THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 22. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1852. NUMBER 46.

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.

LIDDELL & Co.,
Blacksmiths, Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steamboat Boilers, &c., &c., State, between 7th and 8th Streets, Erie.

M. M. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquor, Candies, Fruit, &c., One Door below Loomis & Co's State street, Erie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.
Office Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Eastern Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
Western " " 5½ o'clock, P. M.
O. D. SPAFFORD, Agent.

GEORGE J. MORTON,
(Late of the firm of J. Hearn & Co.)
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

WALKER & TIBBALS.
Forwarding, produce and Commission Merchants, second Ware House East of the Public Bridge, Erie, Pa.
Also—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime and Lime Stone, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., &c., with unsurpassed facilities for shipping either by Steamboats, Propellers, Schooners, or by Rail Road.
D. D. WALKER. J. M. TIBBALS.

W. H. KNOWLTON,
Watchmaker and Repairer, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses and other Fancy Goods. Store one door west of the Reed House. 17

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No. 3, Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

A. M. JUDSON,
Attorney at Law.—Office on Park Row, between Brown's new Hotel and the Reed House, up stairs.

G. ANDRE,
Agent of J. Andre Offenbach—Depot of Foreign MUSIC and musical Merchandise, wholesale and retail, No. 19, So. 5th St. above Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

DR. C. BRANDES
Physician and Surgeon—Office corner of State and Seventh Streets Residence on Eighth Street between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight Exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office in Beatty's Block, Public Square, Erie.

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 & SONS,
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 Lands 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.

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

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

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

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Doct. A. Beane, 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.

J. GOALDING.
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop, No. 1 Poor People's Row (up stairs, over A. & J. S. Walters' Grocery Store) State Street Erie, Pa.

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 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.

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

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 4 Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State-st., and Public Square.

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.

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

EDWIN J. KELSO & CO
General Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants: dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the 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.

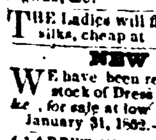
CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

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.

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

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

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 delluc id clearness. All work warranted.

LETTER PAPER, ruled and plain, Foolscap, note paper, letter and note envelopes, transparent and fancy wafers. Letingwax, &c. J. H. BURTON & Co.

THE Ladies will find very elegant Black Brocade changeable silks, cheap at Feb. 21, '52. J. H. FULLERTON'S.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.
WE have been receiving this week from New York a fine stock of Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Blankets, Glove, &c. &c., for sale at low prices. H. CADWELL.
January 31, 1852.—38

CARPET WARP for sale at J. B. COOK'S.
March 13

Poetry and Miscellany.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That like a blossom just unfolding
She opened to life's cloudless sky;
And nature joyed to view its moulding;
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing:
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly harm
Should dim such sweet delicious splendor?
For in her mein, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptured gazer trace,
But Beauty's glow and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm—
But still of magic, richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest,
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling, smiled—
They seemed to live but in each other;—
But matron cares or lurking woe
Her thoughtless, sinless look had vanished,
With in her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some visioned woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had arrayed her;
Yet beautiful she seemed to be,
As even my reveries portrayed her;
The glow, the glance had passed away;
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset, streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever;
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender hearted—
And, when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripened hope, and sunny beauty—
I felt a chill—I turned aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seemed a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

FAME AND FORTUNE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHAPTER I.

"To-morrow is the day of examination," said my mother to me. "and I hope you will distinguish yourself as much as you expect."

"I don't see what's to hinder me," I replied, with the assurance and self reliance of youthful genius. "I am head of the school. There isn't a fellow that can touch at longs and shorts; and I only wish the examiners were able to judge of scholarship. But what can a set of pin-makers know of Latin and Greek?"

"The pin-makers, my dear, are the founders of the school, and advance a great deal of money to support it; but the examiners are remarkably clever men from Oxford, and will try to puzzle you with all their mights."

"I defy them," I said; "and nothing shall keep me from joining the exhibition to St. John's. So you had better prepare my things, mother, for I shall go up there to reside next term."

"And who is to keep you there? for the exhibition is only eighty pounds a-year, and I hear nobody can live at the university under a hundred and fifty."

"We must make another attempt on my uncle, the colonel. He would never miss a couple of hundreds a-year out of his million of rupees."

"You may write to him yourself, Charles. I can't address him again on the subject of money. He seems to take delight in recalling to my remembrance that your father was poor, and that you're likely to be a beggar."

"Does he?" I said. "I'll teach the old hunks to be more civil in his language; and immediately after the examination, hang me if I don't satirize him in the fiercest hexameters. He shall be the laughing-stock of India—the mean, contemptible, ungentlemanly curmudgeon."

This conversation took place between me and my mother about seven years ago, and ended, as usual, in one of the interlocutors getting into a passion, and other falling into tears. And no wonder it had that effect on both of us. My uncle had gone to India as a cadet; had risen through all the intervening ranks, till now he was colonel in command; had pay and allowances without end; had laid out his savings and prize-money to great advantage; and, in short, was rolling in wealth and honors.—He must have been a clever man in his way, for there were few operations, either in peace or war, that were carried on without his participation. His signature flourished in the newspapers to every variety of report. Sometimes there was a survey of a hitherto unexplored district—the country excellently described—the population classified—the revenue calculated—the capabilities explained—and then there was the unfailing name—"Hildebrand Bawls, C. B., Chairman."

In the next newspaper there would be an account of a meeting of bank proprietors—a flourishing description of the pecuniary affairs of the company; fortunate speculations entered into—balance in hand six million rupees—dividend ten per cent.—"Hildebrand Bawls, C. B., Chairman."

The same name presented itself at the end of a plan for the introduction of railways—for the improvement of steam navigation—for a speedier means of raising the revenue due by the native princes. In short, we were quite tired—though sometimes we were a little proud—of seeing the perpetual recurrence of the well-known signature, and were lost in vain calculation of the amount of money that must have been accumulated by so much energy in so many years. In the mean time it was much easier, though not so satisfactory, to calculate our own resources. They were very small; but my mother was a wonderful manager, and I cannot yet understand how we contrived to live so comfortably, to dress so well, and make altogether so respectable an appearance, even in the cheap and modest country town to which she had retired for the benefit of my education. What an amazing thing that management is! and what a charming addition to a small fortune is a little taste! Why, whatever my mother touched, grew beautiful at once. Our cottage on the London road looked like a perfect villa in miniature; the walk was so trimly kept, the flower-beds so prettily laid out; and if you did not see that the little grass-plot was intended for a lawn and shrubbery, you had very little imagination, and would have wished the Koh-i-noor to be as big as Beelemond. Then, inside, the same transfigurations went on; the papers agreed so well with the carpets, the cottage chairs seemed in such exact harmony with the tables and chiffoniers, that you never observed they were all of the cheapest materials and commonest kinds of wood. What taste is to furniture, manners are to people; and nobody, to see my mother walk down the street, or enter a shop, or receive a few visiters to tea, could have supposed for a moment she was a poor curate's widow, with an income on which the bishop's butler would look down with a sneer. Rather, she seemed a duchess of Devonshire in disguise, and you expected every moment to hear her say, "Order the carriage and four posters, for they must be wondering what has become of me at Chatsworth."

I often wondered if her bilious old brother knew what a gentle, lady-like creature she was. If he did, what a double-distilled, hard-hearted wretch he must be! Why did'nt he send us to Madras to take care of his house, to preside at his dinners, to ride his horses, to be his aide-de-camp and acknowledged heir? If he did *not* know the treasure he possessed in such a sister—not to mention her son—what an uninquiring ass! what a dull, pudding-headed impostor! He to lay out roads in the Rain Jam hills! He to prepare a code of laws for a newly-ceded territory as large as France and Spain! He to regulate the revenue of great nations, and send steam-fleets puffing and panting among the spicy islands of the south, or up the mysterious rivers of the Flowery land! He to do all this, and yet not to know me or my mother!—the thing was impossible; and I wrote him down in my secret soul as an immensurable humbug. And perhaps I despised him, too, on another ground—his name was unknown in the peerage, whereas my blood was as blue as Eglinton's or Medina Celi's.

My father's family came in with the Conquest, and I suspect must have gone out very shortly afterwards—gone out, I mean, as a lamp might do, for want of oil: for the lands had rapidly been dispersed. In reading the history of England I almost became a republican, and bore a personal enmity to kings. When Henry the First was in want of money, he got up a quarrel with my ancestor, Reginald de Bohun, and fined him twenty manors in Yorkshire and six in Berks. The Empress Maud was still worse, for she burnt down our family house in Hampshire, and laid waste the estate with fire and sword.—Godfrey de Bohun sided with that intolerable blockhead Henry the Third, and had fourteen manors forfeited by Simon de Montfort—which manors that pusillanimous king instead of restoring to the rightful owner after the battle of Evesham, retained to his own use—giving to my denuded progenitor a right to indemnify himself on the bodies and estates of ten of the Jews of Nottingham.—The Jews had probably lost all their teeth, or been tortured out of all their money before, for there seems to have been, no great revival of the wealth of the De Bohuns after that date. In the subsequent reigns they were generally put to death, which is a sign of the family being impoverished. Henry the Seventh got possession of the last remaining estate in Yorkshire; and the sole property now left to support the dignity of the name was the original seat of the companion of the Conqueror, which the Empress Maud had burned, but which was still a stately mansion, surrounded by broad fields and sheltered by extensive woods. My ancestor rode away from the ancient hall to join King Charles at Oxford, and a gallant Independent was presented to it by Oliver Cromwell, the grant being ratified by Charles II., who, however, shook hands with the old Cavalier whenever he went to court, and invited him once to play a game of skittles, not remembering that he had lost his right arm on the field of Worcester. Afterthat the De Bohuns retired from the public stage of history into the modest obscurity of middle life, but trailing clouds of glory from that previous brilliant existence that never ceased to shed their light upon them wherever they move. My grandfather was a captain in the marines, and was wounded by a splinter at Trafalgar; but, in the midst of his exertions on that glorious day, he felt sure there was a whole bevy of the De Bohuns of old seated on the crosstrees, spectators of their descendant's prowess; and when my father was appointed to his curacy in a rather marshy part of Essex, he comforted himself with the reflection that many of his name had pined for years in the dungeons of the Saracens, and that one was reported to have been precipitated down an Austrian *oubliette*. But the strangest thing was, that antiquaries and genealogists were busy from morn to night in endeavoring to prove that new-made peers and fresh batches of baronets were descended from the De Bohuns. When Samuel Smith was made a knight of the Hanoverian order, an ingenious herald discovered that Godfrey De Bohun and a sister, Sibille, who married, in the time of Stephen's usurpation, a German baron, ambassador from the Emperor, whose name was possibly Schmidt, and from this marriage Sir Samuel was undoubtedly derived. Others of higher pretensions affiliated themselves in the same manner, hanging on by the far-off branches, jumping up to clutch them, though far out of their reach, and climbing up towards them with all manner of ludicrous contortion—and all the time they left the veritable tree, with straight stem and healthy budding branches, to stand as well as it could the cold winds of a swamp in Essex. And do I forget you for these things, ye snobs of false aristocrats? No.

So the next day we were all in our places at the appointed hour. I sat, as usual, at the head of the school, and, with ill-disguised contempt, looked down the line of terrified visages that were turned with such awe and veneration towards the door. My mother and many other ladies had taken possession of seats in the upper part of the hall. Crowds of the relations of the pupils were standing in front of the benches, and an easy triumph, I felt was in store for me: for I had studied very hard, and had long been recognised as the wonder of the school.—The door opened which communicated with the master's house, and for a moment the perturbed countenance of the pedagogue was seen taking a hurried glance at the assemblage. He nodded to me, as if to give me notice that the examiners were about to appear. And, amidst a universal clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the distinguished visitors made their appearance. It was not the magnates from Oxford who presented themselves at first. A stout fat man, who nearly tumbled over the skirts of the long gown in which he had enveloped his person, broke upon our enraptured sight, in all the glory of gold chain and flowing garments; for he was Sheriff, or some other high dignitary, of the city of London. He was the senior pin-maker, and represented the august founders and supporters of the school. The other was a tall man, of rather stately demeanour, with no peculiar decoration or badge of office. A ruddy hue—but whether of health or port wine I did not know—gave a glow to his very handsome features and good-humoured expression, which heightened the favourable effect of his appearance; and, clinging close to his side, and holding him by the hand, was a tall graceful girl of twelve or thirteen, with features so much resembling those of her conductor, though softened and purified by her age and sex, that there was no mistaking the relationship that existed between them. There was not a boy in the school that did not fall in love with that girl, to the full extent that his agitation and fear of the approaching examination allowed him. We even liked the pompous-looking father for her sake; and I determined to put forth all my powers to distinguish myself in the presence of such a beauty. That two people should have grown so rich and influential by being pinmakers, struck us all as very strange. Did they make all the pins that were sold in England? Did they make shirt-pins and breast-pins, as well as the common round-headed brass ones? If so, why not nine-pins, thole-pins, lynch-pins, and all other sorts of pins in iron and wood? That might account for their wealth, and enable them to found a school and endow fellowships at Oxford. But these lucubrations were interrupted by the entrance of the examiners. They wore their college gowns and caps. One was a little man, of preternatural ugliness, with the most hideous expression I ever saw. A mouth of enormous size was the vast arena on which all the contemptible passions displayed themselves by turns. A simper of sycophantic adulation filled its whole expance when he looked on the pinmakers; a curl of superiority made it almost as disgusting when he turned his face to the boys; and when a smile of admiration rested on it when he saw the little girl whom the junior patron led by the hand, I hated the fellow as if he had done me some personal injury. I perceived, however, a shudder of disgust pass through the girl as he shook her by the hand; and there was a community of feeling established between us at once. I only longed to tell her what a brute I thought the Reverend Philip Scowl. The other was a pale, sallow-faced young man, who seemed to look up to his coadjutor with the greatest respect. They both wore straight cut coats, low waistcoats, and enormous white neckcloths. If they had been a trifle dirtier, they might have passed very well as Popish priests. After the buzz of their entrance had subsided, the business of the day began. I read the prize essay of the year; I repeated the prize speech; I recited the prize poem. The applause was terrific. I saw my mother in tears. The little girl kept her eyes fixed on me the whole time, and involuntarily nodded her head in time with the cadence of the verses. The pinmakers sat on lofty chairs, and the junior at intervals smiled to the little girl at his side with the strongest symptoms of approval. The construing began: it was the *Andria* of Terence. Didn't I throw fire into the description of the beautiful Glycerium, and make the rooms echo with laughter at the humours of Simo and Davus? The master presented me with a prize—a beautifully bound Virgil—and began a speech, wishing me as triumphant a career in Oxford as I had run in Puddlecomb-Regis, when a short cough from a senior examiner interrupted him, and, at his request, we withdrew into the doctor's private study for the written examination. Tom Swallow, Giles Winkup, Harry Losel, and I. I had been in the habit, for three years, of writing all their versions and making all their verses; and all were grateful for my assistance, except Tom Swallow. He always denied that I gave him any help; so sometimes I used to thrash him after cricket; for he was a sulky, dull fellow, two years older than any other boy in the school, and as big as any butcher in the town. The other three sat down to their papers, for show more than any effort they were going to make. Mr. Scowl set us all to different tables, and, on going out, made Tom Swallow promise, on his honor, that he would give no help to me, either in translation or history! Tom Swallow!—to me! We all laughed, as the hideous countenance of Mr. Scowl was withdrawn. Even Tom looked rather ashamed, and gave the promise at once. For an hour we wrote and wrote. Tom looked up occasionally to the ceiling, and asked me for a date, or the quantity of a sylable, or the situation of a town. The promise of non-assistance had not extended to me, and I told him. I also told him the meaning of eleemosynary, and how to spell it; and when the younger classes had all been examined in the school, and the little boys had finished their Ovid and Latin grammar, we were ushered into the august presence of the pinmakers, amidst the profound silence of all the room. Mr. Scowl was detained in the doctor's study, looking over the papers—the junior examiner was summoned to join him. The doctor shook hands with me, and thanked me for doing such credit to the school—the junior pinmaker called me up to him, and putting the little girl's hand into mine, said, "Thank Mr. De Bohun yourself, Emily. My daughter," he continued, "is so delighted with your verses, that she insisted on my making your acquaintance." I gave the small hand that lay in mine a pressure that come from my heart—and blushed and stammered for having done so before so many people. The examiners came in—dead silence again, and every boy in his place. The senior examiner, the Reverend Mr. Scowl, stumbled through two or three sentences of introduction, looked towards the fat old pinmaker, as if to gather strength from his encouraging looks, and concluded by stating that his colleague and he, after mature consideration, with no hesitation, had decided in favor of Thomas Swallow. Talk of the charge at Waterloo! or the Black Hole of Calcutta!—or the earthquake at Lisbon! after that. I felt that somebody had pushed me into the sea, and was keeping my head under water with all his might; the sky grew fiery red, and the earth reeled to and fro; and there, amid all its undulations, and amid all that lurid and gloomy light, I saw my mother's face as pale as ashes, and a grin of malignant satisfaction on the features of Mr. Scowl. Here were all our hopes and plannings at once overthrown!—five years of pinching and saving altogether thrown away! and the triumphant and biting letter I intended for my uncle in India; scattered forever to the winds! There was an interval during which I sat, I was told, quite calm and unconcerned looking: then the room began to clear—then my mother came up to me—then the junior pinmaker, in passing, shook my hand, and the little girl again looked in my face, with a sweeter expression than ever, but said nothing—and, after awhile, I found myself in the little, low parlour, with nobody but my mother, and neither of us able to speak.

CHAPTER II.

At last a knock came to the door. It startled us as if it had been a peal of thunder; and before we had time to prepare ourselves for the interview, the junior pinmaker and his young companion were ushered into the parlour.

"Madam," he said, "I come to tell you that you are not more disappointed in the result of to-day's examination than I am; but with the decision, I beg to tell you, I had nothing to do."

"Sir," replied my mother, who liked the stately manner and formal language of her visiter, "your kindness is very great, and I hope this will be a lesson both to Charles and me not to have exaggerated notions of our own superiority. I did not give young Swallow credit for the talents he possesses."

"Madam, his principal talent, in this instance, consists in a vacancy which at present exists in the rectory of Snive'ton, in Bucks, to which my colleague, Mr. Potts, as senior pinmaker, has the right of presentation."

"I do not see the connection," said my mother.

"Madam, I do," replied the gentleman. "Tom Swallow is nephew to Mrs Potts, and the Reverend Mr. Scowl is aware of the relationship."

"I told you he was a horrid man," said the little girl to me, whose conversation, in fact, almost entirely consisted of a succession of bitter railings against the pinmaker and the examiner.

"Therefore, madam," continued the visiter, "I beg you not to give way to despair; your son so evidently deserved the prize, that I feel it a point of conscience to prevent him from being a loser; and with your permission, madam, I desire to be always considered his friend, and that you will allow me to bear all the expenses of his college education. My name is Matthew Pybus, a merchant in the city, residing at Muswell Hill."

My mother was silent for a good while, during which the little girl took my hand and said, "Isn't that so delightful? I knew papa was going to do something kind."

"Is he your papa?" I said in a whisper.

"Yes—my name is Emily—I am his only child.—They say he is sure to spoil me; but I don't think he will."

"What do you say to this proposition, Charles?" said my mother.

"I say decidedly no," I replied. "It is most kindly made, and I am very grateful; but it is charity, and I can't forget my name is De Bohun."

"Does that hinder you from going to college?" said Emily. "Why don't you change it?"

I let go the hand, which she had not withdrawn from mine. "I will rather enlist," I said, "and go out as a common soldier to India in the regiment of my uncle—or break stones on the road—or go on the stage—or write a book—or, in fact, do anything unfit for a gentleman, rather than accept a stranger's assistance." I spoke passionately; it looked like auger.

"In the first place," replied Mr. Pybus, "I commenced by begging to be considered a friend, and not a stranger; secondly, if you stand so much on your independence, I have a scheme by which you can repay me for the expense which I propose to incur; and thirdly, with the exception of your proposal to break stones, I don't see how you will be able to support yourself in any of the ways you mention. Books, I believe, do not pay; and the stage, I am told, is exploded—!"

"And the scheme of repayment?" I inquired, gulping down the attack, as I considered it, on my literary and dramatic abilities.

"Simply, that in the vacations you reside with us at Muswell Hill, and act as tutor to my daughter in mathematics and Latin."

"Oh, delightful!" cried Emily; "but you mustn't be very severe—will you?"

"No, Miss Pybus, I will not be severe, for I have no intention of accepting your father's offer. I regret, sir, extremely, that it is impossible to avail myself of your kindness. I must retain my independence, at any sacrifice."

"And do you approve of this answer, madam?" said Mr. Pybus to my mother.

"I admire the feeling that prompts it," she replied, "though I wish very much he had taken another view of your offer."

"Well," said Mr. Pybus, rising, "I can't say that I don't approve of the feeling myself; but it is a disappointment to me, I confess; and I only beg you to consider that the offer is always open, and I shall be delighted if you bring yourselves to accept of it at any time."

"Farewell," said Emily, as they went away; "I wish you would learn to forget that your name is De Bohun, for most likely my tutor will be an ugly horrid old man like Mr. Scowl. I wish your name had been Smith."

She looked rather angry as she spoke, and there was a sneering tone in her voice which I did not like. But she was so pretty, and had such beautiful eyes, and was so graceful in all her motions, and the father had so benevolent an expression, and was so solemn and dignified in his manners, that I felt angry with myself for having been so ungracious. However, I felt I was right; and next day, when my mother sat down to write a long letter to her brother, with the contents of which she did not entrust me, I took a long walk among the chalk downs near the town, with a copy of *Hamlet* in my hand, and I got all the speeches in the first act by heart. I also began a drama on the subject of Hengist and Horsa. I was seventeen years of age, according to the baptismal register; full grown, according to all appearance; and eminently handsome, according to my mother. I gave implicit faith to all these authorities, and was perfectly satisfied as to age, and height, and looks. There was no farther occasion for our residence at Puddlecomb-Regis; so we gave up the cottage in the London road, sold off the little furniture we possessed, and had the world before us where to choose. In my opinion the choice is very limited. There is but one spot on the surface of English earth which can satisfy the longings of an intelligent being, and that spot must be decidedly within hearing of the great bell of St. Paul's. To be a single unit in the immense sum total which is formed by that most stupendous population, is itself a gratification to the ambition, which dies away, or eats bitterly into its own heart, in solitude. Never mind of what snobs, and fools, and rascals, and dupes, the great aggregate is composed. A thousand silly fellows—taken in their separate capacities—shall make you a most acute and judicious critic, if crammed into the pits of a theatre; and five or six hundred country gentlemen, whose talk is of bullocks, and their vision contracted to the limits of their park palings, interspersed with a few dozen meddling lawyers, and a score or two of presumptuous cheesemongers and bagmen, make the most fastidious and tasteful audience in the world. So the innumerable congregation of Cockneys, and schemers, and railway directors, and stock-brokers, and thimble-rigers, of all orders and degrees, make out, among them, a power whose lightest pulse is felt at the extremity of the globe. And to London I was determined to go. From the seethings of that cauldron rose prophetic heads more intelligible to me than the armed phantoms that gave confidence to Macbeth. "Be steady, bold, and resolute," they said to me. "Bestir yourself as fits a man, and life throws open all her paths before you. Finish your tragedy," they added, in a more confidential voice, "and get up the other four acts of *Hamlet*, and take your choice whether you will be Garrick or Shakspeare." So we took a suite of three rooms in a nice quiet street in the outskirts of the town, which the tide of new building had fortunately passed by unsubmerged, and I now felt that the serious business of my existence was begun.

Didn't I work at the immortal Dane? The little maid whom we had brought with us from Puddlecomb-Regis must have thought I had gone mad, or that the house was haunted, for she often came in on me, with my eyes fixed on vacancy, and holding mysterious conversations with a ghost. The attitudes I found it very difficult to study. There was no mirror in our lodging larger than a foot square. However, by placing my looking-glass on the ground, and my mother's on the lowest step of the stair, I could get gesticulate in the passage with a full view of my lower extremities; and so by elevating the glasses on a chair and the window sill, I could command the upper portion, with the exception of the head; but that I could study whenever I chose, and even save time by doing two things at once; for by putting the glass on my writing table, I could assume the startled and puzzled looks of Hamlet, while I was composing my tragedy of Hengist and Horsa. For some months I couldn't get beyond the first scene. There was a venerable priest of the Saxons who began the play, by informing his subordinate what were the motives of the aggression on the ancient Britons. It was not very easy to find out any good reason for the descent, but the aged divine managed to let it be understood, at all events, by the gentleman to whom he conveyed the information, that Hengist and Horsa, unknown to each other, were both in love with a mysterious young lady whom they had seen in one of their friendly visits to the tribes on the shores of Kent.—But farther than this I found it impossible to go. The man would talk on forever, in spite of all I could do to stop him; but not step would he move. I could devise no means of getting him off the scene, or even of interrupting him; and the attendant Druid could give me no help; so there these two intolerable twaddlers stood on my paper for three whole months, neither able to make an exit himself, nor to admit the remainder of the *dramatis persona*. I suspect this is the great difficulty of dramatic composition—to make your chattering people leave off chattering, and teach them to push along and keep moving. And yet the poetry was so fine, the similes so simple, and the dialogue altogether so natural and well sustained, that I couldn't miss out a line of it. At last, in the very middle of a description of moonlight upon a lake, I made the attendant cry, "*Hark! didst thou not on the tympanum of thine ear feel a great stroke of sound?*"

Druid—"I did; as if
Our mighty Thor with his clenched fist had done it."

On which, after waiting in mute expectation for some time, they rushed out into the woods to discover the cause of the commotion. Need I mention it as the arrival of Hengist and Horsa? Things now got on in a surprising manner. The brothers quarrelled and made it up: the lady smiled *sometimes* on one, *sometimes* on the other, being all the while so devoted to the cause of her country that she intended to be the murderer of both; but in the course of her efforts to charm the young and gallant Hengist, she herself fell a victim to the tender passions; and in the middle of the fifth act it was quite doubtful whether the play was to be tragedy or comedy. It soon, however, discovered itself, for, at the very time of the mutual confession, and protestations of unending devotion, word was brought of the success of Edilda's previous plots against the Saxons, and the death of Horsa by the dagger of her brother. Whereupon Hengist took vengeance on her perfidy by stabbing her, after a lecture of thirty lines, and had only strength left to immolate himself, when the original Druid of the first act rushed in to say it was a false report, and that Horsa was alive and well, the passionate Cadwaller having slain his tyrannical uncle in mistake for the Saxon leader.—The nights I spent meditating the catastrophe!—the days I labored at heightening and strengthening the language! The Roman virtue I showed in resisting all my mother's *entreaties to give* the play a happy ending! I verily believe she began to have a bad opinion of my disposition when I persisted in putting so many people to death. However, we went over the tragedy nearly every day, and always began to have watery eyes at the scene. It was a very happy year this year of composition and hope, and few people have worked harder to establish a reputation. *Even my flute, on which at one time I considered* myself a first rate performer, was neglected, or taken up at remote intervals. A letter had arrived from India in answer to our announcement of our removal from Puddletoncombe. It was very short, as all Colonel Bawls's epistles were, but it contained a cheque for a small sum of money, and my mother was satisfied. It said nothing *about my disappointment at the school, nor of my* not going to college, nor in fact, all I had to say at all, except by expressing a hope that I wasn't such a fool from family pride as my father had been; and that I would set to and support myself by some honest occupation. Honest occupation! I determined to return the miserable blockhead all the money he had advanced, and cut his acquaintance the moment my play was acted. I resolved to send him a copy when it was printed, with the numbers of the *Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood*, and *Quarterly*, in which the reviews appeared. If the Queen asked me to Court, I would send him the *Times* in which the interview was announced; but not a word would I write to him, or acknowledge our relationship. And how to get *it on the stage was now the only difficulty. The high drama*, I was told, had gone out of fashion. Macready had gone to America, and there was horsemanship at Drury Lane. Be it mine, I exclaimed, to consecrate a new temple, since the old ones have been secularized and defiled! I will offer it to the manager of some theatre unknown to fame, and on the success of "Hengist and Horsa," that discerning and tasteful manager—whoever he is—shall rise to the wealth and reputation which England is always ready to bestow upon her benefactors! I therefore looked into a Sunday newspapers for a list of places of entertainment, and fixed on the *Stepney Star*.—To this I was partly guided by the aristocratic patronymics of the performers. The manager was "Marmaduke Montalban, Esquire," and the chief tragedian "the celebrated Walter Fitz-Edward." What a sweet creature the principal lady must be, "the popular and astonishing Emily de la Rose," but I nothing doubted that their talents were worthy of their names. And I wrote to Mr. Montalban, requesting an interview for the purpose of showing him a new tragedy, and making other propositions which *might be useful to the theatre*. To which he replied that he would be happy to see me in his business-room at the establishment on the following day.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Stick to it.

The very doctrine of all others. "*Stick to it!*" Who ever knew a mortal to enrol himself under this banner, and come out of the little end of the horn? Nobody, we'll be bound. Its principle, acted up too with rectitude, purpose, heart, and soul, would keep any man above water and in blue sky.

"*Stick to it.*" It's the very history of success in epitome. All history, all except experience; the triumph of mind, art, literature, every great and noble work is its direct and appropriate illustration. He who would be, do, gain, make, save, achieve anything in whatever department of life, trade, politics, religion, philanthrophy, or love, must make it his first and last object of solicitude—the Alpha and Omega of his aspiration and action.

Tell us, young man, who ever did a thing worth a note, that did not "stick to it." Look around you, among your acquaintances, and see who is, and who is not "*something*." In him who is deservedly famous and honored, you will find the man who, years ago, in the strength, determination, energy, and light of an all conquering resolution said, "*I'll stick to it*," and who did and has stuck to it ever since.

What has made great lawyers, statesmen, divines, artists? What has made a Webster, a Choate, Brougham, a Kossouth? Simply, and solely, and truly, by choosing something real and vital, and *sticking to it*. And, if you wish, or expect, or mean to do or be any thing, you have got to do likewise. Then choose, and "stick to it."—Armed with its principle and inspiration, you may rise to undreamed-of heights—wanting it you may sink to unthought of depths.—*Ver. Reporter.*

Facts.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and be shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired in water, it will rebound and be flattened as if fired against any hard substance. A musket ball may be fired against a pane of glass; and if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 20 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of water. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Mr. Jameson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles on a very still day, with perfect distinctness.

Time to Stop.—Speaking of courting, reminds us of a little incident that occurred in our city "once upon a time." A close-fisted old codger had a lively daughter, whose opening charms attracted the attention of a certain nice young man. After some little manœuvering, he ventured to open a court-ship. On the first night of his appearance in the parlor, the old man, after dosing in his chair until nine o'clock, arose and putting a log of wood on the fire, said, as he left the room: "*There, Nancy, when that log burns out it is time to stop.*"

☞ A rustic youth and a country girl sat facing each other at the supper table of a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Katy's toe, with his foot under the table. The girl, either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stocking."

☞ "Ours is no common lot," as the toads said, when they got into a clover field.