to the House of Refuge, when an exceedingly pretty girl, some seventeen years of age, well dressed, and using good language, appeared at the bar to plead for young Kelley. Her legs were filled with tears, and her whole face beamed with sisterly kindness as she said: "Please let him go this time; I think he'd be better. Won't you let him go?—I'll talk to him; I'll persuade him to be a better boy; I'm sure he'll not be here again. Will you not try him this once?" Judge Bebe said: "Miss Kelley, the Court deeply sympathizes with you; but we cannot but think that your brother will be better off at the House of Refuge than he is in the streets of the city. It will separate him from his bad companions. We will look after him; and if he conducts himself properly we will get him a good place, and then place him in the way of making a respectable man, and a valuable member of society. You can see him as often as you like to call at the Bar; the affectionate sister seemed to be convinced that the Judge was correct; and although it was hard to part with her brother, she stifled her feelings as much as possible, but the heaving of her bosom showed how deeply she felt for that erring brother.—*N. Y. Paper.*

BALLAD OF THE CANAL.

BY THE MUSE.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul had room to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the banks were very steep.

"Twas fearful thing when sleeping
To be awaked by the shock,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'coming to a lock.'"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest berth was shook,
While the wooden gates were opened,
And the mule talked with the cock.

And thus we lay in darkness,
Each one wishing we were there;
"We are through!" the captain shouted,
And he sat down on a chair.

And his little daughter whispered,
"That's what he ought to know,
'Isn't awaked by canal boat
Just as safe as it is slow!"

Then he kissed the little maiden,
And with better cheer we spoke,
And we trotted into Pittsburgh
When the mule looked through the smoke.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE-LOUISE.

BY LAURENCE.

MARIE-LOUISE was well known to the Parisians, and but little beloved in France. Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of victory, conquered more than courted, succeeding, in the hero's coach, the stiff living Empress Josephine, whose Croce graces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted disposition, made her, even with these very defects more popular with so light and superficial a people; a stranger in the midst of France, speaking its language with timidity, studying its manners with embarrassment, Marie Louise lived in seclusion, like a captive amidst the official circle with which the Empire surrounded her. That court of beautiful women, newly titled, anxious to represent every attraction except that of their own rank and high favor, allowed nothing to be known of the new Empress, except the simplicity and the awkwardness natural to one who was almost a child, and which was calculated to render her unpopular in her own court. That court was the haughty splendor of the young Empress. Marie Louise took refuge in court ceremony—in etiquette and in silence against the malcontents that acted as a spy on her every word and action, intimidated by the fame, by the grandeur, and by the impetuous tenderness of the ravisher, who she dared not contemplate as a husband, it is unknown whether her timidity permitted her to love him with restrained affection. Napoleon loved her with feelings of superiority and pride. She was the witness of his affliction with great dignity; she was the mother of his son and the fulfillment of his ambition. But through he exalted himself less from virtue than constitutional disdain he was known to have had passing predilections for some of the beautiful women by whom he was surrounded. Jealousy, therefore, though she dared not accuse her rivals might have chilled the heart of Marie Louise. The public was unjust so high to require from her the most passionate and devoted love, when her nature could not inspire her with duty and respect for a soldier who had merely recognized in her a hostage for Germany and a pledge of posterity.

This constraint obscured her natural charms, clouded her features, intimidated her mind, and depressed her heart. She was only regarded as a foreign ornament attached to the columns of the throne. Even history, written in ignorance of the truth, and influenced by the resentment of Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered the princess. Those who have known her will stand her, not the stolid and theatrical glory which people require of her, but her natural qualities. She was a charming daughter of Tyrol, with blue eyes and fair hair. Her complexion varied with the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys; her figure light and graceful, its attitude yielding and languid like those German maidens who seem to look for the support of some manly heart. Her dreamy glance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken fringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pouting—her bosom was full of sighs and frail affection; her arms were of due length, fair, and admirably moulded, and fell with graceful languor on her robe, as if weary of the burden of her destiny. Her neck was lightly inclined towards her shoulder. She appeared to be a child of northern melancholy, transplanted into the tumult of a Gallic camp. The pretended insipidity of her countenance, which waited her in imagination far from that court, to her magnificent but rude place of exile. The manumote returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially German. She cultivated the art of poetry, painting and music. In these accomplishments education had rendered her perfect; as if to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and the sorrows to which would one day be exposed. In these acquisitions she excelled; but they were confined to herself alone. She read and repeated, from memory, the poetry of her native land. By nature, she was simple, but pleasing, and showed within herself, externally silent, but full of internal feelings; formed for domestic love in an obscure destiny; but, flung on a throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur, or after the reverse of her fortune; this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory. She was too unapproachably effect love, when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will pity, though history may accuse her.

This is a true portrait of Marie-Louise. I wrote it in her presence ten years afterwards. She had developed, at that period, during her liberty and her widowhood, all the hidden graces of her youth. They wished her to play a part—the actress was wanting, but the woman remained. History should award her—what the partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers has refused—pity, tender, and grace.

She had been condemned for not having been the theatrical heroine of an affection she never felt. Overlooking the feelings of a woman, her accusers forgot that the heart will make itself heard even in the drama of such an unparalleled destiny; and if the heart is not always a justification, it is at least an excuse. Justice should weigh such scenes as she condemns.

MARIE-LOUISE never loved Napoleon. How could she love him? He had grown old in camp, and amidst the noise of ambition; she was only nineteen. His soldier's soul was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accompanied his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and passive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had stolen his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Atlas of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals, in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to heaven from her cradle in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage conceded, through fear, to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and fearful repudiation of a wife

BALLAD OF THE CANAL.

who had been the very instrument of his fortunes. She felt that she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendours of an imperial throne were to her as the flowers decked a victim for sacrifice. Calatone, and without a friend, in a court composed of parasites, soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent agony. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence. There was something disrespectful in his affection; he wounded her when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; tender interposed between him and his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently desired son could not strike such opposite nature. Marie-Louise felt that to Napoleon she was not merely the foot of an hereditary dynasty, but merely the world could not bestow the inherent virtues of love—faith and constancy to the one woman; his attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousy natural to the love of a wife; and although he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he prove that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own, and of foreign courts, were not in his object of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love, Napoleon's long and frequent absences, his severe and minute orders, so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather to control than to execute the will of the Empress, his petulance of temper, his frequent abrupt returns; morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (her only recreation being ostentations, tiresome and frivolous carousals); nothing of such a life, of such a character, of such a man, was calculated to inspire Marie-Louise with love. Her heart, and her imagination, exasperated in France, had remained behind the Rhine. The splendours of the Empire might have consoled another; but Marie-Louise was better formed for the tender attachments of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home.—*Laurina's Journal.*

THE SILVER DOLLAR, OR HOW GOD PROVIDES.

It was a season of great scarcity in the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman who lived in a hut by the woods had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer.—*She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the young ravens would feed her.*

On rising from her knees one morning, her little bereaved girl opened the door to go out. Something shining and bright she saw on the floor. The child stopped down and beheld a silver dollar. She ran and took it to her mother. It really was a new, round, bright silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps nor wagon-teams were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from his hand; but how did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did he throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No.—God has ways and means for answering prayer without sending special messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing his regularity, and help comes.—*Sometimes we do not see exactly how, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come more directly from him; while in fact, our all being taken care of ever since we were born, comes just as directly from him; only he employs so many people to do it, fathers, mothers, servants, shop-keepers, that we are apt to lose sight of him, and fix our eye only on them.*

But how did the silver dollar get on the door sill come may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seashore in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk. "Come, ride," they said; "it will be hot and dusty." "I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started with a stout walking-stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods, he heard a voice from a hole in the side of the road. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tiptoe; then he stopped and listened, and found that it was the voice of prayer; and he gathered from the prayer that who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

"What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut.—He clapped his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the first silver dollar he ever had—and a dollar was a large sum for him to give, for he was not a rich man as he is now. But no matter, he felt that the poor woman must have it! The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it on the sill and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize the prize, which he went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for a very purpose, for you see a paper dollar might have blown away; and he was led to walk instead of ride—why, he did not exactly know, but God, who directed his steps, did know. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry on his plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business, when we are about his, answering, it may be, the prayers of his people.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life; he has been greatly prospered, and given away his hundreds since then; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

A FAIR HIR.—Scarcely had the mails brought by