The Erie Observer.

[illegible]AL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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

VOLUME 30. ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1859. NUMBER 6.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. [illegible]ABURY, Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors, [illegible] Brandies, Gins, &c., Champagne, [illegible] Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines; also manufacturer of rectified Whis[key], [illegible] Monongahela, &c. Reed House, on [illegible]

J. C. BURGESS & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and [illegible] State Street, No. 1 Brown's Block.

E. [illegible] COLE, [illegible] Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, [illegible] Block, Erie, Pa.

E[illegible] C. WILSON, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Erie, Pa. [illegible] Street, near the Park, in the American [illegible] building, [illegible] will be found in his office and [illegible] attention.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, [illegible] Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and [illegible] at No. 2 Wright's Block.

JOHN W. WALKER, Attorney at Law, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible] locating of Land [illegible] of Taxes in the States of Mis[illegible] for the purchase.

MISS A. L. COLL, [illegible] to L. R. Baker, [illegible] Artificial Flowers, [illegible] Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery [illegible] attention.

S. NEWTON PETTIS, Attorney [illegible] Chestnut [illegible]

T. M. AUSTIN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jew[elry], [illegible] Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt [illegible] Fancy Goods, Parasols, [illegible]

HAYES & JORDAN, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy [illegible] Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, &c. [illegible] Block, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT, Attorney at Law.—Office in Central [illegible] Clothing Store, Erie, [illegible] Street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH, Attorney at Law. Office on Sixth street, [illegible] the Court house, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR, Successor to Stewart & Sinclair, [illegible] corner of State and [illegible] Dye Stuffs, Glass, Varnishes, [illegible] Oils, Paints, &c.

WILLIAMS & LANE, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, [illegible] removed to corner rooms of Rosenzweig's [illegible] State Street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

BLIGDEN & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law. Office in Rosen[zweig's] [illegible] opposite Brown's Hotel, entrance on the [illegible] Hutchinson, Notary Public and Commis[sioner] [illegible] for the several States and Territories [illegible]

W. [illegible] MAGILL, [illegible] north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

ALLEN A. CRAIG, Justice of the Peace. Office in New [illegible] of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie.

ROGERS & BENNETT, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard[ware], Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa. R. A. BENNETT.

McCONKEY & SHANNON, (Successors to Barney & McConkey) [illegible] English, German and American Hardware and [illegible] Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. [illegible] House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE, Tailor, in the room recently occupied by [illegible] as a Law Office, and over the Store of [illegible] between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

M. SANFORD & CO., Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, [illegible] of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the prin[cipal] [illegible] constantly for sale. Office No. 4 Reed House, [illegible] Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO., Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, [illegible] Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly occupied [illegible]

P. A. MINNIG, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Pro[duce], [illegible] Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, [illegible] Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, [illegible] Street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & RATHBUN, Dentists, Office in Beatty's [illegible] north side of Public Square, formerly occupied by [illegible] & 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. [illegible] GRAY. F. F. FARRAR.

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

LIDDELL, MARSH, & Co., Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES, Fashionable Dress Maker, and Agent [illegible] & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. ☞ Stitch[ing] [illegible] to Order.

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

JOHN SWEENY, Justice of the Peace, Office in Beatty's [illegible] up stairs, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK, Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in [Do]mestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, [illegible] Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for Moffats Buffalo [illegible] No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie, Pa. W. M. CAUGHEY, [illegible] J. CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES, Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail [de]aler in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking [Ch]airs and Dining Chairs, No 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa.

BARR & KELSEY, Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Whole[sale] and Retail, at No. 13, Cadwell's Block State street, [illegible] Pa.

OLDS & LOW, Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail [illegible] in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the [illegible] and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street [illegible] Peach, Erie, Pa.

☞ Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or [me]chanical purposes for sale cheap. [illegible] W. OLDS, M. L. LOW.

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

GEORGE J. MORTON, Forwarding and Commission Merchant, [Public] Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and [Pl]aster.

McCARTER & KELLOGG, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, [Prov]isions, Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware &c., [illegible] State Street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES. Wm. A. Griswold, Jobber, and Retail [dealer] in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry [Goods], Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 15, State street, [illegible] of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON, Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agree[ments], Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c., accurately and [illegible] drawn. Office on French, street, over Jas. S. [illegible] Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

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

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

DEAF AND BLIND. Dr. Griswold, Oculist and [Aurist], No. 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. [Con]tinues his attention exclusively to the treatment of [di]seases 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. 61. A. SCOTT, J. H. RANKIN.

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.

F. A. LONG, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon and Dentist.
UNION MILLS,
ERIE CO., PENN'A.

DR L. having permanently located at Union Mills, will attend all calls in his profession with promptness. All useful operations on the Teeth performed and warranted. Artificial teeth inserted from one to an entire sett. July 2, 1859.—4

REED HOUSE;
FRONTING THE PUBLIC SQUARE.
ERIE, PA.
P. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

THIS LARGE AND ELEGANT HOTEL Has been thoroughly repaired and refurnish[ed], and is now open for the reception of guests.

☞ Board by the Day, Week or Month on [illegible] reasonable terms, the Proprietor pledging himself [illegible] no effort shall be wanting to give entire satisfaction [illegible]

☞ Private Parties, Dinner Parties, or Managers of Public Balls will find the accommodations at this House superior to any other in the city and the charges as rea[sonable].

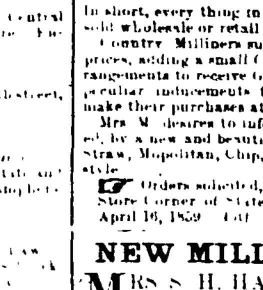
☞ Good Stabling attached where guests from the country will always find attentive hostlers to take charge of their teams. May 6, 1859.—tf48

For Chicago
And Intermediate Ports!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF Propellers will leave this Port for Chicago and Intermediate Ports on 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.—52tf

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.

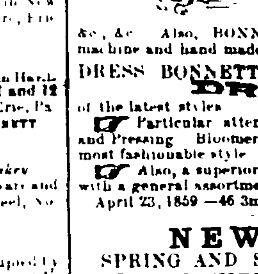
Country Milliners supplied with Goods at New York prices, adding a small Commission. As she has made ar[r]angements to receive Goods every two weeks, she offers peculiar inducements to those buying to sell again to make their purchases at her establishment.

Mrs. M. desires to inform the public that she is prepar[ed], 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.—tf

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

MRS. S. H. HALL, Peach St., above the Depot Erie, Pa. Has just opened a new and splendid Stock of



MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS, RIBBONS, SILKS, FLOWERS, &c., &c. Also, BONNETS, RUSCHES AND TABBS, machine and hand made, bonnet frames and crowns, DRESS BONNETT, DRESS CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES of the latest styles.

☞ Particular attention paid to coloring, bleaching and Pressing Bloomers and Riding Hats dressed in the most fashionable style.

☞ Also, a superior lot of Ladies Hosiery together with a general assortment of Lady's Goods. April 23, 1859.—46 3m

NEW GOODS!
SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY.

MRS. M. CURTIS, is now receiving a Large and Full Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, consisting of a great variety of White and COLORED STRAW BONNTES, BLOOMERS, And Children's Hats of every style, Shaker Hoods, Boy's Hats, &c., &c., Ribbons, Flowers, Ruches, Caps, Head Dresses, Alexandre's Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Veils, French Corsetts and Skirts, Materials of all kinds for Embroidery, Valenciennes, Lace, Applique and French Work, Collars, Sleeves, &c.

MILLINERS supplied with Goods at wholesale, also, Plaster Bonnet Blocks. Bleaching and Pressing done in the best manner; also, Straw Bonnets colored Drab, Brown and Black. April 9, 1859. MRS. M. CURTIS.

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. 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.

EVERY LADY. We mean every genuine Lady, such as uses the Garden Rake and Pruning Knife, should procure a Pair of the VULCANIZED INDIA RUBBER GLOVES, by which her hands will be perfectly protected from injury, and rendered soft, white and delicate, to be had at New Drug Store of CARTER & BRO. April 9, 1859.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL—A NEW collection of choice hymns and tunes, original and standard, carefully and simply arranged as solos, duets, trios, semi-choruses and choruses, and for organ, melodeon, or piano. This book contains nearly 200 hymns and tunes, and is one of the best collections for Sabbath-schools ever issued. Price 12 cents, $8 per hundred, postage 1 cent. Elegantly bound, 20 cts., $15 per hundred, postage 3 cts. Among the large number of new and popular tunes may be found "Kind Words can Never Die," "The Voice from Heaven," and "God is There." These were sung to some five thousand children and teachers at the Sunday-school Celebration and United States Teachers' Convention at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, by the Misses Laura and Nettie Tremaine of Brooklyn, N. Y. and were highly appreciated. Nearly twenty thousand copies have been sold within ninety days. They have been introduced into some of the largest schools in New York and Brooklyn. Among the number are Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Hutton's, Dr. Gillette's and Dr. McLane's. Just published by HORACE WATERS, Agent, June 11, 1859.—1.6w

FRENCH SNOW WHITE ZINC, dry and ground in white Damar Varnish, for Porcelain finish, at No 5 Reed House. L. L. BALDWIN. Erie, June 4, 1859.—52

PAINTS! PAINTS!! PAINTS!!! White Lead, dry and in oil, American and French Zinc, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Venetian Red, French Ochre, Chrome and French Green, and in short every thing in the line of PAINTS, for sale at the Store of T. S. SINCLAIR. May 12.

Poetical.

From the Fayette Patriot

"Too Social, Too Generous!"

"He possessed talents which, properly directed, would have given him a conspicuous position in society. But alas! we fear, he was *too social*—loved his companions *too* well—and fell a victim to his intrinsically *generous* qualities."—*Ex change.*

Tongues of humanity! give a soft name
To a love for the cup and to lust in its shame
The drunkard was only "too social" and fell,
The libertine loved his companions "too well"
Call beastliest vice but a social frivolity
And looseness of morals a "generous quality"
Respectable sin may strut in the street,
And he will have honors who can't keep his feet

Too social—too generous! artful excuse
For treading down talent in basest abuse'
Oh, better not name him at all than belie
All virtue and truth to force such a sigh
Ah had he been social enough with the good,
And stout against sin with the temperate stood;
Been generous too with the gifts of his God,
And smiting the rocks, made his talent a rod,
Bringing waters of blessing for lips warm with praise
I would have saved wilting words as a wreath of disgrace

Too social! with wife worse than widowed for years?
Too generous! to children begging in tears?
Bequeathed he a bliss for the hearth and the hall
And left he investment in health or in wall?
Gave he to the poor, till he'd nothing to spare?
And died he indulging good nature too far?

Go, search for his earnings, thou comfortless wife!
He wasted his substance in riotous life
Go, beg, little children, beg at the bar,
'Twas the bank for his savings—he paid them at par!
When tempters revile you, and scorn you, and curse
Think he was "too social," ah! call him not worse!

Weave robe of charity! gild it with gall,
And broaden the fringes over his pall,
Let it be thought he had goodness supreme
And do it by extending it to an extreme!
Too social and generous write on the stone
Turn vices to praises, and let him alone!

W. de W.

Choice Literature.

THE ALCHEMIST;

OR,

BEAUTY'S MIRRORS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Fools are not all dead yet, neither are the experimentalists, theorists, and visionaries, who amount sometimes to about the same thing. There was an old physician by the name of Ralph Goldstone, who had a beautiful child—a little daughter. This child had now no acknowledged mother; and the way of it was this. When Ralph was young he was splendidly handsome—the most princely young man to look upon there was in the city. He had always been a close student, and was called as talented as he was handsome. The fact that he payed but little attention to female charms did not detract from his influence among women; on the contrary, each was anxious to prove her own attractions the most powerful by success in fascinating his regards.

Whenever he went into society, which was not often, he was the object of flattering attention; but time passed away, and he was thirty years of age, and had never bowed his heart at any shrine of loveliness. This was not because he was cold so much as because he was pre-occupied. Medicine was only one branch of his studies—chemistry was more particularly his delight, and the sciences all came in for a share of his devotion.

One evening, "circumstance, that unspiritual god," or fate, or fortune, threw him into a path which led him away from the course he had hitherto pursued. A young girl came to his office, and begged him to visit her dying mother. The night was rainy, the hour was late. He knew she was young by her voice, which, even in its agony, was sweet and persuasive; he could not see her face, which was shrouded in an old hood, dripping with the rain, whose drops were mingled with the tears upon her cheeks. If she had been a withered beldam, he would have gone with her all the same; for his soul was "open as day to melting charity." He thought more of her entreaties to hasten than he did of her harmonious accents; and, almost ashamed to draw on his comfortable overcoat and spread his umbrella, with that slight and ill-protected form shivering before him, he followed her as she ran through street after street, until they came to a room in one of those abodes where respectable poverty tries to escape the vulgarity of some meaner locality.

With an eager hand his guide flung open the door; but when she had hastened to the bedside, she gave one sharp cry and fell forward upon the breast of the dead mother, now altogether passed beyond any earthly aid.

She did not faint, but she lay there helpless, in an anguish that was much more painful to behold than insensibility would have been. Dr. Goldstone looked around the apartment. There was nothing in it but the plainest necessary furniture, except an old-fashioned piano, well-heaped with music, which stood between the windows. A lamp burned dimly; he trimmed it, for his eyes were dim with tears, and took out his medicine-case to find something which should act soothingly upon the really fearfully excited nerves of the form that was trembling with its spirit's anguish.

"Be calm, my child, or you will kill yourself," he said, in his gentlest voice, as he raised her head from its cold resting place.

"Then I will not be calm; for I wish to die!" she exclaimed, in the bitterness of a desolation, which she felt, at that moment, was too great to bear.

The Doctor was not a man given to religious consolation—he was no professor—indeed, he had, perhaps, like Adam before him, allowed the craving after knowledge to drive out that simplicity of faith and obedience which is the parent of all true acquirements; but as the young girl flung back her storm-wet hair and looked at him with those despairing eyes, he was prompted to say:

"Trust in God; He can give you rest—give you peace."

"I am alone! all alone! and I loved her!" was her reply; but now she burst into tears, which was better than the mute grievings which had hitherto shaken her.

The face which she had raised to him, notwithstanding its pallor, was one of exquisite beauty, and something in its innocence and extreme youthfulness, as well as its despair, made it impossible for him to desert her until he had seen that something was done in alleviation of her forlorn condition.

"Have you no relatives?"

She shook her head.

"No neighbors?"

"I have no claim upon them."

"Yes you have! the claim of suffering humanity. I shall arouse them, and if their sympathies cannot be freely offered they can, at least, be *bought*. There is magic power in gold."

He went into the hall and knocked at the first door he came to. After a little delay, a woman, who had thrown a shawl over her night gown, partly opened the door. He told her that the lady in the adjoining room was dead, and asked her if she would not sit up with the corpse and perform the necessary duties.

"Is she dead? poor thing! Her daughter told me she was worse, and I'd have offer'd to have set up with her, but I'm a widow, and support four children by sewing, and have their clothes to fix up besides, and a night's rest is necessary to me. If I didn't catch a few hours sleep I couldn't work. But I'm very sorry I didn't offer—Yes, sir, I'll go, and do what I can."

"You shall not do it for nothing, either. You shall be so well paid for your time that you may afford to rest from your sewing a day or two. Only be kind to the poor child."

"That I will try to be," replied the woman, in so hearty a tone of sympathy, that he could do no otherwise than be glad of the service thus secured.

Going back to the orphan, he compelled her, by a gentle firmness, to drink the draught he had prepared, told her he would return in the morning, pressed his purse into her hand, and went forth again into the driving, autumn storm, to run over lamp-posts in seeking his rooms, and to dream of one voice and one face in every vision of the night.

From that hour he constituted himself Eleanor Bond's guardian. Finding that she was indeed without friends and relatives, he resolved that such sensitive and innocent loveliness should never be abandoned to the cruel unkindness of the world. What should he do with her? He was a bachelor, and had no home to offer her.—She was but fifteen or sixteen, so he could not ask any of his freinds to marry her, even if he had regarded any of them as being worthy of her. She was dying of grief and loneliness. Finally he bethought him of a boarding-school; and that she could remain in one for two or three years, and in that time some of his motherly female freinds would be found to give her their counsel and countenance.

In a couple of weeks she was in one of the most fashionable schools of a neighboring State—listless and forlorn enough at first,—but gradually conquering, as youth and health will, her deep dejection. Here she remained for two years, furnished with everything necessary to the most liberal dress and accomplishments, occasionally writing her guardian a letter, but never meeting him.

As Ralph got thinking about her one day he resolved he would make her a visit, and as it was an unusual thing for him to resolve anything outside of his studies and practice, he carried it into execution the more impulsively. The next afternoon, he was at the school, sending his card up to the principal, and waiting in the reception-room. While he waited, an angelic voice began singing in an adjoining parlor to an accompaniment upon the piano which proved the touch of a master. It was a part of "Norma"—and the performer sang on, apparently without an effort; the passion and sweetness of the music rising like dew that is exhaled in heaven, and bearing the soul of the listener along with it. Unconsciously he arose and passed the threshold, standing mutely listening until the music was played, and a girl in the first flush of womanly beauty, turned from the instrument and perceived him. He had never heard such a voice before; and he had never seen such a face, nor felt the graces of such a manner. Fair as the very lilies that sleep in the moonlight, with delicate features, and eyes and lips of a rich and brilliant beauty, a form whose every contour was perfect, and every motion naturally elegant, hair black and profuse, she stood before him like an emanation of the music, whose living soul she seemed to be.

"Is this Eleanor Bond?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

He knew that it was her, before she answerd him. When he had met her before, she was pale, and her eyes dim with weeping, her manner constrained by grief and uncertainty—yet, even then, he had thought her extremely lovely. Now, she was happy, elegantly dressed, self-assured, rounded into the full bloom of girlhood. She recognized him, too.

"My *dear*—Mr. Goldstone," she exclamed, springing forward, and placing her hand in his.

She had been about to say "My dear guardian," or "friend," or "benefactor," and she looked now as if she wished to clasp her arms about his neck; but she did not know how he would receive such impressions. He might wish to be only Mr. Goldstone to her, though gratitude, and the want of any other freind or relative, made him seem all to her. Smiles and blushes lighted up her countenance—admiration and pleasure beamed in her eyes. It gave Ralph Goldstone entirely new sensations to find this young creature so loving, so grateful—looking up to him for sympathy, advice, affection. The physician, the student, the man of science, was no more. Crucibles, telescopes, magnetic batteries, were to him as if they never had been. His heart was in a glow such as no grosser fire could kindle; he had discovered two new worlds in her eyes, and magnetic attractions in every glance and touch. One more philosopher had forsaken theories for the intuitions now for the first time awakened in his breast.

That evening, in a private interview permitted by the Principal, he told Eleanor that if she were tired of her books, and wished to go out into the world, he stood ready to offer her the only protection which society allowed in its prudence—he would make her his wife. His voice trembled as he spoke the words; he felt how tender and precious its meaning was. Eleanor looked down at her little foot, which was patting the carpet, confusedly. Blushes and tears were on her cheeks, for she was excited, and a little frightened. But her heart was not moved like that of the strong man's before her. She knew that her beauty had thus early made a noble conquest, and she was flattered; she saw that her guardian was handsome as romance itself could desire, and she was pleased; she knew that he was wealthy, and her ambition was aroused; she felt that he was good and honorable, and she imagined that she loved him—or should love him soon. So she promised to become his wife.

They were married in a few days, at the school, and Madame —— congratulated herself that her beautiful pupil had made so magnificent a match, and was so properly provided for. Dr. Goldstone took his bride to New York, and introduced her to his large circle of fashionable and influential acquaintances. They had heard, with vexation and chagrin, that he had thrown himself away upon a penniless orphan whom he had educated; everybody had expressed his or her opinion upon the folly of the proceeding, and the want of wordly wisdom of such learned men as the Doctor; but when they saw the young wife, her beauty became his excuse. Envy itself could find no fault with her, except that she had neither fortune nor family; and as her husband had both, it was concluded to let that pass.

All that winter the Doctor and his bride were favored guests everywhere, and went continually to all kinds of fashionable gaieties. He went simply because it seemed to give her pleasure; and because costly and elegant dress enchanced her beauty, he delighted to see her wear it. She had many admirers, but none who admired her so much as her own husband; what made her happy was accepted by him. He did not see that she was too fond of flattery, fine dress, and the devotion of men in society. She was to him as an innocent child, whose every caprice is attractive.

But Ralph was a man of too deep a mind and too engrossing a love of study, to remain forever in the whirl of the giddy circle which his wife found so fascinating. After a time, he returned to his books and his laboratory, content to know that she went about as much and was as gay as ever. He never thought of objecting to the attentions of others, which allowed her to go out and be amused, while he went on with his theories and experiments. It was enough for him to have her by his side in the sweet hours of home retirement, when all care was thrown by, and he tasted the exquisite delight of having his own fireside, and this "fair spirit for his minister." He would as soon have *thought of plucking a flower and exposing* it to wither in the gloom and amid the fumes of his laboratory, as of asking her to share his hours of labor. He would have thought it basely selfish to require her to remain alone in her boudoir, while he was pursuing avocations in which she could have no possible interest. He loved to see her careless gaiety; and oh! how sweet were his hours of leisure, when he could draw his beloved Eleanor to his side, and bask in her sunshiny beauty, and feel that her charms were for his happiness! Her smiles, her voice, her tender caresses, were more to him every day; and when, after a year or two, her little daughter was placed in his arms, he wept from exceeding emotion, and blessed his wife from the depths of an ardent heart.

Mother and child! precious gifts which God had vouchsafed him! so he regarded them with ever-increasing tenderness; yet, his love of experiment grew on him likewise—and sometimes he would spend days and nights in the apartments dedicated to his researches, only coming out to give his wife a kiss, and toss the little one for a few moments in his arms. Elenor complained of this a good deal, with that half-petulent, half entreating air, so bewitching in a beautiful woman. She implored him to go out more with her, asserting that she was always compelled to accept the politeness of *others or remain at home like a nun.* Then he would ask her if she ever was in want of some one to attend to her wishes—tell her to go and be happy, he would not complain, only so that she was glad to get back to him—say that she knew he never was a ladies' man—he could not abandon his search among the stars for will-o'-the-wisps—and end by kisses, and presents of more money and more jewels;—and he would return to his pursuits, and she would go where she ever was welcomed as the brightest attraction!"

Dr. Goldstone did not see that his little child was left almost exclusively to the tender mercies of hired servants. He was one of those men whose eyes are fixed upon distant summits, but who stumble right over the little affairs of every-day life.

Long after his friends began to talk and nod and whisper, and almost to forewarn, he saw nothing wrong in his household.—It was a Paradise to him, and he was blind to all blemishes. So the shock came upon him unaware. He had been for several weeks entirely devoted to a series of chemical experiments which he was making, and out of which he hoped to bring a result that would make the world the wiser. For a time, he had scarcely eaten, drank or slept, and now, one midnight, he brought his labors to a successful close.

"My darling Eleanor must be the first to hear of my triumph," he whispered, and leaving his laboratory, he stole trough the quiet apartments until he reached the door of her chamber. This luxuriantly furnished, and, to him, almost sacred room, he never entered without something of the deferential joy of a bridegroom. He knocked softly at the door—no answer was returned. "My darling sleeps," he murmured, entering upon tip-toe, that he might gaze upon her slumbering beauty.

The lamp which swung from the centre of the tented ceiling, and which gave out fragrance like a censer as it burned, glowed dimly, throwing a dusky splendor upon the prominent features of the room, and deepening by contrast, each luxurious work. He advanced eagerly to the bed and drew aside the lace draperies which curtained it. She was not there.

"She must have gone to the opera.—I remember she told me that there was a new prima-donna to appear to-night," he said—but he sighed, for he felt that he had neglected her for a long time, and now he felt like confiding his hard-won success to her. But there was still something in the room to protect him from absolute loneliness. A soft, uneasy breath, which echoed his, caused him to look round, and discover his little girl in the crib which stood at the foot of the couch. She was asleep, and had just, with one of the restless movements of childhood, thrown out her arms and feet from the silken cover. The crib had been one of her fond father's many costly gifts;—little Loves and Cupids, exquisitely carved, hovered at the corners, holding up the curtains, and the whole device was like a piece of fairy's workmanship. The loveliest thing about it, though, was the little sleeper. This was but the second summer of her growth; she was at that enchanting age when infantile wiles and and bewitchments are the most profuse.—As her father stole to her side and looked at her, he wondered how he had remained from her so much; his heart accused him of neglect of the treasures that were his.—"So like her mother—her beautiful Mother!" he mumured, leaning over the dimpled hands and roseate cheeks without daring to kiss them, for fear of disturbing that innocent slumber. As he observed the little naked limbs, he drew the covering over them, wondering where the child's attendant was, and why she was thus left alone and neglected in her mother's absence.

Thinking to keep watch for the momently-expected absent one, he looked on the table beneath the lamp for a book. He did not find one, but instead, a note, the reading of which sufficed him.

Can you imagine a person whose soul and senses are bathed in warmth and light, who listens to music, breathes perfumes, and dreams of love, torn in an instant from the presence of the beloved, from the sweet sounds, the melody, and the glow of the sunlight, and thrust out into a stormy winter midnight, the doors barred against him, the darkness bewildering him, the storm drenching, the cold penetrating him? Or a person walking along over summer grass and flowers, with his eyes fixed upon the blue of a sun-lit sky, who steps unconsciously over the brink of a precipice and falls a measureless depth, and lies, dashed in pieces, hopeless of aid, yet who does not and cannot die? These desperate cases, and many others, more to be dreaded, you might imagine, and still, and still have no conception of the change which passed over the life of Ralph Goldstone, as he read the note—a dainty sheet, soft as a rose-leaf, and traced in a daintier hand:—

"RALPH:

When you read this, I shall be far away, never to return to you. I do not ask your forgiveness, for I do not deserve it, and cannot possibly have it. To thank you for the past would be to remind myself of my own ingratitude. I say nothing, except that I am doing wrong. You do not love me as I require to be loved. You are cold—absorbed in your speculations and theories. I am of an Italian parentage, and your indifference chills me. I have been over-persuaded by one who loves me more as my nature demands. You need not look for us, for we shall be on our way to Europe by the hour at which you discover this. I will prove to you that I am not entirely cruel, by leaving you our child. My heart yearns to take her with me—but you love *her* as much as you can anything—and you will make a better parent than I. Do not hate her for her mother's sins—*she* is innocent. ELEANOR."

Great God! what a stone was that to roll over one of the most unselfish and earnest of human hearts! He sat, with the note dropped at his feet, until the child awoke in the morning. Once during these hours, the record of which it is not for the lips to speak, there was a silken rustle, a light footstep, a stealing shadow—but he had neither eyes nor ears.

And thus it came that the little Rosalind was motherless.

CHAPTER SECOND.

The discovery which had been the result of Ralph Goldstone's experiments upon the evening so disastrous to his happiness, had been the manufacture of diamonds; not in minute crystals, such as a French chemist has since produced, but of a size and beauty to suit himself. It was with this glorious piece of information that he had sought the bedside of her who was to repose in his arms no longer; and his most joyful, most eager thought had been—"Now, my darling shall have a tiara such as only queens are accustomed to wear." And let it stand as one proof of how little wealth weighs in the balance of happiness against the emotions of the heart, when we state that for days after that sorrowing night, the memory of his discovery, and his consequent unlimited fortune, never recurred to the Doctor.

It may be that if the fair and faithless Eleanor had tarried that one night more, she would never have deserted her husband; for beauty loves the added power which immense wealth can confer upon it. It must be evident to all, that it was not the coldness of her companion, nor his pre-occupied habits, which influenced her to give her affections elsewhere, so much as it was bewildered vanity, so giddy with the flatteries paid to such unequaled loveliness, that it could no longer behold in their right aspect the duties and pleasures of life.

"Her beauty has been her ruin," murmured Ralph, and he cursed that beauty in his heart—the grace of that lovely head, the swell of that white breast, the infantine dimples in those arms, that had bean such a chain about his neck to bind him to her will—he cursed all, for her sake, even more.

His friends never spoke to Dr. Goldstone of the "misfortune" which had befallen his house; there was a look in his face which forbade it. They did not dare to express even covert sympathy; nor to inquire the why and wherefore of the steps which he subsequently took.

His beautiful mansion and all its furniture were offered for sale without reserve; and met with generous bidders, too, when they were auctioned away, for the world loves scandal a little better than it does dinner (which is saying a great deal) and it was fashionable thereafter among fashionable people to have some articles of *vertu* which had once belonged to—(speak it in a whisper) the unmentionable Mrs. E—— G——. It has been asserted with considerable show of truth, that that paragon of virtue, Mrs. Potiphar, of our first families, was so successful as to obtain at a very high price the discarded tooth brush of Mrs. E—— G——, which she has placed in a glass box which adorns her cabinet of *curios*. She probably intended it "to point a moral and adorn a tale," which should warn her daughters when they grew up, for no one can be so uncharitable as to suppose that any love of a rich little tid-bit of gossip bestowed the relish which worked down the price of the dainty article.

After disposing of his city property, Dr. Goldstone took his little Rosalind and went off on a journey; not to Europe, the mention of which was hateful to him, but to Cuba and South America. In the latter country he botanized, and made some valuable discoveries of medical plants. An old nurse who had been a servant in his mother's household, went with him to take charge of the child. After an absence of a year and a half, he returned to the banks of a lovely and secluded little lake in the central part of the State of New York, where he purchased the country-seat of a gentleman who was going away.

Spacious and beautiful as this already was, he was continually making additions to it. He had a few neighbors, the occupants of the surrounding villas, who regarded him as a very singular and a very interesting man; but, however great their curiosity might be to enter certain portions of the mansion which they had heard were furnished with strange taste and splendor, they seldom got beyond the great receiving room, or the library back of it. Occasionally a favored guest was surprised and delighted by an invitation from the host to see for himself the truth of some question, botanical or mineral, or social or what not, that they might be discussing, and would be led into a garden, which in the winter time held under its glass roof all the glories of the tropics—or into a suite of rooms furnished in imitation of the style of the Persians, Turks, Chinese or some ancient Roman age of luxury; or be called to walk in a minature forest sweet with the music of every known singing bird. Only one strange omission there was to the general magnificence—there were no mirrors.

Ralph Goldstone had come to the conclusion derived from his better experience, that beauty was a curse to a woman. He *thought* it pained him to see that the pretty Rosalind was the image of her mother, and could not fail to be as beautiful. That he was self-deceived is evident from the fact that his eyes were not more facinated than his heart by her every charming feature and bewitching motion. She had all the grace, the nameless charm of manner, of her mother, and her exquisite symmetry; while added to this, was an expression of the soul and intellect inherited from her father, which promised to give power to her beauty.

The idea of Ralph was this—to conceal from his daughter that she was beautiful—to teach her to believe that she was even ugly.

This was the secret of the absence of mirrors. There were mirrors in the dressing rooms—Rosalind had one in her apartment—but what few there were had been made by Ralph himself, and reflected back but a distorted semblance of what was before them. If the little girl had ever thought any thing about her appearance, or had much opportunity to compare herself with other children, she would have thought herself a very dumpy, broad-faced child, with a queer quirk of the eyes and mouth. But she was a happy creature, full of life and vivacity, innocent as the flowers and birds which surrounded her, and acting almost as much from instinct and as little from reflection as they. She seldom saw any children, and then usually when under restraint from the presence of their parents. She loved her father best, nurse Betsey next, and the rest of her impulsive heart was given to her many pets.

We said in the beginning that *old* Dr Goldstone had a little daughter; yet at the period of which we are now writing, he was but little over forty years of age. A night of sorrow had blanched his hair, and the form which was once as firm as it was stately, stooped slightly; the face was yet handsome. It was more the dress and manner of the Doctor than anything in his appearance, saving his gray hars which made people call him old.

His precious discovery he kept a profound secret.

He had negotiated privately with the Emperor of Russia and several other of the crowned heads of Europe, and derived enormous revenues from the sale of his diamonds. His plan was to employ an agent, who took them first to the Orient and affected to purchase them of the Bagdad merchants, then transporte them to Europe, and fill orders.

He had added to his first success by learning to impart a lovely hue to such jewels as he wished. He had also learned to think that too much beauty, like too much gold, was dangerous; and to resolve that Rosalind should have no knowledge of her prospects for either. People knew that he was wealthy, and had inherited wealth; but they had no inkling of the power he possessed, nor of the princely income which was really his.

So here was a little girl being trained up by a man, and what was worse, by a philosopher. He was going to bring her up in ignorance of her beauty, instead of teaching her that self-control and dignity which would have overcome its temptations—without heeding that some time the knowledge *must* come to her, and find her unprepared, that the voice of flattery, when heard for the first time, would be doubly sweet. He was going to keep her as much out of society as possible, so that when she did finally go into it—at a time, too, when she might be deprived of his fatherly protection—she would be as ignorant of its falsities as she was innocent. So wise in human nature was Dr. Goldstone, the experienced physician, the distinguished botanist, the chemist who invented diamonds!

Rosa, as she was called sometimes, used to make faces at herself in the mirrors, and laugh at their comicality, when she was quite little; but as she grew older, she would sometimes look into her own bright, but distorted eyes, with a musing expression of sadness.

"I am not as pretty as my birds, or my flowers," she said to herself, one time; "nor half as pretty as that little girl that was here yesterday. I wonder my papa can love me as much as he does."

Her father stole behind her and took her in his arms.

"Little girls need not be pretty, they need only be good. I love my Rosa for her kind little heart." And the hoypocrite (is that to harsh a word for the occasion?) smoothed those restless flattering tresses down against the glowing cheeks, looking fondly into the brilliant eyes uplifted to his.

Rosalind had teachers of music and dancing, and all feminine accomplishments; but they were all forbidden, upon paine of losing the rich Doctor's patronage, to say a word to the child commendatory to anything but her efforts to acquire what was to be taught her. These teachers all came to the house—Eleanor had been educated at a boarding school.

It was ludicrous to mark the French dancing-master's effort to restrain his admiration of the little sylph, whose feet seemed winged with music, whose gestures were now beautiful you do zat! you will set on fire se hearts of all zo young—Ah! I beg se parding, Mademoiselle!—ze step was very good tolerable."

"*Charmant!* Mademoiselle! ze dance make you so bright; your lips, your cheeks, your eyes! you have se grace of an—an older pupil—if you persevere."

Thus the poor Frenchman was obliged to restrain the enthusiasm of his nature when he would fain have complimented the grace and beauty of his most admired scholar, whose

"Laugh was like a fairy's laugh,
So musical and sweet;
Whose foot was like a fairy's foot,
So dainty and so fleet."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A CURIOUS CASE OF INJUSTICE.—A man was convicted and sentenced in New York, a year since, to ten years' imprisonment for shooting a private watchman, who, according to the evidence on his trial, detected him and a confederate in the commission of a burglary. The watchman was dangerously wounded, but recovered, and swore positively that Edward Griffith, the prisoner, was the man who shot him. There were, besides, several circumstances which involved him in suspicion, and the jury found him guilty. It now transpires that Griffith was entirely innocent. This fact is ascertained from the confession of one Gordon, recently arrested for another crime. He was one of the burglars, and his confederate, Kelley, shot the watchman. Griffith, who is now in prison for the crime, was at his own house, in bed, at the time. Other circumstances confirm this confession, and Griffith will doubtless be released.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—An intelligent German gentleman, a resident of this village, relates to us that on the evening of Christmas last, his wife being slightly indisposed laid down on a bed and tried to sleep off the weariness with which she was oppressed. But sleep refused to come to her relief, and while thus laying with her eyes fixed on the wall, she noticed a male figure clothed in white enter the room, approach the bed and lay a cold hand on her neck and then disappear. She immediately arose and related the incident to her husband, who was in an adjoining room. The husband at the time treated it as an idle fancy. This took place at 8 o'clock. A letter was received last week by the husband from his sister in Germany, containing the intelligence that his father died on Christmas night at 8 o'clock, the same hour and night the apparition appeared to his wife.—*Kinderhook Rough Notes.*

A LOVING SPOUSE.—John Herbert was arrested in New York, Tuesday afternoon, for keeping a dog unmuzzled, in violation of ordinance. The magistrate imposed a fine of ten dollars, which was promptly paid by Mrs. Herbert, who informed the justice that she did this to save the dog, but hoped it would not interfere with sending her husband to jail; but this passing fancy was not humored.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.—A gentleman who has frequently seen Garibaldi, the valorous Italian patriot, says that the stories about his fine personal appearance are all "bosh." Instead of being a noble looking man, he is as homely as a knotty log and as savage looking as a war axe—just such a man as women and children would flee from with terror. Instead of having "an eagle eye and raven hair," he has squint eyes and bushy red hair!

☞ An awkward mistake occurred to a German paper in [illegible] last week. The name of a well known preacher was inadvertantly placed at the bottom of a lager beer saloon advertisement, and the lager man was announced to preach at the [illegible] gentleman's church. It was a simple transposition, of names and might have occurred under the most careful eye, yet behold what a jumble the types made. They had to issue handbills to set it right.

☞ The last invention in Ohio is an India-rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this.