The Erie Observer.
A LOCAL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.
BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS:—Single subscribers, $1 paid in advance, ... copies will be sent to one address for $5, and ... same rate for larger numbers. ... any subscriber desiring to discontinue within the year, the ... will be discontinued and account made out at ... $2 per paper, and $1 for each ... paper over the number for which ... paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Fifteen lines or less make a square.
One week, $ 75 | One square 3 months $3 00
" two " 1 00 | " six " 5 00
" three " 1 25 | " One " 9 00
One square a year, changeable at pleasure, $10.
... 3 months, $5; 6 months, $8; 9 months, $12; 1 year, $15.
... column, or 10 squares—one year, $100; 6 months, $60.
... months, $10.
... to be inserted in the Business Directory at $5 per ... lines allowed for a Card, over six, and under ... $1.
... and Editorial notices, 10 cents a line; but no ... notice will be inserted among Obituaries or Notices ... less than one dollar.
... Merchants and others requiring frequent changes ... advertisements will be allowed two squares paper, ... for $15. For additional space, the charges will ... proportion, and this beyond ... be strictly ... to the legitimate business of the advertiser. Pay- ... transient advertisements required in advance.— ... yearly advertising will be presented half-yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. M. COLE,
Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, ... Second story of Bindernaehle's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN C. WILSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Erie Pa.— ... State Street, near the Park, in the American ... second story of the building, occupied by F. & M ... Sanford. He will always be found in his office, and ... business punctually attended to.

BUCKMAN, KENDIG & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Grocers, and ... dealers in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and ... Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block, ... Pa.
... BUCKMAN. HENRY BUCKMAN. M. KENDIG.

JOHN W. WALKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, St Louis, Mo., ... prompt attention to the locating of Land ... and the payment of Taxes in the States of Mis- ... and Iowa, will also fill all orders for the purchase ... Missouri Swamp Land, &c.

M. A. E. COLE,
(Successor to T. E. Blake,)
MANUFACTURER and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon bonding, treating the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention paid to Orders.

S. NEWTON PETTIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa.
Erie 20, 1859.—1y38

T. M. AUSTIN,
DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jew- ... Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt ... Mouldings, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building, ... with sole West Park your Peach at

HYDES & JORDAN,
WHOLESALE and Retail DEALERS in Fancy ... Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., No. 1 Bonnell's Block, Erie Pendant.

S. A. DAVENPORT, for the ...
ATTORNEY ... Office in Central ... block, over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store. En- ... 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,)
... and RETAIL DEALER, corner of Sixth and ... Streets, in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene ... Fluid, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.— ... removed to corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, ... State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.—Office in Rosen- ... Block, opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the ... Park, Erie, Pa.
☞ H. W. Hutchinson is Notary Public and Commis- ... of Deeds &c., for the several States and Territories. ... HUTCHINSON. D. S. BRIGDEN.

W. E. MAGILL,
DENTIST. Office in Rosen- ... 's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

J. C. SELDEN,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in all Kinds ... English, German and American Hards are, Stoves, Vices, ... Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, ... Belting and Packing, French steel, opposite the ... House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Hard- ... Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 ... Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON,
(Successors to Sherwin & M'Conkey,)
... in English, German and American Hardware and ... Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. ... House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LITTLE,
TAILOR, in the room recently occupied by ... Sill, Esq., as a Law Office, and over the Store of S. ... Phillips 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 prin- ... cities constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House ... Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO.,
BUILDERS and Manufacturers of Sash, ... and Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied ... Hugh Jones.

MANNIG & BANYARD.
DEALERS in Staple Groceries, Provisions, Pro- ... duce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Spices, ... Nails, Brooms, Pails, Woodenware, Willow and Stone Ware, ... &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 6 Wright's Block, ... State street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & RATHBUN,
DENTISTS, Office in Beaty'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., &c., No. 1, Bonnell Block, ... State street, Erie, Pa.
... GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

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

IDDELL, MARSH, & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Boilers, ... Gearing, Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, ... Erie, Pa.

JAMES R. RHODES,
FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKER, and Agent ... for Howe & Wheeler's Sewing Machines. Rooms over ... Austin's Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. ☞ Stitching ... done to Order.

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

JOHN SWEENY,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Office in Beaty's ... Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

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. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa.
WM. E. CAUGHEY, H. 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 Recti- ... fied Whiskey, in the Reed House on French st.

BARR & KELSEY,
DEALERS in Single and Sheet Iron, Whole- ... sale and Retail, at No. 13, Caldwell's Block State street, ... Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOSEY.
MANUFACTURERS & Wholesale and Retail ... dealers in Wallaced Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the ... cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street ... near Peach, Erie, Pa.
☞ Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm and ... mechanical purposes for sale cheap.
... M. L. Losey.

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.
... Merchant, ... Public Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Water and ... Plaster.

JOSEPH McCARTER.
WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, ... Provisions, Fish, Chinaberry, Wood and Willow Ware, Nails, ... &c., State Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORE.
WM. A. GRISWOLD, Jobber and Retail ... Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry ... Goods, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 15, State street, ... corner of Fifth, Erie Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Deeds, Agree- ... ment, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and ... carefully drawn. Office on French, street, West Side, E. ... Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
ACCOUNT 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 him. All collections will be promptly made and ... remitted. ☞ Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth ... sts., Erie, Pa.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, ... new building west of Reed House, on the North side of the ... Park, Erie Pa.

ALLEN & CHASE,
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.—Office in Beaty's ... Block corner of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie ... Pa.

DEAF AND BLIND.
DR. GRISWOLD, Oculist and ... Aurist, No 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of ... diseases of the Eye and Ear
Feb 10, 1859.—37 1y.

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 30. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1859. $1,50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NUMBER 1.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY
MRS. M. A. MORGAN,
has just returned from New York with the largest and most complete assortment of

FRENCH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY GOODS.

Ever brought to this city, including all the latest styles of Fancy Goods,
BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c., &c.
In short, every thing in the Millinery line, which will be sold wholesale or retail at prices that defy competition.
Country Milliners supplied with Goods at New York Prices, without a small Commission. As she has made arrangements to receive Goods every two weeks, she offers peculiar inducements to those buying to sell again to make their purchases at her establishment.
Mrs. M. desires to inform the public that she is prepared, by a new and beautiful process, to renovate and Color Straw, Mopolitan, Chip, and Leghorn, in a most superior style.
☞ Orders solicited, and satisfaction warranted.
Store Corner of State and Eighth Streets, Erie Pa.
April 16, 1859.—46tf.

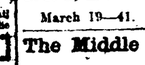
PURE BRANDIES.—Just received through the Custom House at Erie, and for sale by CARTER & BRO
April 30.

GROCERIES, &c.,
SELLING CHEAP FOR READY PAY!
BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO.,
No. 2, Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.,
OFFER AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
SUGARS of all DESCRIPTIONS,
AT LOW PRICES;
GREEN, BLACK
AND IMPERIAL TEAS,
OF DIFFERENT GRADES;
ROASTED,
GROUND,
JAVA
AND
RIO COFFEE
SYRUPS AND MOLASSES, OF ALL GRADES;
RICE, SOAP, STARCH, CANDLES, RAISINS,
BAKING POWDERS, PRUNES,
FRUITS, NUTS, &c.,
WHITE FISH,
CODFISH
and MACKEREL
PORK,
HAMS,
BACON,
LARD,
BUTTER,
EGGS,
DRIED APPLES,
WOOD and WILLOW WARE,
NAILS AND GLASS.
Together with a large assortment of all kinds of GOODS kept in a Grocery Store, which we offer to sell at the lowest market price. CALL AND SEE US.
BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO.,
April 16, 1859. No. 2 Wright's Block

WHO WANTS A SAFE.
The subscriber has one large size HERRING'S SAFE, which he will dispose of cheap for Cash or approved paper.
W. L. SCOTT.
Erie, April 9, 1859.—44.tf.

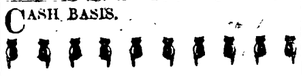
FLOUR & FEED STORE REMOVED.
HIRAM SLOCUM,
Late of the firm of Chambers & Slocum, who were located in Beatty's Block, takes this method to announce to the public, that he has removed his Store to State Street, one door north of G. W. Goodrich's Variety Store, where he will be happy to see all his old customers and all who are in want of articles in his line.
He keeps the different brands of Erie County Flour, among which are those of John Robinson and J. W. McLane, universally acknowledged to be the BEST made. Those in want of a choice article of Flour will find these brands to be all they can desire. All kinds of grain and feed kept constantly on hand.
Erie, April 2, 1859.—43.tf HIRAM SLOCUM.

Take Particular Notice



MUSIC
AT
WILLING'S MUSIC STORE
PARK HALL.
Ho! every one in want of the latest and most popular
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
SHEET MUSIC.
Selected by myself with great care from the various Publishing Houses, both East and West, consisting of
Songs,
Duetts,
Trios,
Quartetts and Choruses,
Waltzes, Polkas,
Gallops,
Mazurkas,
Marches and
Fancy Dances;
Have arranged matters so that we can offer for sale any and every New Piece of merit, as soon as published, and at publisher's prices, whereby the purchaser saves the expense of transportation by Mail or Express. Call and see Catalogue.
Instruction Books for all Musical Instruments.
Erie, March 12, 1859.—40

CASH BASIS.



THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE
a general stock of
CHOICE DRY GOODS,
PURCHASED FOR CASH
FROM CASH DEALERS
AT A SAVING OF 10 TO 15 PER CENT
Over Credit Prices.
THE NEWEST STYLES
OF DRESS GOODS,
FINE CARPETINGS,
SHEETINGS, CLOTHS, &C.,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
No. 5, Exchange Row,
March 19—41. WM. BELL, JR.

The Middle Aged, Attention!
McOMBER'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE AND INVIGORATOR
will certainly RESTORE GRAY HAIR to its natural color, or prevent it becoming bald. It is warranted to grow hair on bald heads, stop its falling out, and thicken it as much as ever.—Cures a dandruff, is the best preservative of the hair ever compounded, and will prevent its becoming gray. Try it—it is recommended by all who use it. Ask a physician and read the testimonials.
Each bottle has the following words blown in the glass, "McOmber's Hair Restorative and invigorator, Buffalo, N. Y."
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail by
H. H. HAFFORD,
304 Washington st. Buffalo, N. Y.
☞ To whom all letters must be addressed and orders filled by CAUGHEY & BROTHER, Erie, Pa. and by Druggists generally. April 30, 1859.—47.

NEW GROCERY.
CAUGHEY BROTHERS,
Have opened a Grocery and Provision Store in Beatty's Block, North side of the West Park, where a good supply of
FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,
ON HAND, AND
FOR SALE
CHEAP FOR CASH.
ALSO—
WOODEN & WILLOW WARE,
☞ Cash and the highest market price paid, for all kinds of Country Produce.
B. C. CAUGHEY. C. C. CAUGHEY.
Erie, April 23, 1859.

NOTICE.
SALT AND WATER-LIME, received this Spring, for sale by
Erie, April 16, 1859.—46.3m. G. J. MORTON.

Poetical.

LAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM P. BRANNAN.

Let me exult in a tumult of joy;
Blame not my spirit for chanting a tune,
Wild as the notes of a frolicsome boy—
Sweet as the musical matins of June!
Nothing in Nature should make a man sad,
She laughs aloud in her thunder and rain;
Earthquake and tempest proclaim she is glad—
Shaking the cobwebs of care from her brain.

Chirruping crickets that haunt the old hearth—
Pewees and sparrows that nest in the eaves—
Bird, beast and insect, all over the earth,
Laugh at the lubberly fellow that grieves!
Sunshine laughs out in the gay forest trees—
Shadows are laughing and dancing below;
Meadows are joyous with honey-fed bees—
Fools only whine at the phantom of woe.

Hail is but laughter, that tickles the side
Of old mother earth in her winter of sleep;
Snow is a blanket of laughter, spread wide
To cover earth's fun in a jollified heap.
Stars laugh and wink at each other on high—
Fun finds a place in those far-away clouds
Thunder, that carols all over the sky—
Nothing at all but the laughter of gods!

Choice Literature.

Light of The Blind Man's Home.

A STORY OF THE GRANITE STATE.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

"What is it Ann?" asked Mrs. Warren, as she came from the pantry, well ladened with edibles.

"Nothing mother, only a letter from William." The flush that bathed her face and bosom with crimson belied her quiet reply. But Mrs. Warren was too busy to notice that and Ann too much accustomed to conceal emotions to continue her efforts at emulating the roses.

"Perhaps you would like to hear what he says, mother," she asked, turning her eyes from the closing words of tender adieu almost reluctantly, to look for some prosaic lines better fitted for her mother's hearing.

"Anything particular? I guess I shall have time to sit down a minit. The men folks *aint* in sight yet," replied Mrs. Warren, after satisfying herself upon that point by a protracted gaze down the quiet country road before she dropped upon a chair to listen.

"Yes, William writes that he is doing well, mother. Hear what he says;" and Ann read as carefully as if it had been a legal document. She was rewarded by—

"A very *sensible* letter, Ann, very. How William improves. He always was a scholar; I fell proud of William. He means to make something, I guess;" and her face glowed like a summer sky at sunset.

"High ho! father and the boys are coming," cried Mrs. Warren, as she began to bustle about. She could not lose a moment, for it was her pride and pleasure to complete all her preparations for supper at the exact instant the "men" appeared, with clean and shining faces in the kitchen, after having taken their turn at the pump, and the round towel in the back room.

Ann glided like a spirit through the half-closed door, up the stairway, and into her own little room, the precious, prosaic letter clasped close to her bounding heart, her whole face aglow with hope, love and enthusiasm. Then she unfolded the letter once more to re-read it in security.

We do not wonder that it satisfied the loving heart of its reader. Words of affection, of hope and enthusiasm, bright pictures of the home now so near to them, through his own unaided efforts, ambitious plans, inklings of what he could do for her sake, indited in a bold, free hand, which of itself bespoke a manly strength and energy. All this in a letter! Yes, Ann saw it all there, and it made her so happy that we will not quarrel with her painting her love thus, a halo of saintly grace encircling his human head.

"Ann! Ann Warren, why did'nt you know supper was ready long ago?"

"I'm coming in a moment, mother," answered Ann to her day-dreams, as hiding her treasure hurriedly, she paused to make a slight addition to her toilet by smoothing her hair.

While she is absent let us employ ourselves in turning over a leaf or two in her past history.

Ann Warren is the only daughter of a New Hampshire farmer, who had slowly accumulated a comfortable fortune despite the draw-backs of early poverty, and a rocky soil, for by no poetical license can we speak of fertile meadows, so called by courtesy, upon a hill-side. If he had earned his dollar hardly, he knew how to keep them. It cannot therefore be supposed, that either he or his thrifty spouse would propose a love match for their only daughter with William Bradley, who had neither money nor expectations, while Dr. Greenleaf's only son had professed an entire willingness to marry her at once, if he could but obtain her consent. There were pretty girls in the village, who wondered at Ann Warren's taste. The dashing, rattle-brained, black-eyed Greenleaf charmed those who could see nothing remarkable in the modest dignity of William Bradley's demeanor. After the usual method had been pursued by William's failing so unexpectedly and desperately in love with Ann, that he must needs consult *her* upon the subject, they bethought themselves of the fact.

As a matter of course, this opened the eyes of the worthy couple at precisely the worst time of interference. But in their zeal to make everything right, they did not understand this any more than other wise hearts have done since the days of Adam. The law was laid down so emphatically that the youthful couple were united in heart by the very effort made to separate them. Ann was an obedient daughter, for, although she could not forget William she could and did break off all intercourse with one whom she dreaded of day and night. Resolved to convince Josiah Warren that he was worthy of better treatment, William Bradley hurried away to Bowell, when he found employment in a machine shop. This proved so lucrative that he returned to Westown at the expiration of the year, to invest a considerable saving, and talk with pardonable ostentation of his expectations. If Ann's obedience to her parents had for a moment shaken his faith in her constancy, he read the history of her truth in the pallid cheek and lustreless eye which enchained his attention during the entire afternoon service at the village church.

Old acquaintances greeted him as the church door to make friendly inquiries, and some, too dull to interpret aright his abstracted and down cast air, inquired, significantly, if he had met Ann Warren. William hurried away from them to find relief in the retirement of his father's house, but here his mother, while ostensibly busied in laying aside her Sunday garb and preparing supper, enlarged upon the consumptive tendency of the Warren family.

"There was Ruby Warren—you remember her, don't you, William?—though come to think on't you must a'been too little,—well, she pined away till spring come. I knew she'd live till spring, after she lingered along through the winter.—A'most always a consumptive person will drop away about the time the leaves fall, but she didn't, she lingered along, as I said before, till spring come,—she was jest the age of little Betsey that I buried before you was born. Mercy Warren, she went next after Ruby—"

William could endure no more, and seizing his hat he hurried out of the house, while the old lady rambled on her family history, addressing her conversation to her husband, and mildly wondering, now and then, why William hurried off so, just as supper was a'most on the table.

William had directed his steps to the old orchard behind the dwelling-house, a spot savage and wild enough to encourage all the melancholy forebodings of his troubled soul. From the granite ridge, he caught sight of the village burial ground, a desolate field of graves, from which he instinctively turned away, only to fix his gaze upon Joseph Warren's three story house, standing out bare and white, without a sheltering tree, or other ornament to relieve its unattractive aspect. Thus his thoughts hurried from Ruby and Mercy Warren, whose names and ages he had so often spelled off the gray granite slabs in boyhood, back to the pallid Ann, whose blue veined forehead and colorless cheek rose in sad contrast beside the blooming picture of his Ann of one brief year ago.

"But what can I do?" The question, asked in bitterness of soul, received no response, when an unexpected voice at his very side started him with—"How d'ye do, William? Haint grown too proud to speak to an old friend, have ye? Thought I would never make ye hear anything, this wind makes such a lonesome kind of a noise. Glad to see you, though, it seems like old times."

William gladly extended his hand to grasp that of Thomas Warren, frankly disclaiming all idea of forgetting him, and then the two walked and talked of every common-place thing in existence. The one subject of interest to either, Ann, was always carefully avoided. At length Thomas lingered still, muttering something about being in a hurry to see to the chores at home before singing school opened, in order to introduce a few parting remarks.

"When are you going back to Lowell, William?"

"I promised to be on hand Wednesday morning."

"What! going to leave on Tuesday?"

"I suppose so," was the unsatisfactory reply.

Thomas pondered as if it had involved some intricate idea, and to conceal his true feeling, became distrait and uneasy. He was a true New England boy, and feared to exhibit any unmanly feeling. The concealed, yet genuine love he bore his sister, prompted him to the utmost of self-sacrifice he could have shed would have disgraced his manhood. Evidently William was too proud to open any door of communication, yet he could not go back leaving his errand undone. He resorted again to the convenient common-places of conversation, a little nearer the mark this time.

"They say your'e doing well down there."

William briefly stated the wages he already received, with the promised increase if he remained another year.

"Better than farming, a good deal," replied Thomas. "Well, I'm sure I'm glad of it. I always wished you good luck, though you may have thought different."

"I never blamed you," answered William, coldly, relapsing into silence, as he felt the force of this indirect allusion.

Nothing but a dogged determination to accomplish his object could have brought Thomas Warren out. He had been cautiously trying his ground until he saw that William was unapproachable. If he would understand his feelings, he must betray his own, and he came up to the work like a hero.

"If you go back without seeing our Ann, she won't live a year longer. Her heart's bound up in you. I might as well own it as look on and see her,——" but a great sob, which would not be choked down, stopped him.

"And you blame me?" William began, but the bitter emphasis changed to a tone tremulous with feeling as he grasped his friend's hand to ask, "Will Ann see me? Will your father?"

"Father," interrupted Thomas vehemently, "he just begins to see what he has done. He wouldn't have you go back to Lowell for any money, if he wan't afraid to say so. You call round to-night and talk with him, won't ye?

And Thomas hurried away in earnest this time. It was well for both that they were alone with their emotions. * *

What we all know of Ann's history will account for her recovery, and explain, as far as words may, her happiness, as letters, neither few nor brief, kept her faithfully informed of other matters, more interesting to Ann no doubt, which do not especially concern us. Latent faculties which he had never dreamed of possessing had been developed while employed about the machinery of the mills, for in this last letter he had spoken of a successful invention, which promised to make his fortune.

Ann's heart overflowed with joy. Although she had always understood William better than anybody else could, it was pleasant to see him thus winning his deserts. If her father's hearty appreciation of his worth, equaled their entire forgetfullness of their opinions, Ann was too unworldly to suspect them, too happy in the present to be haunted by the past. Alas! that a single cloud should dim such prospects; true, it was but a speck at first that darkened the smiling heavens, yet it grew like a tempest. At first, William wrote, but not despondingly, of a slight weakness, a trifling inflammation, of the eyes, which would hinder him from study or experiments for a little time, and delay the bringing out of his invention. A less cheerful letter had forbidden all labor or study for a little time. An ominous silence ensued and then came a letter—Ann's heart sank when she glanced at it—in a strange handwriting.

An intimate friend had written what William dictated. He was going to consult a distinguished oculist in New York. "We shall not meet again, Ann, if this opinion is unfavorable," said he in closing, "but keep up good courage—I hope much from his skill."

Eagerly did Ann obey him, hoping on until the death blow of hope came, in one last, cold, stern epistle, oh! how unlike William in its severity!

"Its all over, Annie—I am blind, *blind!* Not another ray of hope to mock me. You are free. I shall never see you again, never! and may God grant that your eyes may never behold me in my humiliation. Forget me. We must not meet again. I have done with hope, done with life. God bless you, even as he has cursed me. Farewell."

We cannot speculate upon the tears which fell upon these words, wrung from a desolate and despairing heart. The frail child, whose heart had been well nigh broken in her early trial, rose up from the terrible affliction of a woman, strong in purpose, and Heaven-supported for the work she had to do.

One bright morning in spring, Ann Warren stood by the small mirror in her own room, adjusting her simple toilet. The old apple tree crowded a spray of fragrant blossoms in at the open window. Ann gathered one to fasten in the braids of her hair; and then bowed her head to weep over the memories it had awakened. Only a year ago, and how quickly William noticed them and stopped to admire their color and fragrance. It might have been the soft cheek, tinted with a hue lovelier than the buds, he thought of most, but he would never see that, nor spring-time nor happiness again. What were the apple blossoms to Ann now; she drew them out and dropped them there to wither.

Her eyes were red with weeping when her mother entered. Mrs. Warren seemed annoyed as she noticed them. "I believe that child means to kill herself. She cries half the time," said she, in thought. Ann had turned away, and seemed very busy with her shawl and bonnet.

"You going out?" queried her mother, "Your eyes are as red as ferrets." She reviewed, leisurely, a pile of sewing that lay upon the table, for no reply came to her question. "I've got the housework all done up, and I thought, mebbe, you'd like to finish fitting that calico of mine. I hain't a single dress that's decent for afternoon."

"Will not some other time do just as well, mother?" she asked quietly, and then confronting her, she added: "Mother, I am going up to Mr. Bradley's." She seemed to understand perfectly, just how many words were needed to raise the storm of indignation, which she was prepared to meet, for she had nothing more.

"Ann Warren!" screamed her mother, "why you're beside yourself. What will your father, say, I'd like to know! As long as William had sense enough to break off, I'm sure I'd let him see that I could live without him."

"If I had married William before he became blind, would you have advised me to desert him?"

"Nonsense! that is quite another story. If you do go there to-day, I can see how it will end. It aint your duty to tie yourself down to a blind man."

A shiver ran through the girl's reins as the last words fell upon her ear; but she added, in her patient, deprecating way:—"Mother, I've thought this all over." She did not say prayed over it, but pausing, reverently added after a little time, "I believe I know my duty, mother."

"I should think you did!" screamed Mrs. Warren again, in angry excitement; but Ann was already beyond the reach of her shrill voice, hurrying across the field towards Mr. Bradley's residence.

Mrs. Bradley was at work in her kitchen, when Ann Warren softly stole in at the open door. Silence and sadness pervaded the house, although sunbeams flooded the room with their radiance, while the glad sounds of awakening life came in through the open windows. She started nervously, as the adjuster Ann Warren!" she exclaimed under breath, as she cautiously closed the doors, and then came to sit down by her side. "Why you poor child how altered you do look!" She grasped Ann's cold hand between her own warm palms caressingly, and both wept silently for a time. "It's comfort to me, Ann, to see you. This trial; perhaps I ought to say as William does, that it had been better if he had died. The Lord knows best. But there aint a bit of use your comin' so. William wouldn't have you see him for the world. He hardly speaks to me, his mother. Poor boy! who can blame him?"

"May I go up, Mrs. Bradley?"

The eager question made an entire change in Mrs. Bradley's manner. Drawing herself up, she answered coldly, more so than you would have deemed possible, with those blue eyes so wistfully looking into her's for permission.

"I don't see any use in it. No, I've nothing in the world against you, child, but it would only harrow up William's feelings for nothing. The match is broken off, and properly enough, for what I know. We can't blame anybody for that, but it does seem as if your folks might have some feeling for us in our trouble. "Siah Warren takes pains to tell folks, since William came home, that the Bradleys always was an unlucky set, and he guesses it's about as well as any way. Ann could find chances enough, if William had broke down." William was the first to see that he must give you up, but it does seem as if that was a hard thing to say of us in our trouble."

Ann's lips quivered, and it was long before she found voice to plead: "O! don't lay up father's hard speeches. Think of me now just as you used to, will you not? I came hoping to comfort William, if you will only let me see him."

"Well, I don't know as I can help it," said Mrs. Bradley, in an apologetic tone, for Ann had glided away, determined upon hearing no refusal.

Her courage faltered when she reached her lover's chamber. It was long before she raised her trembling fingers to lift the latch, and when upon the threshold, that bowed figure, so abject in its misery, arrested her almost noiseless steps, a presence was recognized.

"Oh, don't stand there, mother; leave me alone—I can't bear your pity," said William, impatiently.

"William," gasped the girl, advancing but a single step, ere she faltered again.

"Annie, oh, Annie!" The melancholy tenderness of his tones drew her towards him involuntarily. But he had recovered himself, and stood erect and stern. "You should have spared me this, Ann."

"Not if I may comfort you as I will do. Oh! William, you cannot drive me from you—my love is stronger than your despair."

And well she proved her words; but not until he had tested the might of her affection by cruel repulses, born of his maddened pride, did William Bradly take the gentle hand extended so gladly to draw him from the vortex of despair, wherein he seemed resolved to sink. The soft pressure of her lips upon his brow charmed away the almost blasphemous doubts of God's mercy, which had been driving him mad; he bowed his head upon his hands and wept, praying in broken accents to be forgiven and strengthened.

Ann had still another trial to endure, in meeting her father. His anger seemed too concentrated to be spoken for a time, until at last it broke out in curses and threats, which gave her a terrible insight into his worldly and cruel nature. She remained silent, hoping to disarm his anger, but her meekness only added fuel to the flame.

"There is the door," he cried scornfully. "Go marry a blind man, and then take care of him if you can. I hope you may both see the inside of a poor house, before you can get a cent of my money."

Like Esau, she could have cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry, "Bless me, even me, oh my Father!" but her lips could shape no articulate reply.

Seeking for employment, Ann was able to secure a situation in the factories, where William was well known. For her labor she received more than many of the farmers in her native village were able to support their families upon. Thrift and good management had taught her at home. It was a mystery to all who knew him, that Ann was able to overcome the only remaining obstacle, her lover's pride. Possibly she may have persuaded him to sacrifice it to save her life once more; at all events they were married, and she has supported both, with a pair of the most willing and competent hands that ever toiled for lover's sake. Poverty, that gaunt spectre which frightens so many of us into deeds of selfishness that ought to shame us, has never darkened her doors, because she is too courageous and watchful an enemy.

Do you remember how much Lucia charmed us by her descriptions of that lovely lake in New Hampshire? She met them there, this blind man and his wife, and heard their story. He was a tall and manly figure, and his step was firm and free, for close beside him, guiding, though she seemed to lean upon him, walked his Annie. Was she not indeed, "the light of his eyes," "the sun of his life," in a nobler sense than are those petted birds in gilded cages whom eastern poets have delighted to honor?

STARTLING INCIDENT.

A MAN LIVING FOUR MONTHS IN THE SEWERS OF NEW YORK.

It will be recollected that during the early part of the past Winter, the tides at our wharves were extremely heavy, and at one time all along the East River side for the space of a mile or more, the rats were compelled to leave the piers in shoals of thousands, making for the time rare activity among the rat terriers and wharf loafers, in their destruction. A communication, just received from a Western source (the Postmaster at Chicago), enclosing a leter from a German, now in that city, writing homeward, seems to make it authentic that one of the queerest incidents of New York life which has ever been recorded, at about that time took place in this city.

Leopold Meyer, a German citizen, then residing at 177 Avenue A, had come to this city to seek his fortune among his countrymen. He was a kind of king "Chiffonier," or "rag picker," from Paris, where he had acquired a small competency in that line, which, however, had been dissipated by the speculations which the lower class of the French have lately resorted to—viz., the Bourse. The transactions of that enormous machine had literally wiped out our friend Leopold, and he had reluctantly quitted the French capital to try his luck in "our land of ze gold," as he termed it in his Franco-German patois.

Among all his experience, Leopold had, at one time, been a workman in the sewers of Paris—that underground world of Paris rag pickers—and became familiar with its life and scenes. He knew about its perquisites and profits too, and somewhat of its risks. Arrived in this great city nothing doubting of its equally extensive subterranean avenue with those of Paris, he became extremely anxious to get into and about the sewers of New York. He discovered that the main sewers of Paris are broadly constructed tunnels, some ten feet wide and nine feet high. They convey as much water through them as does our Croton Aqueduct, and resemble it in solidity of construction. They carry not water alone, but ventilation and air to many of the underground vaults and purlieus of the Parisian city, which were unseen and unknown to its early residents.

For more than three months Leopold prowled around the piers in the upper part of the city on the East River side, with the hopes of seeing a sewer opening out into the river. He had not sufficient experience in city life and Croton Board arrangements to know that entrance could be had through the street "man-holes," (apertures left for the purpose along the centre of the streets, and covered over with iron covers, opening with a key). Such modes of ingress in this country were under the control of the Municipal Police, and the entry by them was beyond the power of a poor rag-picker.

Finally, Meyer got into a sewer which emptied on Houston street, and the big tides which followed kept him so close a prisoner, and by which he came so near losing his life, that, getting out, he at once started West, not only to dispose of his gains by the enterprise in putting a little money into a Western Farm: but to see some relatives near Kaskaskia, in Illinois, and then to return to Paris, rag-picking, with a snug little sum ahead. The first experience of Meyer in New York Sewer Life was to get nearly scalded to death by an exhaust of steam from the factory of Hoe & Co., corner of Broome and Sheriff street. He stopped about that locality, as near as could be judged, because of some *debris* of stove pipe which had become lodged in the sewer, and here the steam was suddenly "let on," and poor Meyer almost as suddenly "let off." He continued, however, to retreat along the extensive bottom of the sewer, to escape the boiling fury of the vapor floods which rushed along.

It must not be supposed that Meyer came into the sewers unprovided with light, or the usual method of working these street mines to advantage. He had both and all. His trowsers and under-clothing were of India rubber; India rubber shoes on his feet; a wire sack at his shoulder; an iron rag-picker in his hand, and a small scoop in his side pocket, with a usual mining lamp, contrived to protect the user from the impurity of the atmosphere—these composed his outfit. His design was to make a straight wake for Fifth avenue. There, he reasoned, would be the cream of hunting grounds for his trade; and probably his reasons were good, for he argued that in no part of the city do as many silver spoons, forks and trinkets disappear, through the carelessness of servants and the impurities of soap and waste water, as in this, the palatial part of our city.

But several difficulties beset the sewer adventurer before he could gain the promised land. He knew the direction of the streets, but not the course of the sewers.—He advanced westward to Broadway, only to find that its main sewers there turned off to the east. He went along its easterly branch and there found a crook to the north. He advanced northward and there its walls went south. In short, he became bewildered, and for the first time in his life doubted his capacity to navigate under ground wherever he chose to penetrate.—This was the fifth day of his entrance to the sewers. His little stock of provisions was giving out. The street corner air-holes of this part of the city were not as frequent as he had before met, and the sewers were less purified because more distant from the rivers. In the clefts of masonry adjoining the street culverts, he had previously passed a number of nights with indifferent sleep, which had awakened him somewhat, and now Meyer felt rather like backing out from his disagreeable task. However, push ahead he must. He was yet in Broadway, that he knew, and opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, where the savory ste