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A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

Select Boetry.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

All through the valley sweet music was sounding, Ringing the praise of the beautiful day. Light through the valley a young child was bounding: Twas dear little Spring, with the flowers at play. Schoolmaster Winter looked back at the singing -"Child, I will teach the a lesson to-day:" c

But Spring at the proser a sunbeam finging. Gloomy old Winter strode frowning away. Oh, welcome to all was the little new comer. And happy each wight in her favor to share: So lovely she grew that they christened her "Summer." And thought she had wandered from Paradise there.

"Tis shameful," growled Winter, "that she should be

spending
In mirth and music the minutes so rare; But matters of moment prevent my attending,

So trusty aunt Autumn a message shall bear!" Cheerless and chill as the mamlate that bore her, Dreary aunt Autumn came forth to the day; And folding her misty gray mantles around her, Harshly arrested the maid in her play. "Tremble and weep for thy joy's fading glimmer

Dark is the lesson I'll read thee to-day." But while Autumn collected dead leaves for a primmer Sweet merry Summer slipped langhing away

Choice Miscellann.

AGNES LEE: OR THE SHIPWRECKED

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER. (CONCLUDED.) CHAPTER III

Six months after this, I woke up one spring morning, and found myself in London. I do not know how I got there; that is, even at this day, I can hardly understand the perseverance with which I, an unprotected child, walked the whole distance, seeking food and lodging of whoever had charity enough to shelter me. Providence must have guided me, and I think so more than ever, when I recall a singular incident which befell me on my arrival.

It was afternoon when I entered the great whirlnool of London. Half frightened by the life, I sat there crying. At last I was roused from my sorrowful abstraction by a gentle touch name, my child, and why are you here alone!" lon. was immediately followed by my unfolding to Saint Agnes! patron saint of mine, why was he preferred. him my whole history, save only that part which was connected with Horace Mann.

"So you've come all alone to this far-off Londertaking, and the chances that you would sue-book

the stage." Thus it was, reader, that my first night in London was passed at a respectable lodginghouse, and I woke up in the morning from peaceful dreams, under the mighty shouldworf St. Paul's. My protector proceeded, soon after 1 arose, to put me through a trial course of calisthenics, and I suppose the result was satisfactory, for a dress-maker was sent for, and requested to prepare for me a suitable wardrobe for a journey to France, and a residence at the French

l'ecole de theatre Two years had passed; I was fifteen. They had been two of the happiest years of my life.purpose was every day growing nearer its accomplishment. My kind protector had visited me several times, when business called him to France, and it would have done your heart good, a favorable report of my progress.

It had been discovered, in process of my instructions, that I had a voice of unequaled power ed audiences, but of fashionable society, I was and pathos and that I should be able to succeed as a singer, with even less trouble than as a dan- tle of my enthusiasm appeared in my manner, as cer; but I had marked out a different course .- I lifted my eyes and quietly, "Yes, guardian, I I could not consecrate every gift to the insatia- will go." ble spirit of the stage. I must retain some power, not thus prostituted, to make beautiful my most assidnously, and was in a short time pronounced the best singer in "Pecole."

number of young girls, more or less gifted, prethe age—the very impersonation of the genius of played out as soon as they knew your position." Tragedy. The great world held its breath to listen, but comet-like, she was struck down sud-

I could easily discern that there were no othand I become friends in that word's truest sense, We studied and read together, and she would sit it." beside m.e. her dark eyes flashing like lighted coals, while I told her strange wild tales of the rocky shore and the surging restless sea.

But, as I was saying, I was fifteen. My two was a prointed for me to make my debut at the Royal Theatre. I had grown very beautiful, reader-no one who had known me as the manping child of the fisherman's but would have recognized me now. My hair was long and heavy, and luxuriant as ever, but now, it was satinsmooth and from its wavy folds seemed to flash Besident Bentist: Office and swelling on sperks of light. My complexion, by proper the South side of the Batty of

Yes I was very beautiful.

glanced at my full-length reflection in the green- leisurely unbound the long tremes of my hair. er on my heart.

wall lee-shore.

All that season I continued to draw crowded drawing-room. houses, until the last night, when the theatre Mrs. Sikes advanced to meet me, and I was But I did not speak; I could not. The hope eyes had ever rested on.

my own, and I looked on her at first without en- ed on. He was indeed, as my guardian had said, ed the box, it fell from her neck, revealing her dark-blue eyes. The Lady Clara looked up, die!" moulded as purely as a Grecian statue.

of perls, from which one or two stray tresses had "Miss Agnes Lee," he paused in his conversa- For one moment, sick and faint with joy I om. Her robe was of azure satin, frosted with membering he had heard that name before; but withdrew from his arms, and said firmly-No, pearls, and her fan was gorgeous with the plum- he could not remember where, and I felt reliev. Horace Mann, not your wife; and if you knew age of tropical birds. Her eyes were a deep, ed. But even if he had, he would hardly have me, you would sooner die than call me so. You tranquil blue-large and strangely bright-and associated the faher-girl of the Cornwall lee-shore know not who, or what I am!" crowded streets, I had somehow made my way her fair complexion, pure and transparent as mar- with the very different-looking young lady pre- "And care not, Agnes, so that you will let me to the park, and, for almost the first time in my ble, was deepened in the checks with a just persented to him in Mrs. Sikes' drawing-room call you mine. Nny, Agnes, do not think so ceptible tint of rose.

and a kind voice, and, looking up, I met the She seemed to me like the actual presence of one Once, indeed, be casually glanced at me, and know." glance of a middle-aged gentleman; clad in a those beautiful pictures, before which I had stood then I heard him remarking to Lady Clara "that I am very strong-willed naturally, but I had scarcely restrain a shrick of surprise. Horace mournfully down the sunset slopes, trembling to quiet, citizen's wit of black. There needed but with filling eyes, in the gallery of the Louvre, Miss Lee was magnificently handsome;" and no strength nor courage that night to dash, with Mann had chraged so I could scarcely recognize her death. You must meet me there, Agree, one glance at his kindly face to assure me I and from my very heart I blessed her for her then he added, "But her style is so different my own hands, the cup of joy my fright lips, and him. could trust him, and his question, "What is your leveliness, as I turned to gaze upon her companion from yours, ma belle Clars," in a tone which left I answered him resolutely

I danced to him-at him-what you will-at presence of his companion.

antly established in fashionable apartments at it well. the West End.

troduced as Miss Agnes Lee in circles where no being admitted. Will you go?"

I had seen people enough-I had danced to crowd-ment. as ignorant as a child. But I presume very lit-

"Well, I thought so-it's so like girls to want to see the world; so I made arrangements accorprivate life. However, I cultivated my voice dingly, and I've two invitations for you, from two very fashionable ladies who are under some obligations to me. Here is one from Mrs. Som-There were, in the same institution, a large merby, to her estate, The Grange, a little out of town. You'd meet there a half-score of ladies, paring for the stage; but among them all I had beside Simmons and Falcanbrace and a dozen under another name, made the world's heart you. You'd have to take care and look out for throb strangely. She flashed, comet-like upon your own heart, because their cards would be

"Well sir, where is the other one?" "That, oh that's farther out of town-to the denly, and the Provence roses bloom upon her Heronry, the catate of Mrs. Somerville Sikes:

> Horace Mann! Oh, now the very mention of deed to see him-to be in the same house with command perfect; so I answered careleasly-"Well, sir, I believe I'll choose the Heronry,

of my heart at the other place."

large, black, and strangely lustrous; and the served, and very elegantly dressed. There was came to my eyes, as I remembered the wanderwan, thin figure of the child had rounded, in the an air of patrician case and gracefulness about ing gipsy life I had led before Horace Mann girl into a symmetry as perfect as it was stately. her, such as I had never before observed in any came to Cornwall.

I arrayed myself for the occasion in a crimson She welcomed me cordially, and went up stairs now," said my throbbing heart, beating painful- had put this stern and terrible barrier between Heaven to guard me. And yet, Agnes, through satin, heavily wrought with pearls. Around with me to my own room; then kissing me, she ly beneath my velvet robe. "Alas! for I am us. Oh, may Heaven bless thee, Agnes, and it all, grateful as my heart was to her, it never my neck and arms were chains of pearls and ruremarked, "I will send your maid to you my weary," said my lips aloud; and at that moment save thee from grief like mine;" and down over beat with a single throb that was not faithful to bics, fantastically twisted together, fastened with dear—you will have just time to dress for din- a voice, whose lightest; tone could have almost my face, fell like rain, the bitter, scalding tests you. I loved you, you only, you always. gold clasps, in which a single diamond flashed ner." Oh what would I not have given to have called me from life to death, said, very gently of that proud man's mighty sorrow. like a burning star. Strings of the same jewels inquired if Horace Mann had arrived, but I dared "Agnee-Miss Lee-am I intruding?" shone among the heavy bands of my braided not trust myself to mention his name, and I I turned and welcomed him, with the tears

dark, oriental beauty, and it was in full glow .- names. Clara Emerson was there, with her face him. Half an hour has passed, when a new arrival in so staangely fair in its quiet beauty, and her one of the front boxes seemed to create quite a slender figure robed in acure silk. A wreath of "only answer me, only say, 'Horace, I love ed me. sensation. I glanced that way, and met the white buds nestled in her golden curls, and she you." most perfect vision of feminine leveliness my looked even more levely than when I had first And clearing my voice, and drawing my figure seen her. Beside her sat Horace Mann. His to its fullest height, I stood there, in the moon-Her style of beauty was totally different from was truly the handsomest face my eyes ever rest- light, under the larches, and answered himvy or jenlousy. She wore a garnet-colored vel- a man of mark; with his Apollo Belvidere figure, soul, as I have loved you for years. I am yours, seemed so intent upon his ponversation with her, said "for years;" and standing by my side, he Her Majesty's Theatre. Her hair was bright golden, and the heavy that he merely noticed me by a bow. A moment clasped me to his heart, whispering, "My Agnes ringlets were gathered at the neck in a net-work after, however, as Mrs. Sikes repeated my name, -my wife! escaped and floated down over her neck and los tion, and, by his pussled fice, I knew he was re- suffered my head to lie on his breast, and then I

his thir listener at little less to judge whichfutyle "To-night, Horace, I will teil you nothing

for that beautiful being crept into my heart .- ful efforts to be agreeable to some downger-counting in now." ing on business, and you shall be educated for then he carelessly turned his opera-glass toward sie was his passion. At last the Lady Clara rose beaming through tears. from the piano.

The human will is strong, stronger than life, ever yet devoted themselves with all their casewithout succeeding? At least, success is the rule, I answered, and my voice was strangely calm.— Around the walls of my favorite room I had to Clara who was broading. gies to the accomplishment of a favorite purpose failure the exception.

changed in his deportment. His attentions to von taught to read? And you remember this?" one of Claude Lorraine's Italian sunsets, or the beautiful Clara became a shade or two less and I drew from my bosom, where I always wore head by Perugino. On the other floor were rich, of me!" engrossing, and very often he would lead me to it, the guines he had given me. He took it in but one friend-Ines Vaughan. She has since, other young men who would fall in love with the piano, and hang over meduring my perform- his hand, and looked at it. ance, with his whole soul looking out of his dark eves. The Lady Clara must have noticed it, and Go on how came you by this?" I think she loved him; but her disposition was a singular one. She was too proudly indolent to struggle for the possession of anything. She dressed as becomingly, talked as prettily, and you wouldn't find any body there to fall in love smiled as sweetly as ever. When Horace Mann with. There'll be one man of mark there though, sat down beside her she welcomed him with a It was your misfortune to have been cast upon will copy it all here. It ran thus: ers whose acquaintance would not rather retard Horace Mann; but Lady Clara Emerson will be look that had not the slightest shade of reproach the lee-shore; so it was mine. Shall I shut you the accomplishment of my great end; but linez there also, and they've been reported engaged so in it, and when he was away she seemed totally out from my heart because you stayed there a many times, I guess there must be something in unconscious of his desertion. No battery of at- longer time, my Agnes?" tractions could have been half so affective as this calm. indifferent disnity: I could not have a worse that last trial; but no. I must drain the bitter his name thrilled me. Could it be? Was I in- enemy to contend with. Sometimes Horace would watch her for a long time, and then turn him once more. My heart fluttered like a caged away, with just the queerest kind of a smile upyears' study had been completed, and the night bird, but my nerves were strong, and my set on his lips, and talk to me more assiduously than

PAGE. One night I was walking in the shrubbery.you know there's no knowing what might become It was the rich, lustrous prime of the summer; the sun had gone down in his glory, and the bitter.' My guardian langhed, and patting my check twilight hours had gathered up the gorgeous I knew then, as I had known before, that he

WERLIY OBSERVER.

lady with whom I had been thrown in contact. "Better, oh, how far better off was I then than my death, rather than live and know that fate would have thought her some angel sent from

room mirror; it seemed so like some olden pic.

When at last its arrangement was completed, I: "You are sad, Agnes," he said sorrowfully, than brought such sorrowfully, the said sorrowfully, the ture, with its strangely vivid lights and shades. arrayed myself, with trembling fingers, in a rich-taking my hand in his, as soothingly as one dear. And yet, I defined that winter better than and yet more and more I grew in love with Italy. That night my triumph was complete. The ly-wrought India muslin. Nothing could have would pet a weary infant. "Agnes, dear, beauwhole house rang with applause, and many of exceeded the simplicity of my attire. The white tiful Agnes I lose von! I never said those the boquets thrown at my feet were looped up dress was without ornament, and I were not a words before, Agnes, to any woman, not even the light from my eyes. Still the world's hom- land with its old-times deities; but somehow, with diamonds. I welcomed it, for it was one single jewel, with only a sprig of Cape jossamine to Clara Emerson; though long ago the great stepping-stone the more toward my great end .- in the dark folds of my hair. I turned to the world voted us engaged. For will understand Oh how I wished he had been there to see it;— mirror, as I was drawing on my gloves, and saw them—you will believe them. I did not mean girl: Very often the Lady Clary Emerson was help it, and I believe God has forgiven ma. but never once had my eyes rested on him since that, though I had many times been more dar- to love you, Agnes—I closed my eyes against among my audience, but I never knew whether And this brings me to something I must tell we parted in the sunshine on the desolate ('orn-zlingly brilliant, I had never looked more beau-your glorious voice; but you have triumphed. — she recognized in Viola the Miss Lev she had you; it took place last summer. I had been tiful; and yet my step faltered as I entered the See, I am at your feet! Won't you, can't you met at the Heronry. I thought her cheek was very ill, and was just able to go out of doors. love, my Agnes?"

was filled to overflowing. I had never looked formally presented to the company; but my eyes of a life-time had met its fulfilment, when I heard and in its place stole in a gentle sympathy. better. My costume was calculated to set off my took in but two faces, my cars caught but two him say those words, and I could not answer

"Horace Mann, I love you with my whole

He sat opposite to me at dianer, but his atten- meanly of me. I care not for rank or wealth-My eye had taken in all this, at one glance. tion was wholly engrossed by his companion. I know that I love you, and that is all I ask to

Meet me here at sunrise to-morrow morning, and

you to a friend of mine in Paris, where I am get hour before he seemed even to notice me, and interested nor animated; and yet I knew that muthers when I sang, he watched me with his dark eyes hand, and what of life remains.

"Agnes," said my guardian, (as I had learned his quickened breathing "I could almost seem to together, shone like a fairy tracery of brilliants, been spoken. to call my "fatherly protector," entering my room feel his attitude of wrapt attention; and I knew and over all the sunshine lay, broad and fairone morning, "there are six weeks before your he felt my power. And yet for a week after that the very smile of the gods. Its glad beams rest. years had passed, and I was rich it had left the Heaven bless you. Agnes, not of my claiming first engagement commences. What do you say he searcely spoke to me. His attention was still ed like a blessing on Horace Mann's chesaut stage, and was residing on my own estate, a but of my loving come quickly! True, at first confinement had been irksome. I in the meantime to a masquerade? I have plen- absorbed by the beautiful Clara; and the whole world seemed to be dressed lovely wills in the south of France. I was had missed the wild, wailing, solitary sea, and ty of relatives among the West kind fashionables, times, when he was sitting by her side, I would in holiday robes, as if for rejoicing. And yet, scarcely more than twenty, and still beautiful the free range of rocky shore. But my great and I should have no difficulty in having you inraise my eyes from my embroidery, and most a samid all that beauty and happiness, I walked on though trouble had wrought many a thread of villa. It was an earthly paradise. I saw in the glance from the distance corner of the room where by his side, a crushed, downcast, miserable wem- silver in my jetty hair. I think my taste must faint glimpse I had as I hurried up the steps. one would ever dream of Viola, the ballet-dancer they were sitting, that would cause my cheek to an, with a coeffession trembling on my lips, which have been tropical; you might have funcied my An English housekeeper met me at the door. crimson beneath my drooping lashes. When I would blot out from my own life all the sunlight, boudoir the abode of a Sultana. A fountain of "You have been expected, n eang Horace never came near me; but I knew he and send one forth, dearer than my life, out into perfumed waters danced and sparkled in its mar-While he spoke an immense longing took pos- sang Horace never came near me; but I knew he and send one forth, dearer than my life, out into to see his kind, satisfied smile, when he received session of my heart, to gaze face to face on that listened, and that, let him struggle as he would, a heart-broken, hopelessly wretched ble basin, in the centre. A glass door opened in the Italian willa, I saw Horace Mann once

es; I stood there, and lifted up my ghastly, this whispering boughs of the Eastern palm. Tiny, erable face, in the light of heaven's free sun. graceful, little streams flowed amid thick mossy and even death itself may not triumph over it shine. Horace turned and looked at me with grass, and 'neath the Eastern trees, half hidden utterly! I wonder whether ever man or woman the anguish of sickening terror in his gaze, and in the foliage, stood groups of marble statuary, stretched forth his hand: then he faltered, "Agnes, my Agnes, what is it?" that you might have dreamed were Fauns and "Listen, Horace Mann, and I will tell you." Hamsdryads, the guardian spirits of the scene. | You would be | was waiting for you. Will you "You remember the fisherman's hut on the Corn-Time passed on, and Horace Mann gradually wall lee-shore, and the wild, rude child whom mostly woodland landscapes, with here and there "Yes, I remember, Agass; but what of that?

"You gave it to me, sir, for I am that Agnes Lee. Would you call me wife now?"

are he answered, but his love triumphed. "Yes, Agnes, I would call you wife, even now.

Oh, I had hoped he would have spared me potion to the dregs; and so I did.

never be your wife. Would you wed a ballet next day, and I love her very much. Can you At first I prized it for his sake—then it became dancer? Nou saw me upon the stage at Paris, for listen, Horace: I am V. ala, the dancing girl." I am yours, as I said; you, even you, my Agnes home to heaven, and him! weeping like a child. Spare me, for this is But it is something to feel we can make another

the South side of the Public Squarer, I doe to the South side of the Heroury, said introduced side in Herotock states of the South side of the Heroury, said introduced side in Herotock states of the Heroury, said introduced side in Herotock states of the Heroury, said introduced side in Herotock states of the South states of the Herotock states o

to which I had vowed my life, was accomplished, ing debility, and I was ordered to Italy. Of hair, and I almost started back in wonder, as I threw myself in an easy-chair, while my maid still heavy on my lashes, and the shadow heavier and even in the hour of its accomplishment, its course Clara was my companion. I don't know curse came with it. Better far that I had died, why it was, but even these genial skies could do ever. The smile that curled my red lips was as I used to sit and dream for hours on the banks bright—the bloom died not from my cheeks, nor of the silvery Arno, trying to people the fair age fell upon my ear, and even the moble and the every sylph used to wear your face. I wender gifted knelt at the feet of the beautiful dancing if it was sin thus to worship you. I could not a little paler than of old, and I believe some of I sat alone, (for I had sent Clara away from the old hatred toward her crept out of my heart, me,) feeling miserable and despondent. I

and amid all my heart poverty and wretchedness, "Oh, Agnes! Agnes!" he cried beseechingly, my life had one crowning glory-I knew he lov-

CHALTER V

It was toward the close of the second winter. after I had parted with him, at the Heronry. I main on my heart's treasure; and yet when I' was no longer a ballet-dancer. With the departure of him I loved, came a full conviction that terrible sheaning, and I grew still and held my vet cloak, lined with ermine, but, as she enter- his byscinthine locks, and his roguish, laughing, and I will be yours, and no other man's till I hereafter I had no private life to make rich, that I must give all to the world; and I had comshoulders, white as Causasian snow-banks, and smiled, and spoke very sweetly; but Horace In his excitement he did not notice that I had menced to sing, and was now prime downer of

It was almost the last night of the season; I had gone to the green-room with a heavy weight give you rest." There was a struggle in my soal upon my heart, but I had shook it off, and per- and then once again I prayed, and this time the haps, sung even better than usual. At last the words of my prayer were, "Thy will be done!" audience dispersed, and going down by the pri- and then unto my soul there came a hely peace vate entrance. I stepped into my carriage, but and calm. seeing the outline of a manly form upon the seat, Since then, I have longed for you, Agnes, as I was about to spring back and summon my ser- Leat under the orange trees, but it has not been vants to my assistance, when a voice I had heard that I might fold you in my arms of earthly love; in the dreams of many a night, whispered, "Ag- oh no! for I knew I was a dying man, but that I nes." I called "Home!" to the driver and sat | night take your little hand in mine, and point down. As the carriage tarned, the gas-light wou to that other land, where nevermore will the flashed full in my companion's face. I could white day wrap her robe about her, and go

"You are surprised, Ague," he said gently, at the work trouble has done. Never mind, I shall only be at rest the scoper. I don't know I was at Genoa then; you will see by the postnight, of all others. I am to be married to-mor- for you, my Agnes; come quickly, and now you Her companion was Horace Mann. It was his tessess until I was tired; when, much to my de- Once more I passively suffered him to told me home, and found that Clara will find me here. I was taken way ill at Gadon, to learn to be a ballet-dancer." he said, hand that so carefully adjusted the folds of her light, my task was interrupted by a call for mu- to his heart—for the second time in his life, bad suffered terribly. She did not know that I kindly. "I must say, it was a very strange un- cloak—his every hic, and the Lady Clara Emerson was led to the his lips touched mine, and then gliding from had ever loved another; but my long continued I am writing, propped by the pillows, to running. piano. Her performance was mediocre, perhaps his arms, I re-entered the Heronry. That even attentions to her had won her heart, and upon you to my dying bed! Do not start, Agrees, or ceed, were hardly one in ten thousand. - How- I danced that night as I had never danced be- a trifle better than that of boarding-school misses ing I was happy. I resolutely closed my eyes my desertion the whole joy and hope of her life ever, you could not have come to a better friend. fore Deafening roars of applianse fairly shook in general. She affected opera airs for the most against the shadows that hung around the mor- seemed to pass away. My heart smote me, when home, where there will be no more sickness, 100 I am a theatre manager myself, and I'll try you, the building to its centre, but of all that gorge- part, and, though Horse Mann leaned over her row, and opened my heart to the joy-touches of I looked upon her pale face, and I resolved to sorrow home to a friend, whom I know; a Reand if I find you can do any thing, I will take one crowd I saw but one. It was a full half and turned her music, I could see he was neither the present. Horace never left my side, and make what reparation I could by giving her my deemer, whom I trust. You must meet me, Ag-

He paused, but I felt that my voice was full The next morning arose fair and calm. I of tears-I said nothing, and he continued; "Ag- by my doing bed. My soul will wait for you; "Perhaps Mine Lee will favor us," suggested dressed myself quickly, and hastened to the tryst- nes, I know your strength of love, but your I shall not die till you are here! Come then least I danged for his eyes only; and I had the Mrs. Sikes; and Horace Mann came to my side, ing-place. Horace was there before me. What frame is strong, too; perhaps, you will suffer satisfaction of seeing him perfectly absorbed, en- to lead me to the instrument. His hand just a joyousness there was in his greeting—surely I more than I, but you will live longer. I want tranced, and apparently quite forgetful of the touched mine as I took my seat, and, strong as must wait awhile before I could summon strength you to promise me something, will you; I will my nerves were, it thrilled me strangely. I to dash it from his lips. Once more I vielded send for you when I am dying, and I want you ried her, and she has no one left to care for her. That was my last opera in the season, and a sang an old Scotch legend of hopeless love a my hand to his clasp, and wandered along with to come. Will you come, Agnes, wherever you She is a good, gentle little being, but not a few months afterward I was in London, pleas- song that required power and pathon and I mang him underneath the larches. The sun was just are? Will you promise me to come?" And putrising. The tree-tops glowed like golden arrows ting my hand in his, I auswered, "I will come!" I dared not glance at Horace, but I could hear pointed with diamonds; the flong grass knotted and it was to both our souls as if an oath had stage. You will promise me to stay with her as

Reader, I saw Horace Mann once more. Three hung a few pictures, small but choice; they were grief, at the bed's foot. around. On one of these I lay reading, and listlessly winding round my fingers my unbound hair, when my favorite waiting maid, entering the hand, and my fingers trembled as I broke the seal, it was long and closely written, but I "Agnes, my soul's own Agnes:

"Many months have passed since last we met. Summers and winters have been braided into dark eyes closed—Horace Mann was dead. years, and still on my heart is your name written; not one histoglyphic that you traced has been obliterated. Heart and soul, I am what I "No, Horace Mann, not wour Agnes. I will always have been, yours. I married Clara the Bible which had been his constant communion. "Oh, God! oh, God!" mouned that strong man, are more to me than all the rest of the carth. human being entirely happy.

pleasantly, sent out to hunt me up a dressing clouds, like drapery of kings, into their net. It was lost to me for ever. I had willed that he drooping. Well, after our marriage, she brightmaid, and provide me with a suitable wardrobe. was evening; the moon, like a fair queen, sat on should love me and be did love me. Perhaps I ened up in my presence, as a wood-flower, beat-fall, the name of the dead. The next day, at three in the afternoom, I was her silver throne among her parliament of stars. might have been his wife, had I willed that also, on down by the wind and rain, but yet not

weeks I was prostrated by a low nervous fever. "Agnes," he said, "my own, my beautiful- During all that time, she was devoted in her God knows I would have gone down gladly to tention, so patient in her tireless vigils, you

"For a time aftermy fever, I seemed to be re-That day I left the Heronry. The purpose, covering, but the cold weather brought increasthought of you, and oh! Agnes, I cannot tell you I heard of Horace Mann upon the Continent, how my soul longed and pined for you. I knew it would be sin to see you then, but I remembered your promise to come to me at my dying hour, and wickedly, madly, I knelt down before and, earnest prayer for death? I longed for it, breath. I am not superstitious, Agues; I am a trotestant, and do not believe in miracles and usions; but I know I heard a voice then, and it was no human voice; it said-"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will

where there is no need of the sun by day or the

moon by night. "Agnes, it is weeks since I wrote the above. sigh br weep! I am a happy man. I am going nes; I shall wait for you, and you must come to me immediately, for you have vowed to stand quickly, for I am in haste to begone!

" I said I had a mission for you. I give Clare to your care She was an orphan when I harcan care for her, for I know you have left the long as she shall need your care.' She known but little of our past-nothing, save that you are dear to me, and I have sent for you. 'God in

Two days more and I stepped from my trav-. It was an earthly paradisc, I saw, in the "You have been expected, ma'am," she re-

great world of which I had heard so much. True, one day my purpose would meet its accomplishmen. I could scarcely into a small but choice conservatory, where grew more, and for the last time. He was hands meet breathe. At last I could walk no farther. I the Indian aloe, with its broad green leaves; and than ever, but his face wore the beauty of an inplanted my back firmly against one of the larch gay tropical birds plumed their wings on the gel. His large eyes were uncarthly in their of heavenly glory.

His whole face kindled as he say

smile of welcome played around his lips. He "You are in time, Agnes," he said: "I know

"Yes, Horace," I answered, with faltering

voice and filling eyes, "as long as she has not head by Perugino. On the other floor were rich, heavy nettings from the far-famed looms of the Indies; and lounges and cushions of Genoa velvet, in crimson and purple, were scattered that little desk what I have meant for you. You

must look for it when I am gone, and the it of ten. You will come, Agnes, I know it. He giveth His beloved sleep.' Think of that and e comforted, when I am lying low. Sit.down Brave, noble heart! I could see the struggle, the spartment, handed me a letter. I recognized now, Agnes, and take my hand in yours, and sing some grand old hymn. Good-bye, darling!'
I took his hand in mine, and I sat beside him I steadied my nerves and my voice, choking back the tears, and I sang that grand old hymn "Saviour, when in dust to thee. "Before I had finished, the hand I held in mine grew cold: the

> We buried him there in sunny Italy-we placed a white stone at his head, and on that stone was graven-"He giveth His beloved sleen!" The gift he had left for me, was the pocket reconcile this with what I have just told you? far dearer for its own-for it has guided my footsteps in the path which will on by take m

I watched over Clara for his sake, matil the throbbings of her great grief grew still; and then, still young and beautiful, she went forth to dI told you Clara was, sorrow-struck, and gladden another heart, another home; and standing now, among her husband and her children. I know not whether her lips murmur, at night

I am old now, but my life is calm and hanny