THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 23. SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1852. NUMBER 14.

Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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

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April 6, 1852

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c. No. 3 Brown's New Hotel.

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

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

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M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office on the south side of the Diamond five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. Erie June 19 1852. 6

Poetry and Miscellany.

BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

Ah! yes I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear;
And there when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green, sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love—
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
'Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true."
The wild-blooming flowers in the cool, shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I weep not for these tho' so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone—
The bosom will heave and the tear-drop will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

(From Sartain's Union Magazine.)

The Cobweb on the Wall.

BY FAN FEATHERBIE.

(CONCLUDED)

CHAPTER III.

Ruth Grey's voice got very husky, and she paused for a little while.

"Ruth," said Amy Hill, kindly, "we have kept you talking too long: I am afraid you are very weary."

"Bless your heart Miss Amy, I could talk of Master Richard and Miss Hope for days, and not get tired. I was only thinking of all the sorrows they had, and that kind of choked me."

The old housekeeper had talked for a long time. The autumn sun was beginning to wane. When we had entered the parlor it was bright with noonday light; now golden rays were slanting in through the narrow-paned windows.

Ruth cleared her throat, and Amy pressing closer to me, looked up earnestly in her face. "I was not there very long, for master Richard sent out one of the servants after me, and when I went into the hall, I found him standing at the foot of the stairs."

"Take this to your mistress," he said, putting a note in my hand, "and tell her, from me not to grieve her sweet self for what has passed. Now go, Ruth; I trust you love us both;" and then he went to the hall door, and whistled to his dog; but I could see, although Master Richard tried to smile, he was vexed and sad.

"Miss Hope was sitting by the window, and the creeping roses, which trailed in, touched her cheek, but it was white almost as the hangings of her bed. She snatched the note from me and when she had read it, she kissed it, and leaning her head down upon the window-seat, she cried, long and bitterly. I tried to soothe my darling, and after a little she got calm.

"Tell my Richard," she said clasping my coarse brown hand with her slender, white fingers—tell him, dear, kind Ruth, for me, that I cannot come down stairs to-day; it will do me good to stay here this evening, and by to-morrow I may be better, and he shall see me. It grieves me to refuse him, but I cannot come;" and then she cried upon my shoulder. "Ruth," said Miss Hope, when she was again quiet, "you heard all that Aunt Margaret said to me; did you not think she was fearfully cruel?"

I was angry at my mistress; I did think she had been too harsh, and I said so.

"Her words fell upon my heart like a thunderbolt, for I loved Richard, and never dreamed but that she would approve our love. She has been greatly to blame in this," continued Miss Hope, in a quick excited tone.—"She might have known we would learn to love one another, and she did wrong in letting us grow up in ignorance that this was not to be."

"I left my poor young mistress, with her fair face hidden in the bed-clothes, crying as though her heart was broken, and as I went down stairs I, too, thought my mistress very cruel in this matter. She was thrusting these two young, loving creatures apart, and for what? Only because Miss Hope, rich in heart-sweetness, was poor, and had no money. Master Richard was sadder than ever when he found Miss Hope would not leave her room; and he went away from the house and did not come back till very late. Time went by; mistress became kind and pleasant again; but she watched her son and his cousin, very closely, and if she could help it, would not let them be alone together for any time. Paul Lomond came two or three times to Challan Ridge. It was well his visits happened when Master Richard was not at home, or he would have ordered him from the house. Miss Hope saw Paul Lomond but once and she was so shy and stiff that he did not come again for a long time. Mistress always had to talk to him. Master Richard and Miss Hope sometimes met and had hurried talks. I knew that he wanted her to steal away with him from Challan Ridge, and be married in the village, but she would not hear of this.

"Do not let us be traitors to your mother, Richard," she said. "She never mentions Paul Lomond to me now, and, perhaps, after all, she may smile on our love. Let us be true to one another, and wait patiently a little longer."

Poor darlings, they might as well have been traitors to one who, through all, was a traitor to them. Master Richard went away from home. He had business in a distant city, and he did not expect to be back for many weeks. Had his mother seemed stern and cross towards Miss Hope, he would not have left her, but mistress had a purpose in her heart, and she was kind and good, but that it might have its perfect work.

Master Richard had a long talk with his mother the night before he left, and when it was over, they did not seem, as they had so often done, to be angry. He said a few words to Miss Hope as they stood by that window with the bright moon shining on them, and then he kissed her many, many times. After Master Richard had gone away Paul Lomond came often to the Ridge, and Miss Hope did not treat him so stiffly, for she seemed to think, as her aunt said nothing about it, that he had given up all notion of her. One morning I was dusting the furniture in this room, and Miss Hope sat here reading, when my mistress came in, as though in a great hurry; she looked very white, and had an open letter in her hand.

"Sit down, Hope," said she, seeing Miss Hope start from her seat in a fright, "sit down, and I will read the letter to you."

So she did. It was from Master Richard, and he said the affairs of Challan Ridge were worse than he had ever thought of, and there was a line from the lawyer, saying that unless so much money could be raised by given time, to meet some claims, the estate must be sold. When my mistress closed the letter, she leaned back in her chair, and clasping her hands, said: "what, oh! what shall be done?"

She looked so distressed that Miss Hope flew to her side: "Can I do anything for you, dear Aunt?" said she, affectionately, "it grieves me to see you so distressed."

There was a kind of joyous flash from the eyes of my mistress, as she answered: "If you so choose you can do everything, my dear Hope, you can save Richard Challan and his mother from beggary."

"How? Oh, tell me quickly, and it shall be done!"

"Marry Paul Lomond, and Challan Ridge is safe!".

"Ask not that," said Miss Hope in a low, gasping tone; "oh, anything but that!—I can never give up Richard."

"You must!" said my mistress fiercely, and then she added quieter like; "you cannot love Richard truly, or you would not wish to see him a beggar, crushed in his fair youth by poverty."

"Heaven forbid that to be; but Aunt, Richard has told me that my marrying Paul Lomond can never influence his fortune, or yours."

"Then he spoke falsely; and now listen to me," and then my mistress talked of money matters, of Challan Ridge, and lastly, of the folly her son would commit, were he to marry so poor a girl as his cousin.

All this, Miss Hope listened to with tearful eyes and reddening cheeks, but she only said, imploringly, "Take not from me my Richard."

"Is this your answer?" asked my mistress angrily.—"Then let me tell you that your Richard would marry Agnes Heath to-morrow were he free from your claim upon him."

"That, I will not believe!" almost screamed Miss Hope, starting to her feet. "Richard is true to me, I know, I trust,—and I will cling to him, say what you, his mother, may."

"I do say, replied my mistress," as calmly as though she had never noticed Miss Hope's violence, "I do say that Richard would offer his hand to Agnes Heath, were you but married to Paul Lomond."

"Did he tell you this? Came these words from his own lips? Answer me truly, as you hope for heaven?"

Then my mistress hesitated, and looked down, but she answered, "Richard told me this the last evening he was at Challan Ridge, and he added, say to Hope, for me, that it were better she would marry Paul Lomond, than live with me in poverty. Should she content to this, I will marry Agnes Heath, who loves me, and whose wealth can snatch Challan Ridge from the stranger's hands; but if she will not marry Lomond, then I am bound to her. Say this to Hope, mother, and bid her remember, together we are powerless, for we are poor; apart we will be powerful."

"I cannot believe this," murmured Miss Hope.—"No, no; Richard could never have said these things."

Then my mistress answered proudly, that her word was not thus to be lightly doubted; and I mind me well that she insisted surely that her son had spoken all these words.

"Then Richard Challan is a traitor; either this, or you, his mother speak falsely," said Miss Hope in a thick, choking voice. She seemed so raised, just like a wild angry bird.

"I may speak truly, and yet Richard be no traitor.—He only listens to reason now, and it bids him crush his love for you, and seek a marriage with one wealthier; one who can help him better than you can do. You love Richard, Hope—then cling no longer to him. You are to him but as a clog. Freed from you, he is poor no longer. Be generous, then, to my son, in your love, and marry Paul Lomond, who yet faithfully loves you.

My mistress smiled when she had said those cold words, but Miss Hope shrunk from her smile.

"Now, I know why no letter came from Richard; no message ever, to break the strange terrible silence since he left Challan Ridge!" and getting up from her chair, Miss Hope tottered across to the picture of Master Richard. "If I have stood between you and wealth, my beloved" said she, "forgive me, I am sorry for it; but, Richard, I love too well to drag your noble spirit down to poverty. You are free; yes, free! Marry Agnes Heath, and I will marry Paul Lomond. Apart we will be powerful, and broad pieces of gold shall fill up our heart-wound. Do you hear me, Richard! They may bury us in gold if they will;" and she laughed wildly.

Then my mistress tried to speak, but Miss Hope, raising her head, said, proudly, "Say no more to me just now, madam, but suffer me to go to my room."

It was evening before Miss Hope would unlock her door, and then she looked like one who had gone through the trouble of years. As my mistress had bade me, I asked her what decision she had now come to.

"Tell Mrs. Challan, Ruth," she answered, with a cold, unnatural smile, "that I am going to marry Paul Lomond and that it is my wish the marriage should be as soon as possible." I looked at her in affright, but she waved me from her, and shut the door.

Oh how pleased and happy mistress seemed. She was as anxious as Miss Hope that the wedding should be soon, and preparations for it commenced at Challan Ridge. All this while, Master Richard was not written to. I so often wished that he would come. I wanted to hear his own tongue own or deny all that mistress had said. The day before Miss Hope's wedding, I went to her room with some grapes mistress had sent. She let me come in, but she seemed in a strange humor. When I offered the grapes, she dashed the little silver waiter, upon which they were piled, from my hand, and the rich purple grapes rolled upon the floor.

"Don't be frightened, Ruth," she said, "I am not angry at you, but I want none of my aunt's hypocritical presents. She can't love me; she has sold me for gold, and if I ate her grapes they would choke me."

Then I took my darling's little hand, and said "Oh, Miss Hope, do wait till Master Richard comes. Put off your wedding until he is here, and maybe he can explain all these strange things happily and well."

"What use would there be of that, Ruth? Richard can explain nothing I wish to hear. No; I will marry Paul Lomond, and my life will be as happy as money can make it."

"I thought, Miss Hope, you *loved* Master Richard.",

"I love him with a love so true that I am marrying to save him from beggery. Tell him this, Ruth, when he comes; tell him, but I will write a little note, which you can give to him when I am Hope Lomond," and she trembled violently.

Miss Hope looked more like marble than flesh and blood, when she was married. Paul Lomond seemed very happy; I believe he dearly loved his beautiful young bride, and my mistress stood by, with a smile of triumph upon her face. Paul Lomond took his wife to her new home the day of the wedding, and they went away in his own elegant carriage.

Two weeks after Master Richard came home, my mistress turned pale when she saw him riding up the avenue; proud as she was she feared his anger. He ran up the steps looking so bright and happy, his pretty dark hair tossed back from his broad, white forehead, and his cheek aglow with health.

"Good news, mother; Challan Ridge is safe! he said, as my mistress met him in the hall; and he told her in a few words of an unexpected recovery of an old debt, which was large enough to meet all claims; but he added quickly, where is Hope? I do not see her."

At this, mistress got very white; she trembled all over, and for a little while seemed as though she could not speak.

"You do not answer. Mother where is Hope? Is she dead!" and he looked anxiously from his mother to myself, but yet silence. "Is she *married?* at last shouted Master Richard, his face getting black with anger.—What have you done with Hope? Mother, if you have forced her into that hated marriage, look to yourself."

At this threat, Mrs. Challan forgot her fear in wrath, and looking up proudly, she answered, "Cease this bold language to your mother. Hope Maybrith has been the wife of Paul Lomond for many days; she married willingly; yes, it was her wish that the marriage should be as speedy as possible."

"Now, God help me in my misery," groaned Master Richard, covering his face with his hands. "Oh, cold and cruel of heart, how dared you take from me my own Hope, and give her to another? Mother, do you know what you have done? you have blighted my happiness; you have made life, sweet life, a burden to me:" then great sobs choked Master Richard, and the strong man wept like a child.

His mother went close to him, and said gentle words; but he would not listen to her, and flung her hand from his shoulder as though it was a serpent. I went out of the hall and left the mother and son alone; they came not forth from there until the stars glimmered in the sky, and the owls hooted round Challan Ridge. Master Richard seemed more gentle towards my mistress; but he looked miserable, and I knew that she had whispered false things to him, and tried to make him think she was untrue to him. I remembered the note, and when Master Richard came into his parlor the next morning, I gave it to him. When he read it, he looked up, with tears in his eyes, at Miss Hope's picture, and talked to it just as she had done to his on that sad morning.

"They have parted us, my Hope, by false and cruel words; but would that you had not heeded—that you had trusted me more fully. Would that your young heart had been slower to drink in the poison, all might have been well. I thank God that you were true to me; that although you have left me miserable, yet that the blessed love of your heart did not wane or dim. Oh, Hope, your love for me was strong and mighty; terrible, and dread your sacrifice!" Then he strode from the room like a madman; and I felt sure, from his wild talk to the picture, that Miss Hope had told, in her note, all things about Agnes Heath. Master Richard knew who had sown the seed of this dark weed-harvest, and he reproached his mother fearfully.

"You spoke false things against your own son; you kept back my letters. You wrung Hope's heart with cold, chilling words which I never said, and thus you gained her for Paul Lomond. Oh, mother, great has been your sin." And when my mistress, answering stormingly, spoke again of Agnes Heath, Master Richard said to her, sternly, "You have taken from me Hope Maybrith, let that be enough. Mother, your idol is gold; before it you have laid a sweet, fair victim; but you are not content, you seek another. Hear me, madam! I *will not* marry Agnes Heath; and I charge you, upon your peril, never again to speak of her to me."

Oh, how my heart sickened to her Master Richard talk thus to his mother; but she had cast thorns in his path, and if they tore him, and he murmured, was not she to blame? I loved my mistress no longer, I knew that her fierce, proud spirit had brought gloom and sorrow to her son and his cousin; but I pitied her, and stayed by her. The summer went away. My mistress grew prouder, and more silent; Master Richard was wretched and gloomy; no one in this old house seemed happy. A great shadow had fallen on Challan Ridge. Miss Amy, Miss Ellen it was the shadow of *cold*.

CHAPTER IV.

Master Richard wrote one letter to Miss Hope after her marriage. He must have told her in it how falsely mistress had spoken about Agnes Heath; for in the answer, which I found years after in his desk, she thank him for having taken away a great grief from her heart. She tells him that Paul Lomond is kind to her, and loves her, and she begs my master to try to be happy; then at the close, she says, "No! I dare not look upon your face on earth; but so live, my Richard, that it may smile upon me in heaven, that glorious place, where comes no grief, or bitter woes." It must have cost the poor thing a great struggle to write this note; it was stained with her tears. Master Richard put Miss Hope's picture in the room above this, and there he used to go and sit.—The room was poor enough; the floor was broken in places, and it was used as a sort of lumber-chamber; but from the windows he could see all the walks he and his cousin had loved so well, and had a strange, obstinate way of staying there the greater part of every day. The old minister at the village often came to Challan Ridge, and Master Richard loved to be with him, and talk to him. He became a changed creature,—and it is true, but sweet, and gentle, and not so gloomy; each day he seemed to think more of Heaven, and less of earth, and his eye brighter. Mistress loved her son, and she used to watch him anxiously. Oh, how bitterly did she repent, when too late, of her wickedness and deceit! Often would she beg Master Richard to forgive all that she had done, and he would reply, with a sweet, sad smile, that he had long ago done that, and she must pardon all his fierce words to her. One fall afternoon, I remember it well, the sun shone brightly, and the dahlias and the tall chrysanthemums nodded their gay heads to each other in the pleasant breeze, a boy came to Challan Ridge with letters, Master Richard took them, and went back to the strange lonesome room above. Directly after, there came a groan, and a dull heavy sound, as though some one had fallen upon the floor; I knew the noise came from the room where Master Richard was, and trembling with fear, I hurried there. At the door I met my mistress; she too, had heard the noise, and she was pale with fright. Upon the floor lay my young master, he had fallen on his face, and the sharp corner of a picture-frame which leaned against the wall, had cut a great gash in his temple; from this, the bright, red blood was fast streaming. My mistress did not scream, or cry, but she quivered like a leaf, and gave a low moan; then she stooped down, and helped me to raise her boy. Tenderly she held his poor bleeding head, and she said softly to him,

"Richard, darling, do you know me?"

He opened his sweet blue eyes, they looked dim and strained, then he shut them again, and said in a hard whisper, "Hope—Heaven!"

These two words were the last Master Richard ever spoke; he lay all night as in a deep sleep breathing very faintly, and just when the stars were dying out and day breaking, he died. Mistress went on like one crazy the night Master Richard died; she would go to his bedside, and, although he could not hear her, beg him to speak to her once more; to forgive her, and not die and leave her alone. Then she would turn to the doctors, and with tears and sobs beg them to save his life, and awaken him from his sleep; but they shook their heads sadly, and said he was in a death, stupor, and they could do nothing for him. Clenched in Master Richard's hand was a letter, and when we raised him from the floor, and took it from him, we found it brought mournful news.—She whom he had loved so well *was dead*. Hope Lomond had laid down her fair young head in the quiet of the grave. The letter was very short; dear Hope had died suddenly, but peaceably; her husband was away from home, but his name was not upon her lips in her death-hour. She spoke of Richard Challan, her well-beloved cousin. Death had not long parted these young creatures, and I believe that they met rejoicing in heaven. They both loved their Saviour. The sudden news of his cousin's death was too much for Master Richard, and I suppose when he read it he fell right away upon the floor in a swoon. He had been frail and delicate for a long time; but the Doctors said the heavy blow he got upon his temple, when he fell against the sharp picture corner, ended his young life. In our hurry and distress, none of us knew or noticed that some of the blood which trickled from our young master's head had found its way through the broken floor, and came out upon this ceiling there as you see it. When she came down into the room and as I led her to her chair, she looked upon that spot, and said, with a shudder.

"Ruth! behold my Richard's blood, like Abel's cries out against his murderer," and she wept, and talked so wildly about that spot, that I seeing how it grieved her offered to wash it away. "Wash it away," she repeated, bitterly, "and if you do, it will start out brighter deeper than before. You cannot wash it away, and I charge you, Ruth Grey, meddle not with it"

"I obeyed; but it was terrible to see my mistress sitting here, her great black eyes fixed with a strange unnatural stare, upon that spot. She would talk so fearfully, too, and would reproach herself with having killed Hope and Richard. 'Look,' she would say, pointing to her picture and then to theirs, 'there is a murderess and her victims.' Oh, how I pitied my mistress! All the bitter anger I used to feel against her died away; for I saw that the punishment of her sins was very heavy.—My mistress took a low, nervous fever, and for weeks she lay as one dying but she recovered, and rose from her sick bed a penitent, sad-hearted woman, still reproaching herself, but with a quiet kind of grief as it were not so fierce or terrible. When this parlor, which had been kept shut up for a long time, was again opened, this spot was not to be seen. A spider had woven its web closely over it, and the deep red stain was hidden from our eyes. It seemed to me that God, in mercy, had sent the little insect to cover it thus, and I would not let the web be brushed from the wall. When my mistress came in this room, she looked trembingly towards the corner, as though she expected to see that spot, but a look of thankfulness came over her pale face as she marked the web. There it hung *for a long time*; but the wind one summer day, swept through the open windows, and lightly carried it from the wall; in a little time the web was woven again, and strange though it may seem; Miss Amy, there it has been through many years, until to-day, brushed it down. I dare say some who came in wondered to see that great black web hanging upon the wall. Ah, how little they knew what it covered!—a single spot, so full of terrible meaning to my mistress. My mistress never left Challan Ridge, unless sometimes to go to your home, Miss Amy, and she spent most of her time in this room."

"I hope," said Ruth Grey solemly, "that she went to heaven. I know that she was a changed woman long before her death, and that she bitterly and constantly repented her sin towards her son and Hope Maybrith; for sin I call it, that she should thus deceive and tear apart two young fond hearts."

"And what became of Paul Lomond, Ruth?" I asked, brushing away the tears which would dim my eyes.

"Ah, miss Ellen! he died many years ago. Paul Lomond loved his young wife dearly, even though he knew she was so unwilling to marry him, and I have heard it said, he never smiled after her death. And now I have told you the story of my dead darlings; it is a sad one but it is true."

There came a mournful moral in the old woman's words of this life and realities, whilst its bright gleams are as fairy fancies, fading, vanishing away almost at their birth.

In the little parlor where, years before, Amy Hill and I listened so tearfully to Ruth Grey's story, I sat last night. No cobweb hung upon its walls; they were papered and painted, and the dreary stain was hidden. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth, the gay voices of little children echoed through the room, and their mother, my sweet cousin Amy, now the beloved wife of Louis Wiron, sat by my side. The tongue of Ruth Grey had long been hushed in death, but the memory of her mournful story came back vividly to me as I looked upon the old portraits.

Many sorrows have made me grave, graver than in my girlhood's days, and 'tis my wont almost unwittingly to twine with each memory sad thoughts. And to me, the old story came as a strange, mournful emblem of the human heart over whose bleeding woes the "cobweb of forgetfulness" drapes itself,—hanging there until the winds of memory sweep it aside, and cause us "to quiver at the sight of our long-hidden griefs."

SAILORS AND TEMPERANCE.—An officer of our navy tells a good anecdote of a couple of tars, one of whom was strictly temperate, while the other never missed his grog under any circumstances. For some little misdemeanor the latter was sentenced to have his grog stopped for ten days—the most cruel punishment, probably, that could have been inflicted upon him.

Three days after the sentence expired, the temperance tar asked his comrade how he felt since his grog had been stopped.

"Perfectly miserable," was the response.

"But you'll soon get over it."

"Never. Shiver my timbers if ever I can beat to the windward of the bad feelings I've had since they stopped my grog."

"Yet your days will be lengthed Jack," said the temperance tar, taking his comrade on a new track.

"You're right, there, for the days, since I have had nothing to drink, have been longer than a voyage round the world. Blast my eyes but it seems to me as though there would be no end to them."

LEARNED ELEPHANT.—"That's a werry knowin' hanimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. "Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange sticks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprising," retorted the keeper, "we've learned him to put money in that box you see there. Try him with a crown." The cockney handed him a crown piece, and sure enough he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach. "Well, that is werry hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly," said the green one. "Now let's see him take it out and hand it back." "We never learnt him that trick," retorted the keeper with a roguish leer; and he turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch hyenas.

WHO WROTE CHARLES DICKENS?—The following is literally a fact: A friend of ours was, one day last week, asked by a lady, whose knowledge of the fashions exceeded her acquaintance with literature, "Who wrote Charles Dickens?" He almost reeled with surprise, and could only echo the query. "Yes, who was the author of Charles Dickens?" proceeded the lady. Our friend thought that the author of Dickens had a very sublime and awful name, but mindful of the third commandment, he held his peace. "Was it not," continued the querist, "Poz, or Boz, or some such name?" "Ah," our friend replied, "you are right, madam; Boz was the author of Charles Dickens." And the lady was perfectly satisfied.

ADVICE OF LORD CHATHAM TO HIS SON.—"I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, if you do not rise early, you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself!"

☞ A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his admiration, and, in a jocular way said, "Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

THE BROTHERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we proudly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand;
Till side by side we lie.

Snake Story.

A friend from Arkansas told us a remarkable story the other day, about a "snake fight" which he lately witnessed. In passing through the woods, he heard a rustling among the leaves, as of something in violent motion. His curiosity being excited, he looked around for a cause, which he found to be the struggles of two snakes, a black snake, about three and a-half feet in length, and a cotton mouth snake, some ten or twelve inches longer. They were having a regular battle royal and were entwined in an embrace, in appearance like the black and white stripes on a barber's pole, which was more close than fraternal. About six inches of the neck and head of each were at freedom, and this liberty they improved by a rapid series of snaps, hisses and bites, while their long and intertwisted bodies thrashed the leaves in their rage and hate. The black snake seemed desirous of twining himself still more closely around the body of his opponent, while the latter appeared equally anxious of ending the contest by taking off in a single bite the head of his formidable adversary. The battle was long and obstinate, but at length blackey triumphed; he wound himself about cotton, and at last seized him by the throat. Cotton immediately caved, gave one last hiss of chivalric scorn, and then his muscles slowly relaxing he shook his tail and died.

Blackeys deliberately unloosed himself from his vanquished foe, gave his throat one more shake to make all secure, and then triumphantly raised his head about two feet from the ground and surveyed the field of battle.—For a moment his glittering eye rested upon our informant, the only spectator, but he "regarded him not."—For nearly a minute his snakeship remained in an attitude of profound attention, then as if satisfied, he threw himself on the ground and pursued a course so straight that it was evident he had a particular object in view.—Some yards distant, he was followed by our informant—another cotton mouth made his appearance; and another battle similar to the first took place, and with a similar result; when the conqueror in two battles majestically—Now his ministry with our correspondent is how did the black snake make himself aware of the precise proximity of the mate of the cotton he had first slaughtered? He could not see it; he could not hear it, for it made no noise; he could not have smelt it, for there was no wind and if there had been, it is doubtful whether that would have helped him. What means had he then, but instinct unknown to naturalists, for discovering the precise locality of his surviving enemy?—*Memphis, Tenn., Appeal.*

Value of Wives in China.

Not long since a young English merchant took his youthful wife with him to Hon Kong, China, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she had at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in broken English, (worse than broken China:)

"What give you for that wifey-wife yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars." This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well said the Mandarin, taking out a book with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to'nfo, I give you *fifee* thousand.

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume.—The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain.

"I give you *seven* thousand dollar," said he. "You *take* 'em?".

The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled, at length, to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they were once in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe.

The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young and pretty wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her, a very high figure, "as wives were going" in China at the time!—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ "Sonny" where is your father?"

"Father's dead sir."

"Have you any mother?"

"Yes, I had one, but she's got married to Joe Dunkin, and doesn't be my mother any longer: cause she's got 'nough to do to tend to his young 'uns."

"Smart boy, here's a dime for you."

"That's yo, sir; that's the way I gets my livin."

"How?"

"Why, by tellin' big yarns to greenys like you at a dime a pop."

☞ A fellow whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a yankee, who asked him if he didn't fall into a brook when he was young.

"What do you m