THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

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The Erie Observer.

...AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

TERMS: Single subscribers, if paid in advance, one dollar; will be sent to one address for $5, and one copy free for large clubs.

Subscriber failing to pay within the year, the subscription will be considered and the account made out at the rate of a year, and left with a proper officer for collection.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Fifteen lines or less make a square.

One square, one week,	$ 75	One square 3 months	$3 00
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" three "	1 25	" one year	9 00

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Business cards, 3 months, $6; 6 months, $8; 9 months, $10; one year, $15.

Professional or business notices, 10 squares—one year, $60; 6 months, $40; 3 months, $25.

Card inserted in the Business Directory at $3 per line. Business notices allowed for a card, over six, and under twenty lines, at 10 cents a line.

Marriages and Editorial notices, 10 cents a line; but no marriage notice will be inserted among the Special Notices for less than one dollar.

Merchants and others requiring frequent changes in their advertisements will be allowed two squares, paper, $15. For additional space, the charges will be proportion, and the advertisements must be strictly within the legitimate business of the advertiser. Payment for transient advertisements required in advance.—Quarterly advertising will be presented half-yearly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. H. COLE, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, Second Story of Rinderneck's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN C. WILSON, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Erie Pa.—State Street, near the Park, in the American Hotel, second story of the building, occupied by F. & M. Bank. He will always be found in his office, and business punctually attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and Willow Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block, State st. Erie. H. BECKMAN, HENRY BECKMAN, ELI KENDIG.

JOHN W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, St. Louis, Mo. Will give prompt attention to the locating of Land Warrants and the payment of Taxes in the States of Missouri and Iowa, and will also fill all orders for the purchase of Government, Swamp Land, &c.

MISS A. E. COLE, (Successor to T. R. Blake,) Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in French and Domestic Straw Goods, Artificial Flowers, Plumes, Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon Building, fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention given to Orders.

S. NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney at Law. Office on Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa. Feb 28, 1859—1y38

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

HYDES & JORDAN, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

S. T. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law—Office in Central Block, over Neuberger & Baker's Clothing Store, Erie, State Street.

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

T. S. SINCLAIR, (Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,) Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Corner of State and Fifth streets, Dealer in Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Lamp Oil, Brushes, &c.

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

BRIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law. Office in Rosenweig's Block, opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the Park, Erie, Pa. D. W. Hutchinson is Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds &c., for the several States and Territories. BRIGDEN, D. W. HUTCHINSON.

W. E. MAGILL, Dentist, Office in Rosenweig'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, Nails, Steel, & Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing, French street, opposite the Exchange House, Erie, Pa.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 Brooks' Block, corner of 6th and State streets, Erie, Pa. E. A. BENNETT.

O'CONNOR & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & M'Cauley,) Importers in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 5 Exchange House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LATLE, Tailor, in the room recently occupied by James Hill, Esq., as a Law Office, and over the Store of Mr. Joseph Sherwood, 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 Block, State Square, Erie.

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

MINNIG & BANYARD, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, Nails, Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, &c. Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, State Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & 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., &c., No. 7, Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa. A. H. GRAY. F. F. 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.

FIDDELL, MARSH, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, &c., Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson'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 Beatty'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. M. CAUGHEY, E. J. CLARK.

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

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

BARR & KELSEY, Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 13, Cuthbert's Block State street, Erie, Pa.

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. Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or chemical purposes for sale cheap. 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.

W. CARTER & KELLOGG, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &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. 13, State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. Herbert's, 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.

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.

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Griswold, Oculist and Aurist, No. 220 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of Disease of the Eye and Ear. Feb 19, 1859.—37.1y

SCOTT & RANKIN, Dealers in All kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. 51
A. SCOTT, J. B. RANKIN.

For Chicago And Intermediate Ports!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF Propellers will leave this Port for Chicago and Intermediate Ports at WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week, wind and weather permitting. For freight or passage apply to G. J. MORTON, Public Dock.
Erie, June 4, 1859.—52.tf.

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 Straw 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, adding 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.—45tf.

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, FRUIT, NUTS &c WHITE FISH, CODFISH and MACKEREL PORK, HAMS, BACON, BUTTER, LARD, 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. McIlvaine, 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.

CASH! CASH! CASH!

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 give you a good head of hair if you are getting bald. It is warranted to grow hair on bald heads, stop its falling out, and thicken it up as good as ever. Cures a dandruff, is the best preservative of the hair ever compounded, and will prevent its becoming gray. Try it. Price 50 cents and $1,00 a bottle. Get a circular and read the evidence. Each bottle has the following words blown in the glass, "McOmber's Hair Restoratives and Invigorator, Buffalo, N. Y." Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail by W. V. MAYNARD, 204 Washington st. Buffalo, N. N. To whom all letters may be addressed and orders sent. Sold by CARTER & 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, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, AND OF THE BEST QUALITY, MAY BE FOUND. —ALSO— WOODEN & WILLOW WARE, Cash and the highest market price paid, for all kinds of Country Produce. R. C. CAUGHEY. B. C. CAUGHEY. Erie, April 23, 1859.

BELOW THE LOWEST ERIE PRICE. A splendid collection of French Lace Points, French Lace Mantles, and Black Silk Visettes, now offering at the BEE HIVE. June 4, 1859.—52.

TO PRINTERS! BRUCE'S N. Y. TYPE FOUNDRY Has now on hand an immense stock of Roman Type, Fancy Type, Copperplate Script, German Type, Music Type, Ornaments, Cases and Checker Type, Borders, Brass and Metal Rules, Leads, Brass and Electrotype Circles and Ellipses, Labor Saving Rules, Corner Quads. Metal Furniture, etc. The types are all cast by steam power from the hard metal peculiar to this foundry. The unequalled rapidity in the process of casting enables me to sell them more durable type at the lowest price of ordinary types, either for cash or credit. Presses, Wood Type, Ink, Cases, Sticks, etc., furnished at the manufacturer's lowest prices. A specimen pamphlet of Faces of Letter only, and prices, mailed to printing offices, on the receipt of seven cents, to pay the postage. Printers of Newspapers who choose to publish this advertisement, including this note, three times before the 1st day of August, 1859, and forward me one of the papers, will be allowed their bills, at the time of making a purchase from me of five times the amount of my manufactures. Address, GEORGE BRUCE, 13 Chambers St., N.Y. June 4, 1859.—52.3t.

Poetical.

A NEW PASTORAL.

From the New York Tribune.

The Summer day shone hot and calm,
The Summer noon drooped herb and tree,
The cedars yielded breaths of balm,
In silence slumbered land and sea;

The verdurous branches scattered shade
Above a group of pastoral rest;
A stalwart shape in quiet laid
Upon the cool earth's kindly breast.

Another form, of tender mold,
Beside him spread a sheperd's fare,
In rippled rings her tresses rolled,
A careless mass of glittering hair

From rustic vessel filled with food,
She served the simple, brief repast.
Sweet idyl of the solitude,
That caught my vision as I passed

Oh fine array of poesy!
This lovely idyl's naked truth
Was nothing but an apple tree,
And underneath an Irish youth

A ragged man who rests at noon;
His red-haired wife sat on a rail,
And watched him, without fork or spoon,
Eat dinner from an old tinpail.

He ate it up, and filled a pipe,
Nor noticed her by smile or frown,
She stole an apple all unripe,
Shut up the pail, and walked to town

So sift the classic idyls out,
From words, and glosses overlaid—
Your Damon is a Helot lout,
Your Daphne is a chambermaid

Is then the poet knave or fool?
The fool of words, the laughing knave
Or does his sight transcend your rule,
And beauty from the abysses save? S. W. M.

Choice Literature.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Why did the Governess Faint.

We were all sitting together in the evening, and my sister Fanny had been reading aloud from the newspaper. For my father's benefit she had read all the political articles, and all about business, till he said he had heard enough, and there was nothing in the papers, and then he left the room. So Fanny looked over the marriages and deaths, and read about the weather in New York and Chicago, and some other things that she thought would interest us while we were sewing. Suddenly I looked up where Miss Agnes was sitting, far away at the other end of the room. She was leaning back in her chair, and all in a moment I thought she looked white as though she had fainted. I did not say a word, but got up and went quietly towards her. I found she had fainted quite away, and her lips were pale and her eyes shut. I opened the window by her, for the night was cool, and all the windows were closed.—There came in a little breeze of fresh air, and then I went to fetch a glass of water. When I returned, I found Agnes reviving a little. The air and the water served to revive her, and very gradually she came back to herself. As she opened her eyes, she looked at me wonderingly, then round the room, and then a shudder came over her, as if with a sudden, painful memory.

"I'm better—thank you for the water," she said; and then she rose up and went to the window, and leaned against the casement. I had a glimpse of her face; so sad a face I had never seen before.

For Miss Agnes was not often sad, though she was quiet in her ways and manners.—She could be gay when it was time to be gay. She was our governess—that is, she taught Mary and Sophy and me. Fanny was too old to be taught by her, and had an Italian master, and a French teacher; but she practiced duets for the piano with Miss Agnes, and read with her, for Agnes was a favorite everywhere. She had a kind word for everybody, and listened kindly to all that was said to her. She talked to everybody at the sewing societies, had something to say to every one, and when she came home she had always something to tell that was entertaining. I often wished I could be one quarter as amusing, but I never could succeed in making my little experiences at all agreeable in the way that Miss Agnes did. I have tried it often since, but I always fail. Only the other day, I quite prided myself that I had found out all about Mrs. Endicott's going to Europe, and came home delighted with my piece of news. She was going with her husband; two of the children she was to leave behind, and take the baby with her; they were to be gone six months, and I even knew the vessel they were going in, and the day they were to sail. My intelligence was very quickly told. Miss Agnes and many others would have made a great deal more of it. I had no sooner finished than Fanny said, "Who is going to take care of the children she leaves at home?" I never thought to ask! I was disappointed—my news was quite imperfect; I might as well not have tried to bring any news. But it was never so with Miss Agnes. I believe it was because she was really interested in what concerned others, that they always told her willingly about themselves; and though she was never inquisitive about others' affairs, yet she knew very well all that was going on.

So she was a most valuable member of home circle, and was welcome, also among our friends. And we thought her beautiful, too. She was very tall and slender, and her light brown eyes were of the color of her light brown hair. We liked to see her come into the room—her smile and face made sunshine there; and she was more to us than a governess—she was our dear friend.

But now she looked around on me, pale and sad. She suddenly saw that I looked astonished at her, and she said, "I am not well, Jennie, but we will not say anything about it. I am going to my room; to-morrow I shall be better." She held her hand on her head, and I thought there must be some heavy pain there, she still looked so sad and pale. She bade us all good night, and went away.

I did not tell the others what had happened—partly because, as I have said, I was not in the way of telling things, and partly because they were all talking, and had not observed what had been going on. But I found the paper Fanny had been reading, and wondered if there was anything in what she had read that could have moved Miss Agnes so much. I had not been paying much attention to the reading, but I knew upon which side of the paper to look. Fanny told me it was time to go to bed, however, and I left my search behind, could find anything that seemed to concern Miss Agnes. I stopped at her door, and bade her good night again; and she came out to me, and kissed me, and said I was a good child, and must not trouble myself about her.

The next day she seemed quiet, yet the same as ever. Though I said nothing to anybody else about her fainting, I could not help telling my mother and Jessie of it—for I always told Jessie everything. Fanny called us the two Jays, we chattered so when we were together. I knew she would not tell anybody, so I could not help sharing my wonder with her—what could have made Miss Agnes faint so suddenly? She tho't it must have been something in the newspaper—perhaps the death of some dear friend, or the marriage of some other. I was willing to look again, and this time remembered three things that Fanny had just been reading, when I had looked up at Miss Agnes. One was about Mr. Paul Shattuck—in descending a hay cart, he had fallen upon a pitchfork, and had been seriously wounded in his thigh. Another was the marriage of Mr. Abraham Black to Miss Susan Whitcomb, and Fanny had wondered if she were related to the Whitcombs of Hadley. Then she had read a singular advertisement of a lost ring, a seal ring, with some Arabic letters engraved upon it. I was of the opinion that Miss Agnes was somehow connected with the loss of this signet-ring—that it had some influence over her fate. Jessie tho't that Miss Agnes must have been formerly engaged to Mr. Abraham Black, and that when she heard of his marriage—but I interrupted her in this suggestion. In the first place, she could never have been engaged to a Mr. Abraham Black; and then, nobody who could marry Miss Agnes would think of taking up with a Susan Whitcomb. So Jessie fell back upon Paul Shattuck, and to tell the truth, we had some warm discussion on the subject.

Time passed on, and it was June. One lovely afternoon we had quite a frolic with the hay, the grass having been cut on the lawn front of the house. Miss Agnes had been with us. We had made nests in the hay, and had buried each other in deep mounds of it, and had all played till we were quite tired. I went into the house in search of Miss Agnes, after she had gone in, and found her sitting in one of the side windows. I came near, then wished to draw back again, for I saw there were tears in her eyes. But when I found she had seen me, I tried to speak as if I had seen nothing.

"How high the cat has to step to walk over the grass!" I said, as I looked out of the window.

Miss Agnes put her arms about me.

"You wonder because you see me crying?" she said, and looked up into my face.

"I never before saw anybody cry that was grown up," said I.

Miss Agnes smiled and said, "They tell children it is naughty to cry, but sometimes you can't help crying, can you?" and her tears came dropping down.

"Oh! Miss Agnes," I said, "I wish I could help your crying! It is too bad! it is too bad!"

"Yes, it is very bad," she said, as she held me in her arms, "it is very bad; but you do help me; you shall be my little friend."

That was all. She did not tell me anything, yet I felt as if she had said a great deal—and I did not speak of this to Jessie.

A few days after, as I was passing the door of the parlor, I fancied I heard a little cry, and it sounded to me as if I had heard the voice of Miss Agnes. I hurried in.—A stranger had just entered the room. Before me stood Miss Agnes, pale, erect, her lips quivering. She held fast a chair, which she had drawn up in front of her, as one would place a shield between one's self and some with an aspect of terror and defenceless she looked!. I followed the terrified glance of her eyes. There, in the middle of the room, stood a stranger—not so terrible to look upon, for he was young, and it seemed to me I had never seen so handsome a man. His black hair and eyes quite pictured the hero of my romance.—He was strongly built, and directly showed his strength, by seizing a large marble table that stood near the centre of the room, and wheeling it between himself and Miss Agnes.

"If you are afraid of me," he said, "I will build up a barrier between us. Poor lamb! you would like to get free from the clutches of the wolf!"

"I am afraid of you," said Miss Agnes, slowly, and the color came into her cheeks. "You know your power over me. I begged you, if you loved me, not to come to me."

"And all for that foolish ring! And the spirits of mischief betrayed its loss to you; it was none of my work that published it in the papers. Can you let a fancy, an old story of a ring, disturb your faith in me?"

"If the faith is disturbed," answered Miss Agnes, "what use in asking what has disturbed it? Ernest, as you stand there, you cannot say you love me as you once professed to love me!"

"I say that you are my guiding star—that if you fail me, I will away into ruin."

"Can my little light keep you from ruin?" said Miss Agnes, shuddering. "Do not talk to me so! Alas! you know how weak I am!"

"I know that you are an angel, and that I am too low a wretch to dare to speak to you. I came here to tell you I was worthy of your deepest hatred. But, Agnes, when you speak to me of my power over you, it tempts me to wield it a little longer, before I fall before your contempt."

He walked up and down the room, and presently saw me standing there.

"A listener!" he exclaimed; "you are afraid to be alone with me!"

I was about to leave the room, but he called me back.

"Stay, child," he said; "if I can speak in her presence, it makes but little difference that any one else should hear me.—Agnes, little Agnes, you would not like to be quite alone—let the child stay. Yet you know already that I am faithless to you. You know what I am going to tell you. I love you passionately, as I have always loved you. But there are other passions hold me tighter. Money and position—I need them—I cannot live without them. The first I have lost already, and the claims I have to reputation will follow soon. I am mad! I am flinging away happiness for the sake of its mask. Next week I marry riches—a fortune. With the golden lady I go to Europe. I forsake home—my better self. I leave you, Agnes; and you may think God that I do leave you—I am not worthy of you."

She lifted herself from the chair on which she was leaning, and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and, white and pale, looked in his face.

"Do not go, Ernest. You are mine. A promise cannot be broken; you are promised to me. Stay—do not go away!"

"My beautiful Agnes," he said, "do you come to lay your poor self down in the scale against all my follies and all my passions? You stand before me too lovely for me. It is only in your presence that I can appear noble enough for you. Even here, by your side, I see the life I must lead with you, the struggle that you must share. In that life you would only see me fail. I am weak; I can never be strong. Let me go down the current. Your heart will not break; I am not worth the sacrifice.

"You are desperate," said she. "You say these cold, bitter words, and you must know that each word cuts me. Oh, Ernest! you do false, indeed, if you come to taunt me with your faithlessness."

"I needed to see you once more," he said, imperiously; "I needed it. But you were right, Agnes—the ring was a true talisman. It seemed to me that its letters changed color. I carried it to an old Eastern scholar. He declared that the letters could never have formed the word "Faith"—that the word was some black word that meant death. I left it with him, that he might study it. When I saw him again he declared he had lost it, and had advertised it. You see you can trust your talisman sooner than you can trust me."

At this moment the outer door opened, and presently Fanny came in, with one of her friends. Miss Agnes looked bewildered, but her visitor recovered his composure directly.

"Miss Fanny, I believe—I have met you before. I have just been bidding good-bye to Miss Agnes before leaving for Europe.—Can I be of any service to you?"

Before we had time to think, he had said something to each one of us, and had left the house. Fanny turned to speak to Miss Agnes, but she had fallen to the ground before we could reach her.

She was ill, very ill, for a long time. She had the brain fever, so the doctor said.—They let me stay with her; she liked to have me with her. I was glad to sit in the darkened room all the long day. I never was a "handy" child, but I learned to be useful to her. I waited on all her wants.—I held her hand when she reached it out as if to meet some kindly touch. In the quiet of her room I had not heard the great piece of news—of the terrible railroad accident; that Mr. Carr, the Ernest, who had been to see Miss Agnes, was among those who were suddenly killed the very day he left our house! I had not heard it; so I was not able to warn Fanny, when she come into the sick room of Miss Agnes the first day she was able to talk; I could not warn Fanny that she must not speak of it. But she did. How could she be so thoughtless! Miss Agnes, it is true, looked almost well, and she was lying on her couch, a soft color in her cheeks. But then Fanny need not have told her anything so painful. Miss Agnes looked quite wild, and turned to me as if to know whether it was true. I could not say anything to her, but I knelt by her, and she seemed almost calm, as she asked to know all that was known—all the terrible particulars that Fanny knew so well.

She was worse after that. We thought she would die one night. But she did not die. Either she was too weak or too strong to die of a broken heart. Perhaps she was not strong enough to love so earnestly such as Mr. Carr, or else she had such strength as could bear the trial that was given her to bear. She lived, but life seemed very feeble in her for a long time.

One day she began to talk with me.

"You would like to know, Jennie, the story of that ring," she said.

"I told her I was afraid to have her talk about it, but she went on:

"It was an heirloom, and all our family history is full of stories about this ring. There are so many tales connected with it, that every one of us has looked upon it with a sort of superstition, and cherished it as a sort of talisman connected with our lives. It was always a test of constancy, and the stories of those occasions when it has detected falsehood have always been remembered. I suppose there are many when it has been quietly worn, undisturbed, that have forgotten. It has told many a sad tale in my own family. It came back, broken, to my brother Arthur, and he died of a broken heart. My sister Eveline gave it to her young cousin, to whom she engaged herself. But afterwards, when she went to live with a gay and heartless aunt of mine, she broke her promise to him for the sake of a richer match. The very day she was married, our cousin far away saw the black letters turn red upon the signet ring.

"Oh! Miss Agnes!" I exclaimed.

"And why should not letters change?" she asked, abruptly; and I saw her eyes look out dreamily, as if at something I did not see. "The letter clothes the spirit, and the spirit gives life to the form. A face grows lovely or unlovely with the spirit that lies behind it. I cannot say if there be a spirit in such things. Yet what we have worn we give a value to. It has an expression in our eyes. Do we give all that experience, or has it some life of its own?"

She interrupted herself, and went on:

"I had known that Ernest was not true to me. I had known it by the words he wrote to me. They did not have the ring of pure silver; there was a clang to them. When Fanny read aloud the loss of the ring, it spoke to a suspicion that was lying in the depth of my heart, and aroused it into life. My little Jennie, I was very sad then.

"You do not know how deeply I loved Ernest Carr. You do not know how I might have loved your brother George—yes, the noble, upright George. He loved me and treated me tenderly; he found this home for me. I did not banish him from it—he would have stayed all these years in Calcutta, if it had not been for me—so he said. You cannot understand how it was that Ernest Carr, whom I had known before, should have impressed me more. You do not know yet that we cannot command our love—that it does not always follow where our admiration leads. I loved Ernest for his very faults. The fascinations that made the world, its prizes, its money, its fame, so attractive to him, won me as I saw them in him. It is terrible to think of my last meeting with him; but his fate seems to me not so awful as the fate towards which he was hurrying—the life which could never have satisfied him."

She left off speaking, and dreamed on, her eyes and thoughts far away. And I, too, dreamed. I fancied my brother George coming home, and that he would meet with that ring somehow. I knew it must come back to her. And it did; and he came with it.

REVIVING.—A raftsman who had drank a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair, but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when disparing, the drowning one raised his head above the water, and said:

"Hang on, Sam; hang on—I'll treat, I swear I will."

His words were stimulating, and the other at length saved him.

The Richmond *Whig* tells a pretty good story of a Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera. He took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said—"To pray." "But," said the overseer, "how was it you went to sleep?" "Don't know, massa, 'sactly," responded the negro; "but I spec I must have overprayed myself!"

"Neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to his friend.

"I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Just like you. Who is it that you have made happy by your charity this time?"

"My wife!"

Down on the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia there is an editor, who is also his own compositor and pressman, who makes occasional voyages along the coast of Norfolk as captain of the schooner Polly, who preaches on Sunday, teachers school on week days, and still finds time to take care of a wife and sixteen children.

A Thrilling Incident.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me I found out to be a locomotive engineer, and in the course of our conversation, he made the remark that he hoped he had run his last trip upon a locomotive.

Upon making bold to ask the reasons, he gave me the following story, and since then I have found it out to be strictly true:

"Five years since I was running upon the N.Y. C. R. R. My run was from B—— to R——. It was the Lightning Express Train, and it was what its name denotes, for it was fast—a very fast run, and if I do say it, the old Tornado could go. I have seen her throw her six foot driver so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men; their lives are hard, 'tis true, but I do claim to have as fine feelings, and a heart that sympathises with the unfortunate, as any man that breathes. But to my story.

"About half a mile from the village of B—— there is a nice little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about four years old, a bright, black eyed, curly-headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

"One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B——, and I was to make up one hour before reaching R——. We came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eye following the track, not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten, which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than the lightning that blasts the tall pine upon the mountain top, I whistled "down brakes," and reversed my engine, but knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did the old engine try to save. The awful straining and writhing of its iron drives told but too plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the cap window and down on the cow-catcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still. I motioned him off and shouted; his little black eyes opened wide with astonishment, and a merry laugh was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed, and as his little body passed I heard the feeble cry of "mother," and the forward trucks crushed his body to atoms.

"O, God, that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once. She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget the look she gave me as she beheld her first-born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment! I have seen death in all its forms upon railroads; I have seen men, women and children mangled and killed—I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms, it unnerved me, and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

"That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour her boy was killed reason had left its throne." He stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, "You may think it weak of me to shed tears, but I cannot help it." "No," I replied, "but think it noble; and, sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours." I have often thought since how few are those who give one passing thought to the man of strong nerve and a stout arm, who guides them through darkness and storms, with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end.—They do not, for a moment, turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them forward, with fearful velocity, to meet friends or relations. They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster holds all their precious lives at his command, and that the least negligence upon his part would cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are now waiting the return of the absent loved ones.—*Cleveland Review.*

Truly wonders will never cease, and must forever increase. Within a few days we have heard of the "double-headed girl" who has been seen and examined by thousands, the "horned mortal" who has been looked at by hundreds. We have now to record, on the authority of G. H. Smith of this city, that a man named Karl Saul, who was born in the Five Points five and thirty years ago, has four eyes in his head, two in front and two behind. Mr. G. H. Smith thus speaks of this wonder:—"Mr. Saul is a man of extreme diffidence, and the peculiarity of his visual construction has been carefully concealed, and has heretofore been known only to some of his most intimate friends. The back of the head is quite flat, but he has long hair which effectually conceals the large eyes, which are generally protected by a bandage. He lives in a rough neighborhood, and generally removes the bandage when he is out late. Mr. Saul will stand in the middle of a street and read the signs on both sides without turning. He will read from a book held up to the back of his head as well as one held up to his face. He will wink at once with his back eyes the same as with the others, and in a word all his eyes are perfect." After that interesting fact we have perhaps no right to mention the monstrosity of a child born last week in Lawrence, Mass., with a cat's head. But as the tale has slipped out, the reader has only to know that the child did not live long.—*N. Y. Naus.*

NEUTRALIZING POISON.—A general reader sends us the following prescription:

"A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidental swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil.—An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted."

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at a village squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: 'Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent? 'Why, really, sir, I can't say,' said he, 'for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate.'

A VERY polite young man wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, wanted to know "If he might roll the wheel of conversation around the axletree of her understanding." The poor girl fainted.

A TALE OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—A strange story appeared in the St. Petersburgh corresp