THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. $1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 29. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1859. NUMBER 45.

The Erie Observer.

A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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W. F. KINDERNECHT. HENRY BECKMAN. ELI KENDIG

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T. M. KUSTER, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt Mouldings, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, north side West Park near Peach st

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S. A. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law.—Office in Central Block, over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store. Entrance on State Street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law—Office on 6th street, nearly opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, (Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Corner of State and 6th sts, Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c.

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WILLIAM S. LANE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.—Office removed to corner rooms of Rosenwegh's Block, corner State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law.—Office in Rosenwegh's Block, opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa.
J. M. BRIGDEN. D. S. HUTCHINSON.

W. E. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Rosenwegh's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

J. C. SELDEN, Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing. French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 Empire Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
J. S. ROGERS. F. A. BENNETT.

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JAMES LYTLE, Tailor, in the room recently occupied by James Sill, Esq. as a Law Office, and over the Store of N. Murphy between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the principal cities constantly for sale. Office No 9 Reed House, Public Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOD & CO., Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, Doors and Blinds, Peach st, (in the shop formerly occupied by Hugh Jones.

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LUCK & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by Magill & Co. All work warranted

GRAY & FARRAR, Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., No. 1, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
A. H. GRAY. J. S. FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public Dock, Erie, Pa.

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CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo Ale. No. 1 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa.
WM. H. CAUGHEY. F. J. CLARK

JOHN W. AYRES, Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa

S. H. CHURCHILL, Manufacturer & Dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the Reed House on French st.

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OLDS & LOW, Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa
☞ Aqueducts for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical purposes for sale cheap.
I. W. OLDS. M. L. LOW.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT, Resident Dentist—Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, first block east of Erie Bank buildings. Erie, July 10, 1858.

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTEN, Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

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WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING, Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, and give prompt and faithful attention to all business entrusted to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate. ☞ Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth st, Erie, Pa.

W. B. RUMSEMORE, With Churchill, Johnson, & Co., Importers & Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. 27 Murray and 31 Warren Streets, New York.
WILLIAM R. CHURCHILL, CHARLES A. SHEPHERD, JAMES M. JOHNSON, CARTER A. SACHERER.

J. W. DOUGLASS, Attorney at Law.—Office removed to new building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park, Erie Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, Justice of the Peace—Office in New Block corner of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie Pa.,

ROAD SCRAPERS!!! Large and Small Size Road Scrapers of our own manufacture, constantly on hand at the Old Foundry establishment N. W. Corner of State and Eleventh Streets, Erie Pa.
April 2, 1859. BARR & JOHNSON.

Poetical.

THE RIVER'S BANK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

So many untold years have passed,
As birds with bright wings flee,
Since we beside that river's edge
Sat down in childish glee.
The day was beautiful and calm,
We happy as the day,
The very waters seemed to laugh
Like children in their play

You sat and told me fairy tales,
And both believed them true,
You from your faith in all things bright
I from my trust in you.
You told me that in after years
We'd dwell beside that stream,
And all the while the waters laughed,
So pleasant was the dream

I asked you if an elfin queen
Had made your eyes so blue—
And then the waters louder laughed,
As if they thought it true.
The sunlight played amid your hair—
It loved you as its child—
And if I had a childish pain,
I lost it when you smiled

We launched our barks upon the waves,
And marked them dance and shine:
Yours safely gained the other shore—
The waters buried mine!
Your face was like an angel's then,
Its look has scarcely changed,
You dwell beside that river yet
While I afar have ranged.

You might believe in faries still,
Your life has been so fair—
Some vestal nun serenely calm
Might have the look you wear.
The hopes which blossom o'er your heart,
Are like the flowers of yore—
You still fling roses on the tide,
And still they gain the shore!

The laughing glee of that bright day
Departed from me long,
Perchance those dreaming waters keep
The echo of its song
Ah no! the throbbing of my heart
Would hush its pleasant tone,
To hear the summer music there
Is left for you alone

Choice Literature.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY GEORGIANA S. PERDUE

You will, perhaps, smile at an old woman's vanity, when I tell you that this face, now so wrinkled, was once fair; this white hair once goldon; these sunken eyes once brilliant: that I was the beauty and the pride of the village through which you just now passed. In that village my father was a wealthy farmer, and I was his only child. His gold, and my fair face, brought me many suitors. I chose one whom, with a woman's penetration in love, I knew wooed me for myself; but unfortunately, my lover was the one of all others that my father disapproved. My father was proud of his wealth; prouder still of the antiquity of his family. He loved to boast that the 'Flowers' had for three generations held the farm on which he was born, and it was with rage and mortification he learned that Frank Stopford, the son of the gamekeeper at the hall, was the chosen lover of his daughter, Jessy.

The story of our love is brief—'tis but the history of a day. I, with many of my village friends, had started in the morning to visit a spot dear to every English heart, the birth-place of Shakspeare. We wandered through the time-worn rooms, and spelt out many a name upon the walls—some lowly and unknown, others noble and kingly. At length it was proposed that we should separate and seek amusement for ourselves. Frank Stopford begged permission to show me the churchyard and the tomb of the great poet. We soon reached the row of noble trees that overhang the Avon; under their shade we walked, while Frank, with eloquent words, pictured to me the life of England's noblest son, his wild youth, his love, his genius, his life in London, his end so sad and so inglorious. Then he proceeded to speak of himself, and to tell me that the solicitor in Warwick, to whom he had articled through the influence of the squire, had spoken favorably of his abilities; and that in two more days he would leave for London, to try his fortune in the great city, where so many hopes are blighted, so many hearts crushed.

My quivering lips and starting tears emboldened him. "Jessy," he said, "I go without fear, if I go armed with your love: it will be a beacon to gude me in time of trial, to cheer me in moments of despondency. Tell me, dearest, is it mine? I feel that I shall some day win a name worthy for you to share; we are both young; tell me, Jessy, can you love and wait? With a wildly throbbing heart, but clear, firm voice, I replied: "For you dear Frank, I will love and wait, and hope."—Taking my hand in his with a look from his blue eyes that sank into my heart, he spoke to me in faltering tones of his deep, abounded love. I could not reply, for my heart was too full. There are moments into which the feelings of a life seem compressed, and this was such to me. I would have given worlds to have told him how long, how passionately I had loved him; but the words died upon my lips, and in silence we left the spot and rejoined our companions.

During the homeward ride, we conjured up bright visions of our future life; I spoke with hopeful confidence of his talents and success. He, with a lover's enthusiasm, declared that possessing me, he was already rich. At parting he pressed upon my lips one long, close kiss; and full of hope, sprung across the fields to meet my father, and acquaint him with our mutual love.—That night, as I laid my head upon the pillow, the world seemed to me to overflow with joy, my path through life to be strewn with roses.

The following morning, when my father and I were seated at breakfast—I should have told you that my dear mother died when I was quite young—I noticed that a cloud rested on his brow. Presently he said: "Those Stopfords are unbearably presumptuous. Yesterday evening that young upstart lawyer's clerk asked me for you, Jessy, and when I fistly refused to hear him, he dared to hint that you loved him. I told him that my daughter, Jessy Flower, was far too handsome and sensible a girl to marry a fellow like him, and that if you had given him any encouragement, it was because you were ignorant of his circumstances, which I would take care you should be acquainted with soon enough; so, Jessy, in future you take no more notice of the fellow."

"Father," I cried, "what have you done, driven him away, and insulted him, too? him with his sensitive mind and noble heart?"

"Trash about his noble heart," broke but my father, in a towering rage; "is it possible you are such a fool as to care anything about him?"

"Care for him," I answered, through passionate tears; "I love him dearly, better than any one, more than life."

In a cold, calm voice, as he left the room, my father said, "Mind, girl, if you have anything to say to Frank Stopford, you may die in a ditch before a shilling of my money shall save you."

All that day hung heavily upon my hands. I longed to see Frank, and wondered if he would write or send me some token of remembrance; but I was doomed to pass the week without a word of acknowledgment. At length, as time wore on, I concluded that pride with him had conquered love, and that I was forgotten; but I wronged him by these thoughts; for, the morning after my father's harsh refusal, he sent me a letter, which was delivered into my father's hands, who quietly locked it in his desk, where it lay undisturbed for years, until at length I discovered it.

The letter ran thus: "My Jessy, I have spoken to your father, and can hardly wonder that, proud of you, as he justly is, he should have scorned my humble suit. Assured of your love, I can trust to time to overcome his objections; but, dearest, he told me that which, if true, will grieve me to the heart. He said that his daughter, too, would scorn me did she know that her lover, unfriended and poor, trusted only to his own ability and energy. Jessy, is it so? Have you already lost faith in me? if not, send me word before I go, that you will be true to your promise to love, and wait, and hope. I ask no more. It shall not be long before I come to claim my bride, and then, even your father shall not scorn for his son-in-law your fond, devoted lover, Frank Stopford." This letter I never received, and Frank left our village, with sad and bitter thoughts in his heart, of the proud village beauty, who could so soon plight and break her troth.

The weeks I counted from our parting grew into months, the months into years, and I heard nothing from Frank. Two years after he left us, his aged father died, and his mother went to London to join her son; so all communication between him and our village ceased. Once a London newspaper fell into my hands, and I read of a trial in which the prisoner was eloquently defended by Mr. F. Stopford. Once, too, I saw a notice of a book, of which he was named the author, and the high terms in which the critic spoke both of the work and of the writer, made me feel how far above me my former lover was placed, and how soon one so humble as myself must have been by him forgotten.

Time passed on in our old farmhouse with quiet strides. My father, wrapped up in his crops, noticed not the shadow his too proud fondness had cast over his daughter's life. It was one sultry evening in autumn that my father and I rode over to the market town, to place in the bank there a sum of money which he had received for his corn. As we entered the town, we noticed that a strange excitement seemed to pervade it; well-dressed men were running to and fro with faces expressive of anger and anxiety; and as we approached the bank we perceived a large crowd collected before it, noisy surging, and clamorous for the doors to be opened. As my father drove up the throng made way, and, amid a silence that struck ominously upon my heart, we alighted. One brawny fellow pressed forward, and with a look of sympathy inquired, "Hast much in, measter?" Another said, "Farmer Flower, the bank's broke! they're all gone off to 'Meriky!" while others crowded round with tales of their own losses and consolation for ours. Consolation my father would none of; without a word he reentered the car, and it was not until he was in his accustomed seat by the fireside, that he seemed to realize the extent of our calamity. Then, with tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he burst forth: "Oh, Jessy! Jessy! the money I've been so long saving for thee, and thy grandfather's savings too—all gone! and I thought it so safe, too! Fool that I was to trust them!"

It was in vain to seek to comfort him; from that day the old man drooped; his beloved gold he could not forget. By degrees he took less interest in the farm, and suffered many things to be neglected. The consequence was, that the land, badly cultivated, produced poor crops; this, of course, reduced the profits, so that, on the second half year after our loss, my father found himself unable as usual, to go to the hall with his rent in his hand. The new squire—a harsh, unfeeling man—vexed to see his best farm going to ruin for want of care, was only too glad to tell my father that a new tenant had offered a higher rent for it, and would take possession as soon as we could leave. This news came upon my poor father like a thunder-stroke; and he strode from the hall, vowing vengeance on the squire and all that was his.

When it became known in the village that farmer Flower had received notice to quit his farm, indignation ran high; and Squire Maxwell lost much of the popularity he had gained through erecting a new school-house and reading-room, by this exercise of arbitrary power. It was thus, sir, we came to this cottage, which had been my mother's early home. The change did my dear father good, but his spirit was broken, and he went about a moody and disappointed man; he never could forgive the injustice to which he had been subjected.

One dark night I was sitting alone, musing on our altered fortunes, when my attention was caught by a bright lurid light in the direction of the hall. More and more intensely vivid it grew, and as I watched long flakes of fire shot up into the air. A fearful suspicion crossed my mind: the hall must be in flames, and my father—where was he? I searched every corner, I called, he answered not—he came not at my cries. An hour of terrible suspense ensued. The flames had died away, and looking out into the still, dark night, I doubted whether all was not the delusion of a heated imagination. A step upon the gravel path made me fly to the door. "Father," I cried, but alas! my gaze rested not upon his face, but on that of a stranger, whom by his dress, I recognized as a constable; and behind whom stood the steward and two farm servants from the hall.

"I want John Flower," said the constable.

"He is not here!" I gasped out. "I know not where he is."

"Very fine," answered the man brutally, "but, by your leave, I must search."

The steward, seeing my pale, affrighted look, said kindly: "Don't be alarmed, Miss Flower; if he can prove an *alibi* he is safe, and no one wishes him well out of it more than I do."

"Mr. Jepson," I cried, "O pray explain to me what has my father done—why does this man seek him?"

"Why, it is a sad case, but the squire's three largest ricks are burnt down, and as farmer Flower has been threatening to be revenged, we suspect he knows more of the affair than any one else."

As the steward uttered these words, my father stood upon the threshold; and with a cry of joy I clasped him in my arms.—Foolish girl that I was! I fancied that there he was safe; but I was soon undeceived.—Stepping quickly up, the constable placed his hand upon his shoulder, saying, "John Flower, you are my prisoner."

"I know what you suspect me of," said my father, "and I solemnly declare I know nothing of it, further than that, as I was guiding a gentleman, and his servant, who had lost their way, we watched the conflagration from the top of Colston Hill, and after I set them on the right road for Warwick, I returned through the village, to learn what had happened."

"If that's the case," said the constable, with more politeness than he had shown before, "you are safe enough, if you can bring your man forward; if not, you must come with me."

"Then," replied my father, with a bitter sigh, "I must go with you, for I neither know the gentleman's name, nor anything about him, except that he was going to Warwick, and had lost his way." Then addressing me, he said consolingly, "Jessy, don't be alarmed, my poor child; I shall get off, never fear. Mr. Jepson will take care of you until I return."

"That I will," said the kind-hearted steward; "she shall not want for anything that I can get her."

Gently removing the arms I still held round him, my father entered the cart that was waiting for him. The steward took a seat on one side—the constable occupied the other. They drove off, leaving me with an aching heart, to pass my first solitary night in this cottage.

That long night at last was over; and the first gray light of morning saw me on the road to Warwick. My one desire was to seek out the nameless stranger on whose word hung my father's help. I resolved to let nothing hinder me until I found him. The sun was high in the heavens, when hot, footsore, and weary, I passed under the archway of the ancient town; but my heart beat high with hope, and my sorrows seemed to sit less heavily upon me, now that the energy of my nature was aroused. From inn to inn I went. At only one had a gentleman arrived the previous night, and he had come from a direction contrary to our village. I inquired diligently if any one had been received into a private house during that evening, without success. None to whom I applied had seen the strangers pass through the town, even. Broken down and crushed in spirit, I walked wearily back to my desolate home. Many of the neighbors came in during the evening hours; but their officious pity annoyed me, while the certainty with which they spoke of my poor father's guilt enraged me. I was but too glad to be left to pass another lonely night. Very often, during the long hours, did my thoughts turn to Frank, with a longing wish that he was near me. I thought, if he only knew our peril, that he could save us.

The following day I learned that my father, having appeared before the magistrates, had been committed for trial at the assizes, which were to be held the following week. How I passed the days until the time of the trial, I know not. Some few kind friends, out of pity for my condition, exerted themselves to trace the strange gentleman, in whose existence, however, scarcely one of them, I fancy, believed. Whether it was their want of faith made them lukewarm, I know not, but their efforts were unattended with the slightest success.—Half the village went over to hear the trial, in which many of the inhabitants took a deep interest; farmer Flower was much respected, and more than one person considered the taking of the ricks an act of merited retaliation. Mr. Jepson drove me over, and obtained for me a seat in court; there he left me, for he was one of the witnesses. The trial proceeded rapidly; on every side were heard whispers for and by the squire entered with a party of his friends, looking resolute and indignant. A half-suppressed hiss greeted him, which he either did not hear, or else he scorned, for he took the seat allotted to him with the air of an injured but benevolent individual. At length the judge appeared, and, last of all, my dear father, with a firm step, stood before the bar.

The usual forms were gone through; several witnesses were called, to prove the threat uttered by my father, and that he was seen on the evening of the fire hurrying away from the direction of the burning ricks. The steward and constable related the facts of his absence from home, and of his return and capture. The case was thus strong against the prisoner, when the judge called upon him for his defence.

At this moment a barrister, whose presence I had not before observed, rose and intimated that he appeared for the prisoner at the bar. Every eye was turned upon him, for it was well known that no advocate had been employed on my father's behalf. Youthful, slight, and pale, at a first glance he appeared but a feeble champion, but when his face was turned towards me, and I marked the eyes so quick and piercing, the firm, indomitable energy of that noble countenance, joy, hope and wonder took possession of me. Was it, could it be?—so changed, and yet so like! The first syllable of his voice assured me it was Frank Stopford—my Frank—who pleaded for my father; and such pleading! At the glorious, eloquent words that flowed so easily from his lips! the very breath of his hearers seemed suspended. All my years of patient waiting—of earnest, faithful love, were richly repaid me in the happiness of that hour! The words he uttered have passed from my memory, absorbed in the feelings they called into fresh life, all but his last words, which were these: "Gentlemen, I was the horseman whom farmer Flower guided on his road, an act of kindness which had nearly cost him so dear:—My servant, who was with me, will corroborate my testimony; and I trust you will need no farther evidence to satisfy you of the prisoner's complete innocence of the charge laid against him.

Without leaving the court, the twelve jurymen, amid the tears of some, and the hearty cheers of others, declared John Flower "Not Guilty."

Five minutes afterwards, in a small back room, I was waiting for my father with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, when the door opened, and Frank Stopford entered. Forgetting the years we had been parted, forgetting all but that he was the deliverer of my father, the one idolized thought of my life, I flew to him, I covered his hands with kisses and with tears.—"Frank, beloved! restored to me at last!" I said, "O, never let us part again!"

"Madam," he replied, in an agitated voice, "I was not prepared for such a scene as this. I did not look for this excess of gratitude."

"O, Frank!" I cried, with bitter tears, "you no longer love me—you are cold and changed!"

"Jessy," he answered, trembling from head to foot, "what means this? Had you loved me, you would have answered the letter I sent you the day after our parting."

"The letter you sent to me—what letter? I received none."

"And have you for these seven years kept the promise you made to me under the elms at Stratford—to love, and hope, and wait?"

"Yes, Frank, I have never forgotten it, or ceased to love you."

With a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! to think that it is now too late! My poor Jessy, this heart, which should have been all yours, is now another's, and past recall. I am married."

* * * * *

When I recovered from the long death-like swoon into which I sunk, the first words I heard were those of Mr. Jepson.

"Yes, Mr. Flower, the gentleman who defended you was the celebrated Mr. Stopford, the son of our old gamekeeper. It's wonderful how he has risen; they say his marriage helped him on, though. His wife was a daughter of General M'Kenzie; very fine woman; rather older than him; large fortune. He has bought a beautiful place three miles from here; he was on his way there when you met him that night."

"Ah, Jessy," said my father, "I judged wrong once; it was a bad day for thee, my poor child, when I refused Frank Stopford."

It was the last time the name ever passed his lips; and I grew, in the course of years, to think without pain of the man to whom the best and brightest years of my life had been devoted.

We were escorted home by a band of rejoicing friends; in the evening the squire rode down to the cottage, and holding out his hand, said, "Come, Mr. Flower, let bygones be bygones; we have been mistaken in each other, but we shall understand one another better in future," and so they were reconciled, and my father lived happy and respected for many years; and when we buried him in the old churchyard, the squire stood at the head of the grave, and said, "Here lies a good father, a good friend, and an honest man."

Once—a long while after—in the newspaper I saw the death of the beloved daughter of Frank Stopford, Esq. Poor little thing! her name was Jessy.

☞ Romance.—Our readers will remember (says the Troy *Whig*,) that in June, 1851, Mr. Francis Bourasso, of the firm of Bourasso & Pruyn, left this city on a voyage to Europe. A few months afterwards news came to his family that he had been drowned near the coast of France, while out in an open boat, endeavoring to catch the Bordeaux steamer. As he had a considerable amount of money with him at the time, it was feared that he had been murdered, and as years passed and nothing was heard of him, his friends settled down to the conviction that such had been his fate. Within a few months a suit was commenced by his representatives against an insurance company which had issued a policy upon his life, and the case was to have been tried at the next circuit court. A few weeks since Dr. Richard Bloss, of Troy, received a letter from New Orleans from a stranger inquiring after a family by the name of Bourasso. Dr. B. answered the letter, giving the writer the information he desired, and he soon received another communication from Mr. Bourasso himself, giving assurance of his safety. Dr. Bloss started with this letter in his pocket to the residence of Mrs. Bourasso, but on his way was thrown out of his carriage, the letter was lost, and Dr. B. remained in a state of insensibility for sometime, and unable to communicate the glad tidings to the person most interested. He was at last enabled to make known these facts to Mrs. Bourasso, and a correspondence followed, in which mutual explanations were made between the long separated husband and wife. It seems that Mr. Bourasso became concerned in some government difficulties, and was imprisoned in France. On his escape he heard that his wife had married again, and was never disabused of his erroneous impression until recently. Mr. Bourasso will be in his former home again in a few weeks.

An Unexpected Fortune.—Several years since, Jose Martinez, "the son of poor, but honest parents," left his native city—Buenos Ayres—and came to Boston to seek his fortune. Not finding the article sought for, he bound himself an apprentice to learn the art of sailmaking, and soon became a good workman, making friends at the same time, of all with whom he had acquaintances. Thus he worked along cheerfully several years, earning a good living. A few weeks since he received a letter from Buenos Ayres, informing him that a rich relative had bequeathed to him money and estates worth two or three hundred thousand dollars, and urging his immediate return. Prompt to the call of duty—what an agreeable duty!—he sails this day, in the barque Emily Wilder, Capt. Swift, for Buenos Ayres.—*Boston Traveller.*

Look Up.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along, he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the ground in hopes of finding another. And in the course of long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all those days as he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

☞ Buffalo Romance.—Seven years ago, says the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "a young man married a girl of seventeen years, in Buffalo, N. Y. The parties lived together about six months, and separated—the husband coming to Chicago. After he had been there a year, his love returned; he wrote to his wife repeatedly and could get no answer. About six months since, he removed to this city, still unable to obtain tidings of his wife, till, one day last week, he found her in a house of ill-fame in this city. Upon seeing him, she fainted. They had a private interview, each agreed to forget and forgive past offences. They left the house together, and on Wednesday last they were reunited in the bonds of matrimony by a clergyman of this city, from whom we learn these particulars. Of a truth, the human heart is a mystery."

☞ The "Four Bank Clerks" is the title of a well wrought story in the New York *Herald*, giving an account of four young men employed in financial establishments in New York city, who first met in the winters of '54 and '55 for sociable games of euchre without "ante;" they took to turkey raffling, took to throwing dice for quarters, and subsequently to heavy gambling in a club room in Brooklyn, N. Y., which led to frauds to supply losses and finally flight and imprisonment. One of the four clerks is now "traveling in Europe," a second is an inmate of Sing Sing, a third is Oscar Field, the defaulting cashier of the Atlantic Bank, who is avoiding the police in this country or on his way to safe concealment in Europe, and the fourth is the good young man who is able to write about his companions and shudder at "the abyss into which he had almost plunged himself."—*Boston Post.*

Down on the Quacks.—The *Lehigh Register* is down on the quack doctors who are now perambulating the State humbugging the people, and cheating the printers out of their bills. We repeat the advice given on a former occasion, to put no faith in the highfalutin statements of these travelling impositors. We have regularly educated physicians at home, men whose reputations are established, and in whose skill we can place implicit confidence. Always patronize these in preference to the unknown pretenders who go about seeking whom they may victimize and murder.

☞ "I'll bet a sheep," said old Jones to his other half, "that our boy Tom is growing crazy. He is grinning at the plow, and grinning at the barn, and grinning at himself wherever he goes." "Pooh!" said the old woman, "don't you know? He got a love letter this morning."

☞ A western editor says he once heard ex-Senator Tom Corwin say that when he first entered an office to study law, he was the subject of ridicule for every student in town on account of his homespun dress. "But," he adds, "I have lived to see every one of them ten times as ragged as I was at that time—and why? I was economical and they were spendthrifts."

CHILDHOOD.

Drawing pictures on the slate,
Making houses out of cards,
Solving riddles all date,
Peeping in the neighbors' yards;
Such is part of childhood's game,
Innocent of wealth or fame.

Blowing pencil dust away,
Some perchance may meet the eye
Looking out for market day,
When comes home an extra pie:
Such is part of childhood's fun
Ere the growing time is done.

On all fours about the room,
Personating cats and mice;
Saying of the weaver's loom,
Don't it match the carpet nice:
Fairy weavers, still themselves,
Dancing like the ancient elves.

Nodding when the prayer is long,
And the eyes are rubbed in vain:
In the morning up with song,
Holding hands to catch the rain:
Tom! come in! you roguish Will!
Go to school! and there be still!

Life a holiday of sweets,
Care a Blue-beard not yet known:
Every day its joy repeats,
Rapture in one even tone.
Who that morn would wish to cloud?
Who that fairy land would shroud?

Hard their destiny who creep
Through a childhood full of gloom,
Sad awake and sad asleep,
Buried in a living tomb,
Old before their spring is shed,
Grey at heart ere morn has fled.

MY GHOST STORY.

From the Goshen Democrat.

"All stuff!" said my friend Culver, "I, for one, think that it is perfectly preposterous—this idea of ghosts—and I am ashamed that one of your education, Clare, should have faith in such trash." Here my friend paused. We were both seated in his office by the comfortable fire-place, while without, the mingled snow and hail, and the fierce winds, made the night dark and dreary. My friend was seated in his easy chair, smoking his huge Meerchaum, the very picture of indolent enjoyment, while his lips were curled with a faint sneer.—We had been talking of ghosts, and a remark of mine, made jestingly, but taken by him in earnest, brought forth the ejaculation heading my story. Perceiving that he had misunderstood me, I thought I would keep up the delusion, and therefore began to defend myself.

"Tom," said I, "I will relate an adventure that I met with some ten years ago, which made quite an impression on me, at the time, and will perhaps convince you of the truth of my theory.

"At the time of which I speak, I was a practicing physician in the pleasant village of Tapley, in North Carolina. A large number of the inhabitants were tar-burners, who pursued their occupations with great advantage among the immense pine forests, with which that State abounds.—Having a practice of a circuit of some twenty miles—mostly upon plantations, where I was as well known as their masters themselves—you may be sure my time was fully occupied.

"One evening, in December, the coldest month in the sunny South, I was called to attend an old friend of mine, who was the master of a neighboring plantation. I made hurried preparations to follow his faithful slave, Sambo, and, mounting my favorite nag, we started, Sambo taking the lead on his old white 'mar.' We rode on through the pines, for some time in silence. The wind was howling mournfully through the tall tree-tops, and the distant lights of the tar-burners flashing up through the shadows formed, altogether, quite a dismal scene. It may have been the effect of this scene upon my mind, or the sudden sickness of my old friend, (who was usually in excellent health) or it may have been these combined—but whatever cause it was, certain it is, that a dim presentiment of something evil about to happen, came over me. I am not usually superstitious, nor do I place much reliance in presentiments, but had you been in my place, you would have felt the same. To break the silence, I turned to Sambo, and enquired what was the matter with his master?

"'Dunno, Massa,' said the old fellow, with an ominous shake of his head, 'but him am berry sick.'

"I found I could get nothing from him, and we rode on as fast as possible, and soon after arrived at the mansion of Major Tapley—after whom, being one of the oldest and most influential settlers, the village was named.

"The Major, who was a hale, portly old gentleman, had applied himself too closely to business for some time past, and the sudden change of the weather had brought on a fit of Apoplexy. The frightened negroes had immediately sent for me, as the only thing they could do. He was still insensible when I arrived, and, dismissing the host of servants, I assured them that I thought their master would soon recover, and turned to the bedside of my friend.—Assisted by an aged nurse, I administered all the remedies in my power, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to consciousness, and soon after he fell into an easy slumber.

"My long ride had wearied me very much; and as there was no need of my watching the Major, the old nurse, after saying she would sit by her master, and call me if necessary, offered to show me my room—an offer which I gladly accepted. On entering my room, I found it to be a spacious, but gloomy apartment, whose tall-posted bed steed and narrow windows were draped with dark purple hangings, which gave it a very sombre appearance.—On one side of the room, was a small fire-place, in which a newly-made fire was burning. Between the two windows was a small toilet table, draped in white, upon which were burning two wax caddles, in large, old-fashioned silver candelabras. The furniture was of the Elizabethian style, and, altogether, it was about as gloomy an apartment as one would wish to be in. The presentiments which I had in the early part of the evening, were deepened, but I tried to shake off my fears, and proceeded to retire, and being, as I said, very weary, I was soon fast asleep.

"It was near morning, as well as I could judge, that I found myself gradually waking up, or, rather, in that half unconscious state, between sleeping and waking, when the body is still under the influence of the sleepy god, and the mind seems fully awake. On one side of my apartment, there seemed to be an opening through which I could perceive the interior of a young lady's boudoir. It was brilliantly lighted, and I could see the form of a young lady, seated in a large, easy chair, attired in a *robe de chambre*. Her head had fallen over to one side, and her long, golden curls were clotted with blood, which was flowing from a wound in her side, evidently the work of a small poignard which was lying on the floor. I glanced at her features and was startled to recognise the sweet face of the young Isabella C., the daughter of a neighboring planter. I was horrified at the sight, and raised my eyes to behold, if possible, the perpetrator of this infamous deed. And I did see him, going through a door at the other end of the room. I caught but a passing glance of his features, but from that moment they were engraven upon my memory; and I felt that should I have met him ten years afterward, I would recognize him. He was a tall man, with a sallow compl